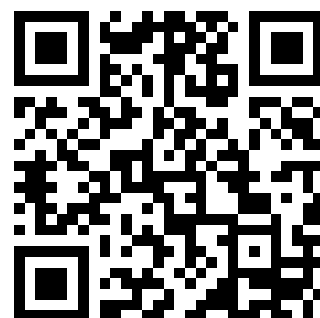

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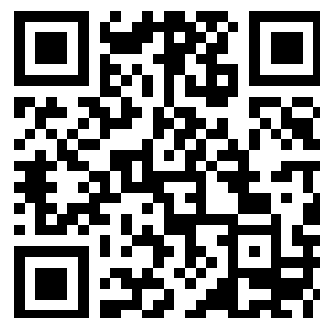
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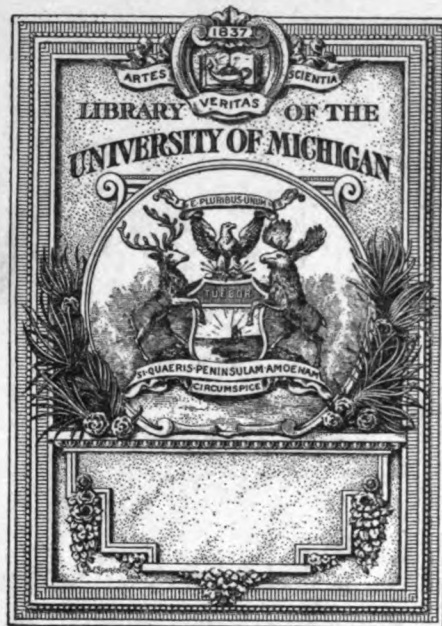
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*A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE,
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LITERATURE IN 1896.

TO be called upon to review, however rapidly, the whole literature of a year is a thing to give the boldest pause. The suggested audacity well-nigh takes the breath away. How, without another *Fiat*, shall order be evolved out of that chaos, a law and a unity discerned in that weltering mass of books which month after month is poured upon the editorial table? To read all, or a tenth part, even of what may conceivably be worth reading, is far beyond the capacity of any single man, provided, that is to say, he is unwilling to surrender that constant companionship with the masterpieces of the past, which alone can justify the most moderate critical pretensions. And if one does not read it all, who knows but that it may be just the one thing excellent, just the sprouting cotyledonous leaf of genius in the germ, that may give one the slip. The horns of the dilemma are acute. Nevertheless the human mind is curious of generalisations, of drifts and tendencies, of the set of the tidal wave through the criss-cross currents; and, therefore, what can one do but sport the oak, turn one's chair to the fire, and start the hunt after that elusive quarry, the *Quo tendimus*?

Death has not been so busy among the writers as in some recent years; but, like

Tarquinius Superbus, he has cut off the tallest poppies:

"Saepius vento agitur ingens
Pinus; et celsae graviore casu
Decidunt turres; feriuntque summos
Fulgura montes."

The loss of William Morris and of Coventry Patmore is no light one for the enfeebled ranks of song to endure. They began life almost as comrades—both were contributors to *The Germ*—but they diverged to widely opposite poles of social and spiritual outlook. Each, indeed, turned his face resolutely away from the present, but it was to a different past and a different future. Yet we may regret them together, for in *The Unknown Eros*, as in *The Earthly Paradise* and in *Poems by the Way*, there is protest and antidote against some of the corroding evils of our civilisation. Which is, perhaps, as much as to say that both Morris and Patmore were poets. With these, as with Browning, Tennyson, Christina Rossetti, and Stevenson—all in how few years!—we feel there has passed away a glory from the earth, and that the literary landscape is the drearier.

I AM old-fashioned enough to begin my survey of the prospect with poetry. Outcast and disinherited though he be, Apollo is still by courtesy king, and has not yet formally abdicated in favour of that tenth Muse—Aselgeia is her name?—who sways the Amazonian hosts of fiction. And poetry is suffering from the blight of official recognition. After being hawked about the streets for some time,

"The laurel, greener from the brows
Of two that uttered nothing base,"

was handed by Lord Salisbury to an amiable poetaster and Ministerial journalist. Since then the Poet Laureate has published a tragedy on Alfred the Great, and has written a set of music-hall verses upon an event which landed the heroes celebrated by our official bard in an official gaol. Under these adverse circumstances the year's harvest of poetry has been a barren one.

Let us begin with the elder singers. Mr. Swinburne is represented by his *Tale of Balen*, and if he has not quite recaptured "that first fine careless rapture," he has at least, under the twofold chastening influence of an elaborate stanza-form, and a strict adherence to Malory's text, been able to recover much of the witchery and the music of his earlier and less diffuse days. The *New Poems* of Miss Rossetti and Stevenson's *Songs of Travel* come to us as legacies from the tomb. The bulky volume of *Juvenilia* and other gleanings published in Miss Rossetti's name, though they do not detract from, hardly add to her reputation, while of Stevenson's later verse, as of his *Underwoods*, one can only say that, delicate as it is in workmanship and fragrant of a

most delightful personality, it does not—he never supposed that it did—give him at his best. He moves less easily in the bonds of metre than in his own chosen medium of prose, and though his lovers will always love his rhymes, it is not by these that his fame will endure. Of the living—Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Henley, Mr. Lang, and Mr. Dobson have been silent this long time. From Mr. Bridges we have only an *Ode to Music*, the stiff libretto of a cantata, and half a dozen lyrics. But it is with the younger men that the interest of poetry at this moment lies. The Siege Perilous of song is vacant and the destined champion tarries. What of the half-dozen aspirants who within the last few years have shown signs of an ambition to achieve the quest? Singers of Fleet-street and of the Rhymers' Club—Mr. John Davidson, Mr. William Watson, Mr. Lionel Johnson, Mr. Le Gallienne, Mr. Yeats: is it one of these who is the destined heir of the ages? or is it Mr. Francis Thompson, in his distant monastery, beyond the way of the fourteen chapels? or is it, maybe, some half-fledged undergraduate, still neglecting his books beside the willows of Isis or of Cam? This year Mr. Thompson, like three at least of his potential rivals, has not said a word; but in the *New Ballads* of Mr. John Davidson and *The Year of Shame* of Mr. William Watson we have two volumes by men who have at least made good their claim to be accepted as serious singers. Mr. Davidson, one fancies, has not quite found himself yet. His art is still experimental, and his ethics rebellious: but that he has a good deal in him I am pretty sure; he has the gift of interpreting natural magic, and he has, what is better still, a heart of comprehensive and throbbing humanity. It may be his some day—a less dreamy Morris, an articulate Whitman—to chant the hymn of labour or to fashion the epic of those dumb forces which greatly move the world. About Mr. Watson I am less sure. I joined in the chorus of praise which greeted his *Wordsworth's Grave*, not really new then, of four years ago. But since then, though he has won continual plaudits, he has surely not advanced. He has been sterile, formal, unsatisfying. This year he has found a genuine motive and a genuine enthusiasm. Morally and politically I sympathise with his attitude on the Eastern Question, as I should with one much more revolutionary. But when one thinks of the *Sonnet on the Late Massacre in Piedmont* and the *Sonnet on the Subjugation of Switzerland*, and the *Sonnet on the Refusal of Aid between Nations*, and of *Hellas* and of *The Halt before Rome*, can one really feel that in these Armenian sonnets a great poet has risen to the height of his great argument? Is not the note of warning too often a falsetto, the accent of rebuke too readily strained to vituperation? So far, however, Mr. Watson and Mr. Davidson hold the field; nor are they, it seems, to face the competition of that other sex which, flushed with its conquest over fiction, is still slow to challenge the walls of poetry. Mrs. Meynell's lute is dumb; the talented ladies who write as Michael Field are on the whole in the wrong track; and so, too, is Mrs. Woods in

her strenuously Elizabethan *Wild Justice*, although there are some haunting lyrics in *Aeromancy* worthy of anything from her earlier volume.

But "there is a new Shepheard late up sprung," who has in him that which may well arouse extravagant expectations. One's first impulse after reading Mr. Kipling's *The Seven Seas* is to cry aloud at the utter cleverness of the thing. And this is in itself a criticism. But assuredly it is not the ultimate one. Beneath and above the mere cleverness, by interims and conveying gusts, one may discern the rarer and finer qualities. Mr. Kipling, like Mr. Davidson, makes for comprehension. He would bring in much that has hitherto been left out of poetry; much that is stubborn in lending itself to poetry; much that is at first sight common or unclean. He sings of a life robust and unrefined, the life of the pioneers of civilisation, in lands remote. If Mr. Davidson seeks to pierce to a deeper humanity, well, so, too, does Mr. Kipling; but more especially he seeks to embrace a wider humanity. He has wandered with his mate—"the wind that tramps the world." He has found it all good, and would chant a "tribal lay," the lay of the sap of things. Of course he has an uphill task before him. Opening up new fields for poetry is like ploughing the forest primeval: it takes more brawn than goes to a Surrey hillside. Put it in this way. Certain themes have been made classical by the handling of generations of bards; and with these the way even of the second-rate man is clear; he has only to preserve the tradition. The sailing ship—it is Mr. Kipling's illustration—swims itself into verse. But,

"Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the Song o' Steam."

It needs a man like Robbie Burns to face the difficulty of the thing, to triumph over unromantic associations, to treat the unfamiliar classically, with that complete union of form and matter which we habitually call classical. I do not suggest that Mr. Kipling's ballads of rookies and rankers and derelicts and outcasts are all of them classical; far from it. There is much imperfectly fused ore, much slag and *débris* in the book. But I suggest that at his best, over the most unpromising material, he does constantly catch the classical accent; and this notably perhaps in parts of *McAndrew's Hymn*, in *The Song of the Banjo*, and in a short poem, filled to the brim with tears, *Mary, Pity Women*.

A WORD now of the minor *Minor Poets*. poets, who may be the major poets of to-morrow. To these Mr. Elkin Matthews's "Shilling Series" is a great boon. It is such a modest request to be asked to read just thirty-two pages of almost anybody; and Mr. Lawrence Binyon's *London Visions* or Mr. Stephen Phillips's *Christ in Hades* would of itself justify the venture. Either of the two may have his career. With the rest it is rather a case of

the examination paper in "Q's" famous parody:

"Let twenty pass, 'have a shot at twenty-first,
'Miss Ramoth Gilead, 'take Jehoiakim,
'Let Abner by, and spot Melchisedek."

"Q's" own *Poems and Ballads* I have not yet had the pleasure of seeing; but I have thought or heard favourably of Mr. A. H. Beesly's *Danton*, Mrs. Colmore's *Poems of Love and Life*, and Miss Winifred Lucas's *Units*; also of two books inspired by the "Celtic Renaissance," Miss Nora Hopper's *Under Quicken Boughs* and Miss Fiona Macleod's *From the Hills of Dream*. The lighter quill is sounded in *More Echoes from the "Oxford Magazine,"* wherein only a reasonable proportion of the wit and humour of "Σ." and "A. G." is veiled from the profane in the obscurity of the learned languages.

Old Poets
Reprinted.

If it is a sign of the times, it is a welcome one, that the reprinting of old poets goes on apace. Mr. Henley heads a train of new editors of Byron and of Burns. The "Muses' Library" has been swelled by a Keats, edited by Mr. G. Thorn Drury, and a Henry Vaughan, the Silurist, edited by the present writer, with introductions by Mr. Robert Bridges and Mr. H. C. Beeching respectively. Mr. Ernest Rhys has started a new series, in which Herrick, Campion and others have appeared. Some reprints of *Elizabethan Sonnet Cycles* by Mrs. Martha Foote Crowe are marred by bad editing. The expiration of copyrights have given us a cheap Mathew Arnold and a cheap Robert Browning. New Shakespeares spring up like mushrooms, and there are rumours of a new Thomas Kyd and a new Beaumont and Fletcher. And new anthologies—always to my mind a most fascinating form of literature—are frequent. There are Mr. Oswald Crawford's *Lyrical Verse from Elizabeth to Victoria*; and still better, Mr. Churton Collins's *Treasury of Minor British Poetry*, which in many respects breaks new ground. Less general in their scope are Mr. Henley's *A London Garland*, Mrs. Sharp's *Lyra Celtica*, Mr. Buchan's *Musa Piscatrix*, and Mr. Case's *English Epithalamies*.

SENTIMENT and tradition lead Fiction. one to put poetry first; but this is not to deny that not poetry but fiction is the characteristic art of the age. It is our nature to express ourselves in the novel, as our Elizabethan forefathers did in the drama; in the novel, not the drama, because the drama requires a concentrated public, and the public of to-day is a diffused public; it is not going to London for its tragedies and comedies, but will have them ready to its hand in its suburban or provincial drawing-rooms. And what an admirable instrument the novel is for our complex modern needs! You may do what you will with it; it has never been formulated; it has no past, of more than a century or so, to concern itself with; it is still young, pliant, responsive to the shaping hand. "Tragedy, comedy,

history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral"; you may take your choice—the novel will fit them all. In fiction, as in poetry, the lists have this year been open to all comers. Two magnificent fragments remind us of the jousts that have gone. Stevenson's *Weir of Hermiston* bade fair to be his finest book. The lurid portrait of the grim old judge with which it opens makes us curse the fate which robbed us of a masterpiece. From Stevenson we have also the disappointing *Fables*. Before the exquisitely carved work of Pater's *Gaston de Latour* one stands as before some incomplete cathedral fabric of the Middle Ages: it is perfect so far as it goes, and in ten years he might, perhaps, have finished it. Mr. Pater's peculiarly individual manner has left no disciple, unless, indeed, we find one in Mr. Wedmore, whose *Organs and Miradou* is wrought with much of the same laborious patience, the same delicate loyalty of style. But greater masters of romance than either Pater or Stevenson are still among us. Mr. Meredith, now, I suppose, the acknowledged master of them that go down to Fleet-street in manuscripts, has this year published nothing. But to his *Amazing Marriage*, which he gave us shortly before the year began, all subsequent fiction has necessarily deferred. It has set a standard, to last until Mr. Meredith writes again. Like Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Meredith has been hailed a classic in his lifetime by the appearance of a comely edition of what Ben Jonson would call his *Works*. Mr. Hardy, too, has published nothing since he fluttered the doves with *Jude the Obscure*; and Mr. Gissing is only represented by a short story or so. In the absence of these, the chief honours of the year fall, I think, to Mr. Barrie, whose *Sentimental Tommy*, though hardly equal to *The Little Minister*, is a delightful conception, and seems to point to an even more delightful sequel. All honour to Mr. Barrie for his determination not to be intoxicated with success, but, giving himself time, to give us of his utmost. The artistic temperament is less rare at present than the artistic conscience. Another writer, however, who never forgets it is Mr. Henry James, whose return in *The Other House* from dramas and episodes to his first love, the novel, is a notable event.

The worst of fiction is that it is nearly as susceptible to the gusts of fashion as the width of a sleeve. The successes of one year beget the imitations of the next, and imitation which begins in flattery often ends in discontent. Thus Mr. Barrie bred Mr. Crockett and Mr. Ian Maclaren, and Mr. Crockett and Mr. Ian Maclaren bred satiety; so that, though I do not think that Mr. Barrie's own popularity is much affected, there is a very obvious tendency abroad against the "Kailyard school." Nor can one honestly think that Mr. Crockett's *Cleg Kelly* and *The Grey Man* or Mr. Maclaren's *Kate Carnegie* are exactly the books to stem an ebbing tide. The school of romantic adventure has also lost favour, though not to the same extent. Dr. Conan Doyle's *Rodney Stone*, Mr. Anthony Hope's *The Heart of Princess Osra*—Mr.

Hope is, however, markedly overwriting himself—Mr. Lang's *A Monk of Fife*, and Mr. A. E. W. Mason's *The Courtship of Morrice Buckler*, have probably enjoyed their full share of readers. The literature of indiscreet revelation, ungrammatical and ill-informed as ever, is still produced, but nobody marks it. We have, I trust, settled down, on the one hand to a saner art, on the other to a sober and serious discussion of those important questions which have recently been so shallowly and wantonly handled. Some even of the sinners show signs of grace. Miss Brooke, the author of *A Superfluous Woman*, has written *Life the Accuser* in a chastened mood, and with moments of real, though untrained power. But, of course, the female novel is not, like the female bicycle, an invention for which we have to thank the emancipated woman. From the beginning of things the novel has always been a recognised sphere of women in literature, and there are many to-day who practise a serious art with whose traditions and civilities they are fully in touch. Let us not class them hastily with their rebellious and half-educated sisters. Half-a-dozen one might name from whom one's expectations are always high and rarely disappointed. Mrs. Woods this year comes empty-handed, and Mrs. W. K. Clifford bears only a light load of *Mere Stories*, but Mrs. Hodgson Burnett has bravely sustained a difficult and artificial theme in *A Lady of Quality*, and Mrs. Steel's *On the Face of the Waters* has added to a rapidly growing reputation. Of Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Sir George Tressady* it is no light praise to say that she has done nothing better since *Robert Elsmere*, while Lucas Malet in *The Carissima* is as powerful as ever, and even more brutal. *The Herb Moon* of John Oliver Hobbes is an interesting experiment in a new method. This clever writer has deliberately waived some of the sparkle and vivacity of her earlier books in order to aim at a more mature and serious delineation of character.

I do not know that I am called upon to enumerate the titles selected by every veteran of the circulating libraries. Sir Walter Besant, Mrs. Oliphant, Mr. Baring Gould, Mr. Black, Mr. Norris, Mr. Marion Crawford—each has a band of faithful admirers, and gratifies them at not infrequent intervals. It is a more pleasing and a more profitable task to take a glance at the promise and the performance of the "coming men." An author's second book is, perhaps, the most critical point in his career, and Mr. Arthur Morrison may congratulate himself that he is so well past the ordeal with his *A Child of the Jago*. Mr. H. G. Wells, too, was one of the discoveries of yester-year, and though he made, as some think, an unfortunate experiment in his *Island of Dr. Moreau*, there is enough good stuff in *The Wheels of Chance*, with its absurd and lovable counter-jumper of a hero, to redeem many a Dr. Moreau. Of newer writers still there are two in whom I am inclined to put some faith. One of them is Mr. Benjamin Swift. *Nancy Noon* smacks of Mr. Meredith, and though both style and plot would have borne some clarifying, yet there is an uncommon facility about the book and some real imaginative power.

The other is Miss Jane Helen Findlater, whose *Green Graves of Balgowrie* is one of the most exquisite and tear-compelling stories I have read for many a long day.

So much for a few out of many individual men and women. Upon a more general survey, the chief thing that strikes one, in fiction as in poetry, is the marked tendency towards a great widening of the area of sympathy and observation. Our bookshelves, like our politics, become imperial, almost international. The local extension of the field of fiction is a wide one. Of the part played by Mr. Barrie and other Scotch writers I have already spoken. Ireland is represented among others by Miss Barlow with her *Strangers at Lisconnell* and by a new writer, Mr. Caldwell Lipsett, whose *Where the Atlantic Meets the Land* has considerable merit. Of the minor Celtic peoples, Mr. Hall Caine stands for the Isle of Man; Mr. Tirebuck, for Wales; Mr. H. D. Lowry, Mr. J. H. Pearce, and "Q" for Cornwall; Mrs. Wingate Rinder, in *The Shadow of Arvor*, garners the folk-lore and legends of Brittany. In England itself, besides Mr. Hardy's Wessex, you have Mrs. Francis Blundell working at Lancashire, Mr. A. E. Housman at Salop, in *A Shropshire Lad*, and Mr. Walter Raymond at Somerset, in *Love and a Quiet Life*. Beyond the seas, Mr. Parker takes Canada; Mrs. Steel, India; Mr. Hornung, Australia; Mr. Merriman, in *The Sowers*, Russia; Mr. Crawford, Italy; Mr. Harold Frederic in *Illumination*, and Mr. Stephen Crane in *Maggie*, the provincial and the Bowery life of America. Social strata, as well as geographical demarcations, are overleaped. The habits of the so-called "submerged tenth" have never been so minutely studied as by Mr. Morrison, and by Mr. H. W. Nevinson in his *Neighbours of Ours*. Mr. Wells makes notes upon the shopmen, Miss C. E. Raimond on those *Below the Salt*. It would, of course, be absurd to talk as if none of these sources of material had ever been utilised for fiction before. Somebody has always been working at one or other of them; but I think it is fair to say that at no other time has fiction been more truly a mirror of our national life, so complex, so adaptable, so infinitely diverse. It is curious to observe that Mr. E. F. Benson, in *Limitations*, is almost the only novelist of the day who thinks it necessary to give his hero a university training.

To other branches of literature, less vital perhaps than poetry and fiction, critical rather than creative, I can only briefly refer. Want of space and of information prevents me from being exhaustive, and I shall doubtless pass over many books quite as important as those which have caught my attention. There is not much literary criticism of note. The best is perhaps Q's *Adventures in Criticism*. Mr. Couch writes uncommonly well, and his literary judgments are sensible and acute. Also he is a great and well-informed lover of our early poets. Mr. Gosse, in *Critical Kitecats*, gossips amiably

and egotistically about people he has known. The closing volume of Mr. Craik's *Selections from English Prose Writers* completes a valuable work. Shakespearian literature is represented by Mr. F. S. Boas's *Shakespeare and his Predecessors*—a very full and useful introduction to the subject. Mr. Boswell-Stone's *Shakespeare's Holinshed* is most helpful and crammed with sound learning. Mr. J. P. Yeatman's *The Gentle Shakespeare* is pretentious and barren. Mr. J. T. T. Brown has offered a knotty subject for discussion in his book on *The Authorship of the King's Quair*, in which he sets out to show that the usually received attribution of that famous poem to James the First of Scotland is an error. Two of the year's most important books on English writers come to us from abroad. One is the third, and final, instalment of the late Prof. Ten Brink's *History of English Literature*, the other is a study by M. Émile Legouis on *La Jeunesse de William Wordsworth*. A Danish scholar, Herr Georg Brandes, has also written a comprehensive book on Shakespeare. This has already appeared in Danish and in German, and will shortly be translated into English.

In that realm of the more liberal essay, whose criticism is of life rather than of letters, Mrs. Meynell is admittedly queen. Her *Colour of Life* is full of fine observation and delicate irony, and is written with that austere distinction of which she has the secret. There is a tender humour in her study of *The Children*, though perhaps the child as a literary motive requires something more of spontaneity in the handling. Mr. Kenneth Grahame has this spontaneity, and so has Mr. Canton, whose *W. V.: Her Book*, is almost worthy of the author of *An Invisible Playmate*. But with Mrs. Meynell you feel that she observes her children almost as curiously as if they were flowers, and you wonder if they are ever aware of it. Nevertheless she has many quaint and dear innocencies to report. Mr. Crackanthorpe's *Vignettes* are the deliberate jottings of a highly trained vision. Mrs. Fuller Maitland's *The Saltonstall Gazette*, good though the idea is, does not repeat all the charm of her *Pages from the Day-Book of Bethia Hardacre*. Both wisdom and sparkle are in Mr. Zangwill's *Without Prejudice* and in the *At Random* of Mr. L. F. Austin, who thus makes his first bow in book form. Mr. G. S. Street's *Quales Ego* is clever and artificial. *The Works of Max Beerbohm* are artificial also, with an artificiality that is carefully studied, and that conceals real talent and a serious intention. If I do not mistake, Mr. Beerbohm will astonish us some day.

Works of travel are neither numerous nor important. Nansen's promised book will no doubt cause a sensation. In the meantime Mr. G. N. Curzon has enlightened us on many things in *Problems of the Far East*, and climbers will find consolation for the winter months in Mr. E. A. Fitzgerald's *New Zealand Alps* and Mr. Douglas Freshfield's *Exploration of the Caucasus*. Of much greater merit is Mr. D. G. Hogarth's *Wandering Scholar in the Levant*, a record of "digging" expeditions in Armenia

and elsewhere by an accomplished and witty archæologist.

The most popular form of literature with the populace appears to be biography, and here Mr. Barrie comes to the front again with the beautiful and pathetic memoir of his mother which he calls *Margaret Ogilvy*. The exquisite personal revelation of this book, and the loving care which has been lavished on its workmanship, make it one of the most attractive of Mr. Barrie's writings. Next to this comes, perhaps, Bishop Creighton's erudite monograph on *Queen Elizabeth*, while The Frig's *Life of Sir Kenelm Digby* has also considerable historical value. Mr. Clement Shorter in *Charlotte Brontë and her Circle*, and Mr. W. C. Hazlitt in *The Lambs*, have accumulated much new material upon their respective subjects. Captain Egerton Castle's *The Jerningham Letters* gives an interesting picture of the early days of the century. But the profusion has been of more recent celebrities and nonentities. Mr. E. S. Purcell's *Life of Cardinal Manning* has given rise to a controversy, vivid and informing, rather than edifying. Mr. Andrew Lang's *Life of Lockhart*, Mr. Prothero's of *Dean Stanley*, and Sir Henry Cunningham's of *Lord Bowen* stand out from the unconsidered rest. A brief enumeration of names is alone possible. Lords Selborne, Blachford and Pembroke, Bishops Magee and Goodwin, Profs. Blackie and Romanes, Dr. Butler (of Shrewsbury), Mr. Madox Brown, General Gordon, Mrs. Kingsford (the anti-vivisectionist), Miss Mary Anderson (the actress)—of all these, and these are by no means all, biographies or autobiographies have been pressed upon us. It is inconceivable how little literary art there is about the methods of the ordinary biographer; his record winds its tedious way through miles of unimportant details and acres of exasperating letters. And yet there is hardly one in the list just given of whom a very few pages would not contain all that the world really cares to know. A notorious instance is the *plus-quam*-Pepysian garrulity of Mr. A. J. C. Hare's *Story of My Life*. And after all, the biographies that we read are the old ones. The new editions of Pepys himself, by Mr. H. B. Wheatley; of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, by Mr. Augustine Birrell; of Johnson's own *Lives of the Poets*, by Mr. Arthur Waugh; and of Izaak Walton's *Lives*, by Mr. Vernon Blackburn, are sufficient proof of this. Old Izaak Walton is in high favour just at present, for besides the *Lives* one counts at least three new editions of *The Compleat Angler*.

In the more strictly academic departments of letters there is no great activity manifested just at present. Modern scholarship is very much occupied, on the one hand with turning out school books, on the other with purely technical monographs and with such vast compilations as the *New English Dictionary*, the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and the *English Dialect Dictionary*. From time to time a work of real research, the fruit of learned leisure, appears. Mr. Charles Plummer's admirable edition of the works of the Venerable Bede is a case in point. The philosophers are nearly all

experimenting on nerve-processes. The completion of Mr. Herbert Spencer's voluminous *System of Synthetic Philosophy*, antiquated already before its birth was achieved, deserves a mention. Mr. Gladstone contributes, in all good faith, some studies on the works of Bishop Butler, also, one fears, chiefly of historical interest. More abreast of modern thought are Mr. L. T. Hobhouse's *Theory of Knowledge*, Mr. Russell's *School of Plato*, and Mr. Leslie Stephen's *Social Rights and Duties*. Mrs. Bosanquet's *Rich and Poor* is an attempt to direct the erratic course of modern philanthropy. An endeavour has been made to thrust upon us for philosophy the egregious speculations of an insane German, by name Nietzsche. From the historians we get little but Major Hume's *The Year After the Armada* and a volume of Mr. J. H. Wylie's *England under Henry the Fourth*. Philology yields Prof. Skeat's curious *A Student's Pastime*. In the realm of classical research Mr. E. F. M. Benecke, in his *Antimachus of Colophon*, as is not uncommon with young scholars, devotes considerable learning to the maintenance of a paradox, while Mr. A. E. Haigh, in his *Tragic Drama of the Greeks*, as is not uncommon with elder scholars, devotes learning equally considerable to the exposition of the commonplace. In Mr. Birrell's *Duties and Liabilities of Trustees* we get that rare bird, an intelligible and amusing law-book.

Have we then found a formula for the literature of the year? If so, it is the formula of comprehensiveness. One can, I think, discern both in poetry and fiction a growing catholicism of taste, a lessening exclusiveness of interest. I have tried to point to some features of this movement. It is, of course, no new one; its tendencies have been gathering strength for many years back; and I believe that it rests upon a genuine broadening and deepening of literary sympathy. And if this new sympathy overflows from letters into life, then poetry and fiction will have done good work for civilisation.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

REVIEWS.

A SURVEY OF THOUGHT.

A History of European Thought in the Nineteenth Century. By John Theodore Merz. Vol. I. (William Blackwood & Sons.)

THIS book is one of those painstaking, learned, and "thorough" works which are characteristic of the cultivated Teutonic mind. It is the worthy outcome of the labours of one whose ability has long been known and keenly appreciated in the North of England, as well as his competence in that branch of physical science which he has made specially his own.

The present volume, after an elaborate and interesting introduction, is devoted to depicting the growth of scientific thought in Western Europe during the first half of the nineteenth century. He describes the scientific spirit, as manifested in France, Germany, and England, in three successive

chapters; and then two chapters, dealing respectively with the astronomical and atomic views of nature, follow.

The second volume is to consist of similar chapters on the mechanical, physical, biological, statistical, and psychophysical views of nature; and the close of the first part of the work will consist of an endeavour to trace concisely the development of mathematical work in this country.

He tells us (p. 13) that his desire is

"to rescue from oblivion that which appears to be our secret property; in the last and dying hour of a remarkable age to throw the light upon the fading outlines of its mental life; to try to trace them, and with the aid of all possible information, gained from the written testimonies or the records of others, to work them into a coherent picture, which may give those who follow some idea of the peculiar manner in which our age looked upon the world and life, how it intellectualised and spiritualised them."

But the author also tells us, in his preface, that the "object" of his book "is philosophical," and, in fact, his laborious account of the progress of science will be succeeded by a statement of his attitude towards metaphysics. We strongly suspect that his attitude of mind towards philosophy will not be found widely divergent, in the conception of its nature, from that of Comte, and that his conception of it is, as it were, a sort of intellectual juice squeezed out from all the physical sciences thrown into a vat and pressed, then drawn off and bottled in vessels of the newest manufacture. However this may be, and however we may feel called upon hereafter to protest against such philosophy, there can be no question as to the value of his statements as to the progress of science. We must, however, avow that the author's style is not engaging, and that his book is rather tedious reading.

In the beginning of his account of the scientific spirit in France it is interesting to note the clearness and *netteté* of the French mind in its conception of what science is. At the time of the foundation of the *Académie des Sciences* (1666) the word "science" was already definitely and correctly employed. Then, so far as we know, no man of science was ever called a philosopher, and science and philosophy have never been synonymous—unlike our country where (as Hegel remarked) a thermometer is termed "a philosophical instrument," and where the publications of its chief scientific society are still absurdly called *Philosophical Transactions*, though no paper on philosophy could ever gain admission to their pages. Cuvier is taken by M. Merz, and very reasonably taken, as the type of the French scientific mind of the earlier part of this century. But as a distinguished expert in chemistry our author's remarks on that science have special value. He represents crystallography as a science which can be claimed by France as almost exclusively her own creation. He says (p. 116)

"that the theory of the Abbé Haüy, who first taught how crystals are built up from small particles of definite and regular geometrical forms, such as cubes, pyramids, &c., came to the aid of the mineralogists, who before him

had vainly groped in the dark, searching for some method by which order and system could be introduced into the lifeless forms of nature as by the methods of Linnaeus and Jussieu it had been introduced into the world of animals and plants."

He discusses at considerable length the influence of Napoleon on science, and ends by declaring that but for such glory as fell upon him from Cuvier and Laplace he has scarcely a place in the history of thought. He could hardly have said otherwise.

In his account of science in Germany, our author is, of course, at home. He naturally glories in the eminent physiologists of that country, and gives just tribute to Schleiden, the professor of botany at Jena, who, about 1838, first propounded the cell theory as applied to plants, and to Schwann, who extended it to explain the structure of animals. He also pays just, but by no means exaggerated, homage to that great man John Müller, the veteran founder of German physiology. His school, he declares (p. 197), has the merit of having introduced

"exact methods of inquiry, of having established physiological laboratories all over Germany . . . and diffused the true scientific spirit. It boasts of having filled the chairs of medicine, physiology, and anatomy at the German universities with a long list of eminent teachers who have spread the true scientific spirit in every branch of the medical sciences."

In his account of science in England we, of course, at the outset, meet with the honoured names of Black, Herschel, Priestley, Cavendish, Davy, Young, Dalton, Faraday, Brewster, Lyell, and Ball.

The appreciation of English science abroad is made clear by Cuvier's *éloge* of Sir Joseph Banks in 1821 and the forty years' work of the Royal Society under his presidency. The illustrious Frenchman declared that

"during this period, so memorable in the history of the human mind, Englishmen have taken a part as glorious as that of any other nation in those labours of the intellect which are common to all civilised peoples; they have faced the icy regions of both poles; they have left no corner unvisited in the two oceans; they have increased tenfold the catalogue of the kingdoms of nature; the heavens have been peopled by them with planets, with satellites, with unheard-of phenomena; they have counted, so to speak, the stars of the milky way; if chemistry has assumed a new aspect, the facts which they have furnished have mainly contributed to this change; inflammable air, pure air, phlogisticated air, are due to them; they have discovered how to decompose water; how metals in great numbers are the outcome of their analyses; the nature of the fixed alkali has been demonstrated by none but them; mechanics at their call have worked miracles, and have placed their country above others in nearly every line of manufacture."

Yet it is true to say that the historian of English thought has rather to record the impediments than the aids to progress as regards the public institutions and social customs of our country, there having long been hardly such things as schools of science. This difference between England and the Continent existed in a very marked degree during the early years of the century, but the self-reliance, independent spirit and habit of ready combination so general

among Englishmen has more than compensated for the paucity of Government aid to science. On this subject Mr. Merz says (p. 286), speaking of our love for nature:

"We now discover the reason why the strong individualism of the English character, which prompted new departures and inspired new ideas in science, as it produced adventures and novel enterprise in life and arts, has not more frequently led to discouraging failures in the latter, or to eccentricity or dreaminess in the former; why it has on the whole, alike in practical work and in scientific study, been rewarded by signal success. The rare genius gifted with the power of original thought, who found no academy ready to call him, no schools where he could be trained . . . did not retire into the depths of his own consciousness or surround himself with the artificial atmosphere of erudition. The result of such a process can be abundantly traced in other countries and other literatures. In England the isolation from society and the solitariness of genius throw him into the arms of Nature, and she has in many instances—in science, in poetry, and in art—rewarded and refreshed him by a novel aspiration—she has lifted her veil to his loving eye, and revealed to him one of her secrets."

We shall look forward with interest to the continuance of this work, and, above all, to the third volume. It is to be hoped that before its appearance Mr. Merz will have conquered that want of knowledge of, and interest in, Italian culture to which he confesses (p. 15) in his Introduction, although he is fully aware that Italian, Scandinavian, and Russian influences have had much effect on the rest of European thought. The late Prof. Huxley declared that the finest European intellect was the Italian intellect. That Italy has of late played but a subordinate part in European scientific questions is unquestionable. Nevertheless much excellent Italian work in physical science to-day is unduly neglected; and what do we not owe to the Italian physicists, anatomists, and geologists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries! But it is especially in philosophy that the Italian mind is admirable, and to make Mr. Merz's volume, dealing with philosophy, really valuable it is absolutely necessary that he should acquaint himself with its products.

A MODERN MUSICIAN.

Life and Letters of Sir Charles Hallé. Edited by his Son, C. E. Hallé, and his Daughter, Marie Hallé. With Two Portraits. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

LIKE the playing of Hallé, his "Diary," which covers forty years down to 1860, his "Letters" which date from 1836 to 1894, and his "Notes of Travel" in Australia in 1890, and in South Africa in 1895, are perfectly unexceptional. They are the correctest shade of the pink of all sorts of propriety. You could not get anything more thoroughly respectable than Hallé was as son of devoted parents—the father a musician, the mother an angel—or as lodger (and you may know exactly what he paid for his rooms and what he had for breakfast when he was a youth), or as husband of two wives (the second being

Mme. Norman-Neruda), or as father of nine children (eight of them are still living), or as the music-man of Manchester, or as knight, or as Catholic, or as man, unexceptional in every capacity, exceptional in none. There are no surprises about him; you know for certain that he will do, or say, or play the good average thing. He was a music-master of the Princess of Wales, and you are sure he will remark that Her Royal Highness could have made her fortune as a pianoforte player if she had not already made one in the profession of a Princess. And there you have it. "The Princess of Wales," says Mr. C. E. Hallé, "was also a pupil of my father's, and one for whom he had the greatest regard, as her talent was considered by him of a very high order."

In his capacity as model parent, Hallé, in 1862, thought he ought to accept an invitation to dine with the Prinseps "on account of Charles and Watts." We know the result two days later:

"Watts wishes to see everything that Charlie has ever done, as soon as he comes to town, and he promised me that he would give me the best advice he could as to the masters we must give the boy. Therefore bring all his drawings, even if it gives a great deal of trouble; it is very important. Watts highly approves of his having studied anatomy so much this winter. Watts is certainly the man in whom, as an artist, I feel the greatest confidence, and I am very happy that he takes so much interest in Charlie."

This passage, and from the position of the persons mentioned in it, is as interesting as any in letters filling nearly two hundred pages; and it is given to us in two languages—English and French; so are all letters written in French by Hallé, and they are many—all are obligingly translated into English. The musician's earlier letters, written in German, are printed in the English translation only; and we are thankful for that. "What has been the result of the Grosvenor exhibition this season? Has it been satisfactory?" This specimen query occupies a separate paragraph of the large type in a letter from Hallé dated September, 1879. You are not given a reply, not even in a single language! Perhaps the query was printed to show the father's interest in the Gallery of which his son was a director. That is very human and proper; but the editors of this volume have hardly tried to master the broad distinction between memoirs for the family circle and memoirs addressed to the general reader. Well, readers will make the best they can of that. Filial piety is not so common a thing as to go unwelcomed on its own account. And this volume has its distinction in being a monument of that.

But there are two letters in the book which everyone ought to read—one from Browning, and one from Mr. Ruskin, the most delightful letter-writer of his generation. Hallé had played before a girl's school to oblige Mr. Ruskin, who was present. Hallé "was careful to select what was most great and beautiful, and played his very best." This done, a girl asked Hallé to play "Home, Sweet Home," which he did. "To his chagrin, Ruskin,

who had been politely appreciative, now became enthusiastic." On hearing later of that chagrin of Hallé's, Mr. Ruskin wrote this letter:

"Winnington Hall, Northwich.
"December 3, 1864.

"DEAR MR. HALLÉ,—My 'children' tell me you were sorry because I liked that 'Home, Sweet Home' better than Beethoven—having expected better sympathy from me. But how could you—with all your knowledge of your art and of men's minds? Believe me, you *cannot* have sympathy from any untaught person respecting the higher nobleness of composition. If I were with you a year, you could make me feel them—I am quite capable of doing so were I taught—but the utmost you ought *ever* to hope from a musically illiterate person is honesty and modesty. I do not—should not—expect you to sympathise with *me* about a bit of Titian, but I know that you would if I had a year's teaching of you, and I know that you would never tell me you liked it, or *fancy* you liked it, to please me. But I want to tell you, nevertheless, *why* I liked that 'Home, Sweet Home.' I do *not* care about the air of it, I have no doubt it is what you say it is—sickly and shallow. But I did care about hearing a million of low notes in perfect cadence and succession of sweetness. I never recognised before so many notes in a given brevity of moment, all sweet and helpful. I have often heard glorious harmonies and inventive and noble succession of harmonies, but I never in all my life heard a variation like that. Also, I had not before been close enough to see your hands, and the invisible velocity was wonderful to me, quite unspeakably, merely as a human power. You must not therefore think I only cared for the bad music, but it is quite true that I don't understand Beethoven, and I fear I never shall have time to learn to do so. Forgive me this scrawl and let me talk with you again some day.—Ever, with sincere regards to Mrs. and Miss Hallé, gratefully and respectfully yours,
"J. RUSKIN."

That letter makes a sort of charter for "musically illiterate" men and women for ever—giving expression with so much grace and humility to what often must have been their thoughts. But how does the musician take these frank words of the man of genius? You have terrible misgivings which are only too literally realised, for you read: "In commenting on this letter my father never would admit that he could not appreciate Titian without instruction." But it was not mere "appreciation" of Titian that was in question—it was such an appreciation as Mr. Ruskin's.

The letter from Browning is dated from the poet's Warwick-crescent house, in the May of 1867:

"MY DEAR HALLÉ,—All thanks for your invitation, which I shall profit by if I possibly can. I want to explain to you why in all probability I shall be away from your music for once; it is foolish, I know. My son goes to college at Michaelmas and has to work so hard in order to matriculate at Balliol, where he wants to go, that he *cannot* spare even one morning a week, and I have got so used to have him with me that I can't bear sitting alone. Next year, if all goes well with us both, I shall assuredly do the nearly one thing I thoroughly enjoy now.—Ever yours truly,
"ROBERT BROWNING."

This moment of golden-wedding memories can hardly add anything to the affectingness of "I can't bear sitting alone"—a fate

Browning did bear, as a matter of fact, except when his sister sat with him, for the last fifteen years of his life.

Hallé tried his luck in Paris before he tried and got it in London. It was in his Paris rooms in 1839 that he met Wagner, brought thither by their common friend, the breezy Heller. Wagner was then "in great straits"; he "was no pianist," so he could not give Hallé an idea of his compositions, which perhaps was not of great consequence, for "when he spoke of his aspirations it was usually in a strain" which made Hallé wonder if "he was all there." But as an "amiable and lively companion, modest, and full of enthusiasm for all that is beautiful in art," Hallé liked him. Nearly forty years later the two men met again in Bayreuth. "What an immense change had taken place! What a difference there was between the man of 1839 and 1876!" That is the comment of Sir Charles Hallé. Then follows the confession, which, read it how you will, you read sadly: "In after years I met Wagner seldom, and each time found it more difficult to recognise in him the modest, genial young companion I had known so well." Yet if they had talked often, would they really have mingled and communicated? One does not feel very sure: and all other intercourse is barren. On one of their rare meetings Wagner made this remark: "The English are an extraordinary people—still I do not know if they ever arrive at the sigh, without which the aroma of the art does not ascend into space." Sir Charles says of this remark that he "never understood it." It was better so perhaps.

Sir Charles Hallé's work in Manchester was perhaps the most characteristic and important of his life; and certainly, as chance has it, his own powers as a describer are at their highest when he is dealing with this period in his diary, especially in the passages relating to the most hopeless of his would-be pupils. The maiden who omitted minor keys because her father hated them is capably drawn; and as good as anything of the sort ever done is the sketch of the clergyman who came to him in mufti in Manchester with "a list of deficiencies," and whose oddities included a statement that he gave 3fr. 75c. for his gloves, using that currency, as he complacently said, because Hallé "was a Frenchman"! These are bright passages in a book which, as we have indicated, must be reduced in its proportions before it can step out of the rank of memorials prepared for friends, to take its place as a record of a man of merit suited for wide public circulation. That such an extract of the volume before us can be made, and ought to be made, is so apparent that we may suppose it will follow as a matter of course.

"THE BLACK WATCH."

The Record of an Historic Regiment. By Archibald Forbes. (Cassell & Co.)

MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES is not a great writer on war; but he describes passages of the battlefield well, if not with adequate breadth and distinctness; and he is not a

fetish worshipper of German success, if he extols, rather unduly, the British soldier. In the work before us he has dwelt on the fortunes of the "Black Watch," an illustrious Highland regiment; and he has found a theme congenial to his peculiar talents. His battle scenes might have been better done. They do not place the drama, as a whole, before us: they are sometimes wanting in true perspective. He has more than once copied the text of other writers. But his narrative is, in the main, excellent; some of his descriptions are very good; his style is always easy, pleasing, and graphic. He has made the most of his subject with laudable industry; and he has produced one of the best of regimental histories.

The "Black Watch" was in its origin a kind of police, composed of bands from loyal Highland clans, and, under the auspices of Duncan Forbes, the mainstay in Scotland of the house of Hanover, employed in keeping the Jacobite Highlands down after the troubles of 1715-19. It was at first merely an array of mountaineers, each of the companies being under a native chief, attended by bodies of retainers; but these—and hence the historic name—were distinguished by the "black" garb which they wore, so different from the "bright" kilts of the tribes of the Celts commemorated in the song of Virgil. It was ere long formed into a regular corps, and saw real war for the first time in 1745, on the field of Fontenoy. Mr. Forbes's account of this famous battle is largely borrowed from that of Carlyle. It might have been more comprehensive and lucid. The "Black Watch" was first engaged in the attack on Vignes; it was then detached to make an effort against the Redoubt D'Eu, the key of Saxe's position on his left; it was afterwards sent to support the Dutch in the attacks on Fontenoy, the French right centre. The men did wonders in this noble but fruitless attempt. "The Highland furies," a French chronicler wrote, "rushed upon us with more violence than ever did the sea driven by a tempest"; and they held the place of honour in covering the retreat. We cannot, however, gather from Mr. Forbes whether the "Black Watch" took part in the memorable advance of the great British column against Saxo's centre, defeated in its attack by the Irish Brigade—the theme of the fine ballad of Thomas Davis. If they did, the sons of the Gael, as has often happened, from the days of Hannibal to those of Napoleon, fought against each other in opposite camps.

Fontenoy was the only European battle in which the "Black Watch" appeared in the field during the strife between England and the old French Monarchy, which fills so large a part of the eighteenth century. The services of the regiment, however, were brilliant across the Atlantic; it distinguished itself in the murderous struggle of Ticanderoga; marched under Amherst upon Montreal, the last passage in the conquest of Canada; won honour in the famous siege of Havana; and joined in several expeditions against the French Antilles. It fought well, too, under Howe, in the American War; but we shall not dwell on a fratricidal contest, which, we

devoutly hope, will never be renewed. During the intervals of peace which marked this period the "Black Watch" was much in Ireland, and sometimes in England; but it was not often quartered in the country of its birth, though it always retained its Scottish character, the men and officers being nearly all Highlanders. It had been formed by this time into two battalions, after the customary mode of the British service. They were always remarkable for the strict discipline, the steadiness, and, withal, the impetuous courage which are distinctive excellences of the Scottish soldier. The regiment was engaged in the second year of the war with revolutionary France, in the unfortunate campaign in the Low Countries, and gave proof of its high qualities. Mr. Forbes informs us it was a mere chance that Arthur Wellesley was not on the roll of its officers. The "Black Watch" played a very conspicuous part in the memorable descent on Egypt in 1801. It was a portion of the force which effected the landing, an exploit, Napoleon has written, "of wonderful vigour"; and it covered itself with honour in the hard-fought battle of Alexandria which ere long followed, its struggle with the French "Invincibles" being a glorious passage of arms. Mr. Forbes's description of this fierce conflict is graphic, and even in places brilliant; but he does not place its phases clearly before us; and it makes rather too much of a very doubtful victory. The fact is, the battle was all but drawn: Lanusse ought not to have left his lines; the French attack was badly conducted; and it is untrue that the French were superior in force, thanks to the incapacity of the worthless Ménou. The "Black Watch" shared in the glories of the British Army during the long and memorable Peninsular War, and suffered terribly in the pestilential swamps of Walcheren. It was one of the regiments that formed our right wing at Corunna, and contributed largely to the defeat of Soult, though its services in this respect have in some degree been questioned. Mr. Forbes has taken pains to elucidate the truth; his description of the battle is well worth reading. The regiment followed the victorious march of Wellington from 1810 to 1814, as he fought his way from the Tagus to the Garonne; the second battalion was at Busaco and Fuentes de Onoro; the united corps distinguished itself at Burgos; and it took part in the battles of the Nivelle, of Orthez, of Toulouse. Mr. Forbes has sketched these operations fairly, but with a marked leaning to the successful side; Toulouse was scarcely, in a real sense, a victory, and the attack was made in defiance of the art of war; the stubborn defence, too, of Soult, in 1814, spite of adverse fortune, was very fine, while we justly admire the advance of Wellington, and of the army that "could go anywhere and do anything." The "Black Watch" showed extraordinary steadiness and daring on the bloody day of Quatre Bras; it was caught by Galbois' lancers before it formed square; but it beat the assailants down, though it suffered heavy loss—it was, in truth, so crippled that it was in the last reserve at Waterloo. Mr. Forbes, we may

remark, is not carried away by the Wellingtonian legend in the campaign of 1815: he properly blames the Duke's first movements; he sees clearly that had Ney obeyed his orders June 16th would have witnessed the rout of Blücher, and the 17th probably the defeat of his colleague.

During the long peace the "Black Watch" was much engaged, as usual, in service in foreign lands. It gave signal proof that it had not declined in valour and worth on the day of the Alma, the opening scene of the Crimean War. On this occasion it formed part of the Highland Brigade; and, under the admirable leading of Sir Colin Campbell, it defeated a Russian force more than twofold in numbers. Mr. Forbes has described this passage of arms very well: it was the old conflict between line and column, as old as that between legion and phalanx; the extended formation proved superior to the dense mass, probably because it was composed of better and steadier men. The regiment did good service during the great Indian Mutiny; but it would be superfluous to dwell on its easy triumphs, overwhelming as often were the rebels in numbers. More than a century and a half has passed away since the "Black Watch" was enrolled in the British Army; but it has never lost its original type, and it has always displayed the same great qualities. It is, and we hope will always be, one of the most distinguished units of a renowned Army, which, though small in size and not without defects, has scarcely found its equal in the shock of battle, and may fairly be compared to the legions of Rome for its services in all parts of the world.

THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

Records of the East India Company. Letters received by the East India Company from its Servants in the East. Transcribed from the "Original Correspondence" Series of the India Office Records, with an Introduction, by F. C. Danvers. Vol. I., 1602-1613. (Sampson Low & Co.)

It will be a matter of congratulation among all historical students that at length it will be possible to narrate from original sources the story of the beginnings of the most famous of mercantile companies. The collection of correspondence of which this volume is a first instalment extends, as Mr. Danvers informs us, from 1603 to 1708, and consists principally of letters from the servants of the Company abroad to their superiors at home. The present publication includes the documents relating to the first six voyages made by the Company's ships, and, while, of course, largely occupied with dry technical details of commerce, is by no means lacking in interesting matter.

We must remember that we are removed by a century and a half from the time when the Company even began to aim at political power. Not the slightest dream of territorial sovereignty could as yet have floated before the minds of either principals or subordinates. The earliest voyages, in fact, were not made to the mainland of India at

all, but to the spice islands of the Eastern Archipelago. "The earliest document received from abroad by the East India Company of which a transcript is now in existence" is a concession of privileges by the King of Achin, in Sumatra, who declares that:

"In token of our especial friendship and upon many good considerations us moving, and chiefly upon the contemplating of the gracious letters received from the most famous Queen of England, we of our especial mere motion do signify and declare to all people, that we have entertained into our friendship and holy league our well beloved the Sirinissima Reina de Inglaterra, to hold and keep true and faithful league with her according to the commendable course and law of all nations unto whose subjects we wish much felicity, and therefore doth give and grant by these presents for us our heirs and successors as much as in us lieth to the said subjects of the most noble Queen of England, our confederate, and every of them, these articles, grants, and privileges hereafter expressed and declared."

In this quarter, however, the company had to encounter a too powerful European rival:

"The English were overborne in most places by the Dutch, who appear not only to have had at their command greater resources for trade, but were also much superior to the English in those parts, both in the number of their vessels and in the strength of their forces."

Ultimately, after half a century of conflict, frequently breaking out in actual hostilities, the Company seems to have made up its mind to abandon this field to its rivals, and to concentrate its efforts upon India itself.

Even there its first operations were attended with many obstacles. The greatest of Indian rulers, and best of all absolute monarchs, the illustrious Akbar, had passed from the scene of his noble labours a few years before the first English ships appeared on the coasts of the Indian mainland. We cannot fail to regret that the Company was not established a little earlier, and that an intelligent English visitor did not find his way to the Mogul court in the lifetime of the great emperor. Such a one might possibly have been impressed with the spectacle of an enlightened toleration to be witnessed nowhere else in the civilised world, and have reflected on the lamentable contrast presented by the policy of his own sovereigns, though they were not by any means the worst sinners in this respect.

No such feelings of admiration certainly could be excited by Akbar's unworthy son Jehangir, who is the "Great Mogul" of whom we get a few glimpses in this volume. The agents of the Company found it a task of extreme difficulty to transact any business with him; and after he had granted a concession of trading privileges, he thought nothing of speedily withdrawing it. He is described as "fickle," "inconstant," "extremely proud and covetous," "whom the nobles imitate—yea, even in beastliness, &c.; he takes himself to be the greatest monarch in the world, and it standeth not with his greatness to despatch suits speedily." The English believed that his mind was

prejudiced against them by Portuguese priests.

"These Jesuits do so bewitch the king with daily presents, as glasses, china dishes, varieties of wine, &c., that nothing is denied them; have way to the king at all times; confer and talk with him; live at his charge; none of his nobles have so easy access; and whom the king graceth they all dare do no other, and whom he respects not no man regards. They shame not to say we are a people rebelled subjects to their king, and make us and the Hollanders as one; they allege, further, our country and prince of no respect and force, having only one city wherein a few merchants, and that our king hath no hand in this business."

The surest path to the Emperor's favour seems to have been to show him some new musical instrument, though even here his preferences were somewhat capricious.

"Lawes and his virginals presented, he played on them, but not esteemed; a bagpipe had been fitter for him. Robert's cornet highly esteemed, the king put it to his mouth, kept it from him, caused six others to be made, but proved not good, would have him serve him; he refused it, affirming to be at his command while he stayed in the country; the king took displeasure thereat, yet he willed him to teach one of his chiefest musicians, to whom he said, if thou canst learn this, I will make thee a great man; but Robert promised nothing for learning him. No Christian here, if not presented by the Jesuits, hath any grace at all. Had Robert Truly been theirs he had, ere this, been a rich man, the king exceedingly delighted to hear his cornet."

Perhaps the most interesting episode in the records contained in this volume is the story of the first English attempt to open up intercourse with Japan. The details are in many ways of a romantic character, being associated with the remarkable history of a Kentish seaman named William Adams, which we have the good fortune to possess from his own pen:

"I am," he tells us, "a Kentish man, born in a town called Jellingham, two English miles from Rochester, one mile from Chatham, where the king's ships do lie, and from the age of twelve years old brought up in Limehouse, near London, being apprentice twelve years to Mr. Niro Diggins and myself have served for master and pilot in Her Majesty's ships, and about eleven or twelve years have served the Worshipful Company of Barbary merchants until the Indian traffic from Holland, which Indian traffic I was desirous to make a little experience of the small knowledge that God had given me; so in the year of our Lord 1598 I was hired for pilot-major of the fleet of five saile, which was made ready by the (Dutch) Indian Company."

The voyage was long and disastrous, and the squadron was dispersed after entering the Pacific Ocean. The vessel in which Adams was, reached the coast of Japan in April, 1600, "with most of her crew sick or dying, and with only half-a-dozen men able to stand on their feet."

The news was soon brought to the court of the Shogun, the hereditary mayor of the palace and commander-in-chief, whom Adams, like all the other early European visitors, styles emperor, and regards as the supreme ruler of the country. The real *jure divino* sovereign, the Mikado, was so strictly secluded that he is never even men-

tioned. The Shogun at this time would appear to have been Iyeyasu, the great organiser of Japanese feudalism, and persecutor of the Roman Catholics. Adams was summoned before him, and he inquired

"the reasons of our coming so far. I answered him we were a people that sought friendship with all nations, and to have trade in all countries. He demanded also concerning the wars between the Spaniards and our country, and the reason which he was glad to hear of, as it seemed unto me. So in the end I was commanded to prison, but my lodging was bettered in another place, so that thirty-nine days I was in prison, hearing no more news neither of our ship nor captain, nor of the rest of the company. In which time I looked every day to die, to be crossed, as the custom of justice is in Japan, as hanging is in our land. In which long time of imprisonment the Jesuits and Portugals gave many evidences against me and the rest, that we were thieves and robbers of all nations, and were we suffered to live it should be against the profit of his Highness and of his country. But God that is always merciful at need showed mercy to us, and would not suffer them to have their wills of us. In the end the Emperor gave them an answer that we, as yet, had not done to him nor to his land any harm nor damage; therefore against reason and justice to put us to death; with which they were out of heart that their cruel pretence failed them, for which God be evermore praised. In the end he asked of me if I was desirous to go aboard the ship and see my countrymen. I answered very gladly, the which he bade me do, so I departed and was freed from imprisonment."

Though he was not allowed to return home, Adams rose into great favour with the Shogun, who gave him an estate "like unto a lordship in England." His accounts of Japanese customs and institutions are in general very accurate:

"The people very subject to their governor and superior, also in their religion very zealous or superstitious, having divers sects, but praying all their sects, or the most part, to one saint, which they call Ameda, which they esteem to be their mediator between God and them: all these sects living in friendship one with another, not injuring one another, but everyone as his conscience teacheth."

This passage shows that Adams had obtained a very fair knowledge of Buddhism as it exists in Japan even to the present day. He has rightly described the main object of worship in most of the Japanese sects, Amitabha Buddha, the Infinite Light and Wisdom, whose votaries hope to behold him in the Pure Land of the West. He is hardly, however, correctly described as a mediator; he is rather the Supreme Deity recognised by the most widespread school of Northern Buddhists, the point in which they are most strikingly at variance with the agnostic doctrines of the Southern section.

Adams was anxious to turn his position to the advantage of his countrymen, and as soon as he learned of the formation of the East India Company, he addressed a long communication to them, telling the story of his life and the good opening there was for English commerce in Japan. In 1613 an English ship arrived, and by Adams' influence ample concession of privileges was obtained from the Shogun, and an English factory was established at the harbour of Firando.

Adams might now have obtained permission to return to England, but he decided to remain in Japan, having succeeded in making a good bargain with the Company, by which he became their chief agent in the country. The Dutch had also gained a footing there by his influence, but the English seemed to have started in this quarter with decidedly greater advantages. It is a problem on which the succeeding volume of these records may throw some light how, after having made such a good beginning, the English Company in the course of a few years yielded the field, apparently without a struggle, to its rivals. The land to which the bold Kentish pioneer had shown the way became for nearly two centuries and a half a region hermetically closed against all Europeans but the Dutch. It became, in fact, a subject of mystery and fable almost as Britain did between the departure of the Roman legions and the mission of Augustine. As a grave Byzantine historian could at least half seriously relate concerning a once perfectly well known and flourishing Roman province stories how half the island was uninhabitable by reason of its poisoned air, which nurtured many venomous reptiles, and how the spirits of the dead were ferried over from Gaul to this dreary abode; so the great English satirist of the eighteenth century could without palpable incongruity place Japan in the vicinity of Laputa, Balnibarbi, and other imaginary countries, and in the closest proximity to a land which contained people who never died. In fact at that time it seemed almost as possible for an Englishman to visit one of these fabulous regions as to follow in the track of Adams to the Shogun's court.

POULTON'S DARWIN.

Charles Darwin and the Theory of Natural Selection. By Ed. B. Poulton, M.A., F.R.S., &c. (Cassell.)

PROF. POULTON has written an admirable little book on Darwin and his work. Its style is simple and direct; the matter is well selected and well arranged; there is a due sense of development and of proportion. In one chapter only does Mr. Poulton's judgment appear to be seriously at fault—that containing a series of hitherto unpublished letters to Prof. Meldola. Not that the letters are in themselves uninteresting; one or two might well have been introduced to show Darwin's unfailing courtesy to younger men, and his readiness to render them assistance; but in devoting nearly one-tenth of his space to these letters, the author's usual sense of proportion seems to have deserted him.

The book opens with a chapter on "The Secret of Darwin's Greatness."

"It appears probable," says Mr. Poulton, "that Charles Darwin's unique power was largely due to the inheritance of the imagination of his grandfather, combined with the acute observation of his father. Although he possessed an even larger share of both these qualities than his predecessors, it is probable that he owed more to their co-operation than to the high degree of their development."

Although nothing is here said as to inheritance on the mother's side, this is well put. And if we add, what Darwin himself laid stress upon in a passage from the autobiography which Mr. Poulton quotes, his unbounded patience and industry, we have perhaps as much of the secret as can readily be condensed into a sentence or two. Of course, there was more than this, which may either be summed up in two words—the man—or expanded into his son's three fascinating volumes.

Mr. Poulton gives us a brief, but adequate, account of Darwin's education for the great work of his life, before, during, and after the voyage of the *Beagle*, and traces the gradual development in his mind of the theory of natural selection. He compares Darwin's section of the joint memoir read before the Linnean Society on July 1, 1858, with that contributed by Mr. A. R. Wallace, and notes how both naturalists owed their inspiration to Malthus.

"There is a tremendous contrast," he says, "between these two discoverers, in the speed with which they respectively developed their ideas on the subject into a shape which satisfied them as suitable for publication. Wallace, after the inspiration which followed his reflections upon Malthus, had 'thought out almost the whole of the theory' in two hours, and in three evenings had completed his essay. Darwin, receiving the same inspiration from the same source, in October, 1838, wrote a brief account of it after four years' reflection and work, and finished a longer account two years later, but was not prepared to give anything to the public until he was compelled to do so fourteen years later, in 1858."

The contrast is still more marked when Darwin's long labours and patient testing of his hypothesis are compared with the *obiter dicta* of some of his predecessors, of whose momentary flashes of insight Darwin's detractors are wont to make such parade. With characteristic modesty Mr. Wallace has said: "I have not the love of *work*, *experiment*, and *detail* that was so pre-eminent in Darwin, and without which anything I could have written would never have convinced the world." It is idle to discuss the might-have-been; but if we accept Mr. Wallace's candid statement as it stands, we must not forget that his solid and varied contributions to biology amply justify the high position he always held in Darwin's estimation. No episode in the history of science rings more clearly with the note of true greatness than the attitude of these two men, from first to last, with respect to the theory of natural selection.

The reception of this theory, the difficulty with which its central conceptions were understood, and its influence on Darwin's older and younger contemporaries, are sketched with much freshness. A chapter is devoted to Huxley's attitude towards the theory, and the conclusion is reached that, from the first and to the end, "Darwin's bull-dog," as Huxley once styled himself, while whole-hearted in his advocacy of evolution, was cautious and guarded in his utterances concerning natural selection. Many extracts from Huxley's writings are given in justification of this conclusion.

"How far," said Huxley in 1878, "natural,

selection' suffices for the production of species remains to be seen. Few can doubt that, if not the whole cause, it is a very important factor in that operation; and that it must play a great part in the sorting out of varieties into those which are transitory and those which are permanent."

This, we take it, was Huxley's consistent position. Natural selection is a potent factor in evolution; whether it is all-sufficient is still *sub judice*. It is in this sense that we read the passages which Mr. Poulton has brought together. He would seem himself, however, to read them as implying that Huxley advocated suspense of judgment not only as to the range of natural selection, but as to its validity within that range. And so reading them he is not content, but makes profession of a robust faith "in the permanent truth and far-reaching importance of the great theory which has served him [the naturalist] so well." Is there anything here to which Huxley would have demurred? Might he not reply: Agreed! I spoke of natural selection as a very important factor; you speak of its far-reaching importance. So far we are at one. But if you mean that this factor is all-sufficient, I hold that you go further than scientific caution justifies. And thus interpreting him we think that Huxley was right.

For the general reader the interest of the book culminates in the publication of the *Origin of Species*, its reception and the influence it exercised on biological thought. But naturalists reserve for Darwin's detailed experimental work an admiration scarcely inferior to that with which they regard his great theory. Mr. Poulton deals with the volumes which succeeded the *Origin*—works teeming with new facts and brilliant generalisations—in as complete a way as the space at his disposal permits; and thus rounds off a piece of work which, in less competent hands, might have been performed in a perfunctory manner, but which, as he presents it, gives evidence of patient care that cannot be too highly commended.

GIL BLAS OF ISPAHAN.

The Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan. By James Morier. Edited by C. J. Wills, M.D. With an Introduction by Major-General Sir Frederic Goldsmid, C.B., K.C.S.I. Illustrated. (Lawrence & Bullen.)

"THOSE things are numbered which we have loved in the short coat and can love again in the long," says the Russian proverb; and we wonder whether the Russian sage who framed it was not thinking especially of books. Books have such a peculiar aptitude for losing their savour with the lapse of time. If there is anybody, of a certain maturity, who does not know what it is to open a book that was perfectly delightful twenty years ago, and find that it has suffered a sea-change into something dull and strange, we offer him our congratulations. But there remain the numbered exceptions, and *Hajji Baba* is one of them. *Hajji Baba* was delightful when we were schoolboys, and *Hajji Baba* is

delightful still. For that matter Hajji was delightful when our grandfathers were schoolboys, having been first given to the world in 1823. And does not Sir Walter himself, in the introduction to *The Talisman*, credit Hajji with "the humour of Le Sage and the ludicrous power of Fielding"?

Hajji Baba is a book to be particularly commended to people longing for a change of air. You leave England on a magic carpet, and are instantly set down in the bazaar at Tehran. It may also be prescribed as a sort of realistic corrective to the romance of the *Arabian Nights*. It is not by any means a rose-coloured book, but it is decidedly a comfortable book, a book for the traditional long winter evenings by the fireside, "pipe in jaw and grog at elbow." It keeps one in a constant simmer of quiet amusement. Hajji's genial roguery, his frank and ever-ready mendacity, his cheery cynicism, are of the kind to warm a disenchanted heart. One feels that after all, taken in a becoming spirit of unscrupulousness, the world isn't such a dreary place, nor men such bad fellows. And there are no poignant moments to stir one up and tire one. Hajji's adventures never strain the sympathies. Hajji's glory is, not that he never falls, nor yet that he rises every time he falls, but that he always falls on his feet. Even the cruel manner of the death of Zeenab—the damsel who had "made roast meat" of Hajji's heart—affects us but slightly: we shrug our shoulders, and murmur, "Allah Akbar!" And when, at Meshed, Hajji gets the bastinado we console ourselves with the reflection that the bastinado was a good deal less than Hajji merited, and we hope that Hajji's skin was tough. Hajji's offence was the selling of tobacco "adulterated with dung, straw, and decayed leaves." Yes, we think he got off lightly with an application of the bastinado; and anyhow, "Khoda shefa mیدهd"—Allah gives relief.

Hajji as a barber at Ispahan, shaving the heads (if the expression may be allowed to pass) of the big-wigs of the town; Hajji as a captive and accomplice of the Turcoman robbers, pulling the beard of his venerable father; Hajji as a wandering dervish; Hajji as an amateur quack doctor; Hajji as the Lord High Executioner's zealous sub-lieutenant; Hajji as a saint in the sanctuary at Kom; Hajji as curate and matrimonial tout to the Mollah Nadân; Hajji as a Baghdad merchant and a married man; and finally Hajji as a rising *attaché* in the diplomatic service—in all his various incarnations Hajji is the same merry rascal, the same diverting and instructive comrade. But perhaps we like Hajji best when he is composing his General History of Europe. His observations upon a certain Boonaport, the Shah of the Franciz, as well as those upon a "tribe of infidels called Ingliz, the most unaccountable people on earth, who live in an island and make penknives," are vastly edifying. To be sure, like Gil Blas, his prototype, Hajji in a single lifetime experiences the vicissitudes of twenty, but he preserves his individuality through them all, and the reader's sense of probability is not alarmed. But Hajji's humour is not the humour of Gil. Sir Walter must have writ the word in haste. The unexpected-

ness of Gil's humour, the brilliancy of it, the shading of it, the epigrammatic form of it, above all, the broad humanity of it, are not here. James Morier (as a condescending nobleman remarked of Shakespeare) was a clever man; but he was not Alain René Le Sage. However, in its narrower way, Hajji's humour is excellent; and it was not we who started the comparison. Major-Gen. Sir Frederic Goldsmid quotes it in his Introduction, and pats it on the back. For our part, indeed, we will reproach Hajji with but two faults. The first is that circumflex accent over the last letter of his name. It presents no conspicuous charm when we read, and it is a bore to have to put it in when we come to write. The second is his unrelieved cynicism. Even in the East, one would fain hope there are some honest men, some married ladies who do not henpeck their husbands. But all the men in Hajji's chronicle are thievish knaves, and all the khanûms scolds. Hajji's own taste of matrimony was particularly bitter, though his wife's name was Shokerleb ("Sugar-lips"). "Her mouth appeared too small for the volume of words which flowed from it. Her volubility unloosed the tongues of all the other women, until there arose such a tempest of words and screams that I was nearly overwhelmed." This is far from the sort of thing we had dreamed of when we were envying the follower of the Prophet his underûn.

Of the present edition of *Hajji Baba* the most interesting features are the illustrations. Not those reproduced from Morier's own drawings—they strike us as rather scraggy and unskilful; but those by Persian artists. They are interesting by reason of their matter and by reason of their manner. They give us a vivid sense of Persia as she meets the eye; and we could hug them for their novel treatment of perspective. Dr. Wills had the heart to remonstrate with his illustrator upon this point; but the Persian responded like a man "that all European drawings were incorrect, and that *his* system of perspective (that of all Orientals) was the correct one." Correct or not, it is extremely entertaining, the figures in the background of a picture being almost always two or three sizes bigger than those to the front. But why, oh why, didn't the editor give us an index of the illustrations? And why did the publishers print the book on such heavy paper? Our arms still ache and our hands are stiff from the labour of holding it.

THE ART OF BOOKBINDING.

Bookbinding in England and France. By W. Y. Fletcher. (Seeley.)

"I OFTEN wonder what the vinters buy one half so precious as the stuff they sell," wrote Fitzgerald's Omar; and a lover of splendid books may wonder in like fashion on what else the beggarly three half-crowns, which this book costs, could be spent to obtain such wondrous value for the money. Seventeen full-page plates (some of them double) in gold and colours, printed as only Messrs. Griggs know how, with forty other pictures, and two most lucid and admirable

essays by an expert of eminence, all in a neatly bound volume, for seven and sixpence! It takes one's breath away. True, that the book is only two *Portfolio Monographs* bound together; and may fail to surprise readers of that amazingly liberal periodical. But even the most greedy book-lover feels ashamed to get so much in return for so little.

It may be a sign of the period that a pastime which, when prices were insignificant, was chiefly confined to the wealthy, should, now they have become prohibitive, appeal to an audience as wide as this popular edition implies. The costly monographs by the same author, to purchase which takes as many guineas as this book shillings, differ from it in degree only. Fact and facsimiles are no less good here; and in this particular context colour printing—too often a thing to shudder at—does more than give you an accurate replica of the books as they appear to-day, it restores their faded livery to its pristine beauty. Herein the habit of English reproduction of leather binding differs from the French. They give you the book as it is now, and record the accidents, the insults, and the blemishes wrought by careless owners. But here we are spared the pang of witnessing mutilation and decay. For fine bindings in the rightful order of their existence should not incur any damage. In well-maintained libraries centuries of lawful use should leave little sign of wear and tear. Therefore it is surely more respectful to the masters who clothed the books we prize, that the ravages of louts, or even the damage by natural causes, should be forgotten, so that we who cannot possess the volumes themselves may gloat on their presentation in all the splendour of their prime.

It is pleasing to find that English binding can hold its own beside that of other nations to-day, even as it has always. For not merely the much belauded volumes wrought by Roger Payne, or by his follower Lewis, whom Mr. Fletcher inclines to rank still higher, but a list of names reaching so far back as the eleventh century supports the claim of the British, who were the first people to issue all volumes bound, and never fell into the ignoble custom of paper wrappers—which still prevails almost everywhere but in England. But the tempting subject of books, historically considered, cannot be touched upon here, else might this monograph suffice to show that national taste has left its mark as distinctly upon bindings as upon buildings. The artistic aspect, however, is set forward by the author in a way that is rare. For your expert, as a rule, cares little for art, and has no word of hope for its future. But in *English Bookbindings* Mr. Fletcher's last sentence, a quotation from Miss Prideaux's preface to a certain catalogue, runs:

"Binding can never become a fine art unless invention goes hand in hand with the execution, which now leaves nothing to be desired. In all departments of decorative art we see the same inability to escape from the traditions of the past, but in none has there been such servile copying of the old models as in the decoration of books."

To which one feels tempted to add, Well done, Miss Prideaux, and thrice well done, Mr. Fletcher, for endorsing an opinion so utterly opposed to that of the "idiots who rave in enthusiastic tone of every century but this, every country but their own." Excepting that the present tense of Miss Prideaux's warning might be now changed truthfully to the past, it is pertinent and valuable to the last degree. But as the specimens on view in recent years at the New Gallery prove clearly, there is an awakening in most branches of the applied arts, and most certainly in the bookbindings by Messrs. T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, Roger de Coverly, Sir Edward Sullivan, the Misses McColl, Irene Nicholls, and Birkenruth, to name but a few. And this advance is distinctly unlike the fantastic experiments of the latest French school, which have been so prominent in various Parisian exhibitions recently. For the new English binders do not strain after so-called Japanese effects, or employ patchwork of divers leathers, encrusted with all sorts of alien substances, but are content to decorate the sober leather with devices at once new and beautiful. That this view is not patriotic prejudice but simple fact, can be proved by a reference to a recent illustrated article upon French bindings which appeared in *The Studio*. Even should such evidence as the black-and-white reproduction given therein fail to sustain the charge, a sight of the gaudy books themselves would quickly do so.

Amateurs of the arts who are not specially lovers of binding should not neglect this capital book, and those who are interested technically, should do their best to assure Mr. Fletcher that the genius he hopes "may arise who will be able to unite originality of design with the marvellous accuracy and finish which distinguish the work of the present day," is, most probably, here among us all the time—as those who care to seek may discover for themselves.

AN INVENTORY OF THE PEOPLE.

Life and Labour of the People in London. Vol. VIII. Edited by Charles Booth. (Macmillan & Co.)

MR. CHARLES BOOTH continues his task of giving us an inventory of the people of London from his analyses of the census returns, and the results of his own investigations. He has now reached the eighth volume, which is devoted to the professional classes, to domestic servants, and to the unoccupied section of the community. There are numerous details about the age of the people, their earnings, their social condition, and the statistical treatment is supplemented with some description of each section. The classification is necessarily comprehensive. We find, for instance, that the class "civil and municipal service" is wide enough to include the Lord Chancellor and the Government charwoman; the Lord-Lieutenant and the brokers' man. There are, we learn, 17,643 persons in civil and municipal service. The number is absurdly small considering the multiplicity

of public authorities in London, and the army of officials connected with them. The explanation of the apparent underestimate is that many of this class live beyond the metropolitan boundaries, and are therefore outside the census returns and Mr. Booth's book. The same remark applies to the medical section, which includes doctors, dentists, druggists, veterinary surgeons, and nurses—26,508 in all. Of these 15,542 are nurses, but many of the London nurses are outside the London borders, where the great asylums and similar institutions are situated. We would have expected Mr. Booth to have made a note of such points.

The chapter on law contains a description of the undercurrents of the profession. Strangely enough, the neighbourhood of Cursitor-street seems to possess the same characteristics as in the days of Dickens. It will be remembered that Mr. Snagsby, law stationer, had his office in Took's-court, Cursitor-street, and that Mr. Snagsby gave out work to impecunious copyists. He "was giving out a large quantity of work just now," he told Mr. Tulkinghorn when that gentleman called to trace the unknown copyist. So to-day the modern Snagsby does the same, and has his office in the same district. And, as in the great case of *Jarndyce v. Jarndyce*, the documents must always be copied in a hurry. "Given out Wednesday night, eight o'clock," read Mr. Snagsby from his book, "brought in on the Thursday morning at half after nine." "Solicitors," writes Mr. Booth, "have a fancy for having the documents which they give out over-night copied out and ready for them by the time they reach their office next morning." This undue haste contrasts curiously with the "law's delays," and men have to work all night to satisfy the "solicitors' fancy." We are told that copyists fall off their chairs with sleep, and one "almost put out his eye with his pen." The condition of the copyists has not improved since Snagsby's days, and the middlemen in the business have increased. According to Mr. Booth's investigations there is a hierarchy of middlemen between the solicitor who gives out the document and the man who copies it. At the bottom of the scale are the "Wallerers"—who are generally found leaning against the walls, or hanging round a lamp-post in Cursitor-street. There are two hundred of them in London. The "Wallerers" are the outsiders who only get work when the "sitters" cannot overtake the copying given to them by the "office-keeper" (in whose office they sit), who get it from a law stationer, who has it from a solicitor, who does it for a barrister, behind whom is the unfortunate client who pays for it all.

Turning to another section of Mr. Booth's book, it is pleasant to know that 24,243 people in London are occupied in brightening our lives with "art and amusement." As the list includes 2,000 showmen and 10,000 musicians, among whom are a thousand organ-grinders, the existence of the class is not an unmixed blessing. If we have an army of people catering for our amusements, we are not without facilities for hearing and seeing them. The London

theatres, if only half full, would hold 200,000 people a week, and the music-halls can accommodate 800,000 weekly, which means that, on an average, one out of every London family has a "night off" once a week. An attempt is made to reckon the market value of the theatrical profession—from the "super" to the "star." A miscellaneous class under the heading of "Literature and Science" does not invite notice, as the information with regard to the sub-divisions is not very complete. There are no means of arriving at the average earnings of those engaged in literature. The classes occupied in all branches of literature and journalism number 3,211. Teachers, a well-defined class, are 27,561 strong, and 8,597 persons minister to the spiritual needs of the people and receive temporal rewards ranging from nothing up to £5,000 a year. Nearly 400,000 servants attend to our domestic needs. The most formidable of all the classes diagnosed in Mr. Booth's work are the unoccupied masses. They total 1,333,676. Of these 38,609 are "retired from business," 4,577 are pensioners, 90,392 confess that they are guilty of "living on their own means," and students are insulted by being included in the unoccupied list. Over a million are put down first, as "others over ten years," which upon further investigation turn out to be a very mixed lot indeed. They include the inmate of the workhouse and the Member of Parliament, the vagrant and the privy councillor, lunatics and professors. It is only by a process of statistical levelling, therefore, that Mr. Booth arrives at his army of a million and a quarter "unoccupied." There is a huge amount of well-digested information in Mr. Booth's book. The matter is arranged as interestingly as possible, and, while it may not be inviting to the ordinary reader, is valuable to the student of sociology.

"A MOST EXTRAORDINARY YOUNG WOMAN."

The Girlhood of Maria Josepha Holroyd (Lady Stanley of Alderley), recorded in Letters of a Hundred Years Ago, from 1776 to 1796. Edited by J. H. Adeane. (Longmans.)

"LORD SHEFFIELD'S daughter is indeed a most extraordinary young woman." This extract from one of Gibbon's letters, which is quoted on the title-page, is calculated to give the reader a somewhat erroneous impression of the contents of the volume. The last ten years of the eighteenth century brought into a fierce prominence many women whose life records are indelibly stamped on the story of the world's history, but Maria Josepha Holroyd was certainly not one of these. Had it not been for her grandchild, who has so admirably edited her correspondence, her name would probably have been entirely forgotten by the outside world. Her life was spent, it is true, in the midst of alarms, but she was always the one who looked on. She was a typical English girl of her day

and generation, and in her letters we have a picture of the ordinary, but far from more-tonous, everyday life of a century ago, which must prove of real historical interest.

Miss Holroyd was certainly gifted with the pen of a very ready writer, and there is not a trace of stiffness or unreality in the whole collection of her correspondence. The unvarying brightness and spontaneity, which are perhaps the most striking features in the volume, show how little she imagined that after many days her letters would become the property of a curious public. The book is interesting and valuable from many points of view: as the unconscious revelation of a charming personality it takes a very high place among the books of the season.

Maria Josepha Holroyd was the daughter of the Lord Sheffield who is chiefly known to posterity as the intimate friend of Gibbon. At a very early age she showed signs of an alarming precocity of intellect. In a letter to her aunt Serena, written at the age of twelve, we find her gravely discussing the demerits of the latest opera, the merits of Mrs. Siddons' acting, and the special attractions of *Les Annales de la Vertu*. Three years later she gives the following account of her studies:

"In the first place I am reading *Les Oeuvres de Dieu*, for which I cannot thank you enough. I have never read anything of the sort that was at the same time so amusing and instructive, and where everything is turned to a religious purpose. *Sully's Memoirs* and *Plutarch's Lives* I am also reading. . . . I have read, too, Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, which interested me very much. . . . Did you ever read Destouche's plays in French? Ten very small duodecimos, and are, I think, very good plays; but my favourite plays are Le Mercier's, who wrote the *Tableau de Paris*."

This from a girl of fifteen and a hundred years before the advent of a cheap literature!

In 1791 Lord Sheffield and Miss Holroyd started for Lausanne on a visit to Gibbon. The party stopped on the way at Paris, which was then in a perfect ferment of excitement on account of the attempted escape of the King and Queen, and in a number of letters to her aunt and other friends Maria Josepha gives a vivid account of her experiences. It cannot be said that she throws any new light on the much be-written Revolution; but her descriptions are always extremely lively, and help us to form some idea of the way in which the tremendous upheaval struck a disinterested contemporary. In a letter dated July 11, 1791, we get a most graphic account of the ludicrous Fête de Voltaire at which she was present. Mad as the rabble was at that time, it seems almost impossible that any civilised beings could have crammed so much absolutely childish folly into a short ceremony. Our Lord Mayor's show is truly ridiculous enough, but the foolery of the Fête de Voltaire would be sufficient for a dozen of our poor ceremonies.

The party spent a very pleasant time with Gibbon at Lausanne, and it would seem that the historian went out of his way to make himself agreeable. During her stay, Miss Holroyd came in contact with many notable personages, and her account of

a visit to M. and Mme. Necker is particularly interesting:

"Mme. Necker," she writes, "is very learned, as you know, and talked a good deal with Mr. Gibbon upon subjects of literature. She is rather a fine woman—much painted, and, when she is not painted, very yellow; but, on the whole, better looking than I expected. Necker is a very vulgar looking man—very like the print of him in *The Importance of Religious Opinions*. Mme. de Staël was there. She is uglier than Lady K. Douglas; but so lively and entertaining, that you would totally forget in five minutes whether she was handsome or ugly."

The homeward journey across perturbed Europe at a time when preparations for a great war were being made on all sides was full of exciting incidents, which are most graphically set forth. Once arrived at Sheffield Place, the house becomes full of French *émigrés*, whose somewhat prejudiced interpretations of current events are given in Miss Holroyd's letters to her many friends. It is quite impossible in the space at our disposal to give even a list of the distinguished visitors to Sheffield Place, but special mention must be made of Gibbon, who stayed for a considerable time with Lord Sheffield in 1794. Those who would form an adequate idea of the personality of "le grand Gib," as Miss Holroyd styles him, will greatly enjoy these letters, which abound in intimate touches and genial sarcasms which cannot fail to make the great historian live in the mind of the reader.

In 1796 Maria Josepha Holroyd was married to Mr. Stanley, afterwards Lord Stanley of Alderley, and it would seem that this event put an end to her entertaining correspondence. At any rate, the last letter in this most interesting volume is written a day or two after the wedding.

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

The World Beautiful. First Series (Gay & Bird), and Second Series (Sampson Low). By Lilian Whiting.

A MORE robust title would have suited these volumes of essays. Unlike many books on the conduct of life, they are instinct with the personality, and fibrous with the experience, of their writer. Miss Whiting does not suppose that one can do lasting good by giving a new twist to the old kaleidoscope of apothegms and anecdotes which is at the service of every library moralist. She writes on the old themes: The Duty of Happiness, Friendship, Social Amenities, Conversation, Success as a Fine Art, Savoir Faire, Finance, and Integrity, and others more profound and spiritual; but she rises above the throng in her treatment of them. It is, indeed, necessary to emphasise her standpoint rather than catalogue her matter. Miss Whiting is clearly of that growing band of men and women who believe that an awakening of the human soul, attended by the acquisition of new psychic powers, already enjoyed by the few, is the gift which the future holds for the children of men. Emerson planted the seeds of this hope in modern minds. Since then

it has vitalised itself in many soils. What the new Theosophy is thought to exaggerate in the closet is already proclaimed temperately on the house-tops. It is temperately proclaimed by Miss Whiting. By her the old counsel to struggle is given in new terms, the terms of Emerson: "Our painful labours are unnecessary; there is a better way." In the cultivation and deepening of his spiritual apprehension, and in submitting himself to the operation of the divine energy which will thus be made visible to him, man will henceforth be strong with a measure of the divine strength. Recognising that his fellows, whether they know it or not, are living vessels of the same divine energy, he will consider them in that light, and this conviction will gradually invest all his social relations and feelings with order and sweetness. Not the least remarkable feature of this teaching is the enjoinder of definite mental exercises in the domain of ideal suggestion, and the serene confidence with which speedy moral gain is predicted. Altogether these essays are noteworthy in themselves, and even more so as a sign of the times.

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"THE CELTIC LIBRARY": *The Shadow of Arvor*. By Edith Wingate Rinder. (Patrick Geddes & Colleagues.)

THE so-called Celtic Renaissance has, at any rate, given us some individual books of a remarkable distinction and literary charm. And among these must certainly be reckoned the volume of Breton tales, translations and adaptations, which we owe to Mrs. Wingate Rinder. Some of them are frankly legendary, such as the well-known story of the "Sorcerer and the Menhirs," others are idylls of comparatively modern life within the boundaries of the four bishoprics. There is no incongruity in this. For of all the branches of the Southern, or Brythonic, Celts, the inhabitants of Brittany are outwardly, as well as at heart, the most conservative. In this land of gentle Catholics, customs and superstitions, which in Cornwall and in Wales a harsh and militant form of Protestantism has driven underground, still flourish as they have flourished from immemorial antiquity. It is an old, old country. Unaffected by the Revolution, little affected even by Christianity, primeval beliefs still live, and the Celtic glamour is ever fresh, in the hamlets of Plouhenik and Ploumazeau. We have nothing but praise for the manner in which Mrs. Wingate Rinder has accomplished her task. With all the serious side of the Celtic life, with its inherent poetry and its pervasive melancholy, she is wholly in touch. Her style is exquisite in its restraint and the delicacy of its word-painting. Where vivacity and humour are required, she is, perhaps, less successful. The story of "Devil-May-Care," for instance, would have borne telling with more gusto. Or, better still, it might have been omitted as barely in keeping with the general tone of the collection. Most of the tales chosen belong, in their present form at least, to the period of Christianisation; they are tales of the coming of the saints, of Sant-Ervoan and Santez-Anna of Plounevez-Porzay. The

better-known *matière de la Bretagne*, the group of tales in which the Arthur cycle of romances had its origin, is not represented. The external form of the book is very pleasant, and reflects great credit on those new recruits to the growing company of publishers, Messrs. Patrick Geddes & Colleagues. We could wish that Mrs. Wingate Rinder had indicated to us, however briefly, the sources from which each story was taken. A few notes in an appendix would have been but a small concession for *belles lettres* to make to scholarship. We desire this the more in that we find the name of M. le Vicomte Hersart de la Villemarqué amongst those of writers to whom Mrs. Wingate Rinder acknowledges indebtedness. Now the legends collected by this pioneer of Celtic research are understood not to be presented in quite their unsophisticated purity.

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The Money-Spinner, and Other Character Notes. By Henry Seton Merriman and S. G. Talentyre. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

THIS is not a novel, but a series of character studies reprinted from the pages of the *Cornhill Magazine*. The authors inform us that "of these sketches, originally intended to be written in collaboration, a minority only are from the pen of H. S. Merriman." If, however, as the sketches stand, they were not written in collaboration, it would perhaps have been fairer to have indicated in some fashion to which author each is due. The book, of course, recalls the innumerable volumes of *Characters* which form such a marked feature of seventeenth century literature, and of which the most striking are those of Bishop Earle and Sir Thomas Overbury. Mr. W. A. Raleigh, in his admirable monograph on the English novel, has pointed out the part which these collections played in the evolution of fiction as we now know it. Useful as they were in this way, one cannot but feel that at the present day the form is somewhat obsolete. Any one of the studies now before us might pass well enough in the pages of a magazine; but thrown together in a volume they are too obviously the mere raw material of fiction, crude abstractions, standing sorely in need of relief and contrast. Taken by themselves, and viewed simply as notes for subsequent elaboration, they are by no means without merit. They are brightly written and show a certain freshness of observation. The best are, we think, those entitled "The Money-Spinner," "The Nurse," "The Mother," "The Child," "The Spinster." Some of the others are marred by cheap wit and even cheaper pathos.

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Scandinavian Folk-Lore: Illustrations of the Traditional Beliefs of the Northern Peoples. Selected and Translated by W. A. Craigie, M.A. (Gardner.)

MR. CRAIGIE describes his book as "an attempt to repeat, with fuller resources, the design of Thorpe in the second volume of his *Northern Mythology*." Scandinavian folk-lore is unusually rich and

well preserved. We have a goodly volume of some 550 pages; nevertheless the compiler complains that in some of the sections he has been unable to do full justice to the wealth of material at his disposal. Mr. Craigie has translated from Icelandic, Faeröese, Danish (including Norwegian), and Swedish sources, drawing alike from the sagas and from the traditions still living in the mouth of the peasantry of to-day. Of course, these stories do not directly represent the primitive Scandinavian belief. Folk-lore may be defined as "forgotten religion." The past appears contorted through the haze of a Christian present, and Thor and Odin are but dim shapes of terror, stripped of their regality. Mr. Craigie has grouped his subject under ten heads: "The Old Gods," "Trolls and Giants," "Berg-folk and Dwarfs," "Elves or Huldu-folk," "Nisses or Brownies," "Water-beings," "Monsters," "Ghosts and Wraiths," "Wizards and Witches," "Churches, Treasures, Plagues." This classification, as he admits, is a somewhat artificial one. Trolls, berg-folk, elves, nisses, brownies, all represent at bottom much the same conception, that of the "hidden folk," the shadowy underground people who sometimes mingle in mortal affairs, the dwellers in Hades. Largely it is a matter of locality. The elf of Iceland is the berg-man of Denmark; and the grim imagination of the Iclander makes his unseen being a giant, while the quieter fancy of the Dane shapes it as a dwarf or a domestic niss. Mr. Craigie has been careful to give the source of each of his stories in the admirable notes. He has done his work excellently, and has made a book which is not only valuable to the student, but also entertaining to the general reader.

* * *

The Plant-Lore and Garden-Craft of Shakespeare. By Henry N. Ellacombe, M.A. (Arnold.)

THIS is a new edition of a book which has a well-deserved reputation. Canon Ellacombe is a learned and practical gardener—the garden at Bitton Vicarage is said to be one of the sights of Gloucestershire—and an intimate lover of the old poets. None could be better qualified to illustrate and explain Shakespeare's very numerous allusions to flowers and to gardens. Canon Ellacombe's method is, in his own words, first to "quote every passage in which Shakespeare names the plant or flower"; then to "follow with illustrations (few and short) from contemporary writers; then with any observations that may present themselves in the identification of Shakespeare's plants with their modern representatives, finishing each with anything in the history of, or modern uses of, or cultivation of the plant that I think will interest readers." This scheme is carried out with an abundance of quaint lore drawn largely from the *Herbal* of John Gerard and the *Paradisi in Sole Paradisus Terrestris* of John Parkinson. We always regret that our national deification of Shakespeare leads to the isolated treatment of him in such books as this. *The Plant-lore and Garden-craft of the Elizabethans* would be a more comprehensive, and certainly a more scientific, subject.

POETRY.

A Selection from the Poems of George John Romanes. With an Introduction by T. Herbert Warren. (Longmans, Green, & Co.)

THE poems of Mr. G. J. Romanes have the peculiar interest of being the work of a scientist (word abhorred of Mr. Henley!) who, till almost the last of his life, was a pronounced materialist. They show that even a materialist in science may forget his materialism when he is dealing with warm human loves and sympathies; and they reflect that process of thought by which, in his latter years, he won his way to a higher and more spiritual creed. No man oppressed by the materialism of the age can be indifferent to these indications that even a "scientist" of the higher kind finds the need of an outlet beyond science, and instinctively seeks the aid of a medium which the science-fed man is prone to blaspheme. It is the triumph of Prospero over Caliban. For Caliban, having learned Prospero's language, in these poems does not use it merely to blaspheme. Nothing could be more humble in its sincerity than one of the sonnets expressing the sentiments of the last period of Mr. Romanes' life:

PSALM XXV. 15.

"I ask not for Thy love, O Lord: the days
Can never come when anguish shall atone.
Enough for me were but Thy pity shown
To me as to the stricken sheep that strays,
With ceaseless cry for unforgotten ways.
Oh, lead me back to pastures I have known,
Or find me in the wilderness alone,
And slay me as the hand of mercy slays.

"I ask not for Thy love, nor e'en so much
As for a hope on Thy dear breast to lie;
But be Thou still my Shepherd—still with such
Compassion as may melt to such a cry;
That so I hear Thy feet, and feel Thy touch,
And dimly see Thy face ere yet I die."

Songs and Meditations. By Maurice Hewlett. (Constable & Co.)

IN *Songs and Meditations* Mr. Maurice Hewlett has followed many muses, including Mr. Swinburne's; but to our mind he is never happier than when he follows Spenser. Take these stanzas:

"And now smooth-vestured for delight
In a clear gown of blue and silver white,
She steppeth forth to the green
And pleasant fields; unto her lovely face
The light doth look for food,
That thereon supping he may borrow grace,
And for her sake live clean,
To be a sweet shrine for such maidenhood.

What bridal for what bride
Than sun and open weather
Could be fitter her pride
Whom no man's yoke could tether?
You shall but see together
Her and the south-west wind,
But you shall know her mind
In no man's love to bide.
Bind for her head a crown of crocuses
And for her vest,
More fairy white than snow on upland wolds,
A posy of the flowers she loveth best,
Streak with marsh-marigolds

And shy primroses and pale lady-smock,
Anemones that flock
In woody hollows where the dormice nest.
So in hedge-flowers and young crocuses
Let bosom and brows go drest."

Full as graceful and dainty as this is Mr. Hewlett at his best. His fault is that, like many young poets, he has printed at first too much and too indiscriminately.

From the Hills of Dream. By Fiona Macleod. (Patrick Geddes.)

"CELTIC glamour"—we have all heard of it, and our eyes have desired to see it. Now, mysterious glamour of the truest and highest kind, be it Celtic or otherwise, has this quality: its touch of vagueness is meaningful with a secret which the poet at least feels, if he does not thoroughly grasp; and the secret is there, shut up in aptest words, for whomsoever understands, because he knows. It is otherwise with what goes for glamour in a good many of the verses of the day. Tennyson described them unawares:

"Like a song of little meaning, though the words be strong."

This is the defect of which Miss Fiona Macleod must beware in the poems we owe to a pen that has delighted with its prose. These poems, nevertheless, have a very real spell, a haunting suggestion of a mystery which the writer cannot herself capture, a secret of which she has not the word. Yet the singer, if he have not the secret, should have the word of the secret; even as the old prophets, it is lawful to believe, did not always understand the full meaning of their saying. In such poems as "In the Shadow" we have a certain wild feeling of dim and unrealised romance, which shows that Miss Fiona Macleod has a true spirit of poetry, and no small gift of expression.

IN THE SHADOW.

"Oh, she will have the deep dark heart, for
all her face is fair,
As deep and dark as though beneath the
shadow of her hair:
For in her hair a spirit dwells that no white
spirit is,
And hell is in the hopeless heaven of that lost
spirit's kiss.
She has two men within the palm, the hollow
of her hand:
She takes their souls and blows them forth
as idle, drifted sand;
And one falls back upon her breast that is his
quiet home,
And one goes out into the night and is as
wind-blown foam.

* * *

And is there any home for him whose portion
is the night?
And is there any peace for him whose doom
is endless flight?
O wild sad bird, O wind-spent bird, O bird
upon the wave,
There is no home for thee, wild bird, but in
the cold sea-grave!"

Despite the touches of genuine fancy in this poem, when all is read we are constrained to ask with Antonio in the "Merchant of Venice": "Is this anything?" Elsewhere we find graphic touches, such as "The curled young bracken unsheath their green claws." And in one set of sonnets

Miss Macleod shows what she can do with a definite idea :

"He loved me, as he said, in every part,
And yet I could not, would not give him all :
Why should a woman forfeit her whole heart,
At bidding of a single shepherd's call ?"

So it begins; and in the next two sonnets is developed the theme of one human being's impotence to be the ruler and stay of another.

II.

"I am thy shepherd, love, that on this hill
Of life shall tend and guard thee evermore.
These were thy words that far-off day, and still
Lives on thy echoing lips this bond of yore.
Yet who wert thou, O soul as I am, thus
To take so blithely gage of shepherding ?
Were we not both astray where perilous
Steps might each into the abysmal darkness fling ?

Lo, my tired soul, even as a storm-stayed ewe
Across the heights unto my shepherd cried :
But to the sheltered vale at last I drew,
And laid me weary by thy sleeping side.
Thou didst not hear the shepherd calling us
Nor far the night-wind, vibrant, ominous.

III.

"O shepherd of mine, lord of my little life,
Guard me from knowledge even of the stress :
And if I stray, take heed thou of thy wife,
Errant from mere womanhood's wantonness.
Even as the Lord of Hosts, lo in thy hand,
The hollow of thy hand, my soul support :
Guide this poor derelict back unto the land
And lead me, pilot, to thy sheltering port !
No—no—keep back—away—not now thy kiss :

O shepherd, pilot, wake ! awake ! awake !
The deep must whelm us both ! Hark, the waves hiss,

And as a shaken leaf the land doth shake !
Awake, O shepherding soul, and take command !—

Nay, vain, vain words : how shall he understand ?"

There is more true mastery in this call of a woman on a man to assume towards her the office of a god—unreasonable and most natural—than in the nebulous romance which Miss Macleod chiefly affects. Moaning seas, sighing winds, death-moons, mystical moon-white lands, may mean so much or so little, that they are perilous "properties" for young poets. "Mystery and sadness, sadness and mystery," repeats the youthful rhymers. But this, though an undeniable utterance, will hardly suffice for the stock of a mystical singer. And not to the young poet comes the secret hidden "under the roots of the ocean," the inner vision which takes its stand "there where one centre reconciles all things."

Songs of the Maid. By John Huntley Skrine. (A. Constable & Co.)

THERE is a lot of Mr. Kipling and a little of Mr. Swinburne in the blood of Mr. Skrine. He was prepared at least to receive their message—and that is all to his own credit. He had capacity; and these two authors have given a turn to the production of it. A charming dedication "To My Wife" puts the critic at once on terms of amity with the poet. There is just the note about it that tells you he is a serious person, and one

who will not fail you on the next page. Nor does he; for there you have two nice and neat verses to Mr. Andrew Lang by way of introduction to the *Songs of the Maid*. Need we add that this maid is Joan of Arc, since we have already named Mr. Andrew Lang? We take from the section entitled "The Ocean Throne" some specimen verses of a poem which show Mr. Skrine at his best :

"THE MOTHER AND THE SONS."

"Sons in my gates of the West,
Where the long tides foam in the dark of the pine,
And the cornlands crowd to the dim sky-line,
And wide as the air are the meadows of kine.
What cheer from my gates of the West ?"

And the reply to the mother-land is made—

"Peace in thy gates of the West,
England our mother, and rest ;
In our sounding channels and headlands frore
The hot Norse blood of the Northland hoar
Is lord of the wave as the lords of yore,
Guarding the gates of the West.

"But thou, O mother, be strong
In thy seas for a girdle of towers,
Holding thine own from wrong,
Thine own that is ours.
Till the sons that are true of thy bone,
Till the breed of the lion upgrown
In a day not long,
Shall war for our England's own,
For the pride of the ocean throne,
Be strong, O mother, be strong."

Mr. Skrine takes a very respectable place in that department of patriotic poetry in which Mr. Rudyard Kipling's genius creates rivals—but also slays them.

FICTION.

Tom Sawyer, Detective; and Other Tales. By Mark Twain. (Chatto & Windus.)

TOM SAWYER and Huck Finn are by far the most amusing of Mark Twain's creations, and we welcome their return in the story which gives its title to this volume. Tom Sawyer is in particularly good form this time. His ingenuity, his love of a mystery, his noble unwillingness to tell a lie, and the finished art of the lies he does tell, all these find full swing in an astonishing adventure which crowns him and his patient partner with applause and fame. Mark Twain's incidental humour is as fresh and entertaining as ever. Huck Finn, the narrator, has his insight into character :

"It was always nuts for Tom Sawyer—a mystery was. If you'd lay out a mystery and a pie before me and him, you wouldn't have to say, Take your choice; it was a thing that would regulate itself. Because in my nature I have always run to pie, whilst in his nature he has always run to mystery. People are made different. And it is the best way."

In the rest of the volume Mark Twain expounds his idea of how to tell a tale of humour, and also indulges in a little controversy with M. Paul Bourget, whose comments upon America in *Outre-Mer* appear to have riled his hosts, some. Mark Twain scores some neat points, certainly, but his

statement that America has nothing to learn from France in rail-roading, steam-shipping, steamboating, postal service, telegraphy, journalism, magazing, government, religion, morals, or novel-writing! is just a little steep. It almost tempts one to dig up that old-fashioned hatchet of a word, buncombe. On the whole, this is a bright, readable book, with nothing of that detestable tendency to parody the wrong things which we have occasionally regretted in the author. For you can hardly call the amusing skit *Adam's Diary* a parody of *Paradise Lost*.

Revenge! By Robert Barr. With Illustrations by Lancelot Speed, Stanley Wood, and E. Manton. (Chatto & Windus.)

THE first thing one is inclined to say about Mr. Robert Barr's collection of short stories is that it is amazing so practised a hand should have wasted so many admirable, suggestive, and tortuous plots on little excursions when they might have served him for long exercises in tale-telling. In some of the very shortest of these stories there are the elements of what was wont to be called a three-volume novel, but the "three-decker" in both services is become, or is becoming, a thing of the past. When one reads farther, however, and especially when one has exhausted the budget, we have only gratitude to utter for Mr. Barr's delightful conduct of the entertainment. He writes with such verve and gusto, his style is so fresh, bright, and occasionally quaint (his practice as "Luke Sharp" of the *Detroit Free Press* has stood him in good stead), his incidents are so neatly contrived and dovetailed, and his portraiture in the thumb-nail space is so careful and considerable, that one is completely satisfied, as after a good dinner. Carping is silenced and content reigns. All the stories touch nearly or remotely on the subject of revenge, sometimes in the spirit of comedy, more often of tragedy; and some of these latter are sufficiently gruesome, more notably "An Alpine Divorce" and "Which was the Murderer?" "Two Florentine Balconies" is also good of that *genre*; but it is so full of suggestion that it must stand as one of those that demand fuller treatment for entire satisfaction. But, taking one consideration with another, we prefer Mr. Barr when he wears the comic mask. "Over the Stelvio Pass" is admirable, "A Deal on 'Change'" is delightful, but "The Bromley Gibbets Story" is the thing for our money. It is excellent sport in the way of both character and situation; for we know just such an editor as Shorely of *The Weekly Sponge*, and such an author as Bromley Gibbets, and his whole game of getting the shifty and indeterminate editor to accept the story of the wholesale murder is in the most mirthful spirit of comedy.

The Circassian. By Morley Roberts and Max Montesole. (Downey.)

WE cannot think that Mr. Morley Roberts has had much to do with the production of this story. He may have supervised the amateur work of Mr. Max Montesole, but

even that work of supervision he has done lightly; for *The Circassian* is marked by none of his notable strength, not to say brutality, of style. But, for all that, the story is one of great vigour and of curious interest—more curious and interesting, perhaps, because of certain touches of awkwardness left apparent in the telling. It purports to be (as the authors declare in an instructive preface) “the narrative of facts gathered from actors in the scenes described, who in almost all cases were known by the names under which they appear,” the scenes being of the famous revolt of Schamyl, the hero of the Caucasus, against the steady encroachments of the Russians upon his native valleys and mountains, and Sarif Ak Karasy being the nominal “hero and chronicler.” The story is remarkable in the absence of the element of Love—in which breach of common observance it follows an eminent example—but it contains marches and counter-marches, spyings and counter-spyings, strategies and ambushes, “battle, murder, and sudden death,” and the smoke of powder and “the smell of hot blood”—all these galore. The narrative bears us along at the highest pitch of excitement, and enthral us with the horrible realism of the steady extermination of a warlike and generous people who refuse to yield, spite of the hopelessness of their cause. Their hopelessness and their dignity in their circumstances of catastrophe are marvellously well suggested. But—and this is the one serious fault of an admirable book—there is too much of this strain; there is no gentler contrast of the people at peace, or about any other occupation than war. We learn that they are savage enough to torture their enemies (they crucify a spy because they believe that that mode of putting him to death will kill his soul also), but we see nothing of the pathos or humanity of their existence, and we hear no softer note than that of war. Yet, we repeat, there is genuine power and picturesque vigour in the book, and we have conveyed to us the wild atmosphere of the mountains and caves and passes of the Promethean Caucasus, and singularly vivid touches even of the Russian camp.

The Devil-Tree of El Dorado: a Romance of British Guiana. By Frank Aubrey. With Illustrations by Leigh Ellis and Fred Hyland. (Hutchinson & Co.)

BEST of all things in this book is the frontispiece of a naked man in mid-air writhing in the grasp of, as it were, half-a-dozen arms of a great octopus; next best is a very spirited and sufficiently well-written preface, entitled (with defiant timeliness, or timely defiance) “Shall Roraima (pronounced Roreema) be given up to Venezuela?” and least good of all is the story. The Venezuelan question appears to be settled, and so (it would seem) Mr. Frank Aubrey’s eloquent and picturesque plea is published too late to help to determine the Venezuelan boundary either on this side or on that of the wonderful Roraima. And what is Roraima? Roraima is one of the few wonders of the world—perhaps, truly, the only one—left un-

explored. It is a mountain that rises sheer on all sides for two or three thousand feet from the plain, insomuch that travellers who have seen it declare it is inaccessible save by balloon. No man knows what is on the top of it, and no Indian will approach it; but all men know that the plain from which it rises was in distant ages an inland sea, and Mr. Frank Aubrey (and others) guess that Roraima, once an island, now a mountain, carries on its top the famous or fabled golden city of Manoa, or El Dorado, in search of which Sir Walter Raleigh forfeited his fame and his life. Here—in the exploration of this extraordinary mountain and the discovery of the Golden City—Mr. Frank Aubrey had an excellent opportunity, but, alas! he has squandered it; he has invented, too, many effects which ought to have been notable, impressive, and dazzling, but he has humbly given them away with both hands, as not knowing what to do with them. So that the city of Manoa becomes a thing of scoffing, and his people show as poor stuffed figures—even the kings, priests, and princesses among them—while the rest are the most inadequate and handless of supers. But there is one gigantic and heroic stage creation, and that is the carnivorous Devil-Tree, concerning whose gross and obscene appetite it would be wise not to read just before bedtime. Mr. Frank Aubrey, of course, cannot help being an exceedingly raw amateur at story-telling; but it is enough to make Mr. Rider Haggard weep to think what a romance might have been made of *The Devil-Tree*.

A Tale of the Thames. By J. Ashby-Sterry. (Bliss, Sands & Co.)

Two young men, Guy Stillmere and Ralph Claymer, set out for a midsummer trip down the Thames from Trewsbury Mead to Chertsey. Ere long they fall in with a party containing a Dora and a Phyllis, and for the rest of their journey pursue the devious paths of flirtation with the usual result. Mr. Ashby-Sterry is in his element with such a theme. The acknowledged laureate of the river, he is intimate with every reach and backwater of it, and many a rowing party might do worse than take this volume in place of a more formal guide-book. Mr. Ashby-Sterry’s notion of “riverain” delights, as he calls them, is somewhat a luxurious one. It includes softly cushioned punts and bottles with gold foil on them, and a good deal of pouting and be-ribboned muslin. Also a house-boat at intervals, with a man and a maid to attend on it. It is a matter of taste. Personally, we prefer our oldest clothes and the absence of menials. But, no doubt, for those who like that kind of thing Mr. Ashby-Sterry describes just the kind of thing they would like. And on feminine frills and chiffons, as well as on the composition of “riverain” drinks, his knowledge is extensive and peculiar. This is the sort of book to read with pleasure in punt or canoe. The story is not much in itself—it is not meant to be; but it is prettily written, and interspersed with

dainty snatches of the lightest verse. Some of these appear to be Mr. Ashby-Sterry’s own, others are by that kindred spirit, the late Mortimer Collins.

FROM A READER’S NOTE-BOOK.

IT is impossible to agree with those who try to persuade us that the oblivion which has so rapidly overtaken much of Anthony Trollope’s work is undeserved. There may be truth in the assertion that in the sixties and seventies a new novel by Trollope was “quite a literary event.” That, indeed, is my own recollection. I think, however, it merely goes to show that, setting aside their half-a-dozen giants, those two decades were weak in fiction. We have not a Dickens or Thackeray or George Eliot to-day, but we can boast dozens of readable novelists. Moreover, the general standard seems higher. Hundreds of the library books issued in the seventies would never find a publisher now. I doubt also whether the enlightened contemporary reviewer invited to pass judgment on any one of Trollope’s later novels would find its publication “an event” of any sort. Nevertheless, there are Trollopes which none of us would willingly have missed, and which will always be interesting as accurate pictures of the clerical, county, and middle-class society of the time. Standing before the shelves bearing the forty-five stout, and often alarmingly long, novels which this too fertile and facile writer produced between 1847 and 1879, I do not wonder the neophyte quails. If, however, he wisely selects the slimmest of all, *The Warden*, and becomes sufficiently interested to follow it up with *Barchester Towers* and *Last Chronicles of Barchester*, an inclination to undergo a course of Trollope may not impossibly supervene. In that case, passing by *The Three Clerks*, *The Bertrams*, and the other earlier efforts, the first stop should be at *Dr. Thorne*, following that with *Framley Parsonage*. *The Small House at Allington*, *Can You Forgive Her?* and *He Knew He was Right* are far too lengthy for any ordinary appetite, though I must confess I read the even more solid *Orley Farm* with considerable enjoyment. *Phineas Finn* was a great success, and the first of an interesting series of political novels. Its sequel, *Phineas Redux*, may be left alone. Of the later stories, *The Eustace Diamonds* and *The Prime Minister* are the best. Of the whole forty-five novels those comprising *The Chronicles of Barchester* alone seem to possess vitality.

There being practically no new books at this season I append the names of the six novels which I consider have proved the popular successes of 1896:

LIBRARY LIST.

Sentimental Tommy. By J. M. Barrie.
Sir George Trevelyan. By Mrs. H. Ward.
The Sowers. By H. S. Merriman.
Weir of Hermiston. By R. L. Stevenson.
Rodney Stone. By Conan Doyle.
Cleg Kelly. By S. R. Crockett.

R.

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THE BAD CHILD'S REWARD.*

A NEW book of good nonsense is as rare as the visits of angels, and hardly less welcome. For the production of good nonsense is a fine art, the masters of which can be counted on the fingers; and to-day—Edward Lear having passed from the land to whose stores of fun he added so much, and Lewis Carroll having become silent or mathematical, though a classic in his own lifetime—we seemed likely to be without a true artist in the craft until H. B. appeared hand in hand with B. T. B., and laid *The Bad Child's Book of Beasts* very modestly before the readers of England. Indeed, so quiet and unobtrusive was their little book's entry that many persons who like literature to be not too serious, and who are eager for such a work, have not yet heard of it at all, and I, who am among those who look out for such things, came upon it quite by chance. For the benefit of others, I may say that *The Bad Child's Book of Beasts* is published at Oxford by Messrs. Alden & Co.; that the authors, it is rumoured, are not unacquainted with Balliol; and that the volume is very slender and sheer joy from first page to last.

Although the drawings of B. T. B., to which I shall return later, are of excellence all compact, it is H. B. who must be looked upon as the predominant partner, and considered the more welcome of the two: because England has never lacked comic draughtsmen. A comic picture is the result either of intention or accident, and more often perhaps of the latter (associated with ineptitude); but good comic verse proceeds only from intention. H. B.'s nonsense is intentional and, I think, superlatively good. Like his great predecessors Lear and Carroll, he has gone to Buffon for his buffooneries; but whereas they have occasionally added to the world's fauna (with the Gryphon and the Quangle Wangle, and so on,) he has been content to keep merely to the hackneyed beasts which his young readers have already learned something about in *Near Home* and *Far Off* (those awakening, federating books, the precursors of Mr. Kipling), and has given new and valuable facts concerning them—facts for

which we must always seek one comically inspired. This, for example, of the lion, is familiar when we see it, but it needed to be said:

"The Lion, the Lion, he dwells in the waste,
He has a big head and a very small waist."

So he has. Again,

"The whale that wanders round the pole
Is not a table fish."

Again, H. B. tells the rhinoceros that his hide "looks all undone," a phrase that must hereafter always be attached to that beast. It is because we have waited so long for these truths to be uttered that I think H. B. should be hailed with acclamation.

In mental equipment H. B. might be described as less imbecile than Lear and less fantastic than Lewis Carroll. A comic thought glides into his mind and glides out again on to the paper: he does not, like Lear, tax his invention, nor does he let the thought in the interim accumulate whimsical accretions as Lewis Carroll would. H. B. is a kind of nonsensical Wordsworth. Indeed, now and then the likeness is so close as to lead one to suspect intentional roguish imitation. Thus, of the camelopard:

"The Camelopard, it is said
By travellers (who never lie),
He cannot stretch out straight in bed
Because he is so high.
The clouds surround his lofty head,
His hornlets touch the sky.
How shall I hunt this quadruped?
I cannot tell! Not I!

Then follows "a picture of how people try and fail to hit that head so high," in which we see the spent bullet pausing midway 'twixt the marksman and the camelopard's contemptuous smile. The second stanza solves the difficulty: and is it not like something in the *Lyrical Ballads*?—

"I'll buy a little parachute
(A common parachute with wings),
I'll fill it full of arrowroot
And other necessary things,
And I will slay this fearful brute
With stones and sticks and guns and slings."

The giraffe, by the way, has always appealed to the humorist. One of Caran d'Ache's drollest fancies depicts a row of them supporting a line of telegraph wires across the desert, and Hood wrote of a giraffe recently deceased:

"They say, God wot!
He died upon the spot.
But then in spots he was so rich—
I wonder which."

In manner H. B. approaches most nearly to Lewis Carroll, who also is of Oxford. He is more severely literary than Lear. Lear, for example, could never have written so formal a stanza as this (addressed to the Bad Child):

"But so control your actions that
Your friends may all repeat,
'This child is dainty as the Cat,
And as the Owl discreet.'"

Lear was more of a rollicker than H. B., although H. B. can be irresponsible enough,

as when he dismisses the Dromedary with the couplet:

"The Dromedary is a cheerful bird:
I cannot say the same about the Kurd."

On the other hand, if (which is not possible) we could imagine Lewis Carroll limiting his fancy to the simplest idea concerning each creature he mentions, we might attribute many of these verses to him. Another point in common have these two writers—they are at bottom true poets. I doubt if Lear was. But from Lewis Carroll's love of children as something more than little laughing elves—a spiritual love—have come certain beautifully tender verses, as all his readers know; and here are two stanzas from H. B.'s opening address to a child:

"Your little hands were made to take
The better things and leave the worse ones:
They also may be used to shake
The Massive Paws of Elder Persons.
"And when your prayers complete the day,
Darling, your little, tiny hands
Were also made, I think, to pray
For men who lose their fairylands."

The art of B. T. B. grows on one. At the first glance his pictures may not seem very rich; but they increase and increase in fun and incident. The Yak shop; the Papa who will not buy a Yak; the Arctic explorer who warms himself with a candle; the Kurd; the historic meeting of friends on the summit of the whale; the hippopotamus who flattens leaden bullets; the flying Dodo (and who before this has ever drawn a Dodo flying?); the visitors to the Mu-se-um; the hill that is dangerous to cyclists; and the savants who have offended a frog—these are creations.

For the moment the Good Child is at a discount.
E. V. LUCAS.

ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

VIII.—SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

Two hundred years and seven have passed since Samuel Richardson was born. He came of a father who was "a very honest man, descended from a family of middling note," and at that time a Derbyshire joiner; and a mother who was "a good woman, of a family not ungenteel." So Richardson himself described his parents. The boy was, it would seem, of the dullest when among his schoolfellows, although with the other sex he had no small measure of influence. Before he was well in his teens he was acting as muse and secretary to scores of the girls of the village. The child is father to the man, and Richardson never lost either his habit of vicarious letter-writing or his hold on womankind. Half a century later he was still surrounded by the sisterhood. On leaving school he became an industrious apprentice, married his master's daughter, as every right-minded apprentice seems to have been bound to do, and settled down very contentedly to print papers, pamphlets, and books for the rest of his life in the neighbourhood of Fleet-street.

In printing by day and receiving feminine confidences of an evening, ten, twenty, thirty years went by, until, just

* *The Bad Child's Book of Beasts.* (Alden & Co.)



SAMUEL RICHARDSON

From the Picture by Joseph Highmore in the National Portrait Gallery

as the worthy Samuel Richardson was beginning his second half-century, the suggestion was made to him that he should write a series of letters which might have sound moral influence on the young persons of the age; and he sat himself down and produced *Pamela; or, Virtue Rewarded*. That is to say, at an age when most authors are thinking to lay aside the pen or bemoaning the poverty which disables them from doing so, Richardson was complacently and placidly beginning his career as one of the greatest novelists the world has seen. *Pamela* was published in 1740, and she took the town at once. She took the country too, and subsequently she numbered good intellects in Germany and France. Our own *Trilby* had not more sway. Everyone read *Pamela*, because everyone is interested in the eternal warfare of virtue and vice, especially when virtue is a girl and vice is men. The pulpit was with Richardson, and when the pulpit is with a popular author that author is made. Mr. Pope, the poet, said that *Pamela* would do more good than many sermons, although, as a matter of fact, the book and the sermons worked together hand in hand. At Ranelagh ladies held up the volume to display the fact that they were in the fashion; but in what degree virtue was thus encouraged and vice checked we have no record.

With the proceeds of *Pamela* Richardson bought retirement at Hammersmith, where he received the homage of a few great men and countless women, and where subsequently he wrote a disastrous sequel, followed by the glories of *Clarissa Harlowe*, and in its turn by *Sir Charles Grandison*. In *Pamela* and *Clarissa Harlowe* the author was at his best: he knew human nature as familiarly as a case of type, and the heart was handled as though it were a composing-stick at Salisbury-court. As a minute analyser of elemental emotion and passion, this plodding, inconspicuous printer is still the first. The accompanying portrait was painted when Richardson was sixty-one.

M. ANATOLE FRANCE AT THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

ON Christmas Eve a throng representing Paris and France witnessed the reception of M. Anatole France, who took the chair left vacant by the death, in poverty, solitude, and dishonour, of the "grand Français," Ferdinand de Lesseps. It was to hear the official praises of one who died overcome by so much blame, as well as to hear the panegyric of the new ruler of the French language, that the large audience gathered. Nor was it a difficult task that fell to the lot of M. Anatole France; the difficulty was evidently rather to restrain than to urge the natural and national rhetoric. The history of the Suez Canal is nothing less than explosive with eloquence. And when one considers what could be said, almost without the trouble of saying it, about the East and the West, the past and the present, Asia and France, one may suppose that M. France, like Clive, wondered at his own moderation. What he said was indeed said well. He was relieved, of course, of any judi-

cial duty in regard to the later events of M. de Lesseps' life, but was free to make a reference, moving and simple, to the ruined, aged traveller sitting, in expectation of death, in his moral exile, with an old travelling rug across his knees, perfectly silent while the Panama scandals filled the world; and one day the tears were seen upon his cheeks. His widow and his many children heard his praises and what must have seemed to them a rehabilitation of his name, and received from the Academy and the audience a public, though silent, sign of homage and respect. M. Anatole France, in the uniform, had for his two "god-fathers" M. François Coppée and M. Ludovic Halévy.

His own welcome was spoken by the Vice-Rector of the Academy, M. Gréard. But for the peroration, which was devoted also to Ferdinand de Lesseps, this speech was, needless to say, distinctively literary. It was, according to custom, an appreciation, addressed, in the second person, to M. Anatole France, of M. Anatole France's writings, mingled with biography. M. Gréard, having sketched the new Academician's childhood, without too much emphasis, passed on to the search for the chief characteristic of the literature in which he had soon found his vocation.

"Much is said to-day," he averred, "of an interior life; but no one has carried further than you [M. Anatole France] the practice thereof and the love. You prize, amongst all others, chiefly those silent souls, deepest mines in which the diamond shapes itself in the dark. If you are seldom seen at the theatre, it is that the action of the players disturbs and oppresses you. Rather than the passive pleasure of seeing a play would you have the active joy of reading a book. To your mind the finest spectacle is that which you can give to yourself, as you read alone in your armchair. You close the book, and your spirit takes its way upon its own errand, and is its own subject; you follow where your own thought leads, and may bid us, too, follow. You hold that the good critic is he who tells the adventures of his soul amid masterpieces. Nor in this do you believe that you differ from the rest of men. Those who write are intent only upon themselves; we in turn, who read, are thinking of ourselves. And this is the right disposition for those who are to understand and to entertain one another."

The most significant passage of M. Gréard's speech is, as might be expected, a study of tendencies. He said:

"The art of the seventeenth century believed in virtue; the art of the eighteenth believed in reason; our own century for a time believed in passion. But it would seem that in this present day there is no faith but in one thing—instinct, the base and brutal instinct of which naturalism has declared itself the apostle. . . . Caught at its real origin, at the moment of its primal inspiration, naturalism is found to have been the legitimate reaction of the spirit of observation, justified by reason and knowledge, against the abuses of sentiment. And, indeed, how shall we ignore the riches of those elements with which this fruitful alluvial action endowed the exhausted soil of our literature? Are you not, even you too, a realist? Your descriptions, your analyses, all your marvellous pictures of the physical world and of the moral, do they not proceed from the principles of that very school, if by naturalism we are to understand, as Balzac and Flaubert, Sainte-Beuve and Taine understood, a direct intuition, a frank expression

of the things of life? That which offends you is the systematic exaggeration of these principles which has followed the first impulse of happy innovation; what offends you is the error encouraged by a far too easy success, which has produced triviality of observation, impoverishment of ideas, and the triumph of workmanship or process. Your Attic moderation has never been able to reconcile itself with this encumbered style of writing, in which every phrase is somewhat like a storehouse for household furniture; neither this have you suffered, nor the vaporous phrasing of the Symbolists, across which attentive eyes perceive a something, as in the lantern of the fabulist, but fail to distinguish what. Who will prescribe a remedy for these temporary maladies of the wits of France? To-day, from every point of the compass, men are summoning the ideal; these climb towers, and those cry, 'Sister Anne, do you see nothing coming?' It is now many years since you, the first, gave vent to a cry of distress, and to a call for the reaction of good sense and good taste. 'It is asserted,' you wrote, 'that the naturalistic novel is part of a literature founded upon science. But, in truth, it is denied by science, which knows only truth, and by art, which knows only beauty. The naturalistic novel drags in vain from one to the other its flat deformity. The one and the other reject it. It is of no use, and it is ugly. . . . Would art be worth what it costs us if it had not the use of sowing our lives with charming images?'

"Your novels, Monsieur, your stories," continued M. Gréard, "are full of those images of delight; and I am sure it is by no means this part of your work that seems to you least happy. A friend once asked you what form of literary invention was most to be recommended to those fain to wield the pen. 'That of a story,' you replied, 'a story no longer than your finger.' The very nature of the story is to be rapid and brief; it suits thereby a society like our own, which is busy and counts its hours. In a few phrases it encloses much reason, and bestows more thoughts than it puts into words. It is a dish for the epicure, and a dainty for men of wit. You have an infinite admiration for Balzac in his power; he is in your eyes the greatest historian of modern society. But why did he not practise further the graceful and lucid story—the story of French literature—which can be read in a breath and flies across centuries, such as *Daphnis and Chloe*, the *Princesse de Clèves*, *Paul et Virginie*, or *Manon Lescaut*? As for yourself, you have done better than to draw up the laws of this literature, you have also bestowed upon us its models. The pleasantly deceptive titles of your books promise us a single story; we open them, and a flock flies forth."

After a more detailed praise of several of M. Anatole France's stories than many English readers would have knowledge enough to appreciate, the speaker quoted his author and hearer to the following effect:

"'Since,' you have said, 'I first addressed a fit and chosen public upon intellectual things, I have—to do myself justice—been often uncertain, but not once insincere. I have been true, and by that fact I have earned the right to speak to mankind. Assuredly it is no merit of mine. In order to lie with ability, a rhetoric is needed of which I do not know a single word. I am not able to speak except for the expression of my thought.' Nor," added M. Gréard, "have you ever permitted a reader to fail in understanding the very utmost of your thought."

The Vice-Rector of the Academy would give its new member his proper place and epoch, he told him, not in the last century, nor at

the Renaissance, but in Egypt, at Alexandria, the city of the latest philosophers and of the first great Christian monks, of subtleties and of ecstasies.

"But, Monsieur, you are nevertheless a Frenchman and a Parisian through all the fibres and roots of your talent and your heart. You love the soil of France, mother of a race courageous and delicate, you love its light language, rapid and gay, which rises from the spirit of the people as the lark from the furrow; you love the ancient legends, whether warlike or bright, upon which were spent the earliest efforts of our genius; you love the great traditions of classic culture which France has received from antiquity and which have fixed her destiny. That patriotism is, for you, sacred above all things."

M. Gréard consoled with M. Anatole France in that he had lost the co-operation of Gounod in a long-hoped for "musical chronicle" of the life and death of Joan of Arc, and then closed his subject with feeling:

"Artisans, labourers, friars, theologians, knights, soldiers, people, sovereigns, all who have given their intellect, their sweat, their blood in France—these are your fathers, and you bless them. . . . Ah, the noble impulse! And how far it takes us from unhealthy dreams and dissolving dilettantisms! How good it is to breathe these grand breaths, and to feel our hearts open and upraised!"

PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

IN to-day's *Journal* there is an entertaining correspondence on Christmas, signed by most of the popular literary names of Paris. The editor has invited various personages to write their opinion on the English and German fashion of feasting Christmas. André Theuriot, the new Academician, writes:

"Since we imitate the English, we should have borrowed from them, from the social point of view, that most agreeable custom of the *mistletoe*, which permits gentlemen [English in the original] during the Christmas rejoicings to kiss all the pretty women they meet under a branch of mistletoe suspended from the ceiling. This custom would be extremely acceptable to the young men, still more so to the old."

Hector Malot writes:

"Not French, Christmas. English, yes, with mountains of fat turkeys. German, yes, with tons of sausages and sauerkraut, the tree and the log. But where do you find the joy of Christmas in France? In romances, perhaps. And even there! Germany and England have a whole Christmas literature: some of the stories really admirable. Where is ours? Our New Year's Day suffices us, and it is too near to Christmas Day for the one not to spoil the other. Try and find out how much is spent on feasting in Paris at Christmas, and compare it with the sum expended on flowers at the Assumption, and you will see how much above the Child we here place the Mother."

Marcel Prévost airily adds:

"Christmas from the social point of view? An occasion, never numerous enough, to imagine oneself English—thanks to *Christmas cards* and *mistletoe*."

While Jean Aicard, the Provençal novelist and poet, drops into flowery prose:

"What do I think of Christmas, I, lost child of Provence? Ah, my friend, I regard it as the feast of feasts, because it is the feast of love. Down there we gather round the hearth. Firelight sings the song of the sun vanished or pale beneath the clouds of winter. Verdure breaking freshly out upon the furrowed earth; the sacred grass blades that give us bread, in the midst of death announce the immortality of life, and across the valleys and hill-sides the absent ones set out for home greetings. Walks beneath the stars begin. Bereft households are brightened by homecomings. All things at this time are in league with the heart against the obscure forces of saddening winter, in the favour and honour of tenderness and gratitude. . . . What is the *réveillon* of the town, at its worst even, but the conquering and tenacious remembrance of the need of hope, of true love? And many a poor creature, in her street bravery, feasting in the private room of a fashionable restaurant, on Christmas night, pauses a while to dream of the humble hot soup of the *réveillon* of her village."

Léon de Tinseau maintains that

"Christmas is not, will never be here, an event, a crisis, an upheaval of all the strata of family, social, and national life, as it is in England and in America. It is not here, as in those lands of tradition and of sentiment, an arrest of the public machine, industrial, financial, intellectual; factories closed, the ocean crossed for an embrace of 'the old folk,' a mysterious fermentation exciting the heart, awaking memories, bringing tears to the eyes of the solitary, because *she* is no more, or because life has been against him, or he himself has gone to the dogs." . . . "The French Christmas" he adds, "is only a recent copy of the English feast."

The most personal, the oddest, and certainly the most interesting of this curious correspondence is Lecocq's quaint letter. The composer of *Madame Angot* tells us naively how an old aunt, who had been a pupil of *Monsieur Boieldieu*, left behind her a piano which Lecocq purchased for the sum of 7fr. 50c., and which often served the popular composer at night on account of "the discretion of its sonorousness." In remembrance of this pious aunt, whom he greatly loved, his first composition on this old instrument was a Christmas hymn, to the words of Théophile Gautier:

"Le Ciel est noir,
La terre est blanche."

The Empress Eugénie accepted the dedication, and offered the struggling musician the choice of a jewel or 300fr.

"To my shame, I admit, after a moment's hesitation, I chose the 300fr., which at that moment were heaven sent and represented Pachtolus. . . . Whenever Christmas returns I am haunted with this memory. I love the old piano, with its yellowed notes, its shrill and veiled tones, like those of a great grandmother, and I play for myself my little Christmas carol, thinking that my good aunt above is listening to me—perhaps."

M. Jules Lemaitre, who has officially dis severed himself from current journalism in disconnecting himself from the *Debats*, sometimes contributes a brilliant article, in freelance style, to the *Figaro*. This week he has written a subtle and profound page

in his customary tone of persiflage, on the charity of the wealthy.

"The wealthy are privileged in more ways than are at once apparent. While charity, in its most elementary form—the gift of money—is the easiest to those who have much of it, these same—in virtue of their wealth, which procures them attention and permits them an imposing generosity—are singularly more assured of a public gratitude than persons of modest means, and thus receive here below the reward of their goodwill. So that charity might be recommended to millionaires as an advantageous 'sport,' when duty failed to inspire it. . . . A woman of the people not only gives the little money she earns by the sweat of her brow, but her time, her strength her heart; in brief, 'sacrifices' herself to forsaken children, to houseless girls, to the sick and the aged. She may be mentioned at the Academy. The Academy cannot bestow the Legion of Honour upon her: it gives her five hundred francs, to which it adds, it is true, sometimes a silly word or an ironical compliment."

H. L.

NOTES AND NEWS.

TO Mr. Watts, R.A., more than to any other living painter, will posterity owe an adequate idea of the personal appearance of the great authors of this generation. His various portraits of Tennyson are satisfactory, not merely as paintings, but also as likenesses, allowing just a little for the glamour it is permitted to add to the portrait of a man of genius. The portrait of Mr. Matthew Arnold is open to the same observation; and Mr. Robert Browning, though perhaps a little shrewder in expression than his portraits show him to be, is adequately presented by Mr. Watts to future generations of admirers. The portrait of Mr. George Meredith, now on view at the New Gallery, is a very good likeness; but, differing from other portraits already named, it must be labelled for posterity as a rendering somewhat less noble than the reality. The portrait of Mr. Swinburne is not recognisable as the poet of to-day; but it is a good presentment of him at the age of about thirty—the exact date at which it was painted is mysteriously omitted from the catalogue in Regent-street.

EXCELLENT is the William Morris portrait at the New Gallery; and excellent, too, the portrait, in the National Portrait Gallery, of Sir Henry Taylor, one of the first of this painter's poet-sitters. "I want to make you a modern Jove," said Mr. Watts. To whom Sir Henry replied, "But I prefer to be a jovial modern." There is one regret mixed with our gratitude to Mr. Watts—that never did he, too, try his brush with Robert Louis Stevenson, most elusive of sitters. Nor are we content that Mr. Ruskin, who has done more for art than any man of his generation, should have been less often a sitter than almost any man of note among his contemporaries. Nevertheless, when you remember how amateur and unsatisfying are most of the painted records of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats, you are bound to think that the literary men of a later generation have been remarkably lucky in their limners.

MISS PHYLLIS GOTCH, the "Doris" of Mr. H. D. Lowry's *Make Believe*, is, as all the world knows, the daughter of parents who are both painters. Let the record be made in black and white; for, naturally enough, the young heroine is beginning to be spoken of already among inhabitants of Newlyn as "That lass of Lowry's."

PROF. MAX MÜLLER continues his "Literary Recollections" in the January *Cosmopolis*, and tells the story of the burning of Froude's *Nemesis of Faith*. It is something to have this story from Prof. Müller's accurate memory. It appears that a tutor of Exeter College, Dr. Sewell, referred to the book at the end of a lecture, and, after warning his pupils against it, he asked whether any of them had read it. "One of the undergraduates produced a copy which belonged to him. Dr. Sewell continued his sermonette, and, warming with his subject, he finished by throwing the book, which did not belong to him, into the fire, at the same time stirring the coals to make them burn. Of what followed there are two versions. Dr. Sewell, when he had finished, asked his class, 'Now, what have I done?' 'You have burned my copy,' the owner of the book said in a sad voice, 'and I shall have to buy a new one.' The other version of the reply was, 'You have stirred the fire, sir.'"

WHAT followed is well known. Froude lost his fellowship, and when he accepted the headmastership of a Tasmanian college his persecutors ousted him from that refuge. And then we have this moving story of Froude's poverty: "Froude had to sell his books one by one, and was trying hard to support himself by his pen. This was then not so easy a matter as it is now. At that very time, however, I received a cheque for £200 from an unknown hand, with a request that I would hand it to Froude, to show him that he had friends and sympathisers who would not forsake him. It was not till many years later that I discovered the donor, and Froude was then able to return him the money, which at the time had saved him from drowning. I should like to mention the name, but that kind friend in need is no longer among the living, and I have a feeling that even now he would wish his name to remain unknown."

ARPROPOS of the extension of the laboratories and library of the Royal Institution, Mr. John Leighton, F.S.A., has decided to present his Faraday Papers to be placed with those bequeathed by the great philosopher. The Papers mainly consist of letters from Faraday to Edward Magrath at a period when letter writing was an art. It is little known that Faraday for a short time was the secretary of the Athenæum Club, and that Magrath was his *intime* and coeval in age. Mr. Leighton is one of the *doyens* of the Royal Institution, and was proposed by Faraday in 1855. The new library in Albemarle-street forms part of the Davy-Faraday Building.

THE new laboratory to which the above paragraph refers was opened, it will be

remembered, by the Prince of Wales on December 22, and is the gift of Dr. Ludwig Mond, F.R.S. The new building adjoins the Royal Institution, and was formerly Lord Cowley's town house. As now transformed it contains nine private rooms for research, besides other compartments for organic, inorganic, pyrotechnical, and thermo-technical investigations. There are also offices, a balance room, and a mechanic's workshop. The superintendent of the new laboratory will be Dr. Alexander Scott, and Lord Rayleigh and Prof. Dewar will be the directors.

IN the preface to the American edition of *A Window in Thrums* Mr. J. M. Barrie writes: "I think there are soft-hearted readers here and there who will be glad to know that there never was any Jess. . . . It wrote itself very quickly. I have read that I re-wrote it eight times, but it was written once only, nearly every chapter, I think, at a sitting." Readers of *Margaret Ogilvy* have been let into the secret of the origin of Jess.

MR. BARRIE'S brief preface to *The Little Minister* contains this passage: "No one could persuade me to add half an inch to the stature of the little minister. . . . You know when the short man is introduced that he is to be a mere foil to a six-footer, that he must love in vain, that at the most the lady will offer to be a sister to him." And *Sentimental Tommy* follows the admission: "This is not in the smallest degree the book I meant it to be. Tommy ran away with the author."

THE interpretation of sacred pictures is usually done in a style which the judicious cannot applaud, yet cannot openly criticise. But when an explanation is offered which is "both contrary to the spirit of the picture and to the intentions of the artist," a word of protest, embodied in a letter to the *Times*, may be the needful thing. Such a protest has been raised this week against the description of Dagnan-Bouveret's picture, "The Lord's Supper," which is handed to persons now viewing this work at the Goupil Gallery. It appears that the figure on the left of Christ is described as Peter; but the writer to the *Times*, Mr. J. C. Warburg, asserts that he has the authority of the artist for stating that the figure on the left of Our Lord is Judas, and that the misrepresentation has been made "contrary to the express wishes of the painter." If, as Mr. Warburg thinks, the meaning of the picture has been tampered with to suit the prejudices of the British public, it was right to say so.

A NUMBER of water-colour and pencil drawings from the hand of Charlotte Brontë have been added to the museum of the Brontë Society at Haworth, accompanied by evidence of their authenticity. A vein of artistic skill ran through the family, and it was at one time hoped that Branwell might undergo a course of study at the Royal Academy. As it was, he did study portrait-painting at Bradford.

THE young American-Japanese poet, Yone Noguchi, whom our New York correspondent introduced to the readers of the ACADEMY last week, is the subject of an article, with a portrait, in our Transatlantic contemporary, the *Literary Digest*. Noguchi, who is only twenty-one, has a sweet and thoughtful face, but he writes like this:

"The flat-boarded earth, laid down at night, rustling under the darkness. The Universe grows smaller, palpitating against its destiny.

"My chilly soul—centre of the world—gives seat to audible tears—the songs of the cricket.

"I drink the darkness of a corner of the Universe—alas! Square immovable world to me, on my bed! Suggesting what—god or demon—far down, under my body?

"I am as a lost wing among the countless atoms of high Heaven!

"Would the invisible Night shake off her radiant light, answering the knocking of my soft-formed voice!"

FROM time to time we are in receipt of letters, not quite fitted for our correspondence columns, asking for information on this matter and that concerning literature. This week, for example, a gentleman inquires for a list of historians (specifying the period each one covers, and the publisher's name) which would be of the best assistance for imparting a thorough knowledge not only of English history from the earliest times to our own day, but also sound literary style. Now this is the kind of question to which many answers can be given, and we invite replies from our readers. To these questions and replies we are ready to devote space week by week, and we hope the feature will be found an interesting one.

IN *Punch* this week a drawing by Mr. F. H. Townsend is to be found. Whether or not it is the first appearance of this clever artist in the pages of our contemporary we cannot say, but we are glad to see his talent thus recognised. The illustrations to Peacock's novels in Messrs. Macmillan's new edition, marked, it seems to us, the turning point in Mr. Townsend's career. His drawing in *Punch*, which represents three children reading old English classical novels in an expurgated form, is peculiarly interesting to us, because a copy of the Bowdlerised *Tom Jones* which serves as Mr. Townsend's peg has been lying on our shelves for weeks, while we have been wondering what to say about it. *Punch* supplies the answer. Everything nowadays is done for children; even the classics climb down to them. Whether the children are therefore to be envied is another matter—probably not, for as a humorist has said, "They will so soon be 'us.'"

THE prosperous company which owns and controls *The Illustrated London News* and other periodicals has just acquired *Pick-Me-Up*.

UNDER the satisfactorily simple and self-explanatory name of *Girls* a new weekly paper will shortly be issued from the office of *Pearson's Weekly*.

MR. FRANCIS DARWIN announces that he is preparing a supplementary series of the

letters of his father, the late Charles Darwin, which will comprise a selection from those letters of purely scientific interest which he was unable to print in the *Life*, together with whatever fresh material may come to hand. Mr. Darwin (whose address is Wychfield, Cambridge) therefore asks that those of his father's correspondents who have not already done so will allow him to make copies of letters in their possession, and he reminds them that the merest notes are often of value.

WE regret to learn that Mr. George Moore has been the victim of a gun accident. It was feared at first that Mr. Moore had received an injury to one of his eyes, but this has happily proved not to be the case—a circumstance which is the more fortunate because Mr. Moore is engrossed in his new novel, and had only gone into the country for a short period of relaxation.

MR. G. W. STEEVENS has completed the revision of his Presidential Election letters to the *Daily Mail*, on which he has been busy since his return from America. The MS. is now in the hands of the publishers, Messrs. William Blackwood & Sons, who will issue the letters in a volume, *The Land of the Dollar*, early in January.

IN referring last week to the beautiful edition of *Marcus Aurelius*, published by Mr. A. L. Humphreys, we omitted to state that Mr. Long's translation is the one adopted.

UNDER the title of *A Pearl of the Realm* Messrs. Hutchinson & Co. will publish very shortly a romance of the time of King Charles the First. The scene of the story is largely laid at the Nonsuch Palace, which stood near Ewell, in Surrey.

BISHOP PEARSON, during the later years of his life, compiled a commonplace book of remarkable passages and striking thoughts which he met with in the course of reading. His widow has placed these in the hands of Mr. Elliot Stock, who will publish them very shortly in a volume, with a preface by the Bishop of Manchester.

UNDER the title of "Occasional Papers," the late Dean Church's contributions to the *Times*, the *Saturday Review*, and the *Guardian* between the years of 1846 and 1890 will shortly be included in the Eversley Series (Macmillan).

MR. RALPH RICHARDSON is preparing a supplement to his work *George Morland, Painter, 1763-1804*, entitled *George Morland's Pictures; their Present Possessors, with details of the collections*. It will be published very shortly by Mr. Elliot Stock.

THE next volume to appear in Mr. T. Fisher Unwin's "Children's Study" series will be a History of France, written by Mary C. Rowsell, whose historical stories, such as *Thorndyke Manor* and *The Story of a Queen*, have shown her skill in blending history and fiction.

ART.

MR. G. F. WATTS AT THE NEW GALLERY.

NEEDLESS to say, a collection of 155 paintings chosen by himself does a painter comprehensive justice, and the work of Mr. Watts is shown this winter not only in various kinds of accomplishment, but partly in process. Moreover, he takes the opportunity to explain his thought in a rather strangely punctuated introduction, which it might be ungracious to say is unnecessary; but there is no need to do more for Mr. Watts's allegories than to give them titles. Not a few do not even owe this debt to literature. Granted the conventions of a very simple and ancient symbolism, these works announce themselves. They hold, as strictly as is possible to imaginative art, within the limits of their own method of expression as paintings. They lie within the field of vision—that is, of possible vision, of imaginative vision, and of the vision of earlier or Oriental people, immemorially used to think in visible forms rather than in words.

It is not legitimate to paint a metaphor, a figure of speech, or anything in which the mental picture is not intended to be definite. "That fox, Herod," is not a phrase to be mentally illustrated by an image of a fox, and is therefore not paintable. But every parable is paintable, and so is anything that might be proposed to the spirit of a prophet in a dream. So much it is well to say, in order to prevent the popular present tendency to limit and hamper the arts by way of unintelligent reaction against their unbounded confusion in the near past. Mr. Watts's allegories are pictorial mental visions, and fit to be proposed to the bodily eyes of those who have not been visited by the vision of the mind.

THE public should be especially interested in those works which are to be presented to the nation by their generous author; and among these is that magnificent composition, "Love and Death." Even rarer than the tenderness and power of this great group are the directness of the movement and the sense of weight in the march of Death. There is one overmastering force in the grasp whereof we all live and die—our mortal eyes have never seen anything that was not immediately subject to it; and this is the force that many and many a praised painter impotently defies, setting especially the human figure free from it with a futile freedom—the force of gravitation. There is nothing less common in the art of painting than the ruling, ordering, and controlling fact of weight.

THE "Court of Death," almost equally well known, is also to be national property. It is one of the greatest, as it is the largest, of the works of a great painter; and even if it should never pass out of its unfinished state it will be a national possession to do us honour. The repose of the central or culminating group—seated, lying, and standing: Death on her throne, the newly born

dead in her lap, and the erect angels—is more than Egyptian, and the slow actions of the human creatures offering their homage are as deliberate and controlled as they are real. It seems perhaps not altogether a grave device—rather a mechanical invention for the increase of mystery—to efface the eyes. Mr. Watts has very frequent recourse to it, risking an unfortunate effect of blankness where he had intended unfathomableness. But an important consequence, no doubt within his intention, is that expression—blotted out where ninety-nine out of every hundred people will look for it (in the eyes), is entrusted and committed to the whole figure. Mr. Watts has several admirable instances of bodily expression—no common quality in our present manner of observing the nude, and a very noble one.

THE "Spirit of Christianity" is also upon this list of gifts. It is full of dignity and colour; would that the nude infants gathered within the red robe had not been drawn with limbs so little infantine and yet so fat. Surely the greatest lover of long limbs should be able to reconcile himself to the natural fact that the limbs of babies are very short; the attempt to give them a false elegance is indocile, and brings no luck. "Time, Death, and Judgment," with figures moving in the wind of their great approach, the exquisite "Love and Life," "Sic Transit," "Mammon," "The Minotaur," "Chaos," "Jonah," "Great Possessions," "The Messenger," "Peace and Goodwill," "Faith," and "The Dweller in the Innermost" are also destined to be national property, and of each will the nation be proud. So are "Death Crowning Innocence," especially valuable for the fine flesh-painting in the little pearl-like body of the child, and the immortal "Hope." In this lovely figure, which has the eyes hidden—not by a sleight-of-hand with the paint-brush, but frankly with a bandage—there is something indeed exquisite in the implication of their half-smile by the half-smile of the mouth. The attitude of the figure is divinely expressive.

Of the three great Eve pictures, the finest—because "She shall be Called Woman," ought to be finally marred for all reasonable eyes by its proportions—is the "Eve Tempted," full of charm of action. The gaiety of the body, the freshness with which the face is dipped into the leaves (the eyes, again, hidden), and the sweetness of the colour make this splendid canvas one of the painter's finest flesh-paintings. Why, by the way, was Mr. Watts advised to add catalogue descriptions to these sufficient Eves, and to write the condemned phrase, "her wealth of golden hair"? It is perhaps not necessary for a painter to know that authors do not now write "wealth of golden hair," but the words should have been edited. With pleasure do we welcome the opportunity of seeing again such a classic work as "The Childhood of Jupiter," with a head of a child as great as any in the schools of painting; such an example of expressive grace as the masculine figure of

the "Genius of Greek Poetry"; and work so brilliant as Mr. Watts has given to "Mischief," and the yet more splendid "Fata Morgana." Another joy is "Good Luck to Your Fishing," the jewel-like child and jewel-like sea of which are one of Mr. Watts's successes, not only of colour, but of surface. It is in surface that his work sometimes fails.

THE beautiful "Paolo and Francesca" remains, among so many, the painter's most keen expression of emotion. As for the "Orpheus and Eurydice," the action is but a dance—Orpheus on one foot catching an Eurydice whose knees have given way, and who has returned to the weight of death. The several visions of the horses of the Apocalypse are all exceedingly noble, the large picture of "The Rider on the White Horse" being not only most imaginative, but singularly full of energy and movement.

As for the landscapes, which are not many, Mr. Watts is assuredly at his best in those delicate mysteries "The Island of Corsica" and "A Sea Ghost." The lovely mist seems here to hide more than it reveals, and persuades you that if you could see better you would see more. When Mr. Watts has the clear mountains of Carrara to paint he gives to those fine marbles a somewhat dull emphasis. Moreover, his "Bay of Naples" is curiously un-Italian. As for the strange attempts to paint more of a cloud than the laws of vision would enable any eye to see, in "Rain Passing Away," it is surely—in spite of all beauty of colour and illumination—an error; certain laws of construction and of perspective seem to be set at naught for the love of an exaggeration.

THE portraits are almost as well known as the allegories. They are exceedingly unequal, ranging from something in no degree short of a masterpiece to insecure paintings of something little more vital and solid than a mask. To the prettiness of the "Mr. Walter Crane" is obviously due much of the welcome this well-painted portrait is always sure of. The "Mr. George Meredith" is, as it were, mechanically a fine and perfect likeness, but none the less a failure in character. The "Mrs. Percy Wyndham" is throughout a pure triumph.

FINALLY, the chief part of this great work of a modern artist is denied the purest praise because, strong as it is, it has the fault that should be left to the weak—exaggeration. We know not how far Mr. Watts's wishes may go in respect to the figure; he manifestly thinks it should have been measured nine or ten heads in height, but why stop there? The Greeks stopped at nature. They have left literally no single example of what Mr. Watts permits himself as the model of a tall figure. And it is nothing less than distressing to find their counsels, of which moderation was the very life and force, immoderately improved upon. At best this is but a cheap device for gaining elegance, at the worst it becomes

insolent and grotesque. So, too, with the fine and strong characteristic of a broad neck and a small head together. This, too, is Greek, but Mr. Watts uses it with a most un-Greek lack of control.

A. M.

DRAMA.

THIS week I ought to be retrospective about the achievements of the English stage in 1896. I must ask my readers to excuse me. It is my misfortune and not the fault of the stage that I cannot remember having seen any large number of plays which have made an epoch, or even marked appreciably any progress or decline. But since that is the case, it seems unwise to bore myself, and probably to lose any readers I may have, by enlarging on what has been sufficiently discussed already. It would also be a task of considerable difficulty, for if I may be so vulgar as to write of my personal concerns, I may say that I keep neither programmes nor anything I write about their contents. I am off with the old love before I am on with the new. It always gives me pleasure to be in a theatre, and therefore I am pleased to earn a certain quantity of bread by recording my opinions for the benefit of anybody who cares to be guided by an average taste and intelligence in his theatre-going. But I make no claim to be a comprehensive or scientific student of the subject, and, in fine, my memory of the plays of 1896 is entirely defective. I have an idea that the sum of their features is that what one stupidly called "problem plays"—every play is a problem play—have gone out, and what one absurdly called "musical comedies"—they are never comedies, and seldom musical—have come in very much; that Mr. Pinero, the incorrigible, has not written a farce; that "Little Eyclf" has been produced, and that "Richard III." has been discovered to be a comic play. The well-established actors have continued their reputations, and Miss Julia Neilson has made a clever Rosalind. Of the "arrivals," I should place first that of Miss Elsie Jeffreys as a comedy actress in "His Little Dodge," and next, Mr. John Le Hay's little Jew. But these are but the recollections of a moment.

AND now to the new productions, of which there have been more than usual since last I wrote in the ACADEMY. The largest is, of course, the pantomime at Drury Lane. It is an excellent pantomime as pantomimes go, but I wonder—and hope I may wonder with safety to myself—how many of the writers who write themselves into raptures over it really enjoyed it all the way through. There were very pretty spectacles in it, very pretty ballets; but for my part I confess I was weary of them after the first two hours—the thing lasted five. Why should these things last so long? They involve as much trouble and discomfort as a political meeting. This one, in particular, annoyed one by a piece of defective stage-management, which introduced two people (for the first time) to sing an inferior music-hall song after twelve

o'clock. I was almost glad it was hissed. However, I have every wish to do justice to the skill displayed, and profess that some of the scenes—"The Garden of the Palace" for example, and "Aladdin's Palace"—were very beautiful, and that the ballet danced in "The Interior of the Cave" was delightful, especially in the convolutions of Madame Grigolati and her "aerial troupe."

BUT why should the dialogue of the pantomime be so dull? This was not an especial sinner, if at least it was an example. I should be the last person to complain of "vulgarity" if the vulgarity were amusing, but who can be amused by the halting twaddle one is condemned to hear at the pantomime? One does not hear all of it, certainly; the female performers are generally inaudible, but in such a case one may judge the whole by the part. In "Aladdin" there was a long scene between a washerwoman and an emperor, the point of which was that the washerwoman would not deliver "the wash" until the emperor had paid for it. Mr. Dan Leno, as the washerwoman, made some fairly good low comedy out of it, but the scene was intolerably drawn out. One does not look for incisive wit or subtle humour in the dialogue of a pantomime, but it might be merry and free from absolute inanition. Both Mr. Dan Leno and Mr. Herbert Campbell are funny comedians, and are certain to make one laugh now and then, but we have seen both to better advantage. Of the other performers it is necessary to say only that Miss Ada Blanche played very cleverly and vivaciously as Aladdin; that Miss Decima Moore, in the somewhat passive part of the princess, did a pretty love-scene and sang prettily a pretty love-song with Aladdin; that Miss Somerset did a graceful dance and Mr. Cinquevalli some excellent tricks of juggling. I do not think that Mr. Oscar Barrett can make this pantomime as artistic as his productions at the Lyceum—perhaps the size and traditions of Drury Lane forbid—but with some cutting of the dialogue, greater rapidity in the action, and a little more fun from his comedians, it should be made a success.

I FEAR I cannot prophesy success for "The Pilgrim's Progress" at the Olympic. It will probably fall between two stools. The "religious" public will be warned off by its ballets and spectacular effects, and the public which is attracted by such things will not care about its solemnity. A sort of pantomime, they will say, or a burlesque with the fun left out. I am sorry, and should be glad to be proved wrong, for it was evident that a great deal of pains had been spent upon it, and in view of the many ill-rehearsed and carelessly slung together plays I see I take such pains as a mark of proper respect. Moreover, they are by no means unintelligent pains. The designers of the scenes had artistic tact and sense of colour: "Castle Joyous" was a beautiful scene, and so was "Vanity Fair." The crowds were carefully arranged and well-drilled. Some of Herr Meyer Lutz' music was extremely pretty. There was a very fairly good ballet in the "Vanity Fair" scene.

BUT there were strongly prevailing causes for ill-success. The first was the absence of humour in the whole production. I do not mean that jokes should have been made: I mean that a sense of humour in the producers might have saved the taking of a proverbial step. For the fight between Apollyon and Christian was ridiculous, and so were the invisibly-wired angels. The angel Raphael was ridiculous. Another cause was the character of the blank verse: it was by no means fatuous or silly, but it was pompous, a little empty, and monotonous. A third cause was the difficulty of following the play in the early scenes—a fault partly of the avoidance of names in the dialogue and partly of inaudible players. A fourth (which, perhaps, should not have been one) was the violence done to poor John Bunyan: his humble Christian became a glorified, gilded youth, addressed by his friends as “dear boy”—seriously, of course. But with all these disadvantages it could not be said that the piece was ineffective: certainly, amateurs of scenic effects should see it. The acting was not good, on the whole. Mr. Abingdon worked hard in the feebly written part of Apollyon, and was dignified, more or less, and sardonic. Mr. Celli sang a solo with pleasant gusto. Mr. Thorpe was a rather mincing Raphael. Miss Grace Hawthorne's Christian was feeble and mostly inaudible. Miss Esmé Beringer, who played Speranza, Christian's love, and ended up as a quite angelic angel, was far more impressive, and should have been cast as Christian. Miss Mary Milton was a merry and jolly “Madame Babble,” and helped the first act considerably. The best acting, perhaps, in the piece was Miss Laura Johnson's “Malignity”—a wicked and weird old hag, played with some realism and much force. If the first act were deprived of some of its more or less irrelevant speeches, and the whole thing played more distinctly and vivaciously, there might be hope for “The Pilgrim's Progress.” Though, artistically, it had never a chance of fulfilling its large ambition, it bored me less than most “musical comedies.”

THERE is a pleasant Christmassy sort of entertainment on Monday to Thursday afternoons at Terry's. The first piece is Mrs. Oscar Beringer's adaptation of Dickens's “Holly Tree Inn.” The dialogue is not always natural, and the fun is just the least bit cheap; but the full-flavoured Dickensian sentiment is not amiss, and is prettily expressed. The two children are played by Miss Valli Valli and Master Stewart Dawson, both very clever children—Miss Valli the better in acting, Master Dawson the sounder elocutionist. “Love in Idleness” follows, a somewhat feebly conceived play, but—it also—of a kindly sentiment compact. Mr. Terry is at his best in it, and the rest of the company work well, especially Mr. de Lange, our best comic Frenchman.

I AM sure that “Black-Ey'd Susan” will run for some time, and must defer my remarks on it. One needs space for such a theme.

G. S. S.

MUSIC OF THE YEAR.

THERE are certain times when it is reasonable to look back and see what has been done for musical art; for this the close of a year is specially suitable. The record of the last twelve months may not be exciting, yet, on the whole, I deem it a favourable one. The increase in the number of orchestral concerts is especially gratifying; among instrumental works those for orchestra claim highest rank. During the past year, in addition to the usual Palace, Richter, Henschel, Mottl, and Philharmonic Concerts, MM. Lamoureux and Colonne came over from Paris with their respective orchestras, and gave special series. M. Lamoureux paid us two visits—in the spring, and again in the autumn; M. Colonne came only once. Both are able conductors and have excellent orchestras; popular opinion, however—and, I think, not unjustly—awarded the palm to M. Lamoureux. The performances under the direction of the latter were most finished, and the *ensemble* of the players was altogether remarkable. The rendering of Beethoven's “Eroica” during the second series was one of his highest achievements. In the selection of works, although not altogether free from reproach, M. Lamoureux surpassed his rival. Among interesting novelties which he introduced, a Symphony of César Franck's attracted special notice. That composer's music, little known here, deserves the attention of musicians.

THE poor attendances of late at the Crystal Palace caused a well-founded rumour to be spread that they would probably have to be discontinued. A pamphlet published calling attention to the long and valuable services of Mr. A. Manns, and appealing to subscribers for continued support, seems to have had good result: the spring series is already announced. The programmes last year, as regards novelties, were not particularly striking. Strauss' “Till Eulenspiegel,” a clever *humoresque*, a symphony by the Scandinavian composer, Sinding, and another one by Mr. Barclay Jones, count among the most important; the last named was indeed only a novelty at these concerts.

THE Orchestral Concerts at the Queen's Hall, under the direction of Mr. H. J. Wood, are gaining in merit and popularity. Practice, it is said, makes perfect, and Mr. Wood enjoys opportunities of practising the art of conducting such as are rarely available. Mr. Newman, to whose enterprise the scheme is due, selected a good man—for Mr. Wood has natural gifts—and one who is, moreover, improving every day. The programmes, too, show eclectic taste. Care is necessary, however, in the selection of novelties; two of Dvorák's symphonic Poems were recently introduced, apparently merely to anticipate Richter, not on account of merit. Novelties do not spell empty seats as in earlier days. The public takes greater and more intelligent interest in them, but they should not be lightly chosen; the Poems alluded to above

were not worthy of the great name which they bore. The Oratorio Concerts at the Queen's Hall, under the direction of Mr. Randegger, also deserve favourable notice. The Albert Hall concerts under Dr. Bridge, the new and energetic successor of Sir J. Barnby, may continue to flourish, but there is ample room for the two societies. Mr. Randegger's choir is composed of fresh, well-sounding voices, and the performances, generally, are highly meritorious. The introduction recently of Saint-Saens' Biblical opera, in oratorio form, was a bold, yet successful, venture. The work is interesting, though it may have weak points; anyhow, it was pleasant to get out of the ordinary Haydn-Mendelssohn-Gounod groove.

CONCERNING the Richter and Mottl concerts there is not very much to say. They have maintained their usual standard of excellence, and have all been well attended. Richter's rendering of Tchaikowsky's noble Symphony in B minor was one of the special features of his short season, as, indeed, it had been of previous seasons; closer acquaintance with the work enhances its great merits, and deepens the regret that so talented a composer should have departed just when his powers seemed at their fullest.

At the beginning of the year Mr. Henschel brought his Beethoven series of concerts to a successful close. A little Wagner music was introduced into the programmes, a by no means unwelcome contrast. The series included all Beethoven's Symphonies, nine of the eleven Overtures, and the Mass in D. The scheme must have been of great value and interest to many of the rising generation. Certain of the Symphonies, as I lately remarked, are given pretty often, but to hear all the nine in one season is nowadays a most rare occurrence. And yet, surely, it ought not to be thus. Speaking of the Symphonies reminds me of Sir G. Grove's excellent book, *Beethoven and his Nine Symphonies*, published last summer by Messrs. Novello. The writer is enthusiastic about his subject, and the volume, to say nothing of the thought and research of which it gives signal proofs, is more attractive than many a work of fiction.

OF Chamber Concerts, the Monday and Saturday Pops. have been singularly uneventful. I noticed, quite recently, the production of Miss Liza Lehmann's song cycle, “In a Persian Garden,” a work which will certainly become part of the regular *répertoire*. The recent performance for the first time of Grieg's Quartet in G Minor was another feature of interest. The Popular Concerts, by reason of the many excellent performers who take part in them, and also of the reputation which they have long enjoyed, are likely to continue for many years to come, yet I cannot help thinking that Mr. Chappell might issue more attractive programmes, introduce more novelties, and give greater encouragement to English art; in the first two points, his present compares unfavourably with his past.

THE British Chamber Concerts, under the directorship of Mr. Ernest Fowles, performed during their third season, which came to a close, no less than ten works by English composers. The scheme may perhaps show zeal in a good cause, rather than discretion, and yet it deserves notice and encouragement. I regret that I was unable to attend any of the present series, but hope to do better in the future. The Sunday Evening Chamber Concerts at the small Queen's Hall, under the leadership of Señor Arbos, offer welcome proof that we are beginning to take more liberal views with regard to the way of spending Sunday.

OF two operas produced last year, "Jeanie Deans" by Mr. Hamish McCunn, and "Shamus O'Brien" by Dr. Stanford, the second is by far the more interesting. English composers have been singularly unfortunate in their attempts to win operatic fame, even temporary. Some have been handicapped by their librettists, while others have lacked the qualities necessary for success in this branch of musical art. Dr. Stanford has had his failures, but in "Shamus" he seems to have infused a new and higher life into English opera. The reception given to the work was most favourable, and at the present moment Shamus is showing his tricks to the New Yorkers.

OF special musical events during the past year I may mention the reappearance of Dvorák, after an absence of twelve years to a day, as composer and conductor, at the Second Philharmonic Concert, on March 19; the appointment of Mr. F. H. Cowen to the post held in Manchester by the late Sir C. Hallé, and that of Mr. W. H. Cummings to the principalship of the Guildhall School of Music, vacant through the death of Sir J. Barnby. Among books on music, in addition to the one mentioned, I may name the *Life of the late Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley*, by F. W. Joyce, M.A.; the useful and clearly written *The Opera*, by Mr. R. A. Streetfield; and Mr. F. G. Edwards's brief yet valuable *History of Mendelssohn's Elijah*, written in connexion with the jubilee of the composer's popular oratorio; and last, since not directly dealing with music, Miss J. L. Weston's able study of the *Legends of the Wagner Drama*. Of lighter books I note the following: Kuhe's pleasing *Musical Recollections*, Arditi's graphic *Reminiscences*, and the *Life and Letters of Sir C. Hallé*, by Lady Hallé, a work safe to find many readers.

OF prominent musicians who died during the past year I would first allude to Mme. Schumann. She was a distinguished pianist, whose gifts were acknowledged when she first visited this country in 1856. As the wife and afterwards widow of Robert Schumann her renderings of the composer's pianoforte works were of special interest. Her love for the man may have intensified her enthusiasm for his music, yet that enthusiasm existed already long before her marriage. Another foreign musician passed away, namely, the operatic composer M. Ambroise Thomas. He certainly ranks

among the *dii minores*, yet the popularity of his opera "Mignon" in this country justifies mention of his name. And I may also add that of Richard Pohl, the translator of Berlioz' literary works into German, and an intimate friend of the French composer and of Franz Liszt, whose death occurred quite recently.

AMONG names of English musicians may be noted that of Henry Leslie, the founder of the "Leslie's Choir," famous for its performances of unaccompanied music; of Sir J. Barnby, who raised the "Royal Albert Hall Choir" to a high state of efficiency; and of Mr. Lewis Thomas, a bass singer, who for nearly thirty years took a leading part in oratorio performances.

THE late Sir Augustus Harris cannot be reckoned among distinguished musicians, yet as impresario of Covent Garden and Drury Lane he did much to further the cause of operatic music in London. He lacked neither energy nor perseverance, and sought to keep pace with the times. In the cause of Wagner he was specially active, and now that the master's operas and music-dramas are becoming popular, his services, even if not always prompted by high art motives, deserve grateful remembrance. By his death the cause of opera may have suffered a heavy blow; but it is to be hoped that during the present year some new enterprise will be started on a thoroughly sound basis, and one in which everything that is good, no matter of what epoch or school, will be granted a hearing. Though Wagner may flourish, classical opera is not yet dead, and ought to be fairly represented.

J. S. S.

SCIENCE.

WEARY as many must be of the subject, a retrospect of the Science of 1896 must begin, chronologically as well as in order of importance, with the discovery of the Röntgen rays. It was early in January of last year that a paragraph appeared in the English press making the bare announcement that Prof. Röntgen, of Würzburg, had succeeded, by means of invisible rays from a Crookes' tube, in photographing metal objects concealed within a wooden box, and also the bones of the human hand. Many investigators in England at once repeated and verified these experiments, but it was not until the publication of Prof. Röntgen's original paper, from which the sensational announcement was extracted, that the scientific nature of the discovery was recognised. It was not an accidental or isolated experiment, repeating, as was at first thought, the previous work of Hertz and Lenard, but was part of a careful continuation and elaboration of their experiments; and the main distinctions between the Kathode or Lenard's rays and the new rays were specifically stated. It was part of the original discovery that the rays would produce fluorescence in certain substances on which they were allowed to

fall, and this property was ingeniously utilised by Prof. Salvioni, of Perugia, to do away with the necessity of using photographic plates. Instead he constructed an instrument called the "cryptoscope," which enabled the shadow of the objects under examination to be thrown upon a luminous screen, and this idea, in the form of a simple disc sprinkled with platino-cyanide of barium, is now commonly used wherever it is possible to exclude daylight from the experiments.

COMPARATIVELY little has been added to our knowledge of the subject since then, although a host of workers has been engaged upon it, and innumerable papers have been published about it. The most important additions to our knowledge have lain in the employment of fluorescent screens and the discovery that Röntgen's rays will discharge an electrically charged body; but the explanation of this fact is still open to question. Prof. Röntgen discussed at the beginning the nature of his rays, and considered that they were possibly transverse waves in the ether, a theory which has not been disproved or accepted, though physicists are now more generally inclined towards the view that they are extremely short waves of light at the ultra-violet end of the spectrum. Among those whose work upon the Röntgen rays has achieved scientific recognition are Profs. J. J. Thomson, Silvanus P. Thompson, and Oliver Lodge, all Fellows of the Royal Society; a large number of other investigators, in all countries, have been engaged in extending the practical application of the discovery to the examination of the human frame, the detection of false jewels, and similar purposes without limit.

THERE have been few other great discoveries in physics and chemistry during the past year, but much interesting work. The Linde process of liquefying air by successive cumulative rarefactions has been adopted as an improvement upon the earlier method practised by Olszewski and Dewar, and it is interesting to find that it was anticipated in idea by an Englishman, William Hampson. Prof. Dewar's investigation of the electrical behaviour of metals at extremely low temperatures, in which he is associated with Prof. Fleming, has been warmly appreciated. The Bakerian lecture of the Royal Society was delivered in February by Prof. Roberts-Austen, of the Mint, and described his ingenious experiments in the diffusion of cold metals, for which the society justly awarded one of its medals for the year. In April Prof. Lippmann lectured to the Royal Society on his method of taking colour-photographs by backing a grainless sensitive film with mercury. The reflection of the rays from the mirror thus made caused an effect of "standing waves" in the film, and so altered the structure that an effect of colour, similar to that in soap-bubbles, was obtained by interference. A not less beautiful method of making colour-photographs was exhibited later in the year by Dr. Joly, whose method consists in breaking up a colourless image by means of a microscopically ruled colour screen.

IN June of last year Lord Kelvin celebrated his jubilee as Professor of Physics at the University of Glasgow, and the occasion was seized by foreign nations and by learned societies of all nations to pay homage to one of the greatest physicists of this or of any other age. In the same connexion may be mentioned the centenary celebrations of the Institute of France, which were attended by many representatives from this country, and more recently the emancipation of the Paris University by a vote of the Chamber of Deputies passed on March 5. Memorials have been promoted in honour of Huxley, Pasteur, and the organisers of the first Atlantic cables, and statues have been erected, among others, to Darwin and Lavoisier.

AN International Conference was held at the rooms of the Royal Society last July to discuss the publication of a systematic catalogue of science. Twenty-six countries sent delegates to the meetings, and a provisional course of procedure was drawn up. The publication of scientific catalogues is a matter in which the Royal Society has always taken the lead. It started a great author-catalogue in the middle of the century, and followed this up later by the present index catalogue of subjects. Of the other work done by the society during the year there is little to mention beyond an expedition to Funafuti, an atoll near the Fiji group, for the purpose of effecting a coral-boring. The work was unfortunately frustrated by mechanical difficulties. The British Association met last year at Liverpool, but produced nothing of especial note. The Royal Institution has been enriched within the last few days by the addition of a magnificent laboratory, built and equipped at the expense of Dr. Ludwig Mond, and called after the joint names of Davy and Faraday. The importance of this gift will be that it is destined purely for the work of research, and will have no teaching functions. The need of such a laboratory has been greatly felt, and its establishment should do something to meet the constant advances of German science which have threatened our industries, and which called forth a warning in the *Times* from no less a person than Prof. Ostwald, one of the greatest of German chemists.

IN medicine the talk is still of bacteriology. Tetanus, cholera, Indian plague, erysipelas, and even snake-bite have all been treated with greater or less success on the anti-toxin principle—that is, by injecting doses of healthy animal serum which has been rendered actively immune by gradual treatment with attenuated virus. As a strong contrast we have had in the same year an international celebration of the centenary of vaccination, and an appalling outbreak of small-pox at Gloucester, once Jenner's native place and recently the centre of the anti-vaccination crusade. The rinderpest and the tsetse-fly disease have been engaging the earnest attention of specialists at the Cape, and an excellent report on the latter, by Surgeon-Major Bruce, appeared a few months ago. Prof. Koch went out to

complete the investigations last October, at the invitation of the Cape Government.

It has been an extremely interesting year, geographically, on account of the many successful explorations in Africa, in Australia, in Kafiristan, and in the Arctic regions. Among the latter Dr. Nansen's exploit has beaten all previous records, and though his ship, the *Fram*, did not, as was expected, drift anywhere near the Pole, Nansen himself, with one companion, penetrated on foot to a latitude of 86 deg. 14 min. Some important revelations as to the meteorological conditions, the animal life, the climate, and the imperfections of Payer's and other maps are anticipated when Dr. Nansen's book appears. Much credit belongs also to the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition, which discovered Nansen in Franz Josef Land, and which has during its long absence accumulated much valuable information. A successful exploration of Spitzbergen was carried out in the summer by a party under Sir Martin Conway. Less successful attempts to solve the Arctic secret were made by Peary in Greenland, and by Herr Andrée, whose novel idea of crossing the frozen region in a balloon was frustrated by bad weather. African geography has been enriched by the Great Rift Valley explorations of Dr. Gregory, published last year, as well as by the journeys of Dr. Donaldson Smith and others. The French have made valuable excursions through the Niger district to Timbuktu. In Australia the Horn expedition has added enormously to our scanty knowledge of the natives and animals of the remote interior of Australia, and Mr. Fitzgerald has contributed a valuable work on the New Zealand Alps.

IN the world of engineering we have to chronicle the remarkable feat of removing an old railway bridge on a British main line and replacing it with an entirely new one during the slack hours of a Sunday afternoon, an achievement as great as anything that America can claim, but one which attracted comparatively little notice. Under this heading comes also the development of the "motor-car," freed from its legal shackles on November 14, and destined henceforth to take its place among the commonplaces of road locomotion. As the year closes we read of a promising attempt to adapt Parson's steam turbine to purposes of marine propulsion, and from the time taken on the trial trip it is safe to prophesy a wider application of this wonderful piece of machinery.

ASTRONOMY has not much to record beyond the successful picking up of Brooks's comet on June 20 by M. Javelle, from an ephemeris compiled by Dr. Poor. The comet was first discovered in July, 1889. The proximity of the line of solar eclipse on August 9 induced many tourists as well as observers to undertake a journey to the north of Norway, for the most part unfortunately in vain. Good weather prevailed, however, in Japan and in Russia, and interesting results have come to light. A marked advance has been made by Mr. Lowell and others in our knowledge of the planet Mars.

H. C. M.

PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.

IT is a new and pleasant feature in English life to find the fate of a fine piece of architecture become a subject of interest to many who are not students of the art. It would seem that the long period of public indifference to architecture is drawing to a close. The discovery of a new object in life has fluttered the dovescots wherein the critics generally live. With a zeal, which possibly is not tempered with knowledge many prominent followers of other arts than those of construction have, in a short time, been able to lecture on the true principles which should guide a difficult restoration. It is sport to see such a powerful team of amateurs go for the professionals. The men of experience are attacked by those of none; the owners of emotions sweep down upon the men of facts. The quarrel, as it stands, is a strange reversal of the accepted rules of life; the proverb about the man who is his own lawyer has long been accepted by the payers of fees; the climber of a big Alp takes his guide; but when a cathedral comes into sight the giddiest of heads are at home on heights where a scaffolder would fear to tread. To observe such courage is consoling; enthusiasm, although often associated with youth or with ignorance, is to be respected always; but courage and enthusiasm and eloquence are not restoration.

The point is inevitably a practical one, the question rests between those who know and those who do not, although the love of this "tottering lily of perfection" is common to both parties in the suit. Thus, we have on the one side those who have spent useful and artistic lives in designing or conserving good architecture, and on the other a group of charming sentimentalists who know not the difference between grouting and bonding, or between an arris and a soffit. The architects love the old work with a love more intimate, more filial, than that of all its forty thousand bowing acquaintances and the engineer who condemns their theory of reparation. In a world full of doubts even the approximate truth can be reached, in perilous cases like this one, only by experts whose lives have been spent amid neglected cathedrals. The true architect would preserve every old chisel mark, if any were left; would leave the weather colours in their places if sufficient mortar remained in the joints to hold the stones together; would straighten overhanging gables if the foundations were stable enough. Men who owe their reputations, their greatest pleasures, their very livelihoods, to the reverential study of ancestral work, are not those who would be guilty of matricide. The opinion of Mr. Thompson, the builder of the works connected with the cathedral he knows so well, might have some weight with an unbelieving world; but there is the additional fact that two of the most experienced and conservative architects in England, Mr. Pearson, R.A., and Sir Arthur Blomfield, recommended the course which the Dean and Chapter have decided to adopt. If through the existence of marsh land, hasty building, and the shocks of time, the west front is shivered hopelessly, it is better to

retain the structural semblance of a mediæval masterpiece than to have a toppling ruin bound with temporary bandages to stay its inevitable death. Ancient buildings are not only valuable for their texture, their colour of centuries, their happy accidents of failure; the designer has still his claims: line and grouping and deep reveals and consequent shadows and mass and the controlling idea of the composer will not be lost altogether, even if interpreted by the despised British workman. The architect, who loves his elder brothers in design and reverences their genius, will see that the composition and, so to say, the drawing of the building shall remain untouched. Thus the intention of the first builders will remain as a model in design for centuries to come, and the judgment of the architects be vindicated by a stable structure.

THE BOOK MARKET.

A NEW TRADE CENTRE.

A SUBJECT which has always interested students of London is the way in which many of its streets have been specialised. Even Shakespeare could compare his scented fop in Henry IV. to "Bucklersbury in simple time." And, to-day, we have informal markets which do not escape the eye of the least observant Londoner. Thus Long Acre is mainly given over to carriage builders, St. Martin's-lane to dentists, the Tottenham Court-road to furniture, Mark-lane to cereal products, Holborn Viaduct to bicycles, Queen Victoria-street to engineering, and King William-street to insurance offices. But the wonder must still be how these segregations began. The principle is clear enough. It has been found that in a vast city like London it is more profitable to make a market and accept the fierce heat of competition than to be a needle in a haystack. The actual beginnings of such centres of trade are more obscure. Who first pitched his solitary tent where now tents whiten the ground? Who followed suit? Did the first settlers foresee the greatness of their colony? Did they in that early day grasp the principle of the market, and welcome the new comer? These things are commonly wrapped in oblivion. As well ask the conies how the warren began.

Yet now and then one is privileged to see history in the making. It can be seen now, shaping one of the minor destinies of London, in the Charing Cross-road. For here in your recurring visits or through 'bus rides you may see the nucleus—it is already a large nucleus—of what bids fair to become the most notable secondhand book market in London. The road is but some twelve years old, and for a long time no such specialisation as this seemed prepared for it. Yet even twelve years ago two secondhand booksellers found themselves side by side, and one, Mr. Bertram Dobell, is there still to tell how the street looked, and what its prospects seemed when it was thrown open in all its desola-

tion of newness. There are now nine second-hand shops, owned by eight second-hand booksellers, on the spot. All these are packed in that straight and rather grim stretch of the Charing Cross-road between Cambridge Circus and Cranbourne-street. Four shops are side by side, and you may easily pick up a book on one man's outside stall and walk with it into his neighbour's shop to tender payment. If you do, you need not fear unpleasantness. The good feeling which is the life of every market is here, and each bookseller knows that he is being advertised by his brothers. You would pass each shop, were it alone, with only a turn of the head. Two shops together will make you cross the street, but four in a row will make you scramble down from a 'bus. Not only is the Charing Cross-road leavened now with booksellers, but others are only waiting for vacant shops to join the colony. It is very significant that nearly all the booksellers who are now settled in the Charing Cross-road have moved thither from flourishing streets in which they had long done business. Mr. Thomas Simmons, who has lately opened the large corner shop numbered 48A, was well known in Oxford-street. Mr. James Brown has concentrated here a business which he carried on in the Brompton-road and in High Holborn. Mr. Karlslake, who has a handsome double fronted shop on the left, has migrated from Bond-street.

An event yet to come, but imminent, is the removal of Holywell-street to widen the Strand. As it is, the booksellers in that long-doomed seventeenth century lane are trading either on expiring leases, or on no renewed leases at all. When the end is announced, there can be little doubt that the Charing Cross-road will be more than ever the Mecca of the second-hand bookseller. It is admirably adapted to his purpose. The mere name is a free advertisement. It carries conviction to the second-hand bookseller's best customer, the American collector and book-lover, in whose mind, as in Dr. Johnson's, Charing Cross is the centre of London life.

Moreover, rents are still reasonable in this portion of the Charing Cross-road, which, with all its centrality, has a curiously residential character—witness the enormous blocks of the Sandringham Buildings on either side of the street. Time and increased pressure of trade may send rents up here as elsewhere, but we have the best authority for saying that the outlook for the second-hand book trade in this its new centre is a hopeful one.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

The Red House, Wandsworth.

May I be allowed to put on record, through the columns of your paper, my indignant protest against the alteration by publishers of the text of an author's book without his knowledge or consent? There are five editions, dated 1895, of a book which I wrote thirty-two years ago, now offered for sale by Messrs. George Routledge & Sons, in which

four outrageous alterations have been made in the text for the purpose of suiting certain engravings introduced into the more expensive editions. The book is *The Life and Adventures of Robin Hood*. On page 207 ten lines are inserted, giving Robin the character of a mean and contemptible rascal, which is entirely at variance with the spirit of my story. Page 334 has had three lines taken out and three inserted, which confuse the narrative in a ridiculous manner. On page 418 an incident has been wholly reversed from what I wrote; while upon page 479 eleven lines have been cut out to introduce a picture which has nothing whatever to do with the text. The story is thus twisted altogether from the purpose which I originally designed.

JOHN B. MARSH.

British Museum: Dec. 28.

At a sale at Messrs. Sotheby's last week occurred what were described as "Autograph Manuscripts by William Wordsworth; also verses on Camoens on the same sheet." The verses were undoubtedly in Wordsworth's hand; the rest of the MS. was a transcript by a copyist of Tasso's sonnet, "Vasco le cui felici ardite antenne," and of the note of some commentator. The lines in Wordsworth's writing were a translation of the last six lines of the sonnet, without any interlineation or correction. Though they evidently want the final touch, I think they should be preserved because they are Wordsworth's, and as an additional proof of his regard for Camoens, whom he enumerates elsewhere among great sonnet writers. I have added a version of the quatrains, that the piece may be complete. From the character of the handwriting, the lines would seem to have been written down in old age; and I am not quite certain of the word which I have transcribed as "Austral."

R. GARNETT.

"Vasco, whose bold and happy mainyard spread
Sunward thy sails where dawning glory dyed
Heaven's Orient gate; whose westering prow
the tide

Clove, where the day star bows him to his bed:
Not sterner toil than thine, or strife more dread,
Or nobler laud to nobler lyre allied,
His, who did baffled Polypheme deride;
Or his, whose scaring shaft the Harpy fled.
Camoens, he the accomplished and the good,
Gave to thy fame a more illustrious flight
Than that brave vessel, though she sailed so far.

Through him her course along the Austral flood
Is known to all beneath the polar star,
Through him the Antipodes in thy name
delight."

DANTE'S REFERENCE TO MOUNT ÆTNA.

Dorney Wood, Burnham, Bucks.

Dante in this passage (*Par.* viii. 67-70)—in which Charles Martel, eldest son of Charles II. of Naples, is represented as saying that his descendants would have been ruling in Sicily had it not been for the misgovernment of his grandfather—goes out of his way to state that the eruptions of Mount Ætna are due, not to the struggles of Typhæus, who was buried beneath the mountain, as certain of the ancients supposed (e.g. Ovid, *Metam.* v. 346-53), but to the presence of nascent sulphur. It looks very much as if Dante when he wrote this had just been reading the account of Mount Ætna given by Isidore of Seville (with whose works he was certainly acquainted). Isidore expressly attributes the volcanic phenomena to the presence of sulphur, which he says is ignited by the current of air driven by the force of the waves

through caves in the side of the mountain communicating with the sea.

"Mons Ætna ex igne et sulphure dictus. . . Constat autem hunc ab ea parte qua Eurus et Africus flat, habere speluncas plenas sulphuris, et usque ad mare deductas; quæ speluncæ recipientes in se fluctus ventum creant, qui agitatus ignem gignit ex sulphure, unde fit quod videtur incendium" (*Etym.* xiv. 8).

It may be noted further that both Dante and Isidore make mention of Euris in this connexion.
PAGET TOYNBEE.

THE MEDLEVAL JEW AND RITUAL MURDER.

In reference to the above, the following graphic passage from Voltaire's *Essai sur les Mœurs* on the dying moments of Louis XI. of France sufficiently explains the origin of the accusation:

"Enfin sentant la mort approcher, renfermé au château de Plessis-les-Tours, inaccessible à ses sujets, entouré de gardes, dévoré d'inquiétudes, il fait venir de Calabre un ermite, nommé François Martorillo, révérend depuis sous le nom de Saint François de Paule. Il se jette à ses pieds; il le supplie en pleurant d'intercéder auprès de Dieu, et de lui prolonger la vie: comme si l'ordre éternel eût dû changer à la voix d'un Calabrois dans un village de France, pour laisser dans un corps usé une âme faible et perverse plus longtemps que ne comportait la nature! Tandis qu'il demande ainsi la vie à un ermite étranger, il croit en ranimer les restes en s'abreuvant du sang qu'on tire des enfants, dans la fausse espérance de corriger l'acreté du sien. C'était un des excès de l'ignorante médecine de ces temps, médecine introduite par les Juifs, de faire boire du sang d'un enfant aux vieillards apoplectiques, aux lépreux, aux épileptiques."

It would thus appear that it is the Jews themselves, or rather their medical men in the Middle Ages, who are in a certain way responsible for this abominable fallacy. But if I remember right, some such absurd notion was equally prevalent among the foreign leeches and charlatans Rome was swarming with under the Empire.

THOMAS DELTA.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The world of publishing still remains inactive after the holidays. We have received the following:

THEOLOGY.

THE CONVERSION OF ARMENIA TO THE CHRISTIAN FAITH. By W. St. Clair-Tisdall, M.A. The Religious Tract Society.

DIE CHRONOLOGIE DER ALTCHRISTLICHEN LITTERATUR BIS EUSEBIUS. Von Adolf Harnack. Leipzig: J. C. Hinrichs'sche Buchhandlung.

DIE SACRA PARALLELA DES JOHANNES DAMASCENUS. Von Lic. Dr. Karl Holl. Leipzig: J. C. Hinrichs'sche Buchhandlung.

DIE BIBLEXEGESE MOSES MAINCINI'S. Von Dr. Wilhelm Bacher. Strasburg: Karl J. Trübner.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

COLLECTANEA. Third Series. Edited by Montagu Burton, M.A. Oxford Historical Society.

TWO DISCOURSES OF THE NAVY, 1613-1659. By John Holland. Also, A DISCOURSE OF THE NAVY, 1660. By Sir Robert Slyngsbee. Edited by J. R. Tanner, M.A. Navy Records Society.

NAVAL ACCOUNTS AND INVENTORIES OF THE REIGN OF HENRY VII., 1485-8 AND 1485-7. Edited by M. Oppenheim. Navy Records Society.

THOMAS CHALMERS (Famous Scots Series). By W. Garden Blaikie. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 1s. 6d.
LIFE OF MICHAEL ANGELO. By Herman Grimm. New edition, illustrated. J. M. Dent & Co.
TRANSACTIONS OF THE JEWISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND. Vol. II. 1894-5. Wertheimer, Lea & Co. 12s.

ART, POETRY, AND BELLES LETTRES.

THE PERSUASIVE HAND. By the author of *Times and Days*. Chiswick Press.

WIT, WISDOM, AND FOLLY. By J. Villin Marmery. Digby, Long, & Co. 6s.

ENGLISH MINSTRELSIE. Edited by S. Baring-Gould. Vol. VI. T. C. and E. C. Jack (Edinburgh).

AUSTRALIAN IDYLLS AND BUSH RHYMES. By Ernest G. Henty and E. A. Starkey. Digby, Long & Co. 3s. 6d.

FICTION.

MR. SPINKS AND HIS HOUNDS. By F. M. Lutyens. Vinton & Co. 6s.

SUMMER IN ARCADY. By James Lane Allen. J. M. Dent & Co.

DOCTOR FORENTI. By Henry Grimshawe. Digby, Long & Co. 3s. 6d.

A STORMY PAST. By May St. Claire. Digby, Long & Co. 6s.

A NEW FAUST. By Alfred Smythe. Digby, Long & Co. 6s.

AN ENGLISH WIFE. By Bertha M. M. Miniken. Digby, Long & Co. 6s.

THE WILL THAT WINS. By Quinton Simmel. Digby, Long & Co. 3s. 6d.

EDUCATIONAL.

A HIGHER FRENCH READER. By Ernest Weekley, M.A. W. B. Clive.

SCIENCE.

A TREATISE ON ORE DEPOSITS. By J. Arthur Phillips. Second Edition. Macmillan & Co.

A DICTIONARY OF BIRDS. By Alfred Newton, assisted by Hans Gadow. Part IV. Adam & Charles Black.

PHILOLOGY.

DIE SYNTAX IN DEN WERKEN ALFRED DES GROSSEN. Von Dr. J. Ernst Wülfing. Bonn: P. Hanstein's Verlag.

TOPOGRAPHY.

NOTES ON THE PARISH OF RELENHALL WITH HARLESTON, IN THE COUNTY OF NORFOLK. By Charles Candler. Jarrold & Sons.

ANTIQUITIES.

THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF SALISBURY: WITH A HISTORY OF THE SEE OF SARUM (Cathedral Series). George Bell & Sons.

THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF CANTERBURY: WITH A HISTORY OF THE ARCHIEPISCOPAL SEE (Cathedral Series). George Bell & Sons.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LES PENSÉES DE PASCAL. Par G. Michaut. Williams & Norgate.

THE EDINBURGH ALMANAC. Oliver & Boyd (Edinburgh).

THE HISTORY OF THE LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY OF NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE (1793-1896). By Dr. Robert Spence Watson. Walter Scott, 21s.

LEWISHAM PUBLIC LIBRARIES: CATALOGUE OF BOOKS AT PERRY HILL BRANCH LIBRARY.

THE CATHOLIC DIRECTORY FOR 1897. Burns & Oates. 1s. 6d.

THE SCOTISH CHURCH AND UNIVERSITY ALMANAC, 1897. Macniven & Wallace (Edinburgh).

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"Margaret Ogilvy," by J. M. Barrie. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THE *Speaker* has a sympathetic review of the book in which Mr. Barrie has enshrined the memory of his mother. Anticipating the reference to Wordsworth's "slave prying and botanising upon a mother's grave," the writer says of Mr. Barrie: "He has written in obedience to an impulse deep-rooted in our nature to use the art whose servant he is to heap honour upon the woman whose son he was." It is marvellous how, "without the painful

parade of a biographer," he has made the image of his mother to "pass rapidly before us—laughing, weeping, anxious, happy, full of household cares, and hopes beyond the grave." But delicate as it all appears, "it is really cut deep and graven hard; as lustrous a piece of work as the art of the Greek gold-workers of old." In the columns of the *National Observer* a "Literary Looker-on" appears to be interested principally in those parts of the work which give some account of the author's early essays in literature. "Within its pages," says the *Morning Post*, "we find the character of a delightful woman very fully exhibited"; in his lifelong devotion to whom Mr. Barrie enjoys "a distinction more rare and more valuable than any which his great popularity as a novelist can offer." "Nowhere in literature," says the *Literary World*, "can we recall such a narrative of the purest affection known on earth." The *Scotman* says: "The panegyric glances off the mother and dwells upon the son. A Frenchman might have written such a work without causing much surprise or reproach. . . . It is alien and offensive to Scottish human nature." So that we are glad to learn from the *Daily News* that it is "a fine, unique picture . . . of Scotch family life and character."

Miss Stisted's "True Life of Sir Richard Burton." (Nichols.)

"THE claim is made, apparently with justice," says the *Daily Chronicle*, "that upon two points the truth is told for the first time." The first of these comprises various circumstances of the marriage with Miss Isabel Arundell, including a promise that in case of his predeceasing her "no priest should be surreptitiously introduced to his death-chamber"; and the second, that at the time when the priest actually administered the sacrament of Extreme Unction Burton was dead. The *Standard* is far from acknowledging the justice of the claim. It sets side by side the passages in which Lady Burton and Miss Stisted respectively narrate the events, and points out the explicit contradictions. According to Lady Burton, it was after, and not before, the administration of the last rites that the doctor declared life to be extinct. "Has Miss Stisted herself either seen or heard from the doctor or the priest, or by what testimony is her counter statement supported?" "The real point is whether the uncorroborated assertion of a single writer can be accepted as conclusive proof against the general truth of Lady Burton's narrative." "The author has done her best to prejudice her own case by her tone . . . and animus . . ." "In treating of religious questions she shows a good deal of bad taste, verging at times upon vulgarity." The *Pall Mall* welcomes the book as "an impartial biography," agrees with Miss Stisted in her view of Lady Burton's destruction of *The Scented Garden*, and commends her style and moderation. "A very readable account of Burton's adventures," says the *Literary World*. "In scarcely one passage," writes the *Daily Mail*, "is Lady Burton referred to with kindness or with generosity."

NOTICE.

IN response to complaints as to the difficulty of obtaining this paper, we now publish a LIST OF AGENTS from whom "THE ACADEMY" may be obtained. Arrangements are now in progress for extending the country agencies, and a more complete list of these will be published shortly. We shall be pleased to receive applications for agencies from Booksellers and Stationers, and to supply them direct or through their London Agents.

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Socialism: Being Notes on a Political Tour.
By Sir Henry Wrixon. (Macmillan & Co.)

SIR HENRY WRIXON was appointed by the Government of Victoria to represent the colony at the Ottawa Conference of 1894. The conference was concerned mainly with intercolonial trade relations, and with a proposal for the construction of a direct telegraphic cable between the Dominion of Canada and the Australian colonies. The Victorian representative, however, received a sort of general commission to make inquiry into such matters of public interest as might be of special importance to the Australian communities; and the result is the present volume. Within the limitations of his opportunities, Sir Henry Wrixon has done his work excellently well. Some of the chapters, as those relating to the Fiji and Sandwich Islands, betray the circumstances of hurried travel under which they were written, and disproportionate space is sometimes given to events merely because they happened to be the topics of the hour at the time of the Commissioner's visit. In compensation we have the reflections of a singularly sane and well balanced mind, after a study, upon the spot, of the political systems of England, Canada, and the United States. No one familiar with American public life could read these pages without being struck by the historical grasp and insight they display, and the lucidity with which even the most complex problems are treated. The student of comparative politics, who is so often puzzled by the very different meanings which are attached to the word "politician" in England and the United States, may here find an adequate explanation. The enormous number of voters who have to be dealt with in America entirely alters the conditions of public life. "The incessant elections and the work of committees and primaries demand the services of a class of men who give themselves wholly to it. Those who have a business or industry of their own cannot combine politics with it." Hence the men who devote themselves to politics as truly belong to a separate class as do doctors or solicitors in England. Again, the relations of the Federal and State Governments are sketched with great clearness, and the growing strength of the central authority, and the gradual weakening of the power of the separate States is illustrated in detail by reference to such incidents as the Chicago railway strike and Coxey's march. Coxey and his hungry thousands marched through State after State, just billeting themselves on the terrified people, who were only too glad to give them food in hopes of passing them on as quickly as possible to another district, and in no instance did the State authorities venture to interfere. When occasion offered, the Coxeyites captured trains, and so sped along their way. Once 500 of them were brought 400 miles in this manner. Still the local authorities declined to act, feeling that sooner or later the Federal power would be called in. This belief proved well founded, and the end was characteristic of American reverence for the forms of law.

"The army approached the city and camped a few miles out, while Mr. Coxey in his carriage, with his daughter mounted upon a cream-coloured pony, and representing the Goddess of Peace, advanced to interview the President. Unfortunately, in going up to the White House, he walked across a grass plot, in contravention of the city bylaws, and he was thereupon immediately seized, and, upon conviction, sent to prison for twenty days."

The case of the Chicago riots, in which President Cleveland, on the pretext of securing the free passage of the United States mails, sent the Federal troops into Illinois without the consent of the Governor, is, of course, fresh in the minds of everybody, and its momentous significance, as affecting the balance of powers within the American Constitution, is here very properly insisted upon.

The famous decision of the Supreme Court which led to the withdrawal of the Income Tax Law is treated at some length, but the reasons which underlay the decision seem to have been quite misunderstood. Our author says:

"The Income Tax Law, which was passed by President and Legislature, and which was immensely popular as being a burden upon wealth only, has since been declared void by the Supreme Court, on the ground that class legislation is forbidden by the Constitution."

It is quite true that the Income Tax Law as passed by Congress was a thoroughly Socialistic measure, but to say that it was disallowed on that account is completely to misrepresent the action of the Court. We say the law was a piece of Socialism because, instead of being a tax upon the whole community, with exemptions for those on whom it might press with undue hardship, it was levied only upon the wealthy. Persons having more than £800 a year were penned apart for special taxation. Some 80,000 persons out of 70,000,000 were selected for separate treatment, and though at first the tax was only at the rate of 2 per cent., there is very little doubt but that it would soon have been increased and made progressive in its incidence. The Supreme Court decided—firstly, that income from bonds of States and municipalities are not subject to taxation by the national Government; and, secondly, that taxation on the income derived from land is equivalent to a tax upon the land itself, and therefore a direct tax to be collected as the American Constitution requires. The Constitution lays down that direct taxes must be apportioned among the several States, and that "no capitation, or other direct tax, shall be laid, unless in proportion to the census herein before directed to be taken." The law then was condemned, not at all because it was a piece of class legislation—for it was allowed as far as it concerned professional incomes or incomes from personal property, as dividends from railways or other industrial concerns—but because the Constitution had said that a tax upon land should be levied not directly upon individuals but upon the several States in proportion to their population. If the tax had been levied as originally intended upon persons having more than £800 a year, in whatever part of the Union they

lived, it is calculated that 19-20ths of the tax would have been paid by States having only 25 per cent. of the population, and that the four States of Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania would have contributed something like nine-tenths of the whole. The method of collection which became necessary when once the Supreme Court had decided that a tax upon rent was a direct tax, in the existence of conditions of wealth distribution in the States, made the whole thing an absurdity. New States and poor States, such as Nebraska or Colorado, or the Dakotas would have had to pay as much as some of the Atlantic States in which wealth has been accumulating for generations. We have dwelt upon this question, not because it is one of the few matters in which our author has gone astray, but because of its incalculable consequence to the American people. It is almost inconceivable that a free people should permanently renounce the right of direct taxation in deference to the dead hands that wrote the Constitution. To amend the Constitution requires almost a revolution; and there remains an alternative which may prove fatally attractive. Tamper with the personnel of the Supreme Court, and it would be easy to get the decision reversed. The worst enemy of democracy might be content with such a consummation.

The chapters describing the writer's experiences in England and his intercourse with the leaders of the Socialistic movement here are both instructive and suggestive, and give opportunity for some very pungent as well as shrewd observations. Those curious persons who want to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, and love to call themselves Christian Socialists, will find much interesting matter in the chapter in which the genuine Socialistic views as to religion, marriage, and the family are set forth, with chapter and verse.

JEFFERIES AND HIS CRITICS.

The Early Fiction of Richard Jefferies. Edited by Grace Toplis.

Jefferies' Land: a History of Swindon and its Inhabitants. By Richard Jefferies. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

It is said that Ibsen, after his return from exile to Norway, confided to a friend that his early treatment at the hands of the Philistines was nothing to compare with what he was suffering from his disciples the Ibsenites. Miss Grace Toplis is a Jefferies enthusiast, and it is accordingly with an enforced grimace that we receive *The Early Fiction of Richard Jefferies* from her enthusiastic hands. We do not propose to waste any time in analysing these works of a boy of eighteen; they are on a level with Walt Whitman's *Lingard's Temptation* or Shelley's *Zastrozzi*—i.e., they are absolutely of no value whatever. We open Whitman's *Pieces in Early Youth* and read "Listen, and the old will speak a chronicle for the young. Ah! youth, thou art one day coming to be old too," &c.; we open Jefferies' *Henrique Beaumont* and find, "'I will be there,

muttered Henrique, clenching his hand, as he re-seated himself upon the rustic bridge," &c. But we own to curiosity as to the mental equilibrium of disciples who can calmly rake out of the columns of country newspapers, boyish works which the beloved "Masters" spared no effort in life to suppress. "But Jefferies didn't forbid the re-issue of these tales," we think we hear Miss Toplis murmur plaintively. No, dear Madam, he probably did not foresee that fate had such loving and enthusiastic disciples in store for him. But let us hear the editress in her own defence. *Dieu et mon droit* is not the motto of the title-page, but "It required at least," says Miss Toplis, "some courage to continue a task so certain to call forth depreciatory remarks. Why, then, do these early efforts make their appearance in this permanent book form? For two reasons, the least worthy of which is that a book-lover yearns to make his collection complete, and the *Juvenilia* of other great writers are taken as read." We italicise these words, and stop to let this innocent murder take an outing in full daylight. Is it the yearning of the crowd then, or is it the vanity of the discovering disciple that causes the hack work and literary escapades of great writers every year to be cruelly served up to the great tasteless public? Which? Miss Toplis continues: "But the reason for the student is that they illustrate—as can be done by no comment from outsiders—the mental growth of the man, and his unusually slow development as a writer." This phrase sounds impressive and serious, like the "mental growth" from a University Extension lecture, and, bewildered, we turn back to the tale "Masked" to see why Jefferies' development, like Whitman and Shelley's, was so slow:

"'Double-dyed scoundrel,' she cried. 'Tempter, I scorn thee!'

"'Thou art wondrously beautiful,' repeated the doctor, gazing in undisguised admiration upon her.

"'Away,' cried the actress—'Away—thine eyes glitter like a rattlesnake's. I will have naught with thee, thou viper. Away!'" &c.

This close study of doctors' and actresses' and rattlesnakes' habits, no doubt, explains to Miss Toplis why Jefferies excelled later on as a writer on natural history. But we hope she will not work out the parallel in a fresh book.

Then can nothing stop the hand of the literary resurrectionist, or stay the professional tears of the merciless amateur, or the tame and frigid follies of adoring relatives? Nothing. Miss Toplis was warned beforehand: with a little gush of delight she quotes Mr. Salt's stern protest against anybody "resuscitating this poor stuff," and then she flutters off to offer to the public "these intellectual curios." No fidelity to a great author, it seems, can prevent the literary body-snatcher from calling the public round to look at the bones, the absolutely authentic bones, he has unearthed! Happy Jefferies who has escaped being exhibited in the flesh!

We say happy, because though Jefferies suffered much from worry, struggle, and the

ravages of disease, though pitied by Sir Walter Besant and Miss Toplis, he had the great good fortune to live his life without the kindly aid of the interviewer. The Omar Khayyam Club does not turn down a glass to his memory amid the reverential silence of the waiters and its members. No omnivorous critic delivers valedictory addresses of touching import, recalling, by the way, how he "discovered" Jefferies, and, incidentally, how the last letter Jefferies wrote was addressed to him. No, all went well in this sense till his death, when Sir Walter Besant suddenly rushed on the scene with his *Eulogy of Richard Jefferies*. Sir Walter's motives, like Miss Toplis's, are unimpeachable. His *Eulogy* was warm and floppy. He accepted the family fiction of Jefferies' death-bed conversion to Christianity, and described how he had come "to rest," and naturally the opportunity was irresistible to the writer of *The Song of the Sword*. Mr. Henley, hearing the voice of the literary verger on his rounds, stepped, sword in hand, up to the good folks worshipping at the shrine. And lo! because Sir Walter Besant had patronised Jefferies for not making hay while the sun of attention shone on him, Mr. Henley must patronise Jefferies for not being a consummate literary craftsman. Says Mr. Henley:

"To come to an end with the man. His range was very limited, and within that range his activity was excessive. Yet the consequences of his enormous effort were, and are, a trifle disappointing. He thought, poor fellow! that he had the world in his hand, and the public at his feet; whereas, truth to tell, he had only the empire of a kind of back garden, and the lordship of (as Mr. Besant has told us) some forty thousand out of a hundred million of readers."—*Views and Reviews*.

How delicately, how thoughtfully put is that "Poor fellow!" and how beautifully the phrase, "the lordship of a kind of back garden," brings to mind the English downs and fields and forests, uninhabited by stylists, unknown to the literary craftsmen!

Mr. Henley complained that Jefferies was not an artist, but "a reporter of genius," who "would have done well to leave Hodge and Hodge's masters alone, and keep to his birds, beasts, and fishes." No, Jefferies was a poet, and take away the human element from his work and you destroy the poetry. "Has anyone ever been able to write with free and genuine appreciation of even the later novels?" asks the lady who cannot read that exquisite novel *Amaryllis at the Fair*, and has reprinted *Henriques Beaumont* for fools to laugh at. Is there not the poetical novel as well as the novel of manners? we ask; and where will you find the relation of the countryman to the soil he treads, and to the air he breathes, better recorded with living realism and living poetry than in *Green Ferns Farm*, *The Dewy Morn*, *After London*, *Wood Magic*, and *Bevis*? Jefferies was a poet who found his style—despite the dictums of the stylists; he was not a literary leatherstocking only, as Mr. Henley labours to prove; and the essayist who writes six clever pages on him

and omits all mention of his poetry is either too angry or too superior to write the truth. What does it matter, the gush of painfully sincere disciples, and the attacks on a man's work that such indiscretions provoke? What does it matter that the novelists say Jefferies' novels are not novels, and the British public thinks they are chapters of natural history? He lived and wrote *The Story of My Heart*. He was the poet of the great downs and the depths of the English woods. Let that be his Epitaph. It is enough.

A GREAT BASHADOR.

A Memoir of Sir John Drummond Hay, P.C., K.C.B., G.C.M.G.; Sometime Minister at the Court of Morocco. Based on his Journals and Correspondence. With a Preface by Sir Francis W. de Winton, K.C.M.G. (John Murray.)

FOR forty years, from 1846 to 1886, Sir John Drummond Hay was at the Court of Morocco the power which the Great Elchi, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, was at Constantinople in the days before the Crimean War. He had a perfect knowledge of the country and of its people, and for many years was looked upon by the Sultan as his most trustworthy adviser and best friend; so much so that Mulai Abderahman asked him to take charge of the conduct of Foreign Affairs on behalf of the Moorish Government in 1856. Though he never for a moment relaxed his efforts on behalf of English interests, he was regarded with implicit confidence by high and low alike; for his purity of motive, tenacity of purpose, and his ever ready and shrewd advice won the respect and good opinion of the people of Morocco. He had a wonderful knowledge of Arabic, and could speak familiarly with persons of every degree, and his love of sport endeared him to the wild tribes of the Riff coast and of the interior. For forty years he was the virtual ruler of Morocco, and his daughters have done a public service in compiling from notes and letters this record of a great man who was left in Morocco, instead of being given high office elsewhere, only because successive governments considered him absolutely indispensable in that country.

Sir John Drummond Hay was born on June 1, 1816, at Valenciennes, where his father, a major in the 73rd regiment, was on the staff of Lord Lynedoch. Sir John was educated at Edinburgh, where among his schoolfellows was A. C. Tait, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. In 1827 he was sent to Charterhouse, and two years later his father was appointed Political Agent and Consul-General in Morocco. In 1832 Sir John was sent for by his father, and went to Tangier, where he was put under a Spanish tutor, and began to acquire his mastery of foreign languages. He afterwards travelled in Spain, and in 1838 visited England, when he applied to Lord Palmerston for a diplomatic appointment, with the result that in 1840, after a few weeks as assistant clerk at the Foreign

Office, he was sent to Alexandria, where the Mehemet Ali question caused a press of work. In the same year he was transferred to Constantinople, where he was under Lord Ponsonby and his successor, Sir Stratford Canning, from whom Sir John declared he learned the art of Eastern diplomacy. In 1844 he went to England on leave, and then to Copenhagen, where he met his future wife; but as France and Morocco were on the eve of war he volunteered to go to Tangier, and arrived there shortly after the bombardment of that town by the Prince de Joinville. His father at that time was with the Court at Marakesh, and soon after his return succumbed to low fever brought on by the arduous journey and by worry and vexation. Sir John was therefore placed in temporary charge of the Consulate-General, and in 1845 was confirmed as Political Agent and Consul-General in succession to his father.

A few months after his appointment he set off to Marakesh to present his credentials to the Sultan Mulai Abderahman, and then began to acquire that influence which he continued to exercise in Morocco, even after his retirement forty years later. On his journey he frequently found it necessary to insist on his position, and to exact proper respect from the governors. As John Hay he declared he would shake hands or break bread with the poorest Moslem; but as British Agent no Moor or man should slight him. On another occasion he had to visit the fanatical governor of Azamov, and was received with great insolence, the guards squatting in double line outside the governor's kiosk instead of being drawn up in line to salute him. Some of them even had their legs sprawled out in his way, and these he trampled upon or kicked aside, much to their dismay. As he entered the governor neither rose nor saluted him, but merely held out his hand, which Sir John seized and pulled him off his seat, which was the only one in the room, immediately seating himself upon it. For a moment it was a matter of life or death; but Sir John lectured the governor on his insolence, and in the end the Moor apologised, and the two became great friends. In 1847 Sir John was promoted to be *Chargé d'Affaires*, and ten years later was made a C.B. in recognition of his great services in developing British trade and influence, putting down the Riffian pirates, and negotiating a Treaty of Commerce. During the war between Spain and Morocco he protected the Spanish Legation and chapel from the violence of the mob; and after he had aided in making peace, and had obtained a loan on the Customs Duties on behalf of Morocco, was made a K.C.B. in 1862. Ten years later he was made Minister Plenipotentiary, and, finally, in 1886, having reached his seventieth year, he retired from the service. He still spent his winters in Morocco, himself in writing the notes which are the foundation of this book. He died at Wedderburn Castle, Berwickshire, on November 27, 1893, and by a coincidence the halyard of the flag of the Legation at Tangier broke on the morning of his death, and the flag remained at half-mast the whole day.

A NEW ENGLAND PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Authors and Friends. By Annie Fields. (Fisher Unwin.)

IN seeking the truth about a man the testimony of an everyday friend—even after allowing for partiality and the blindness to faults that may accompany affectionate intimacy—is often more illuminative far than an array of facts, however circumstantial, marshalled by the professional biographer. Where there is love there is truth; and the secret places of a character are better lighted by a single vivid flash than by a steady uniform glow. It is Mrs. Fields's privilege to dart a few such rays. In this book she gives of some of America's most honoured writers sketches supplemental to the biographies of them that already exist. In almost every case we learn something new, for Mrs. Fields draws only upon her own experience. Given a sunny nature without guile, such as hers must be, a sympathetic intelligence, an observing eye, and a gift of clear expression, and the world must be richer. *Authors and Friends* is not in any sense a great book, nor does it deal with the greatest, but it is wealthy in very excellent human nature, a little over proof.

Mrs. Fields (who is the widow of the American publisher and poet, James T. Fields) writes best of Longfellow, Holmes, and Whittier, because it was these that she loved best. With Emerson and Tennyson she was less at home. Altogether we are most interested in her picture of the Autocrat. Holmes was in himself so charming a man that nothing written about him can fail to carry charm with it. Even the recently-published *Life* of him, dull though the author made it, is still a book to prize; though we hasten to counsel all people who possess it to buy Mrs. Fields's book too, by way of filling in the chinks left by the more formal biographer. For instance, Mrs. Fields tells how, in his younger days, Holmes liked to be called Professor (thus, by the way, differing from Matthew Arnold and that Oxford scholar who, on being addressed in that style by a correspondent, exclaimed, "Why will he call me Professor? I can't cut hair, and I don't know any conjuring tricks!") and this simple fact is more instructive than pages of text. Some of Mrs. Fields's stories of the Autocrat are well found. Thus, on being asked what he thought of a certain lecture, "Yes, yes," said Dr. Holmes, "I don't doubt it was very good; but the speaker is such an unpleasant person! He is just one of those fungi that always grow upon universities!" Again, in his old age, a careful maid once asked if he minded climbing two flights of stairs to see a rich friend. "I laughed when she asked me," he said; "for I shall have to climb a good many more than that before I see the angels." The Longfellow stories are illuminative too: when a refusal of any kind, says Mrs. Fields, became necessary, it was wonderful to see how gently it was expressed. A young person having written from a Western city to request him to write a poem for her class, he said, "I could not write it, but tried to

say 'No' so softly that she would think it better than 'Yes.'" Once an autograph-hunter wrote saying that he "loved poetry in most any style," and would Mr. Longfellow "please copy his 'Break, break, break,' for the writer?" Here is a scrap of a letter from Whittier:

"Were I Autocrat, I would see to it that every young man over twenty-five and every young woman over twenty was married without delay. Perhaps, on second thought, it might be well to keep one old maid and one old bachelor in each town, by way of warning, just as the Spartans did their drunken helots."

And Mr. Fields conjures up a curious picture of the Quaker poet when she tells how, in speaking of Rossetti's ballad of "Sister Helen," Whittier "confessed to being strangely attracted to this poem because he could remember seeing his mother, 'who was as good a woman as ever lived,' and his aunt performing the same strange act of melting a waxen figure of a clergyman of their time."

We cannot always quite agree (yet why should we?) with Mrs. Fields. It is when she indulges more than usual in what has been called the American habit of "cynifying geese" that we disagree most. Thus, in writing of Celia Thaxter, she says, "While White's *Selborne*, and the pictures of Bewick, and Thoreau's *Walden*, and the *Autobiography* of Richard Jefferies endure, so long will *Among the Isles of Shoals* hold its place with all lovers of nature." This is not sound criticism. In classing Jefferies's *Story of My Heart* with these other works Mrs. Fields commits a grave error, and we also doubt the truth of her prophecy. Moreover, the book, which is mainly a collection of articles contributed to magazines, might have been more carefully revised. Thus we find on p. 96 this story: "After an agreeable conversation with a gentleman who had suffered from ill-health, Emerson remarked, 'You formerly bragged of bad health, sir; I trust you are all right now?'" and, on p. 309, Mrs. Fields records that Emerson was once heard to say to Whittier solicitously: "I hope you are pretty well, sir! I believe you formerly bragged of bad health." These being probably the same story, one version should have been omitted. But we wish to say nothing in dispraise of so very kindly a book.

AN ASTRONOMER-ROYAL.

The Autobiography of Sir George Biddell Airy, Astronomer - Royal, 1836 - 1881. Edited by Wilfrid Airy, B.A. (Cambridge University Press.)

"THE ruling feature of Sir George Airy's character," says his son, the editor of these memoirs, "was undoubtedly order."

"From the time that he went up to Cambridge to the end of his life his system of order was strictly maintained. He wrote his autobiography up to date soon after he had taken his degree, and made his first will as soon as he had any money to leave. His accounts were perfectly kept by double entry all his life, and he valued extremely the order of book-keeping. . . . He seems never to have destroyed a docu-

ment of any kind. . . . He sometimes spoke of mathematics as a system of order carried to a considerable extent."

Such being the character of the man we have to deal with, one is naturally prepared beforehand for a large amount of method in the memoirs he has left; yet even so the realisation cannot fail to surprise one. It carries us back over sixty or seventy years to the every-day life at Cambridge with a minuteness that would be trivial were it not so startling. Whewell and Adam Sedgwick were undergraduates in those days, and Airy's most intimate friends, continuing so right on till death removed first one and then the other. Of Airy's own story, the main point here, we may begin by saying that he was of humble origin, but born with a genius for mathematics. His first tutor was little more than a foil for his intellect. At Cambridge his life was a series of successes, tempered by a somewhat severe struggle for existence. Fellowships and tutorships were his almost for the asking, and that at Trinity, in the days of Whewell! He was elected co-Fellow with Macaulay, and beat the great Babbage in a contest for the Lucasian professorship. The latter post determined the bent he had long felt towards astronomy, as it carried with it the control of the Cambridge Observatory, from which he made but a step to Greenwich, on the retirement of Mr. Pond.

As a sample of the system on which Airy's undergraduate life was conducted, the following passages are instructive—he would be a bold man who could fearlessly add *amusing*:

"On February 1 I commenced two excellent customs. One was that I always had on my table a quire of large-sized scribbling paper sewn together, and upon this everything was entered: translations into Latin and out of Greek, mathematical problems, memoranda of all kinds, the latter generally with the date of the day. This is a most valuable custom. The other was this: as I perceived that to write Latin prose well would be useful to me, I wrote a translation of English into Latin every day.

"Among miscellaneous matters, I find that on March 22 of this year I began regularly making extracts from the books of the Book Society, a practice which I continued to March, 1826.

"I cannot tell precisely in which year I introduced the following useful custom. Towards the end of each year I procured a pocket-book for the following year, with a space for each day, and carefully examining all the sources of elements of observations. . . . I inserted them in the pocket-book."

These quotations serve to show what sort of qualities Airy brought to bear on his work and on the successive offices he enjoyed, and if, as his son asserts, his passion for order grew at the end of his life so great that he thought more of docketing his letters than of reading them, it had at least this merit, that it enabled him to reform and set an example for the systems of all European observatories.

To an outside reader, Airy's Cambridge life, with its record of great names, its enthusiasms, and its variety, will be interest-

ing or not according as it strikes a sympathetic or unsympathetic chord; but inasmuch as it would never have been published if Airy had not been made Astronomer-Royal, we are bound to regard it as less important than the latter part of the volume. Airy was a model Astronomer-Royal. He brought to the work an untiring intellect, a marvellous memory, of which he was very proud, an endless capacity for work, and a stern sense of duty. The Observatory, if not quite an Augean stable when he took it, was suffering from very lax management and required thorough reform. Airy's rigid system of order was a sovereign cure for laxity. In the course of his long possession of the office he made on the whole few mistakes, and only one bad one, that being his failure to recognise the discovery of Neptune by Adams. Airy's journal admits that in regard to this matter he was "savagely attacked," but does not furnish such a full or ungrudging explanation as we should have liked to see. For the rest, he brought the observatory under his charge to a wonderful state of efficiency, and linked it to several utilitarian projects. Among these was the distribution of solar time by means of time balls and governed clocks. Airy also carried out the experiments required to determine the error of compasses in iron ships, and the variation of density below the earth's crust. He interested himself in bridge building, in drainage schemes, in decimal coinage, and the institution of standard weights and measures. His private life was a model of simplicity and domestic affection. Taken all round, he was one of a rare type of men of whom the world may well be proud—men whose devotion is stronger than their inclinations, and whose habits have been grown in the school of severe self-discipline.

SPECIMEN PROSE.

English Prose Selections. Edited by Henry Craik. Vol. V. "Nineteenth Century." (Macmillan & Co.)

WITH this instalment Mr. Craik brings to a close a difficult and important task. The *English Prose Selections* must naturally challenge comparison with the four volumes of *The English Poets*, edited some years ago by Mr. Humphrey Ward, for the same publishers. But it is a comparison in which the younger enterprise is at many a disadvantage. Our prose literature is of much greater bulk and much less easy to ransack than our poetry; it lends itself much less readily to selection; and when the greatest names are set aside, there is much less unanimity as to who deserves admission, who exclusion. Moreover, although Mr. Craik has been able to secure the help of a body of competent critics, he could hardly match the authority and the persuasiveness of such names as Mark Pattison, Matthew Arnold, and Walter Pater, all of whom appear on Mr. Ward's list. Matthew Arnold may indeed be looked upon as the inspiring genius of the scheme. To-day, though we have critics in plenty, we have no such golden interpreters.

Nevertheless, Mr. Craik's knowledge and industry have produced a good book; not merely a good anthology—in itself an excellent thing, to our notion—but also a good introduction to a side of English literature which has hardly received its fair share of attention. For in spite of the pioneer work of Prof. Minto and Prof. Saintsbury, and Mr. Henley and Mr. Arthur Galton, and many another, the development of our prose style is a subject still in need of its erudite and epoch-making historian, who, when he comes, will certainly find much valuable material ready to his hand in the selections and essays of Mr. Craik's five volumes. Looking back over the work now happily complete, we have nothing but praise for the labour and skill that have been lavished upon it. The selections are nearly always well-chosen, the criticism is practical and discriminating. The introductory chapters to each period are full of matter, and even more full of suggestion. In the present volume the lion's share of the work is, as usual, taken by Mr. Craik himself and his three principal coadjutors—Prof. Saintsbury, Ward, and W. P. Ker. The first and last of the four must really share the laurels of the whole book; they have been uniformly sensible, lucid, and helpful. Prof. Ward, although learned and painstaking, has not the same knack of giving literary form to his disquisitions, while of Prof. Saintsbury we are beginning to feel that there is no longer any subject under the sun on which he has anything to tell us that he has not told us before. Among the younger men, praise is due to Mr. Beeching who writes on Church and Newman, and Prof. Raleigh, to whom Charlotte Brontë and Louis Stevenson are allotted. Good work is also done by Prof. W. M. Dixon. Mr. J. H. Millar, on the other hand, distinguishes imperfectly between criticism and reviewing. It is not really permissible to "slate" J. S. Mill. The only other fault we have to find is that one volume, bulky though it be—the present one amounts to 780 pages—is not proportionately sufficient space to devote to the immense mass of nineteenth century prose. The selections from many of the writers dealt with are inadequate in number. Lamb, De Quincey, and Landor are among the sufferers; and one seems to detect herein a sign of Mr. Craik's austerer taste, nourished upon eighteenth century models, and wincing at any approach to the Asiatic in style. The best and most comprehensive of editors has his personal equation.

TWO BIBLIOGRAPHICAL BOOKS.

A Bibliography of Guns and Shooting. By Wirt Gerrare. (Roxburghe Press.)

THIS is, on the whole, a disappointing book. It is true that every special bibliography, even the worst (which this is far from being), is of more or less use to those whom it concerns; and there is abundant evidence that the author of the present work is genuinely interested in his subject and has devoted considerable labour to the accumulation of material. But it is impossible to shut one's

eyes to the fact that the book as it stands has serious defects. The chief of these are: the want of a clearly defined limit to the subject treated of, a needlessly complicated arrangement, and a want of method, of accuracy, and of proportion in the separate entries. With regard to the first of these points, the book seems intended to bridge over a gap between purely military bibliographies and those dealing exclusively with sport, but it trespasses to a certain extent on both these subjects, especially the latter, so that even with the aid of the preface it is difficult to ascertain what is or should be included or rejected. This defect would be less apparent if the arrangement adopted for the book were as satisfactory in practice as it seems in theory. Accuracy, we are sorry to say, is much to seek in the treatment of the several entries. The foreign titles especially are in a far too large proportion defective either in grammar ("Machinis bellicis, Heronis mechanici," is one entry; see also, among a hundred others, Nos. 11, 101, 121) or spelling: some (*e.g.*, Nos. 613, 1901) resemble nothing so much as extracts from a third-rate second-hand bookseller's catalogue. Some entries are repeated (as Nos. 155, 175) with fresh blunders: no less than a page and a half is devoted to the *Maison Rustique*, a book which is only in the most remote degree connected with shooting: the treatment of MSS. is grossly inadequate, and the author's invariable practice of inserting his own remarks between the title of the book and the imprint, in the same type, is confusing. The book is well got up on the whole, but the absence of a date on the title-page is quite inexcusable.

Catalogue des Bibliographies Géologiques.
Rédigé par Emm. de Margerie. (Paris.)

THE size of this catalogue of geological bibliographies, a portly volume of over 750 pages in octavo, is sufficient to show to what an enormous bulk the literature here summarised has grown, and the need of a trustworthy guide to thread its mazes. The work is admirably done, and the Bibliographical Committee of the International Geological Congress, which promoted and publishes the book, and M. de Margerie, its editor, to whom the credit of its execution almost wholly belongs, may be congratulated on having achieved a really noteworthy and useful task. The work of compilation, as we learn from the preface, was assigned to eminent geologists of the principal nations, and before the end of 1892 all the titles, 2,430 in number, had been sent in to the editor. The inevitable result followed. Each worker had executed his part on a different system and scale from the others, and M. de Margerie was compelled to recast the whole. In doing so, he was able to add almost 1,500 titles to those sent in, the final total being 3,918. Those who know by experience how heartbreaking is the task of rewriting other people's work will be best able to appreciate M. de Margerie's success in reducing, by four years of constant labour, his materials to order and cohesion. The arrangement is carried out on broad lines and with as much simplicity as the volume

of matter to be dealt with and the nature of the subject allow; and the only suggestions that we should have felt inclined to offer have been anticipated by the editor in his preface. The greater convenience of arranging the bibliographies of geological writers in a single alphabet has been foregone in order to keep the work of each contributor separate as far as possible. This reason is not so convincing as it would have been had not so large a proportion of the material been due not to joint labour, but to the editor; and the disadvantages of placing the writers under their several countries are sufficiently obvious. The scantiness of the indices at the end is not likely to lessen to any appreciable extent the usefulness of the book as a whole.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN THE MAGAZINES.

THE popular impression concerning Lamb is that he was a poor man. The essay entitled "Old China" is probably the basis upon which this theory rests, supported, also, by our knowledge of the frugal habits of Elia and his sister, and the sparse figure cut by the essayist in all pictures of him. It appears, however, from an article in *Macmillan's Magazine*, that Lamb was, during the later years of his life, by no means needy. Although, it is true, he began at the East India House in a very modest way with (after his probationary period was ended) the identical amount upon which Goldsmith's vicar passed for rich, he rose in the twenty years following to £240. Then, in 1815, a re-organisation took place, and Lamb came out of it the receiver of £480 a year, a sum which steadily increased until, in 1821, it reached £700, remaining at that figure until just before his retirement, when it became £730. On his retirement, after thirty-three years of service, Lamb was granted a pension of £441 per annum. When it is remembered that there were various methods of making extra money at the India House, and also that Lamb's literary work was well paid for, it will be seen that he was—latterly, at any rate—in no very pitiable plight.

Another writer in *Macmillan's* places novelists of Irish life under review, from Maria Edgeworth to Mr. Frank Mathew. In these two extremes, indeed, he finds his best examples, although between them come Lever and Lover, Gerald Griffin and Le Fanu, Miss Lawless and Miss Barlow. In Mr. Mathew the Irish novelist of the future is discovered. "Ireland," says the writer, "though she ought to count herself amply justified of her children, is still complaining that she is misunderstood among the nations; she is for ever crying out for some one to give her keener sympathy, fuller appreciation, and exhibit herself and her grievances to the world in a true light. The result is that kind of insincerity and special pleading which has been the curse of Irish literature." The Irish novelist of the future must have more style and more fidelity to facts.

In her essay upon "Ethics and Literature" in the *Contemporary Review* Miss Julia Wedgwood contrasts Stevenson and Scott very interestingly. Her subject is

the positive influence for morality which is wielded by the novelist, and the change that has come over the fiction which belongs to a period the beginning of which was Darwin's great discovery. Mr. Meredith and George Eliot are cited as examples of a non-moral (not immoral) and a moral writer. Miss Wedgwood next turns to Stevenson, whom she ranks with Mr. Meredith as a non-moral novelist, and compares his method in his last story, *Weir of Hermiston*, with that of Scott in a similar story. Stevenson has "entire scientific impartiality: he describes good and bad in the same tones." No one ever felt Scott to be cold. No doubt, says the critic, he who echoes the exact dialect of the hour is easiest to read; but Scott will, she considers, be considered by posterity the truer artist of the two. Miss Wedgwood, whose essay is worthy attention as careful as her own preparation of it, continues with some remarks concerning Shakespeare. Here is a passage:

"We speak of the universal sympathies of Shakespeare, but they are not universal in any other sense than this. In truth, we should feel any modern novelist who worked within so restricted a framework as his extremely narrow. The range of his art leaves untouched a large part of human interest; many people lead full and useful lives, and never know anything of a single emotion made immortal by his genius. . . . He lived at the high tide of the Reformation, and he never gives us a Catholic or a Protestant; he lived in the full current of the Renaissance, and he never represents a student or a printer; he lived when the artist was an honoured guest at Courts, and he never introduced an artist. Is it, then, by stupid flattery that we talk of his infinite variety? By no means. It is because within this narrow range his sympathies are absolutely elastic. He makes us sympathise with Macbeth, and with the enemies of Macbeth—with Julius Cæsar, and with the murderers of Julius Cæsar. He paints the conqueror of Agincourt, and he echoes the remonstrance of his rank and file."

In *Scribner's*, next a story entitled "The Bashfulness of Bodley" (which is an alliance one had never suspected), we find an account of Victor Hugo's home in Guernsey by G. Jeannot, the artist, who was taken to the island by the wish to come more thoroughly into sympathy with the author whose romances he has illustrated. Hauteville House has often been described before, though not more interestingly than by M. Jeannot, who considers Hugo's exile no disadvantage to him, in that it is reasonable to believe that to him "the expansive power of this volcano had acquired a far greater explosive force by being concentrated in so small a space." The following passage contains no new statement, but it may well be printed here:

"Two immense H's form the central ornamentation [of the dining-room], which is surmounted by a Virgin of porcelain holding the infant Jesus in her arms. This is unexpected enough. On either side are two beautifully shaped vases; and above, in the old oak of the cornice, are written these lines, which seem to apply to the Virgin, and to make of her a kind of Goddess of Liberty:

"Le peuple est petit, mais il sera grand;
Dans tes bras sacrés, ô mère féconde,
O Liberté sainte, au pas conquérant,
Tu portes l'enfant qui porte le monde."

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

Shapes in the Fire. By M. P. Shiel. "Key-Notes Series." (John Lane.)

MR. SHIEL'S book is one of those peculiarly irritating to a reviewer. He has undeniable talent. The story called "Maria in the Rose Bush" is quite good. The relations of the artist Deianeira, morganatic Gräfin von Hohenschwangau, on the one hand to the painter Albrecht Dürer, on the other to her own hard-riding warrior husband, are finely conceived, and worked out with scholarship and a sense of style. The other six stories we can regard only as utter foolishness. Mr. Shiel has apparently striven beyond all things to be eccentric. By extravagance of expression, by a liberal coinage of impossible and ugly words, by an ostentation of occult and intricate lore, he has sought to create an impression of Poe-like mystery and luxury. Of unbridled fancy we find much in the book; of vital, fusing imagination very little. At his best, Mr. Shiel is incomprehensible; at his worst, as in the preface, he descends to the sheerest impertinence. We regret to see real powers so squandered, and can only trust that a time may come when Mr. Shiel will take into his head the new whim of treating his art seriously.

In the Garden of Peace. By Helen Milman. (John Lane.)

THIS is a book more for the lover of birds even than for the lover of flowers, for the garden was a birds' paradise. "Peas may be a delicious dainty, but what are peas to the song of a blackbird, or the glint of green in the sunlight as a green finch flits across the garden?" So says Miss Milman somewhere. "Green peas can be purchased for a paltry sum," she adds, "but untold gold will not bring the birds as they come to us." Therefore the birds were allowed to do as they liked, and in return they gave Miss Milman the freedom of their nests, and sang to her all day, and carried her thoughts to quiet places. She writes of these, her friends, with grave charm. From the security of her sylvan sanctuary she watched them at all hours, entering into their very souls, and here is the record of her observations. The quiet life of an old retired garden was never better set down: the book is true to its beautiful title. One of the prettiest chapters is called "Apartments to Let," and tells of the nesting of a pair of big tits. They looked at a square box on the sill of Miss Milman's window, went away, came again, and took possession. But for three days they did nothing but drop a little moss in. On the evening of the third day, however,

"Mother Big Tit took up her abode there, and said to her mate that the following morning he must really get to work at a proper nest, and stop fooling about, for she meant business and was going to lay an egg. This thoroughly frightened him."

The eggs were laid and hatched.

"We'll never have a large family again, my dear," said the father, as he dropped a big green

caterpillar into the gutter by mistake. 'I can't think why you lay so many eggs.' 'Because I like to be a credit to my race,' answered the mother, as bravely as she could."

Leaving birds for the moment, Miss Milman turns to the beds:

"To one who has a garden soul," she says in one place, "the grouping of flowers becomes not only a labour of intense love, but a distinct art. And I would have you cast as much thought on the arrangement of colour as an artist would on his model's drapery. . . . Above all things, bear in mind that colour is what a garden stands in need of most; and the colour must be in masses, in different shades if you like, but in sufficient quantity to attract the eye at once. . . . Round an old Elizabethan house you would plant a border of eucalyptus and nicotina, rosemary and China roses, so that, leaning out of your window at night to hold communion with the stars that sprinkle the blue, a sweet scent would be wafted to you, to tempt you to dream of the flowers." [This, in December, is maddening!] . . . "Let everything be planted with a meaning. I stand white Madonna lilies as sentinels at the entrance of my rosary. . . ."

These passages give a hint of Miss Milman's quality. The book has a number of Mr. E. H. New's vivid drawings, which, in their way, are as welcome and pleasant as the text.

On the Broads. By Anna Bowman Dodd. (Macmillans.)

THE patronage of the public is the only possible justification for the appearance of such a book as this. *On the Broads*, which is a record of a brief holiday spent on the inland waters of Norfolk, contains no information likely to be of the slightest use to intending visitors, nor has it sufficient literary merit to atone for its practical deficiencies. Miss Dodd, it is true, makes no pretence of writing a book of interest to the yachtsman; her knowledge of seamanship is admittedly of the meagrest; but her portraits of sailors equally lack verisimilitude and vigour, and her wherry-men speak of "tying in their sheets," and accomplish such impossible feats as "sailing right round an oblong broad without tacking." She has considerable descriptive power, but her observations are neither novel nor minute, and her finest pictures breathe more of the sensuous atmosphere of a Southern rose-garden than of the silent and mysterious Broads, with their perpetual twilight, their chilly exhalations, and their indefinable sense of distance and obscurity. A pretty love-story gives a certain cohesion to the book, but scarcely a page is unmarred by trivial generalities and meaningless witticisms. Mr. Joseph Pennell's illustrations amply compensate for the deficiencies of the text. Mr. Pennell has seized, and the printer has reproduced, with extraordinary skill the peculiar features of the Norfolk landscape. The drawings of "Horning Ferry Inn" (p. 101), "On the Yare" (p. 275), and "Cantley Regatta" (pp. 311, 317) are a revelation, and alone constitute a sufficient justification of the artist Reynard's description of the Broads as "the most paintable country in existence." *On the Broads* is well

worth buying for the sake of its illustrations alone.

Luther's Primary Works, together with his Shorter and Larger Catechisms. Translated and Edited by Henry Wace, D.D., and C. A. Buchheim, Ph.D. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

IN the critical year of grace 1520 Luther made a threefold appeal against certain contemporary doctrines and doings. To the Pope he explained, in the "Treatise on Christian Liberty," what he held to be the cardinal truths of Christianity. In the "Address to the Nobility" he appealed to abuses and exactions as evidence of the need for reformation, and thrust against the "three walls" by which the authority of the Church was fortified: that the Temporal Power had no jurisdiction over the Spirituality; that none might interpret the Scriptures but the Pope; and that none but he might summon a Council. The treatise "On the Babylonish Captivity of the Church" is addressed to his friend Hermann Tulichius: that "the Papacy is the mighty hunting of the Bishop of Rome" is its burden; and with every weapon to his hand, with ridicule and with Scripture texts, he hacks therein at the developments of the sacramental system. From whatever point of view the reader approaches these documents, even at a distance of three centuries, and when the questions they trenchantly discuss are for all the world finally settled one way or the other, he cannot remain insensible to the fiery spirit by which they are informed. They set their mark upon an epoch, and are well worthy, even in these last days, of the conscientious pains which the editors have effectually bestowed upon the rendering of them. The volume includes a sympathetic but temperate essay upon Luther's "Primary Principles" from the pen of Dr. Wace, and the "Political Course of the Reformation in Germany" is treated by Dr. Buchheim.

MR. JOHN MURRAY issues the ninth edition of his *Handbook for Travellers in Lower and Upper Egypt*. It is edited by Miss Mary Brodrick with the assistance of Prof. Sayce and Captain H. G. Lyons, R.E., and the editor acknowledges the valuable aid of other specialists. It is impossible to look through this handy volume, handy with its thousand pages, without admiring the completeness and compression everywhere manifest. Considering our connexion with Egypt, this work is much more than a guide-book; and its place is the shelf at home not less than the traveller's valise.

The Catholic Directory, of which the sixtieth annual issue is to hand (Burns & Oates) contains particulars of every Roman Catholic diocese in England, the Catholic Hierarchy, lists of Catholic peers and Members of Parliament, the Ecclesiastical Calendar for England and Wales, and a mass of other official information respecting Catholic education and the Catholic Press.

POETRY.

POPE LEO XIII.'S NEW POEM.

KINGS have been versifiers often; but Pontiffs rarely. St. Damasus in the fifth century was something of a poet—the laureate of the Catacombs. But the present Pontiff is the most various and considerable versifier of all the Petrine line. "Peter in Metre" might head an article of some bulk about the excellence of his Latin style, illustrated by quotations which range, in time of composition, from 1822 to this very last Christmas Day, when a set of historical verses owning his high authorship was read out by the Archbishop in the Cathedral at Reims. How many a minor poet must envy the Pope his opportunities—prelates to read his lines from minster pulpits to the assembled citizens.

The cracked-plate theory applies also to a sickly constitution—it often lasts longest. The Pope is more than eighty-seven years of age; but when he was only twenty he composed some verses on his health—you would say the health of a dying man. He addresses himself when he says:

"Wakeful till latest night, thy limbs in vain
Court needful rest; nor sleep nor food
restore
The strength unknown—thine eyes, all
darkened o'er,
Dejected sink, while racked the head with
pain.

"Fever consumes thee; chill, as ice congeals,
Or parched with burning thirst. Pallid as
death
Each several feature; toils the weary
breath—
Through all thy fainting form the languor
steals.

"Why dream of future years with promise
bland,
While Fate swift urges? Then I said:
'No fear
My spirit shall quell! Death draws, in-
deed, so near?'
Cheerful I wait, to grasp his bony hand.

"No fading joys allurements offer now;
All undelayed I pant for bliss supreme!
Glad as when wanderer's footsteps home
return,
Or sailor when to harbour veers his prow."

There, where you least expect it, is the note of Mr. Henley and of Stevenson. "No fear my spirit shall quell," says the Pope in the mood of Mr. Henley's "I am the captain of my fate"; and Stevenson's "Gladly I die," with his sailor home from the sea and his huntsman home from the hill, has an almost exact counterpart in the closing lines of Leo XIII.'s early verses.

Later, but still with Death as a friend in view, the Pope composed some lines as an inscription on his own portrait. Later still his muse became less personal. He tried, for instance, a stanza on photography:

"Man doth new power to the sun impart;
Nature and science here combine:
Strive he with all but matchless art,
Apelles' touch must yield to thine."

That may be bad sentiment for the por-

trait-painter; but the Latinity of the expression is very nearly perfect.

The latest poem of Leo XIII. is also the longest. Nineteen stanzas of four lines each constitute the Ode on the fourteenth centenary of the baptism of Clovis. The event took place at Reims—hence the appropriateness of the commemoration there. The various verses review events of French history; and they are particularly curious as illustrations of the partiality of the reigning Pontiff for France—the only country, except his own, whose language he can speak with fluency and whose literature he can read. England, however, will hardly resent, and Mr. Andrew Lang will hail, the allusion to Joan of Arc, who found

"In Heaven the strength whereby she drove
from France
The English sword and lance."

But Germany, who has more recent memories, is conscious that this said Clovis sung by the Pope was he who was victorious over the Teuton, and the first two lines of the stanzas which close the poem, despite the pious proviso which follows, may yet be a nursery of international jealousies:

"For ever, while the ages shall advance,
Flourish above all lands the land of France!
Provided that the Holy Faith be still
The goal of all her will:
Nothing before Christ's faith; nor fortunate
Is sought for long without it. Hence your
state
Drew her old fame. And may this still be all
The glory of the Gaul!"

The Year of Shame. By William Watson.
With an Introduction by the Bishop of
Hereford. (John Lane.)

You have ten pages of preface from the Bishop of Hereford, and one page of "author's note" from "W. W." himself (the poet doubtless delights in the use of the initials that were Wordsworth's too), before you come to a dedicatory sonnet "To a Lady," a daughter of Ireland, who is urged to put aside the sorrows of her own land,

"And mourn with me an ancient Orient race
Outcast and doomed and disinherited";

and then you are with "the Turk in Armenia" face to face. The situation is familiar; and Mr. Watson has made it so. England may be said to know by heart much that is here put into her hands. "Sixteen of the sonnets," says Mr. Watson, "are here reprinted—in some cases with alteration—from my pamphlet, *The Purple East*. The remaining pieces have not appeared before—except in newspapers!" The mark of exclamation is our own; and we leave it to the poet to settle with the editors of the *Daily Chronicle* and the *Daily News* this question of the relative publicity of a pamphlet and a paper. "Except in newspapers"—where else could they possibly appear with so much prominence and in such enormous duplication? It is because they have so appeared that they are now familiar almost beyond this business of reviewing. The stately lines

headed "How weary is our heart" have been printed already in our own columns.

Mr. Watson's fine qualities as a poet, which these verses admirably illustrate, are also familiar by now. Not all poets have merits that are so obvious. We do not mean by that to say that they are cheap. He is a most stately composer; his diction is limpid as it is elegant; and if the philosophy of rhyme is rightly defined as a pleasant exercise and marriage of memory and expectation, then Mr. Watson has popularised that philosophy. Among living poets he is one whom the greatest number of persons prefer to read for satisfaction to the mental ear. He never disappoints with faulty metre, or fails you in musical line or sounding rhyme. Such qualities are the very ones that serve a poet who is the patriot too. He is so restrained and masterly an artist that his rare violence ought to command respect and to compel thought. His message goes out broadcast; and, but for "The Plague of Apathy" that he laments, there must somehow come a response to such lines as those that appear with that heading:

"THE PLAGUE OF APATHY.

"The dewfall of compassion, is it o'er
So soon? So soon is dead indifference come?
From wintry sea to sea the land lies numb.
With palsy of the spirit stricken sore,
The land lies numb from iron shore to shore.
The unconcerned—they flourish; loud are
some,
And without shame. The multitude stand
dumb.
The England that we vaunted is no more.
Only the witling's sneer, the worldling's
smile,
The weakling's tremors, fail him not who fain
Would rouse to noble deed. And all the
while
A homeless people, in their mortal pain,
Toward one far and famous ocean isle
Stretch hands of prayer, and stretch those
hands in vain."

Even more appealing is the longer poem, "The Awakening," with its closing invocation to England:

"THE AWAKENING.

"Thou art a star among the nations yet:
Be thou a light of succour unto them
That else are lost in blind and whelming seas.
Around them is the tempest; over them
Cold splendours of the inhospitable night,
Augustly unregardful: thou alone
Art still the North Star to the labouring ship,
In friendless ocean the befriending orb,
And if thou shine not, whither is she steered?
Shine in thy glory, shine on her despair,
Shine lest she perish—lest of her no more
Than some lorn flotsam of mortality
Remain to catch the first auroral gleam,
When in the East flames the reluctant dawn."

Why, then, does not England dance to this piping? Because, we must suppose, it does not imagine that poetry means anything. To say a thing in rhyme as well as Mr. Watson says it is to say it to pleased ears, but to a heart steeled to defiance; and we dare to predict that Lord Salisbury, if asked his favourite book of modern poetry, would reply unhesitatingly—*The Year of Shame*.

FICTION.

Bouvard and Pécuchet. Translated from the French by D. F. Hannigan. (H. S. Nichols.)

WE are glad to have our recollections of Flaubert's rollicking satire freshened by this, its first English translation. Meanwhile, the new reader may be usefully informed that Bouvard and Pécuchet were two middle-aged clerks. Being perfect strangers, they sat down one hot day in the Boulevard Bourdon and swore eternal friendship when they discovered that each had carried out the idea of writing his name in his hat. They were bachelors, both forty-seven, and they both thirsted for knowledge. Then Bouvard came into ten thousand pounds from his uncle, and Pécuchet earned his pension at the Admiralty. They were free. They would shake the dust of Paris from their feet and live as students in the country. Such were the men whom Flaubert started on that endless search after intellectual satisfaction which is the plot of this long-drawn satire on "popular" culture.

Bouvard and Pécuchet took a small estate near Falaise, and threw themselves into agriculture as only amateurs could do. When they met a snail they crushed it with the action and grimaces of giants, and they cut worms in two with their grafting knives so forcibly that the blade sank three inches in the ground. They tried vegetables, a crop of lucerne, cider, cheese; they tried cattle; they took up fruit growing and the making of liqueurs. When the liqueurs failed Pécuchet said: "It is, perhaps, because we do not know chemistry." They precipitated themselves into chemistry. But the "higher atomicity" puzzled them, and the village doctor, Varcorbeil, whom they consulted in their difficulty, switched them on to anatomy. They tired of it, and turned with gusto to astronomy. Successively they turned to archæology, to architecture, to Celticism, to ceramics, goring each subject like bulls. They could not understand earthenware because they knew so little history. "Then they asked Dumouchel: 'What is the best history of France?'"

By the nicest transitions, the most merciless encouragement, Flaubert leads his sleepless puppets round the cycle of knowledge. The fierce humour of the thing accumulates as you read, till it becomes mountainous, till you want to put down the book and decide whether to laugh or weep or protest. Flaubert never got his friends Bouvard and Pécuchet off his hands. Even his synopsis of the uncompleted portion of his work leaves them sitting down with a desperate calm to transcribe and illuminate like the monks.

The book is a burlesque of the unwritten epic of modern popular culture, and he would be a bold man who would say that its satire is spent. But even if that were spent *Bouvard and Pécuchet* has permanent qualities which justified Mr. Hannigan in his attempt, a very successful one we think, to translate a work so long withheld from English readers.

A Puritan's Wife. By Max Pemberton. (Cassell & Co.)

MR. MAX PEMBERTON is happy in the title of his new book, but unhappy in the stuff of the story he sets himself to tell. *A Puritan's Wife* seen quaintly printed on the boards of a book is likely to take the fancy of many, but bewilderment will be the portion of those who acquire the book, whether by hire or purchase, when it is opened. A Mr. Hugh Peters (purporting to be the nephew of the chaplain of the Lord-General Cromwell) sets out to tell his story in the first-personal style so much in vogue with the practitioners of the costume-novel. He is in hiding in Epping Forest, at Ambresbury, and we gather that he has been living in Paris, but, unable (for reasons) to endure exile any longer, he has returned, in the fifth year of the Restoration, only to find that a price of five hundred guineas is on his head, on suspicion of his being a French spy. We gather also that when a mere lad he had been married by a tipsy Cavalier parson to a certain Mistress Marjory, who was at the time about the ripe age of fourteen, and is, at the date of the story, at the Court of Charles, and high in his favour. That little person is the Puritan's wife, and is the great metal of attraction to draw Hugh Peters from France into his parlous state in England. Anon comes Sir Nathaniel Goulding to rescue Peters when the King's Guards are on the point of arresting him, and to convey him to the presence of his mistress. Upon Sir Nathaniel the young man fixes a surly suspicion—which is strangely abetted by divers persons for many a page—that he intends to marry her who is the Puritan's wife, while all the while Goulding has no such intention, nor is even in love with the young lady. Then begins a brisk and bustling game of cross-purposes, of arrests and re-arrests, of perils dire, gasping and deadly, of stabs and cries, feats of strength and feats of fight—all to end well when the tale of so many thousand words is told. Mr. Pemberton works manfully to import passion and pathos into his hero's situation; but one must sadly declare he but wastes his effort in trying to make convincing a situation which is incredible all round. Mr. Hugh Peters appears an ill-conditioned, hysterical lout, and Sir Nathaniel Goulding's motives and conduct are incomprehensible. It is a pity that Mr. Pemberton should have wasted his undeniable power and cleverness on so poor and unreal a story, for his vigour and gusto are apparent when he carries us along with his brisk and unceasing movement, all the while that we exclaim against the absurdity or incomprehensibility of the people and actions with which he confronts us.

The Provost Marshal. By the Hon. Frederick Moncrieff. (Blackwood.)

THERE is quite a Stevensonian ring about *The Provost Marshal*. As we follow the exciting adventures of Robin Maxwell through every kind of peril, the eye is continually on the alert for the better-known name of David Balfour. However, it is a fine picture of a bloody and turbulent time

that Mr. Moncrieff gives us, and one that never flags for a moment in its interest. Cranstoun, the Provost Marshal, is a skilful study in early Scottish brutality; the Romish priests are well up to the expected level of intrigue; Barbara Maxwell is a bright spot on a dark canvas; and there is enough of real history to flavour the romance. Even the wild Lord Maxwell, whose desperate doings take up much of the book, is not an impossible study, with his insane belief in his own genius. The secret panel and trap-door business is perhaps brought rather too much into requisition; but as everyone already conceives of old Edinburgh as fashioned like a rat-run in the interests of spies and prisoners, that scarcely matterse. As to the plot, one fails to realise at the end how Robin, the hero, escapes all the hangings, burnings, shootings, and stabbing that threaten him; but he does so, and thenceforth marries the right lady, and succeeds to his estates, both of course by order of the king.

The Rome Express. By Major Arthur Griffiths. (John Milne.)

A BOOK such as Major Griffiths's does not allow much scope for genuine study of character. If the actors have a semblance of life, if they are not so flagrantly inconsistent as to outrage the average reader's sense of probability, it suffices. To criticise *The Rome Express* as a contribution to serious literature would be, indeed, futile and unfair. Plot, and the way in which it is manipulated, are, however, matters of the first importance. In the present case the author's treatment has less merit than his conception; the story is too long, some of the incidents quite incredible. The central interest is a murder committed in a *wagon lit* of the *Sud Rapide*, and the subsequent tracking by the Parisian police of the guilty person. A beautiful Englishwoman, widow of an Italian count; her maid; a chivalrous and impressionable officer in Her Majesty's service; and a mysterious Italian with an evil leer, provide the more or less human elements. The secret of the murder is well kept, but against the method of its final discovery we must protest. Rascals commit many follies, but not that of writing down, red-handed, the story of their crime under the eyes of the police. Major Griffiths's intimate knowledge of the French detective force, and their shrewdly stupid methods, stand him in good stead, for several of his touches in this connexion are excellent.

In the Wilderness. By Adeline Sergeant. (Andrew Melrose.)

SINCERITY and earnestness, valuable qualities though they be, are not of themselves sufficient to ensure literary excellence; yet they give to many a book, otherwise undistinguished, a certain dignity, a certain force. Then, too, some people have such a persuasive way of expressing the truth as they see it; are so unobtrusive, if one may so say, in their didacticism, that we do not revolt against it. Miss Sergeant's plot is of

a very ordinary kind. We have read again and again of the frivolous girl who in robbing a friend of her lover prepares a Nemesis for herself; we know the Mrs. Gordon, pained because her daughter is not attractive, and disgusted when, almost broken-hearted, this daughter determines to carry, if possible, a ray of sunshine into the lives of the Whitechapel poor. Indeed, similar stories have been written many times. It is the author's unwavering faith in the potency of unselfish action, her steadfast belief that through high endeavour beauty can be revealed in the commonplace, which give to *In the Wilderness* its appeal, its quiet charm.

Eric, Prince of Lorlonia; or, The Valley of Wishes. By the Countess of Jersey. (Macmillan & Co.)

Good fairy-tales are not very easy to write: they generally grow ready made. But Lady Jersey knows how to write a fairy-tale of the old kind, with dwarfs and enchanted valleys, and beautiful child-princesses and everything handsome about it; and she has done so in *Eric, Prince of Lorlonia*. The prince who fills the title-rôle of the story appears in it chiefly as a baby. Like most infant princes in fairy-tales of the right sort, he is an orphan and has envious relatives. How his wicked cousin, Count Vladimir, tried to rob him of his inheritance: how his sister, the Princess Olga, carried him off, with the aid of a most ingenious and attractive monkey, to an island populated by other monkeys under the mild dominion of Duke Ludovic; how the monkeys were (naturally) the descendants of knights and dames that had been transformed by wicked enchantment, and how they were changed back again, with full armour and beautiful clothes thrown in, the story tells. Also, it tells of the Rose City, and the Master of Dreams; and it tells of the Valley of Wishes, where he who first arrived after midnight of New Year's Eve saw all his wishes of the past twelvemonth pass in visible review before him, and could elect which one should be fulfilled on the spot. It is a pretty story, original, and charmingly told. All children will love it, and so will those who, though no longer children, still delight in a fairy-tale.

In Golden Shackles. By "Alien." (Hutchinson & Co.)

THERE is an appalling injustice in the way that novelists sometimes treat their different characters. The hero and heroine are put through many troubles, but in the end they are allowed to find solace in each other's arms if the novel is one with what is called a happy ending. But the other characters in the story have often a terrible time of it all through, and end miserably. Take, for example, Ralph in *In Golden Shackles*. The author presents him as one with a rough exterior, but with a heart beyond all price. His father is a criminal, and a very wicked old man. Ralph loves a little girl called Bell, who also has a wicked father. But Bell is too good for Ralph; at

least, so Ralph thinks. Bell falls in love with Guy, who is good enough for her, and Guy loves her. But Ralph saves Bell's father from going to prison for a felony, and goes there himself instead. Bell thereupon promises to marry him when he comes out. Of course that wouldn't do, so when the trebly unfortunate Ralph comes out of prison he is a helpless paralytic. It is all very well to congratulate Bell and Guy, but we confess our sympathies are with Ralph. Apart from the wilful injustice to which Ralph is subjected, there is much in *In Golden Shackles* to praise. It is a very readable story, with some stirring scenes and several well-drawn characters. Bell is a very winsome figure, and one of the songs she sings is simply delightful.

A Dangerous Conspirator. By G. Norway. (Jarrold & Sons.)

THE "conspirator" described as "dangerous" appears in these pages to have worked greater havoc with his eyes upon little maidens who thought that he was a hero than upon men of his own size and build. In truth, he is but imperfectly realised, and what there is of him is more ludicrous than repellent. He was shipwrecked when the story opens, somewhere on the Lancashire coast, and Captain Varley gave him hospitality. Captain Varley had two daughters, the eldest of whom, so far as we can gather, was little more than sixteen years of age. Yet she was a sensible little maid, and resented the "eyes" that the handsome stranger made at her. Her younger sister, however, was not so sensible. The Conspirator having swindled his host out of his horse, started for Liverpool to make the acquaintance of Captain Varley's brother. He there laid siege to the heart of Euphemia Varley, with apparently great success. Circumstances compelled him to leave hurriedly, but not before he had persuaded Mr. Varley to join the cause of Bonnie Prince Charlie. Euphemia and her mother went to live with Captain Varley until they should be called upon to join the Court of the Pretender at Edinburgh. History has anticipated that event, and, as far as we can discover, so did the Conspirator, for instead of fighting he appeared at Captain Varley's house and tried to steal the silver. There is no attempt at character drawing, and the construction is very weak, yet the writer has the knack of telling a story.

FROM A READER'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE escape of Ralph Goodwin from Dartmoor, and the discussion arising therefrom, would seem to show that though close on twenty years have passed since the evidence taken before the Penal Servitude Commission of 1878 thrilled all England our prison system is still open to considerable improvement. Those who are interested in the subject may be referred to the Blue-books themselves—*Report of the Commission Appointed to Enquire into the Working of the Penal Servitude Acts*. 3 vols. (Eyre & Spottiswood. 1879)—and to Mr.

Michael Davitt's *Leaves from a Prison Diary*. The Hon. Lewis Wingfield was so moved by a perusal of the former, that he tried—after the manner of Charles Reade in *Never Too Late to Mend*—to rouse public opinion through a novel on the subject. Unfortunately, though his spirit was willing his pen was weak, and *In Her Majesty's Keeping* attracted little attention. It affords, however, an admittedly accurate picture of the Princeton prison as it was then; and, from all accounts, but little save the admixture of first offenders with "old lags" has been remedied. A far more successful book about contemporary prison life was *Five Years' Penal Servitude*, by One Who Has Endured It (published in 1877 by Bentley). This ran through eight or nine editions, and had, indeed, not a little to do with the sitting of the 1878 Commission, before which both the author and Michael Davitt gave evidence. Another prison book, in lighter vein, is *Eighteen Months' Imprisonment*, by D—S—, late captain of the — Regiment, a cheerful soul who suffered imprisonment for what he euphemistically termed "a slip of the pen." Captain S— corrupted warders right and left, and had quite a good time, much after the manner of the convict hero of Major Arthur Griffiths's ingenious detective story *Fast and Loose*. In the three-volume edition of this novel there occurs an admirably planned prison escape, which, like Ralph Goodwin's, is all but successful. Major Griffiths has, of course, contributed voluminously to prison literature, his well-known *Chronicles of Newgate* and *Chronicles of Millbank*, both teeming with criminal adventure.

A curious volume I may mention while on this topic is Susan Willis Fletcher's *Twelve Months in an English Prison*. Mrs. Fletcher was an American Spiritualist whom conscious innocence supported through her trials, and bolts and bars could not prevent the spirits from flying in to her for a chat of an evening. Her book was published in London by Trübner & Co. in 1884; but few seem to know it. Of latter day works on prison life I consider *Scenes from a Silent World* (Blackwood, 1889) the most remarkable, and Mr. Horsley's *Jottings from Jail* (Unwin, 1887) the most useful.

One could name half a dozen others which prison reformers should peruse, but they would not interest the general public.

I attach hereto a library list of readable books treating on prison life from different standpoints.

LIBRARY LIST.

Five Years' Penal Servitude. By One Who Has Endured It.

Leaves from a Prison Diary. By M. Davitt.

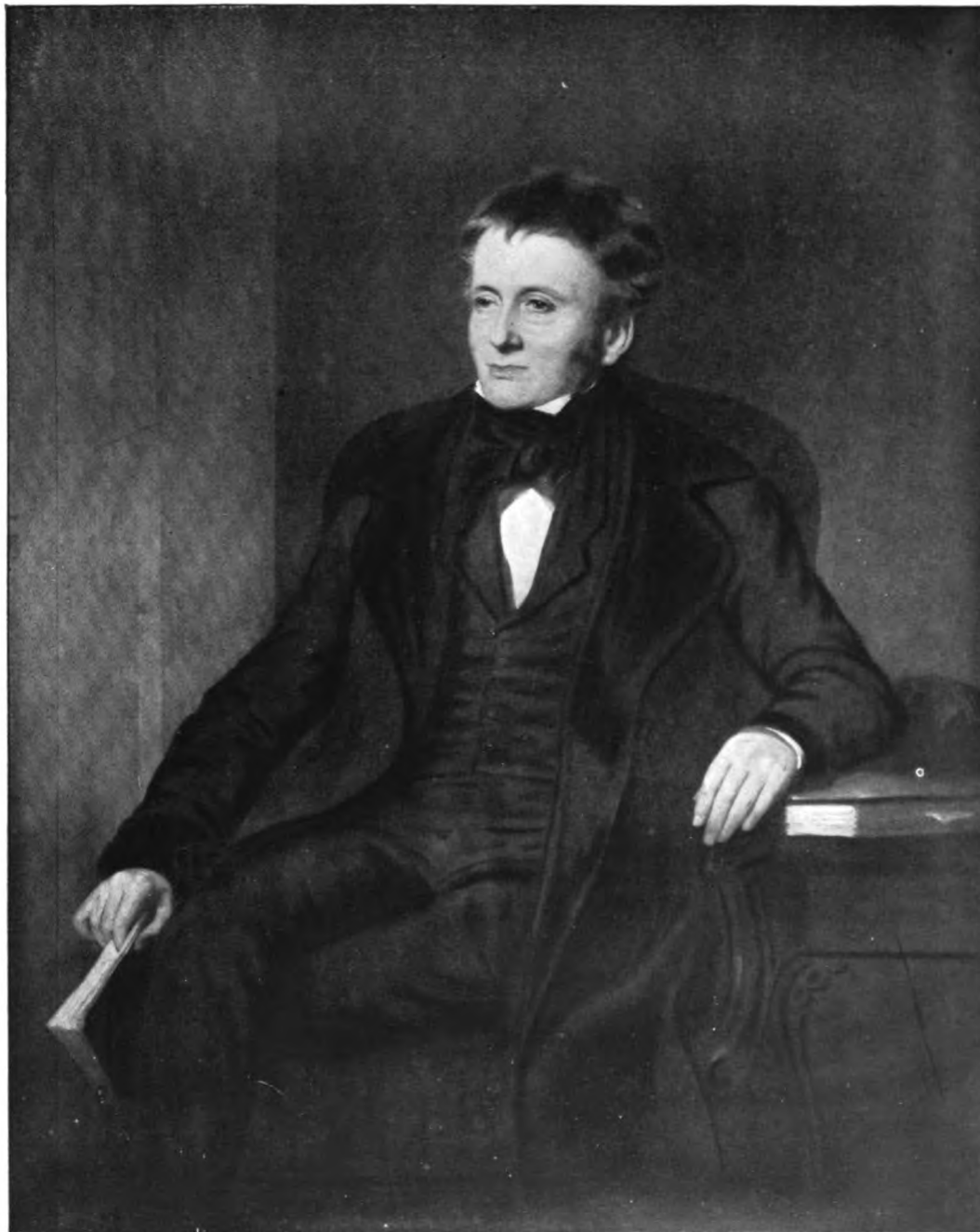
In Her Majesty's Keeping. By Hon. Lewis Wingfield.

Scenes from a Silent World. By F. Scougal.

Fast and Loose. By Major A. Griffiths.

Eighteen Months' Imprisonment. By D—S—.

R.



THOMAS DE QUINCEY

From the Picture by Sir J. Watson Gordon in the National Portrait Gallery

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1897.

No. 1288, New Series.

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ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

IX.—THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

THE life of Thomas De Quincey is too well known to need much recounting. It is, indeed, the one thing that most people do know of him, even when they have not read his works. Born at Greenhays, in the Manchester neighbourhood; brought up by a widowed mother with little in her of motherhood; shy, small, sensitive, dwelling in corners, with a passion for shunning notice, for books and the reveries stimulated by books; without the boy's love of games and external activities; the only break in his dreamy existence was the sometime companionship of a school-boy elder brother. That episode in his childhood he has told a little long-windedly, as is the De Quincey fashion; and with curious out-of-the-way humour, as is also the De Quincey fashion. He has told of the imaginary kingdoms ruled by his brother and himself; and how the brother, assuming suzerainty over De Quincey's realm, was continually issuing proclamations which burdened the younger child's heart. Once, for example, the elder brother, having become a convert to the Monbodo doctrine in regard to Primitive Man, announced that the inhabitants of De Quincey's kingdom were still in a state of tail; and ordained that they should sit down, by edict, a certain number of hours *per diem*, to work off their ancestral appendages. Also has Thomas told of the mill-youths with whom his brother waged constant battle, impressing the little boy as an auxiliary; and how De Quincey, being captured by the adversary, was saved by the womankind of the hostile race, who did, furthermore, kiss him all round; and how, thereupon, his brother issued a bulletin, or

order of the day, censuring him in terrible language for submitting to the kisses of the enemy.

The *Confessions* contain the story of De Quincey's youth: his precocity as a Greek scholar, which led one master to remark of him: "There is a boy who could harangue an Athenian mob better than you or I an English one"; his misery at and flight from school, his subsequent drifting to London, his privations in "stony-hearted" Oxford-street, which he paced at night with the outcast Ann; and there laid the seeds of the digestive disorder which afterwards drove him to opium. His experiences as an opium-eater have become, through his *Confessions*, one of the best-known chapters in English literary history. The habit, shaken off once, returned on him, never again entirely to be mastered. But he did, after severest struggle, ultimately reduce it within a limited compass, which left free his power of work; and, unlike Coleridge, passed the closing years of his life in reasonable comfort and freedom from anxiety. The contrast was deserved. For the shy little creature displayed in his contest with the obsessing demon of his life a patient tenacity and purpose to which justice has hardly been done. With half as much "grit," Coleridge might have left us a less piteously wasted record. In the midst of this life-and-death struggle, De Quincey worked for his journalistic bread with an industry the results of which are represented in sixteen volumes of prose, while further gleanings have, in these late years, intermittently made their appearance. It is not a record which supports the charge of sluggishness or wasted life. Never, at any period, has it been easy for a man to support his family solely by articles for reviews and magazines. Yet De Quincey did it honourably; and if he was often in straits, it is doubtful whether this should not be set to the account of his financial incompetence.

His life brought him into contact with most of the great *littérateurs* of his time. "Christopher North" was his only bosom friend; but in his youth he was an intimate of all the "Lake" circle; and, finally, he who had known Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Lamb, Landor, Hazlitt, and at least had glimpse of Shelley, lived to be acquainted with later men like Prof. Masson and others. Not all thought well of him: his talk, like his books, could fret as well as charm; and probably the charge of a certain spitefulness was earned. But, like feminine spite, it could be, and was, co-existent with a kind heart, a gentle and even childlike nature. His children loved him; and though he was a genius, an opium-eater, and married beneath him, he defied all rules by being happy in his marriage.

As a writer, De Quincey has been viewed with the complete partiality dear to the English mind, and hateful to his own. He was nothing if not distinguishing; the Englishman hates distinctions and qualifications. He loved to

"divide

A hair 'twixt south and south-west side;"

the Englishman yearns for his hair one and indivisible. The Englishman says, "Black's black—*furieusement* black; and white's white—*furieusement* white." De Quincey saw many blacks, many whites, multitudinous grays. Consequently to one he is a master of prose; to another—and that other Carlyle—"wire-drawn." To one he ranks with the Raleighs, the Brownes, the Jeremy Taylors; to another—and that other Mr. Henley—he is "Thomas de Sawdust." And, as usual, both have a measure of rightness. Too often is De Quincey wire-drawn, diffuse, ostentatious in many words of distinctions which might more summarily be put; tantalising, exasperating. Also, if you will suffer him with patience, he is never obvious; a challenger of routine views, a perspicuous, if minute and wordy logician, subtle in balanced appraisal. He was the first to practise that mode of criticism we call "appreciation"—be it a merit or not. Often his rhetorical *bravours* (as himself called them) are of too insistent, too clamorously artificial, a virtuosity. Also, in a valuable remainder, they are wonderful in vaporous and cloud-lifted imagination, magnificently orchestrated in structure of sentence, superb in range and quality of diction. In a more classified review, he never criticises without casting some novel light, and often sums up the characteristics of his subject in memorably fresh and inclusive sentences. His sketch biographies, marred by characteristic discursiveness, at their best (as in the Bentley or the Shakespeare) are difficult to supersede, eating to the vitals of what they touch. His historical papers are unsystematic, skimming the subject like a sea-mew, and dipping every now and again to bring to the surface some fresh view on this or that point. To re-tell the old has no interest for him; it is the point of controversy, the angle at which he catches a new light, that interests him. But his novel views on insulated aspects of history have sometimes been quietly adopted by succeeding writers. Thus his view of the relations between Cæsar and Pompey, and the attitude of Cicero towards both, is substantially that taken in Dean Merivale's *History of the Romans*. On his prose fantasies we have already touched. In a certain shadowy vastness of vision we say deliberately that they have more of the spirit of Milton than anything else in the language—though, of course, they have no intention of competing with Milton. They are by themselves. The best of the *Confessions*; that vision of the starry universe which he greatly improved from Richter; parts (only parts) of *The Mail-Coach* (which is strained as a whole); portions of *The Suspiria*; above all, *The Three Ladies of Sorrow*—these are marvellous examples of a thing which no other writer, unless it be Ruskin, has succeeded in persuading us to be legitimate. Its admirers will always be few; we have no doubt they will always be enthusiastic.

His humour should have a word to itself. The famous *Murder as One of the Fine Arts*, is the only specimen which we need pause upon. Much of that paper is humour out of date; a little childish and obvious. But of the residue let it be said that it was

the first example of the topsy-turvydom which we associate with the name of Gilbert. The passage which describes how murder leads at last to procrastination and incivility—"Many a man has dated his ruin from some murder which he thought little of at the time"—might have come out of a Savoy opera. In this, as in other things, De Quincey was an innovator, and, like other innovators, has been eclipsed by his successors. Yet, with all shortcomings, the paper is likely to leave a more durable residuum than much humour which is now of the highest fashion. It is not certain that the slang on which a vast deal of new humour is pivoted will any more amuse posterity than the slang on which De Quincey too often and unluckily relied.

A little, wrinkly, high-foreheaded, dress-as-you-please man; a meandering, inhumanly intellectual man, shy as a hermit-crab, and as given to shifting his lodgings; much-enduring, inconceivable of way, sweet-hearted, fine-natured, small-spited, uncanny as a sprite begotten of libraries; something a bore to many, by reason of talking like a book in coat and breeches—undeniably silver and wonderful talk none the less; master of a great, unequal, seductive, and irritating style; author of sixteen delightful and intolerable volumes, part of which can never die, and much of which can never live:—that is De Quincey.

PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

M. EUGÈNE D'EICHTHAL has published this week a very remarkable and interesting study of the political life and work of Alexis de Tocqueville. Although this serious book deals sparingly with Tocqueville's private life and character, we manage to get a clear vision here and there of the man, as, for instance, in this self-revealing quotation:

"One may wonder, perhaps, how we endured so long such a way of living, doing much, sleeping little, and never really resting. The only explanation of the phenomenon I can give is this: we willed it, not in half-hearted fashion as, for example, our neighbours' welfare in general, but firmly and resolutely. True, the end was hardly worth the effort, and on our side it was a luxury of strength and tenacity . . . and I only ask one favour of God, that I may be permitted one day to will in the like way something worth the trouble."

Elsewhere, referring to the marriage of religious instinct with broad liberality of thought in Tocqueville, M. d'Eichthal quotes from Tocqueville's biographer:

"In the midst of his greatest troubles, he never ceased to be profoundly Christian; this feeling, which was part of his political faith, touched passion; for he held that there is no liberty possible without morality, and no morality without religion. He firmly believed that the most desirable thing for the good of mankind was the intimate union of religious faith and the love of freedom."

Continuing the theme, M. d'Eichthal writes:

"Though religious by instinct, his enlightened and virile reason would have been

disquieted rather than gratified by tendencies to the vague mysticism which are an actual refuge for a certain number of souls frightened by the silence or the reserve of science on questions which disturb their thirst for certainty. He neither liked in religion the policeman that certain conservatives look to find in it, and to which they assign as chief mission the preserving of their earthly goods, nor the rampart of feebleness, against which, without real faith, and for lack of other security, hearts eager for repose seek a stay."

Tocqueville's works, *Démocratie en Amérique*, *Ancien Régime*, and *La Révolution* are excellently analysed by M. d'Eichthal. "To understand the Revolution," Tocqueville said, "I was determined to penetrate to the very heart of the old rule"; and the writer describes his exploration of this defunct system as a marvellous evidence of patience and sagacity. Tocqueville's book is a complete picture of the old state of France subordinate to royal power:

"Other historians may have added features to those gathered by Tocqueville; they may have corrected, attenuated, or rectified those which he has drawn; they have not profoundly modified the image he has traced with the help of accumulated documents, admirably selected and summed up."

Commenting on Tocqueville's concise opinion of the Press, "the empire of journalism must increase with the spread of equality among men," M. d'Eichthal writes a very just and acute page on the advantages and disadvantages of modern freedom of the Press:

"Democracy, in multiplying newspapers, in allowing them to write everything, has not disarmed them nor diminished their venom. The Press has remained that extraordinary organisation so strangely mitigated in good and evil, that without it liberty and even society could not exist, and with it social order can hardly be maintained."

Among the personal remarks of Tocqueville's that please is: "I have a natural leaning to adventure, and a little dash of peril always seems to me the best seasoning one can give to any act of life." And his portrait of Napoleon III., whom M. d'Eichthal describes as a "figure ténébreuse," is deservedly immortal. What could be better than the lines that paint the man's dead glance?

"His dissimulation, which was profound, as that of a man who has spent his life in plotting, was singularly assisted by the immovability of his features and the insignificance of his glance; for his eyes were dull and opaque like those thick glasses destined to light ship cabins, which let the light pass, but through which one can see nothing."

And touching on the incoherence of the Prince's dreamy and chimerical mind, he adds:

"When forced to leave these vague and vast regions (the Napoleonic legend) to limit his mind to business, he often showed himself capable of accuracy, sometimes of subtlety and breadth, and even a certain depth, but never sure—always ready to place a wild idea beside a just one."

M. d'Eichthal's study is an able and important contribution to political literature, written in a sober and masterly style, austere in its lack of enthusiasm, coldly impartial.

To it are added fragments of conversations between Tocqueville and Nassau.

The publisher, M. Lemerre, has brought out an extremely handsome volume gathered from the works of M. Alphonse Daudet, called *Les Mères*. It comes appropriately at the season of *étrennes*, for it is illustrated, and is quite an *édition de luxe*. All the tender and devoted mothers that figure in M. Daudet's long list of books here re-enact their maternal rôle disconnected from their wider setting. M. Gustave Toudouze is responsible for the selection. The single figure, he declares, that dominates all others in M. Daudet's books, by its continuity, its persistence, its luminous smile and ineffable tenderness, is that of the mother. The word mother—"cry of the cradle, cry of the grave"—vibrates in poignant tones throughout these novels, and no French writer has ever glorified maternity with a more ardent and admiring pen than Alphonse Daudet. The books that contribute these figures of eternal sacrifice and devotion, of abnegation and unquenchable love, are *The Nabab* in Mama Jansoulet, *La Lutte pour la Vie* in Madame Astier, *Le petit Chose* in the brother whom Daudet calls "Ma mère Jacques," *Fromont jeune et Risler aîné* in Madame Delobelle, *La petite Paroisse*, *Les Rois en Exile*, *Numa Roumestan*, *Jack*, *L'Évangéliste* (surely the most tragic picture of maternal sorrow and despair), and *Rosa et Ninette*. The volume makes a very acceptable gift for the season, charmingly illustrated by Myrbach.

H. L.

FRENCH BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alexis de Tocqueville. Étude par Eugène d'Eichthal.
Les Mères. Alphonse Daudet.

NEW YORK LETTER.

(From our American Correspondent.)

ONE of the most attractive and satisfactory American books of the year to the lover of stirring and haunting songs is *More Songs from Vagabondia*, by Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey. Of course this vagabond life of the poets is purely idealisation, and not at all like that of the typical American tramp. The poets roam at large through the domain of Canada and the adjoining states of Maine and Massachusetts, with care for neither scrip nor raiment, and the fillip they give the town reader is something that must be experienced to be appreciated. The book is the companion volume of *Songs from Vagabondia*, which made a great success as poetry goes a year ago. It is published by Copeland & Day, of Boston.

THE literature of children, for children, and their elders who enjoy the ways and thoughts of children, seems to be growing apace here, to keep up with the activity in this field, which has become a feature of contemporary English literary production. The books of William Canton, Mrs. Meynell, and Kenneth Grahame seem to have suddenly fired American writers to rake up

their own childish reminiscences. So we have a little army of golden boys and girls trooping down the highway of literature—airy, fairy, fantastic children that few of us have ever known in life. Among the new books appealing to this hunger of parents for some parallel to their own idealisations are *In Childhood's Country*, by Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, and *A Boy's Book of Rhymes*, by Clinton Scollard; others, devoted to the ideal characteristics of apotheosised gamins from the slums of New York and Chicago, are *Artie* and *Checkers*. This taste seems to grow, but I would like to know what the children make of this literature. They mostly take their real playmates in an uncompromisingly realistic fashion, and, moreover, I have a suspicion that these purely ideal children are the companions of the childless rather than of parents with responsibilities.

MRS. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON's latest book, *In Childhood's Country*, divides honours with another American woman, though in another field of art—Miss Ethel Reed, the most successful woman poster artist, who has contributed several excellent illustrations to it. Miss Reed is adapting the new art to the *New Child*. These children's books strike one as too beautiful and elaborate for the nursery; but, then, the literature in them is decidedly for immature minds. Another book by the same author is *Lazy Tours in Spain and Elsewhere*. Messrs. Roberts Bros. are the publishers. These will be popular, not only because Mrs. Moulton is an established favourite of yesterday and still holds her own to-day, but the Spanish-Cuban war brings that country prominently before our notice, and awakens a fresh interest in every phase of life there.

MR. HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE's new book of essays on *Books and Culture* is a vital piece of work. Mr. Mabie is a man of wide reading and culture, and this book is especially a call to the younger generation to reinstate seriousness in life and literature here. It is an inspiration to our writers to hold fast to the real ideals of literature. It is a book that belongs to a category now very limited in American, perhaps also in English, letters. Fiction has supplanted all serious work. The style of these essays is somewhat Emersonian in their directness of expression and simplicity. But they do not aim at Emerson's intense crystallisation. Mr. Mabie writes in a logical flow to seduce rather than to surprise. At this time and in this country there is so much reading, and proportionately so little real culture, that a book like this should do much to whet a new appetite for the rarer curiosities of the best. The feeling for literature, as Mr. Mabie points out, is a rarer possession than is commonly supposed. But this book has a note of encouragement for the receptive mind, susceptible of culture; and it will doubtless wield considerable influence in the growing public beginning to be interested in literature as literature. The trouble in this country is that the inordinate

greed for entertaining fiction, while not perhaps actually hurtful to the average and superficial reader, mars and distracts many minds worthy of a better curiosity. The writer's opinion is that a mild glimpse of the literary millennial dawn in America will come when we take to discouraging the vast bulk of the worst English fiction, and find some latitude for American writers of serious aims and purpose in poetry, criticism, and the essay. This is not looking toward establishing any form of protection against the masters of literature in the mother country. But we want some lee-way for an individual intellectual life. At present we are smothered by the banal newspapers, and intellectual bankruptcy is completed by a plague of unreal English mediocrities, dealing in melodramatic romance. America has resources for something better, but needs an atmosphere of her own.

ANOTHER historical romance is by Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts, called *The Forge in the Forest*, published by the same firm. Mr. Roberts is a Canadian, a native of New Brunswick. But so far as literary work is concerned, Canadian writers are, to all intents and purposes, Americans—America being their market. Many writers may and do starve in garrets here; but no one has ever heard even of a "Grub-street" in the beautiful, bracing climate to the north of us.

THE New York "Bodley Head" is in the centre of a great unpicturesque thoroughfare, in an ordinary, commercial building, where imagination, illusions, and fancy are not. The very name seems out of place—in plain, methodical letters on the modern plate-glass windows. It is a place for the multitudes to pass by with an uncomprehending glance, rather than a refuge for the idealist from the clatter of the city. Here is no picturesque, no historical background to feed the imagination; no old-fashioned quaint sign to make the intellectual wanderer pause and reflect; no delightful confusion of rare and precious literary stock, tantalisingly disarrayed to tempt the artistic eye. There is not even the picturesque ugliness which saves all its beauty for the evening lights and shadows, like certain grimy and squalid quarters of the city under gas light, or sooty railroad neighbourhoods, which seen by moonlight suggest eternal mystery and beauty—it is sheer common-sense commerce. Mr. John Lane should have imported into this city an old shop from London, with an iron bracket lamp and brass knocker, and all New York would have been piqued to buy books. We hunger for a bit of cobwebby antiquity. To meet the desire for a refuge from the bustle of the city, there is an æsthetic movement among the saloon keepers to fit up cellars and large old rooms as old German baronial banquet halls. Mr. Lane should have given us a typical old English book shop, or he could have found some quaint and delightful quarters in old Boston.

W. B. H.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EXCALIBUR.

Cambridge, Jan. 4.

Excalibur was the name of Arthur's sword; I do not remember to have met with an explanation of the name.

In perusing a MS. of the fourteenth century, I lately came across the expression "cultellum ex calibe," meaning "a steel knife."

It occurs to me as probable that the name Excalibur was simply suggested by this medieval phrase "ex calibe," and means neither more nor less than "made of steel."

Of course *calibe* is another spelling of *chalybe*, the ablative of *chalybs*, which is mere Greek. At a time when Greek was little known, *calibe* was a mysterious-looking vocable, very suitable for romantic use.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

THE MEDIEVAL JEW AND RITUAL MURDER.

Paris, Jan. 4.

In reference to the letter signed "Thomas Delta," I should advise your correspondent to read Hermann Strack, *Der Blutbergglaube* (Munich, 1892, 4th ed.). He would easily learn therein that Pliny twice mentions human blood as a remedy against epilepsy and soreness of the throat (*Nat. Hist.* xxviii. 1, 2 and 4, 10). In the second passage, Pliny refers to Orpheus and Archelaos as authorities; these worthies were no more of Jews than old Pliny himself. Salustius and Dio Cassius tell us that Catiline and his friends drank wine mixed with human blood. Antiquity and the Middle Ages are full of superstitions involving the use of human blood; Judaism alone has always been free from them, because the oldest Jewish law even forbids to drink the blood of animals. Hebrew doctors have gone so far as to discuss if a man commits a sin when, having a slight wound on his lip, he eats bread soiled by a drop of his own blood. The origin of the whole legend about the ritual murder ascribed to the Jews is to be found in a passage of Tertullianus, where he refutes the calumnies of certain pagans who attributed that atrocious custom to the early Christians. When Christianity conquered the world the calumny remained, but was directed against the Jews alone. For further details I refer your readers to Strack's work, and also, if I may be allowed to do so, to an article contributed by myself to the *Revue des Études Juives* (1892, pp. 161-180).

SALOMON REINACH.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE *Germ*.

British Museum, Jan. 4.

The statement in the *ACADEMY* of January 2, that Coventry Patmore and William Morris contributed to the *Germ*, is erroneous as regards the latter, who was only just sixteen when the *Germ* ceased to exist. It is worthy of record, however, that Patmore contributed to the *Saturday Review* of December 26, 1857, an article entitled "Walls and Wall Painting at Oxford," on the paintings executed by Morris and his associates in the hall of the Oxford Union, which is, perhaps, the best account extant of those vanished works.

R. GARNETT.

PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.

Dulwich: Jan. 5.

Considering that "the point" (as to the methods by which the West Front of Peterborough Cathedral is to be made secure) "is inevitably a practical one"—I quote the *ACADEMY* of last week—it seems a pity that it should not be treated with more exactness as a practical matter. The Dean and Chapter are, no doubt, in a position to have their own way

to the uttermost; but as the public is being invited to subscribe the money, which shows no indecent haste in coming in, one fancies that nothing could be lost if the societies which have intervened, and not empty-handed, in the name of the public were permitted to make the further examination of the fabric which they desire, and which the Dean and Chapter think superfluous. Such an examination is the less objectionable, because no time would be lost by it: it could be made while the hat is going round. And it would unquestionably help on the subscription list!

Peterborough Cathedral is too important a matter to be risked on a punctilio. If the Dean and Chapter are right—very likely they are—they have everything to gain by a full investigation—and it is only an investigation that is asked for. Their present attitude of “You find the money, we’ll prescribe how it shall be spent,” is just the one which—and not in this matter alone—the present rulers of the Church of England are but too ready to adopt, and which those who most ardently love that Church as an institution, whatever they may think of it as an establishment, most strongly deprecate. Is it not better that the Peterborough authorities should choose to err, if at all, on the side of liberality?

T. B. R.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. ARCHER'S paper on “The Blight on the Drama” has aroused controversy, and the controversy has produced an entertaining letter from Mr. Zangwill. “The Blight on the Drama” may interest many readers, but Mr. Zangwill on the Blight will interest more, especially as it contains the inner history of his career as a dramatist. In disproof of Mr. Louis N. Parker's remark that Mr. Zangwill was an “outcast novelist who had knocked vainly at the stage door,” Mr. Zangwill points to his own theatrical record. In collaboration he wrote “The Great Demonstration,” and, without assistance, “Six Persons,” a curtain-raiser; and “Aladdin at Sea,” a burlesque. “Six Persons” survived three *pièces de résistance*, and now forms part of Mr. Hare's repertory in America, and “Aladdin at Sea” ran for months in provincial towns. “Six Persons” was written in a day and a half, and “Aladdin at Sea” in a day; and, says Mr. Zangwill, “if I took them seriously I should be ashamed of them.”

MR. ZANGWILL continues, with reference to Mr. Barrie's *Professor's Love Story*, that the dramatist “makes no secret of the fact that the play only occupied three weeks of his time, while a novel of his demands the labour and concentrated thought of years. It is ridiculous to compare the plays of the moment with the novels in the publishers' lists. I speak, mark you,” Mr. Zangwill adds, “not of plays as they should be, but of plays good enough to please the British public.” This seems to indicate that if the novelists were wise they would say nothing critical but take full advantage of the blight. By writing a successful play in three weeks they may make enough money to enable them to give three years to a good novel.

It might here be stated that another and more weighty critic of the drama than Mr.

Zangwill has just completed a play on which we may safely suppose no blight rests. This is “The Devil's Disciple,” the new romantic play by Mr. Bernard Shaw. Mr. Shaw has made use of the American War of Independence as a background. Meanwhile there are in existence no fewer than two plays by Mr. Shaw still to be performed in London.

To return for a moment to the drama, a number of Frenchmen of eminence have been composing wishes for the New Year at the instigation of the European correspondent of the *New York World*. M. Sardou's is as follows, and seems to have some reference to the blight as he sees it: “May the year 1897 bring sunshine to dramatic art, and dissipate the Norwegian mists which obscure and sadden it. That is the wish of a Frenchman, Latin to the heart, convinced that in all the arts, as well as in nature, blight does not come from the North, but from the South.”

M. BENJAMIN CONSTANT sent no wish, but this handful of the thoughts of a painter: “Art regulates genius.—Art without genius makes a pedant, and genius without art makes a madman!—He who criticises appears always to be a greater connoisseur than he who admires.—He who begins as a master frequently ends as a pupil.—Apropos of literary painting, nothing is less literary than the ‘Square Salon’ at the Louvre.—One reaches character more easily by drawing than by colour.—Drawing may dispense with colour, colour cannot dispense with drawing.—Nature is invincible!”

AMONG the allurements of the modern exhibition is the telephone wire which unites the visitor at Earl's Court and the actors in London. For sixpence one may hear fragments of half the plays now proceeding, and become possessed of the right of criticising each dramatist. In Buda Pesth they have gone farther. There, for forty-five francs a year, one may become a subscriber to the telephonic newspaper. The telephonic newspaper differs from others only in communicating its news by word of mouth along the wire instead of in print. The subscribers' houses are connected by wire with the office of the paper. Every day, beginning at nine o'clock, the contents are read aloud in the office while thousands of ears are glued to the other ends. The reading goes on at intervals till night. Already the *Telefon Hirmondo*, as it is called, has 6,000 subscribers and 550 kilometres of wire.

A WRITER in the *Daily News* tells a story of Matthew Arnold to the effect that once when examining a class in geography, on a cold day, he seized the poker to stir the fire, and after doing so held it aloft and asked if any child could tell him where it was manufactured. There was a long silence, broken by the schoolmistress, who remarked nervously that such information was not mentioned in Cornwell's Geography. “No,” said Arnold, “Cornwell's an ass.” Whether

or not the story is true, and whether or not Cornwell is an ass, we cannot say; but there is no doubt that English educationalists do contrive not to teach a vast number of simple things that are both useful and interesting.

ONCE again the friends of rational spelling, at whose head are Prof. Max Müller and Sir Isaac (or as he spells it, Eizak) Pitman, are meditating a memorial to the Education Department. In 1879 they made their last appeal, that in future, by the laws of the country, we should manage our orthography more after the style of Artemus Ward than Matthew Arnold, but the Education Department declined to interfere. The spelling reformers are now preparing another attack, and persons of importance are being asked by them to sign a document addressed to the President and Vice-President of the Education Department, testifying that “great obstruction to education is caused by the irregularity of English spelling,” and asking for a practical remedy. This document is not, however, spelled after the reformer's own private epistolary manner, but in the barbarous and retrograde style common to English writers of the past two and a half centuries. Earlier than that, it is true, the spelling was more reformed; indeed, the extremely reformed orthography of Chaucer is still food for Transatlantic humorists.

THIS is the way the 36,000 members of the National Union of Teachers would like their countrymen to spell (the passage is from a letter by Benjamin Franklin in reply to the objection that the phonetic spelling of words means the loss of etymology): “Wurdz in the cōrs ov teim, chainj ther meeningz, az wel az ther speling and pronunsiaschon; and we doo not look tu etimolojy for ther prezent meeningz. If I shud caul a boy a Naiv and a Vilain, he wud hardly be satisfeid with my teling him, that wun ov the wurdz orijinally signifeid only a lad or a servant, and the uthar an under plowman, or the inhabitant ov a vilej. It iz from prezent eusej (usage) only, the meening ov wurdz iz tu be determind.” In Artemus Ward and Josh Billings this kind of thing is droll and welcome. In serious writers it is only distressing.

A LETTER from Mr. Mosher, of Portland, Maine, revives our interest in the dispute between that gentleman and Mr. Lang as to the propriety of reprinting, against the author's wishes, the *Ballads and Lyrics of Old France*. Mr. Mosher, it will be remembered, announced his intention of doing so. Mr. Lang objected. Mr. Mosher carried out his threat. Mr. Lang warned the American public against the book, and washed his hands of the affair. It does not seem to us that Mr. Mosher is in a defensible position; for if an author does not want his early work to be again issued, surely his wish should be respected. Mr. Mosher's excuse is that the public wanted the poems; but that, strictly, is Mr. Lang's affair. In the absence of a copyright law

such difficulties must arise again and again. The only thing we can say for Mr. Mosher is that he publishes exquisitely.

AMONG papers that are not generally known is *The Prisons' Service Review*, which is an authoritative record of what goes forward in England's jails, and not that famous journal which a certain body of convicts maintained, with the motto "The gods help those who help themselves." In the current number, however, some idea of the literary convict may be gained from a collection of "muroscripts" or writings copied from the walls of the cells; the humorous convict, that is, for the despairing misanthropic critic of society is not here represented. The following summary of the free life and the life of fetters is as laconic as anything in literature:

"In,
Thin;
Out,
Stout."

And here is another specimen (a screw being a gaoler):

"Although the 'screws'
Call me 'K 9,'
They take great care
I get no w(h)ine."

If, as Dr. Johnson said, a man who will make a pun will pick a pocket, we know why this poet was "in."

C. K. S., writing in the *Illustrated London News*, gives his readers some of the inner history of *Margaret Ogilvy*. "It is interesting," he says, "to identify the characters in this beautiful book apart from Mr. Barrie's own family circle. The friend who is described as an African explorer was the late Joseph Thomson. The English provincial newspaper which knew Mr. Barrie as a sub-editor was the *Nottingham Journal*. Mr. Barrie's first article in London was published by Mr. Stead in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, but the 'editor-man' who published *An Auld Licht Community*, and thus laid the foundation of Mr. Barrie's fortunes as a painter of Scottish home-life, was Mr. Frederick Greenwood. That first sketch appeared in the *St. James's Gazette* November 17, 1884. The other editor depicted by Mr. Barrie in *Margaret Ogilvy* as having had 'as large a part in making me a writer of books as the other in determining what the books should be about,' was Dr. Robertson Nicoll, who admired something by Mr. Barrie in the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*, and on the strength of it asked him to write for the *British Weekly*. Mr. Barrie wrote much for Dr. Nicoll under the signature of 'Gavin Ogilvy,' and it was Dr. Nicoll who first made him known by name to the public, as it was Mr. Greenwood who first made him known by work. The delightful story of joining a club is based upon Mr. Barrie's election to the Garrick, for which he was proposed by Lord Rosebery and seconded by Mr. Greenwood."

THE new interest in Byron may need some explanation, but there can be no doubt of its existence. To the labours of

Lord Lovelace and Mr. W. E. Henley must now be added those of Mr. Clement K. Shorter, who, having given us the fruits of his study of the Brontës, is preparing a book on Lord Byron. The plan of Mr. Shorter's work is such that it will not clash with the work of other editors. Mr. Shorter will, we understand, attempt a careful character sketch of Byron with special reference to the influence of heredity on his life. We shall hear much also of the Celtic strain in his blood, and of the Scottish surroundings of his childhood. Such a treatment of Byron should prove valuable, and in Mr. Shorter's hands it is likely to be so.

THE few fortunate persons who possess Bishop Creighton's illustrated monograph on *Queen Elizabeth* and Dr. Skelton's *Mary Stuart*, published by Messrs. Bousod Valadon & Co., will know what to expect from the announcement that the third volume of the series is to be called *Queen Victoria*. The letterpress will be supplied by Mr. Richard R. Holmes, the Royal Librarian, who has the assistance of Her Majesty in his work, and the illustrations will be chosen with as much care and reproduced as delicately as those in the preceding volumes. It is safe to say that this present year of celebration is not likely to produce any more worthy souvenir.

THE Clarendon Press will publish shortly the Hebrew original of ten chapters of Ecclesiasticus (xxxix. 15—xliv. 11) lately discovered in the East. It was generally supposed that St. Jerome was the last scholar who saw or possessed it, until recently a Hebrew treatise, written by Saadiah Gaon (about 920 A.D.), was found, in which the author quotes several sentences in Hebrew from Ecclesiasticus. Thus the book was still extant at that time in Bagdad, where Saadiah lived. No further trace of the Hebrew text was discovered until about June, 1896, when a MS. leaf, brought to England by Mrs. Lewis, of Cambridge, was recognised as a portion of the long-lost original of Ecclesiasticus. The credit of this discovery belongs to Mr. S. Schechter, Reader in Talmudic in the University of Cambridge. Almost simultaneously nine leaves of the same MS., brought likewise from the East, were identified in the Bodleian Library.

THE Cambridge leaf was published by Mr. Schechter, with an English translation and short commentary, in the *Expositor* for July, 1896. The Clarendon Press is now issuing a critical edition of all ten leaves, consisting of the Hebrew original, accompanied by an English translation and the Greek, Syriac, and Old Latin versions, followed by a complete glossary of new forms found in the Hebrew text, and of words used in new senses. A full list is added of the proverbs of Jesus, son of Sirach, genuine and spurious, found in Talmudic and Rabbinic literature, arranged according to the order of the Greek version. The preface gives full literary particulars respecting the book. One main result of the new text is that it proves Sirach to have written classical Hebrew (with the exception

of a few New-Hebrew words). Two facsimile pages, the first and last of the Oxford fragment, are appended, showing marginal notes of various readings, somewhat resembling the Massora to the Old Testament.

The Lives of Twelve Bad Women will be published very shortly by Mr. Fisher Unwin. Among the bad women will be found Frances Howard, Countess of Somerset; Barbara Villiers; Alice Ferrers, the favourite of Edward the Third; Mary Bate-man, the Yorkshire witch; and Mrs. Brownrigg.

MESSRS. LONGMANS will publish in January a small volume of letters from Constantinople by Mrs. Max Müller. They were written three years ago, and Mrs. Max Müller saw chiefly the bright side of Turkish life. Her letters, therefore, represent the country as a place not less worthy to be visited than Rome or Venice. A few letters from Prof. Max Müller are added, and the little volume is beautifully illustrated by twelve views of Constantinople and the neighbourhood.

MESSRS. LONGMANS & Co. will publish in January a new work in two volumes, by the Right Hon. Prof. F. Max Müller. Its title is *Contributions to the Science of Mythology*, and it is intended to fill the gap between his *Science of Language* and the *Science of Religion*. The work of his life, which he had planned and traced out long ago, is thus carried through and finished.

THE February issue of Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co.'s "Temple Classics," under the general editorship of Mr. Israel Gollancz, will contain the first volume of a new edition of Florio's *Montaigne*, which is to be completed in six volumes during this year. Mr. A. Rainey Waller is the editor, and he contributes a glossary and brief notes to each volume, in addition to supervising the text.

MR. HENRY FROWDE, Oxford University Press Warehouse, will publish almost immediately Virgil's *Eclogues*, done into English hexameters by the Right Hon. Sir George Osborne Morgan, Bart., Q.C., M.P. for East Denbighshire. Many metrical translations of Virgil have appeared, but it seemed possible to Sir George that some of the charm inspired by what Tennyson called "the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man" might be preserved if the author's metre were adopted. The translation is dedicated to Mr. Gladstone, who throughout his long and illustrious life has known how to lighten the cares of a statesman by the recreations of a scholar.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON & Co. have in the Press for immediate publication a new novel by Adeline Sergeant, to be called *The Idol Maker*. Dr. S. R. Keightley, who has already published through Messrs. Hutchinson & Co. two historical romances under the titles of *The Crimson Sign* and *The Cavaliers*, has just completed a third volume, which will be published by the same firm, under the title of *The Last Recruit of Clara's*.

ART.

LORD LEIGHTON'S COLLECTED WORKS.

ARTIFICIAL light, albeit at its best in electricity, is not favourable to the rather limited tones of Lord Leighton's colour. This was disappointing, during the recent dark days, to those who had promised themselves that kind of general revision of Lord Leighton's work as a colourist to which a large gathering of pictures is favourable. The decorative quality of colour is hardly to be gauged at all in detail, and Lord Leighton's work, companion to architecture, should accompany, set off, surround, and decorate itself when there are not blond marble and new gold to make for his pictures avenues, corridors, and courts. If it is artificial, the artifice is not further removed from nature than is the gold refined or the marble sleeked. By artificial light the fairness looked a little pallid. One went in search of remembered dark-blue seas, and the blues and whites of heroic skies, to find that even these looked no more profound than the paint that made them might look on the palette; that is, the vibration which seemed the subsidence of the waves of natural impression seemed to have become all but imperceptible. Nevertheless it must be there, in the "Daphnephoria" and the "Hesperides"—a communication with the climate and the distances of what Hotspur calls the "live air."

LORD LEIGHTON'S artificiality is so much a matter of surface, and therefore so manifest, that a careless appreciation fails to perceive the intent submission with which he obeyed nature in that part of his art which was the chief part to him—design. What have we left to measure with if we play false with the human figure, and cheaply help ourselves to dignity and beauty with a measuring-rod that we have tampered with? When the "Eve" at the New Gallery holds aloft a little head some twelfth part of her stature in size, we are apt to wonder why her painter should not—ill-content with the human rule—build a figure of fifteen heads or twenty; also why he is not thankful enough that the normal height of a human woman is not of five heads; and what he would have done if it had been so. Lord Leighton consistently seeks the heroic proportion by the inflection and not the infraction of the laws of the growth of the body. He was as sure as were the Greeks that no figure is tall that is not human. Sometimes, as in "Flaming June," he has pushed the limit rather far, but even there he has not broken through.

NOWHERE does he any violence to nature, which, after all, has life and may be killed by arbitrary dealing; what a dissatisfied criticism finds so persistently in his work is probably that he too much controls her. That control is evident in the actions resolved upon for the very sake of their simplicity—for example, the attitude of

the girlish figures to the right of the composition of "The Captive Andromache." This control of his has in its grasp the familiarities and accidents of employment and posture, and looks even more deliberate than when it orders the enthroned graces of a "Tragic Poetess" or a "Spirit of the Summit." The girls are drawing water in a row; one with her robes tucked close about her knees, one with her arm propped against the face of the wall, are, as it were, condemned and compelled to be exquisitely natural. Their naturalness, including a touch of awkward village character, as village character might be in Argos, has been devised in the deliberation of the careful processes of the studio. Nothing is neglected or forgotten—not even impulse, carelessness, and a wild spirit.

No such paradox, however, is true of two or three figures of little girls, in which Lord Leighton has not lost the first simplicity. They seem unlike the rest; whether because the painter moderated his preparations, and omitted the preliminary nude study, or dispensed himself from modelling the figure, and clothing it in little draperies dipped in water so that the folds might be under complete management; or whether his delight in the real action of a child compelled him to take possession of it exactly as it was—alive—for some other intelligible reason, these little girls are not only exquisite but fresh, in design, character, and posture. One of them is "Study," another the Cleoboulina in "Cleoboulus instructing his Daughter Cleoboulina," another the child in the "Music Lesson," and yet another, the lovely little figure of the young one in "The Sister's Kiss." There were but few little girls in any of the schools of painting before the days of Sir Joshua Reynolds, unless when *Infantas* and *Meninas* stood to be painted by Velazquez, or—more rarely—when Titian painted a little Virgin in an oval halo, going alone up the steps to dedicate herself in the Temple. And Lord Leighton perceived a character of their beauty which neither of those two masters thought about. He, like Sir Joshua, had a tenderness for the lowly character of a figure of eight years old, and for the careless curves of its natural softness; as though he knew that a character so simple and so unconscious—nay, so easily fatigued and distracted—must not be too much delayed. He has made it live, in the liberty wherewith he would not entrust man or woman, in that perfectly beautiful group just mentioned—"The Sister's Kiss." The action of head, figure, and little hands, as the child bends to her elder sister's upturned head, are purely childlike.

THE early pictures—with the Cimabue procession itself—have not been continuously secluded since they were first exhibited and bought. To see them again is to renew the impression of contrast between Lord Leighton's mediæval time and his later renaissance. He was for some years devoted to the "picturesque," in which his own extreme intelligence preserved him from the ordinary neglect of individuality into which a costume painter lapsed at that time.

Every figure in the great "Procession" is a distinct Florentine, and not a generalised person "combined" from the very beginning of English art in Italy. If the character is not very strong, it is everywhere evident that the painter of four-and-twenty worked for that end, and that if he had painted costume to the last, he would have done so with a sense of place and person and a vigilant use of his eyes. For, although his method implied a constant use (it may well be an abuse) of the studio, it was from *la vie surprise* that he took the initial suggestion and aspect, control it later as he might. And this was so even when, in after years, he would not permit the aspect of life to stand in his finished picture until its impulse was frozen and still after many studies. The "Procession" is brilliant in colour, and its design has all the promise of the perfect elegance of the future.

"DANTE AT VERONA" is not in the collection; nor is the beautiful "Odalisque," but there are other equally pure and refined studies of white—white illuminated and white translucent, opaque, transparent, or steeped in delicate shadows; but always cool, never gilded with the gold of the Venetians or of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Nor is the "Phryne" here, the most conspicuous nude subject being the "Venus" of 1867, a deliberate and very graceful figure of which one foot helps the other to slip off a sandal. The painter has made his "Venus" to stoop and prop her hand on her knee with an action simple, familiar, and human to describe, but very academic as Lord Leighton has ordered it. The fastidious grace that was his aim certainly rewards him. Neither in this lovely figure nor elsewhere does it become trivial. To reproach his kind of beauty with "prettiness" is entirely to misapprehend the severity, the scholarship, and the remoteness from anything ordinary or silly which set a seal upon the merest nymph he ever drew.

"CYMON AND IPHIGENIA" is somewhat marred by the exaggeration of preparation displayed in the principal recumbent figure; nevertheless it remains one of Lord Leighton's great successes. Of the portraits it is not necessary to speak. They are not distinguished—with the one famous exception of the "Richard Burton," extraordinary for the character, solidity, and power of understanding and painting alike, and for the thought and fire of the brown eye.

THE landscapes and landscape studies in the last room are exceedingly beautiful. They are luminous, simple, local, spirited, brilliant, and full of "live air." Especially charming are one or two of Broussa or other passages of the cultivated lands of Asia Minor, where the delicate mists of light are interrupted by the dark shapes of single cypresses and pines. This effect of emphasis, unaltered by distance, gives a most peculiar touch to the shining prospects of Italy and the East alike. As the tones and values lessen and diminish in the distance, they are suddenly broken by one great flat pine, almost as black

and emphatic in the furthest plane as is another great flat pine, also solitary, close at hand in the foreground. But lately we were admiring this distinctive effect on the way to Naples, and wondering whether a painter would have the courage to render it. In Lord Leighton's studies it is rendered, and is most beautiful.

A. M.

DRAMA.

IT is a proof of the genuinely dramatic quality of "Black Ey'd Susan" that while one enjoys and laughs at the luxuriance of the dialogue, its wealth of nautical metaphor, its grandiloquent and anachronistic statements of virtue and villainy, one is yet interested in the progress of the story, cheered by the failure of Hatchett's plot and William's denunciation of Doggrass's hardness of heart, and positively delighted that William and Susan should be happy ever after. That is to say, one is so delighted if one happens to be a person of unsophisticated sentimentality, and happily most of us are that. Certainly as a play, "Black Ey'd Susan" is an excellent piece of work. William's return is a well contrived effect, and so is the trial scene, with William's heartrending sense of discipline, and his pathetic-comic witnesses—the honest fellows! I do not think so much of the fight with Captain Crosstree, because even when you are rescuing innocence in distress you could hardly fail to recognise your own captain (there is no mention of William being short-sighted), or, at least, the captain would have made some remark on this subject—"Hold, William! Lo, I am your superior officer," or words to that effect. The execution scene is discounted by the certainty of the reprieve. The characters are well balanced—the mean and saturnine Doggrass by the generous-minded and robustly humorous Gnatbrain, the black-ey'd but lugubrious Susan by the light-hearted Dolly Mayflower, the manly and virtuous William by his manly but vicious captain. The play has, of course, the irrelevant interest of old manners in addition; I do not suppose that Douglas Jerrold drew a minutely realistic picture of the contemporary sailor, but he does represent the popular idea of the British tar of the period, his amatory and bibulous disposition—quite innocent, though, except in the case of the captain—his great heart, and his unintelligible language.

THE play was thoroughly well done at the Adelphi. The scenery was pretty and clever, the dresses were delightful—especially the sailors', and most especially Captain Crosstree's coat—and the choruses and crowds generally were excellently managed. The acting was good—with a swing to it, and a proper and cheerful enjoyment of the full-bodied dialogue. Mr. William Terriss's William was one of the best things he has done. His strenuousness, and — possibly — his occasional

staginess, which have sometimes a little irritated one, were here quite in the right vein. His rollicking was unforced, and his emotion was "manly, sir, manly," as F. B. used to say. His hornpipe was a thing of joy, and his self-respecting humility in the trial scene was admirable acting. I did not care so much for his pathos in the scene of parting with his wife, but that is not a good part of the play. Miss Millward was an artistic Susan, never straining the lugubrious note, but perhaps not gay enough in the one opportunity of gaiety. Her scene with Captain Crosstree was handicapped by the absurdity of her having to run round the stage in her efforts to escape while there was an open street in front of her, but I thought her innocence was pretty to see. My impression was that Mr. Harry Nicholls gagged his part, and that he should not have done, but he made some way against the difficulties of out-worn humour. Miss Vane Featherston was a lively coquette as Dolly. Mr. Fulton's Crosstree was sufficient; he faced the "I must and shall possess her" speech quite nobly. Mr. Beveridge's Doggrass was full of spite and comic unscrupulousness, and Mr. Oscar Adye's Hatchett was not bad. I do not know who sung the "Sweet William" song, but he had a good manner of singing.

By the way, I wish somebody would revive the burlesque. The tune of "Pretty Se-usan, don't say No" is one of my earliest recollections, and I should like to hear "Captain Crosstree is my name." Of course a burlesque of a play, the dialogue of which has come in the course of time to burlesque itself, is in a way a superfluity, but there must be people enough enjoying the revival at the Adelphi to make the other revival worth somebody's while, and the thing would have a real interest.

MESSRS. T. AND J. MADDISON MORTON'S "All that Glitters is not Gold," which was played before "Black Ey'd Susan," seemed to me to be a remarkably bad play. I sincerely hope that no elderly playgoers regard it with wistful tenderness, with a tear in the eye and a lump in the throat, for I should be extremely sorry to jar upon such feelings, and, moreover, I should regret that their emotion should not be better spent. I cannot understand how any generation can have thought this a tolerable production. I have, indeed, nothing to say against the chief motive of the play, the contrast, to wit, between honest, homely worth and titled worthlessness, the superiority of people who speak with a Yorkshire accent over those who do not. Possibly the appeal is a little cheap or so, and relies on a not altogether intelligent order of ideas; but since such an appeal created the reputation for pathos of the most famous English novelist of the century, who am I that I should quarrel with it? What I do quarrel with is the complete fatuity with which it is employed. The dialogue, in the first place, is bombastic, not with the rich bombast of "Black Ey'd Susan," but with a bombast merely futile

and wearisome. The characterisation is beneath contempt. The heroine, the honest work-girl who should be the centre of sympathy, appears on the most moderate reflection to be an intolerable little prig. Her habit of writing down all her actions at the end of the day from the point of view of their goodness or badness seemed to me quite revolting, and her conduct in spying on a young married woman and meddling in her affairs almost equally so. The construction is bad: the means by which the action is furthered would not have seemed plausible (I should have thought) to a baby. The character of the would-be seducer, a young man who goes about boasting of his insipid conquests, seems to have been stuck in from some French original without the least attempt to make it a possible figure of English life. The nearest approach to wit in the piece is somebody's calling "Lady Leatherbridge" "Lady Leatherbreeches" — and that is hardly a good joke, is it? I pronounce "All that glitters," &c., to be a remarkably bad play.

MISS VANE FEATHERSTONE played the intolerable heroine with skill, contriving to put some feeling into the part. Mr. Harry Nicholls was not very funny as the funny man of the piece: the effect would have been better, I think, if he played more slowly, with a Yorkshire brogue, and not with a lively London air. Mr. Charles Fulton spoke his lines very well as the homely hero. Miss Kearney made something of a low comedy part, and Miss Halstan, whom I do not remember to have seen before, brought a charming appearance and carriage to the assistance of a small part.

ANOTHER play which pleased our remote forefathers has been revived at the Criterion. "Betsy" is not a miracle of wit, but there is much amusing folly in it. I liked Miss Hughes's Betsy as well as any I have seen: it was attractive in its demure gaiety. Mr. Welch was comically unctuous as the tutor.

WHEN "A Man About Town" was produced at the Avenue I happened to be in the country. The critics have not been enthusiastic about it, but Mr. Archer says it is no worse than most such things, and Miss May Edouin is an interesting beginner, in that she shows signs of an instinct for playing, and Miss Alma Stanley has one of the very best presences on the stage.

G. S. S.

MUSIC.

ON the last day of the present month occurs the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Franz Schubert, an important event in the history of music which will no doubt be celebrated in becoming fashion by various musical societies at home and abroad. I wonder, indeed, that a special festival has not already been announced here. In the departments of orchestral, chamber, and vocal music Schubert has left imperishable

monuments of his genius; and many an interesting programme could be drawn up. The critical edition of the composer's complete works published by Messrs. Breitkopf & Härtel contains many compositions, especially songs, of the finest quality, which, as yet, are practically unknown. There is, then, a fine field for exploration.

EVERYTHING relating to Schubert is eminently romantic—not only his music, but also his life, his early and tragic death, and the tardy discovery, first by Schumann, then by Sir George Grove and Sir Arthur Sullivan, of some of his most precious manuscripts. There are few names, whether in art or literature, surrounded by so much that is marvellous, mysterious, and also melancholy. Schubert was heaven-taught, and how he came to write such wonderful music must have been almost as great a mystery to him as to us. It is extraordinary how men of genius not only overcome disadvantages of humble birth, of injudicious, if not unkind, parents, and of irregular initiation into the technique of their art, but actually derive nourishment and strength therefrom. They learn, and from early age, to rely upon themselves, and probably thus find out that by helping themselves they are helped by heaven. If Beethoven's father had been wise and kind; if the Elector had not been driven away from his palace at Bonn; and if Haydn by firmness and patience had tamed the wild, wayward young man committed to his care—then, indeed, Beethoven might have become a happier and more prosperous man, but it is quite possible that we should not have had the "Eroica," "C minor," and "Choral" Symphonies. And so, in like manner, with Schubert, whose music is the outcome of his Bohemian life with its many sorrows and disappointments.

MOZART, Beethoven, Schubert, Wagner, were always longing for peace and quiet, and for a moderate, settled income, so that, free from cares and anxiety, they might devote their best powers to their art. Wagner, during the later years of his life, realised his wishes, but it was otherwise with the other three. And for art their disappointments proved great gain. Schubert himself recognised this, for he wrote in his diary: "Grief sharpens the understanding and strengthens the soul, whereas joy seldom troubles itself about the former, and makes the latter either effeminate or frivolous." And again: "My productions in music are the product of the understanding, and spring from my sorrow; those only which are the product of pain seem to please the great world most." When the composer penned these words he was in a truly philosophical frame of mind.

SCHUBERT was a most prolific composer, and naturally wrote much which the world will willingly let die. Musical literature is ever increasing in quantity, and as centuries roll by the best only will survive. Although, however, the works by which the composer will achieve immortality may not be very numerous, his music is at times so unequal, that often in the midst of what for Schubert

was ordinary, every-day writing, one comes across wonderful passages, true flashes of genius. And thus it happens that nearly everything he wrote possesses some kind of interest. Among the least known of his works are his operas and operettas, and for the simple reason that some have never been performed, others only a few times in Germany. They contain some of his loveliest—some of his grandest—music; yet for more than one reason it may be doubted whether the revival of even the best in its entirety would prove a success. By way of experiment, however, such a revival would be extremely interesting. It was in the *Lied* that Schubert displayed his richest lyrical and dramatic gifts. In small things he was greatest: in art, as in nature, value is not measured by size.

MR. CHAPPELL commenced the new year on Monday with an excellent programme. Beethoven's Quartet in F minor (Op. 95), carefully and reverently interpreted by Lady Hallé and Messrs. Ries, Gibson, and Piatti, does more than "share" with the Rasoumowski Quartet in F major the glories of the composer's "second manner"; it gives a foretaste of the glories of the third. Part of the strength of the music lies in its wonderful conciseness; in his later quartets Beethoven indulged in lengths not always "heavenly." The other concerted work was Tchaikowski's Trio in A minor for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, first introduced here by the late Sir Charles Hallé at one of his chamber concerts. It is dedicated "A La Mémoire d'un Grand Artiste," and that artist is said to have been Nicholas, brother of the still more famed Anton Rubinstein. The opening movement, *Pezzo Elegiaco*, admirably clear in structure, has power and charm; there is nobility in the thematic material, while clever developments and constant variety of rhythm keep the listener ever on the alert. The *Tema con Variazioni* which follows is, however, the most characteristic of the three movements. The theme itself, simple in character, is most engaging; in the variations the composer displays both skill and imagination. Some are quiet and pensive, others quaint and even humorous. There are two—the one in *tempo di valse*, the other in *tempo di mazurka*—which, though clever, seem to me to fall far below the high level of the rest. In the *mazurka* the composer evidently aimed at striking contrast, and so far succeeded; but there are unpleasant, as well as pleasant, contrasts. The variation which precedes, with its pathetic melody given out by the muted violin, and mysterious *arpeggio* accompaniment for the pianoforte, is of fine solemn effect, and surely ought to have been followed by something more noble in character. The Finale—really another variation in extended form—is chiefly remarkable for its vigour and its mournful close. The Trio was well performed by Mr. Leonard Borwick, Lady Hallé, and Signor Piatti.

MR. BORWICK played as solos Chopin's Nocturne in C minor and Ballade in G minor. Few pianists successfully interpret the music

—laden with sentiment and rich in varying mood—of the Polish composer, and of those few, Mr. Borwick, so far as I can judge, is as yet not one. His reading is too matter-of-fact; he seems to be trying to make his audience understand rather than feel, whereas Chopin's music demands treatment of quite opposite kind. Mr. Borwick is, however, an excellent pianist, and his readings of classical works are justly admired. As an encore he played a short Brahms piece.

MISS EVANGELINE FLORENCE sang Handel's lovely air "Care Selve" in most refined, artistic fashion. Although recalled several times she would not give an encore, and in this she set an excellent example. Her second song was Bishop's "Lo! here the gentle lark," with flute obbligato (Mr. J. Lemmoné). The song in its way is effective enough, but it was not a suitable one for the high class programme I have been describing.

ADVANCE programmes of the Saturday Promenade Concerts have been forwarded to me, and I am pleased to see that novelties in moderate quantity still continue the order of the day. On January 16 a "Scherzino Valse" and "Danse de Bacchanale" will be introduced, and on February 6 an Orchestral Legend, "Undine," by Amy Elise Horrocks. For January 23 a Suite entitled "Izél," by Gabriel Pierné, is announced, and for February 27 a Symphonic Poem, "Le Chasseur Maudit," by César Franck. The Symphony by the last named, played by M. Lamoureux, created a desire to know more of this composer. Late experience of modern programme music has not been altogether pleasant, yet I hope that Franck's "Hunter," though cursed, may prove a welcome guest.

I REMIND my readers that the second performance of Saint-Saëns' "Samson et Dalila" will be given at the Queen's Hall on the afternoon of January 16, when Mr. Newman may reasonably count upon a full hall.

J. S. S.

SCIENCE.

THE elevation of Sir Joseph Lister, P.R.S., to the peerage is, I believe, the highest honour which has ever been conferred on the medical profession in this country. Nor could a worthier representative have been selected for it than the man whose discovery of the antiseptic treatment has effected a revolution in hospital treatment, and saved more lives in its time than all the wars have destroyed. Sir Joseph Lister, as often happens, has been less of a prophet in his own country than in others. In Italy, it is recorded, he once made as triumphal a progress as Cimabue's "Madonna"; but here, till now, his work has been accepted with that moderate fervour which characterises the gratitude of the Anglo-Saxon

race. Perhaps the slight infusion of vivisection which was necessary to perfect it has something to do with the matter.

Of the late Prof. Emil Du Bois-Reymond the *British Medical Journal* says:

"He is one of the last to join the majority of a band of physiologists which included Carl Ludwig and Helmholtz, who rather more than half a century ago rescued physiology from the hands of vitalists and mysticists, and made it an exact science. They employed the methods of physics and chemistry to the investigation of vital problems, and it is to such methods alone that physiology owes the progress of the last fifty years."

It was to the electrical side of this science that Du Bois-Reymond particularly devoted himself, and his researches in this field have laid the foundation of all our knowledge in connexion with animal electricity. So high an authority as Prof. Burdon Sanderson has remarked that "Du Bois-Reymond probably never made an incorrect observation or performed a faulty experiment." It might be of interest to mention that an excellent portrait of the deceased professor, made only last year, has been included by Mr. Rudolf Lehmann in the collection of sketches published under the title of *Men and Women of the Century* by Messrs. George Bell & Sons.

To an ordinary scientific mind the phrase "liquid crystals" is a contradiction in terms. Crystalline properties, as generally laid down, are such as to exclude any but a solid structure, and a discovery which showed that crystals might exist in a liquid condition would tend to revolutionise the whole modern theory regarding the structure of liquids and solids. This is the view taken by Prof. H. A. Miers in an article which he contributes to the current number of *Science Progress*, and it forms the introduction to some very curious discoveries by Dr. Lehmann, of Karlsruhe, the great German microscopist. Some years ago a well-known botanist found that benzoate of cholesteryl possessed two melting points, melting first at 145 deg. to a dull, and then at 178 deg. to a clear, liquid; also that at the former it seemed to possess the property of double refraction. Shortly afterwards other compounds were prepared which possessed the same peculiarity, among them being azoxyphenol and azoxyanisole. These substances can be melted from the crystalline state (commonly so called) to the liquid, on a microscope stage, and at their first melting point are strongly doubly refractive, becoming dark four times when rotated between a pair of crossed Nicol prisms. On the strength of this discovery, Dr. Lehmann pronounces the drops to be really liquid crystals, and although in respect of their optical properties they do not follow out strict crystalline rules, there is no doubt that the drops are doubly refractive, possess a symmetrical disposition of their optical properties, and are "unlike any other drops or any other liquid previously described."

In the same number as the above is a short but interesting paper on artificial variation produced in the larvæ of sea-urchins, by Mr. H. M. Vernon, showing the value of those studies in marine biology which were first started by Anton Dohrn at Naples, and are now carried out almost everywhere. The importance of variation as a factor in the great evolution question is well recognised. Many vexed points would be solved if the cause of the continual tendency in the organism to change were once conclusively settled. One side believes that the tendency is inherent, or is bound up with questions of sex, which cannot be experimentally tested; another, that it depends on the changing action of environment, which can. Mr. Vernon's experiments are in this latter direction, and consist in noting the alterations in growth and development which result from changes in the temperature and salinity of the water the specimens were reared in, and various other modifications which might occur in nature. The most fruitful of his results is the discovery that the temperature of the water at the moment the young ova are fertilised has an enormous effect on their after growth. This is a point which calls for further investigation.

Most workers in the higher regions of science have nowadays to be familiar with French, German, and Italian, and may consider themselves lucky to escape Japanese. The days when continental science ran on different lines from British, and was distinguished in itself by nationalities, are past. Science is now cosmopolitan, and when the Royal Society's catalogue scheme is completed will become universal. Yet outside the ranks of higher science are many who take an interest in scientific work and to whom the German publications, at any rate, are a sealed book. In their interests more should be done to bring German work forward by means of translations. Tyndall was not above such work, and, indeed, it should be performed by men of eminence. The American journal *Science* has frequently conferred real service in this respect, and its current number over here (December 25) contains an excellent example in the form of a translation, with comments, by Prof. H. C. Jones, of Nernst's address on physical chemistry, delivered at the opening of the new Göttingen laboratory.

THE term physical chemistry is in itself a comparatively new one, indicating the growth of a new science. In the early days of Davy and Gay Lussac, when men were engaged in discovering the fundamental laws of matter, chemistry and physics went together. Then came a period when they separated, the chemists Berzelius, Liebig, Hofmann, &c., devoting themselves to chemistry pure and simple, while men like Hertz, Weber, and Helmholtz were no less distinctly physicists. Within the last decade there has grown up a fringe of subjects between the two sciences which requires the co-operation and knowledge of both. The names of Landolt, Ostwald, Nernst, Van't Hoff, and Arrhenius

are well known in connexion with this school of thought which has grown up round the second named at Leipsic; nor are we lacking in good representatives here. The discoveries of Lord Rayleigh and Prof. Ramsay, the joint work of Prof. Dewar and Prof. Fleming, the extensive researches of men like Prof. S. P. Thompson and Mr. J. W. Swan, are for the most part dependent upon a nice intermixture of chemical and physical learning, without which they could never have been carried out.

PROF. JONES, the translator of Dr. Nernst's paper, who holds the chair of physics at John Hopkins University, goes more minutely into the work of the physico-chemical school than I can do here. Among its more important generalisations—and generalisations are the cream of many discoveries—he cites that of Van't Hoff, that "optical activity" is due to the presence of an asymmetric carbon atom, which formed a basis for all the recent developments in what is known as stereochemistry. The same discoverer's application of the gas laws to solutions, and its counterpart, the Arrhenius theory of electrolytic dissociation, have been no less fruitful in results, though the latter is not always accepted. Ostwald, the father of the science (since Faraday), is pre-eminently a systematiser and arranger of facts. Nernst has revolutionised our notions in regard to primary batteries since the appearance of his memorable paper in 1889. These are but a few of the things which might be named. The work of Raoult and Beckmann on freezing points and vapour tensions, of Le Blanc on polarisation, and of Ramsay and Shields on surface tension, are among other records of this ten-year-old school, which already numbers in its ranks some of the very highest names in science.

THE latest result of Prof. Röntgen's discovery is a wonderful interest in the properties of light and optical phenomena. No more beautiful or ingenious exposition of the subject has ever been made than that with which Prof. Silvanus Thompson has been delighting the crowded audiences of the Royal Institution. So neat, so happy, and so homely are the illustrations of the not too simple laws of optics which this gifted lecturer manages to introduce, that one expects at every moment to hear the "no deception" formula of the drawing-room conjurer. By an odd coincidence another, not less brilliant, lecturer has been filling the gap which Prof. Thompson's absence presumably makes in Finsbury. This is Prof. J. A. Fleming, who has been delivering a popular course on optics at the London Institution. Prof. Fleming's audience is one of a very different kind from that which assembles in Albemarle-street, and his lectures have not the same sparkle and originality that are called for in the fashionable home of science. None the less, he has been followed with an interest that Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke might envy.

H. C. M.

THE BOOK MARKET.

ARE THE OLDER NOVELISTS HOLD-
ING THEIR OWN?

A SYMPOSIUM OF BOOKSELLERS.

IF our readers will bear with a couple of columns of small print, they will find the following answers to the question which heads this column interesting. They have been supplied to us by our correspondents in the book trade. The desirability of putting such a question to practical booksellers had been suggested to us by the state of our table during the three months which preceded Christmas. Could the good old novelists be resisting such a mill-stream of new fiction? If not, what courage might they gain from defeat, what resolution from despair?

The replies which we print are thoughtful and full of interesting agreements, and interesting differences, and they have the note of actuality. We gather that in the opinion of leading booksellers the sale of the works of the older novelists depends greatly on the manner in which they are presented by modern publishers.

The incidental criticisms on modern writers which crop up in these replies are distinctly interesting, and in nearly all there is expressed loyalty to the old writers who "burn with a gemlike flame" instead of merely blazing and subsiding into cold ashes.

LONDON.

Messrs. A. & F. Denny, the well-known booksellers of the Strand, send us the following reply to our question:

We have no hesitation in saying that the following half-dozen writers show no signs of diminishing popularity, but quite the reverse—viz., Charles Dickens, Sir Walter Scott, Thackeray, George Eliot, C. Kingsley, and O. Brontë.

There is, too, an undoubtedly ready and quick sale for the "best" of the following:—Lord Lytton, Ainsworth, Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, Lever, Whyte Melville, Hawley Smart, &c. It is, however, hardly an increasing sale, nor can we compare it with the demand for R. L. Stevenson, or some of the more popular writers of to-day, as Stanley Weyman, Barrie, Crockett, Ian Maclaren, Merriman, Anthony Hope, G. Meredith, Rudyard Kipling, Thomas Hardy, Rider Haggard, Conan Doyle, F. M. Crawford, M. Corelli, and Mrs. Humphry Ward, and others, each of which could, we think, point to record sales for their new books.

The publication of dainty illustrated and well-printed editions has had the effect of drawing attention to some writers hitherto somewhat neglected, such as Jane Austen, T. L. Peacock, and M. Edgeworth. The great and increasing demand for the fiction of our best writers is hardly a matter for surprise, when we compare it with the mass of so-called fiction published during the last few years, and at which ten years ago most publishers would have looked with suspicion. At no period have books of such high value as those of our "great novelists" been produced so well and at such small cost, and each is adding to his or her ever widening circle of admirers and readers.

To sum up, our belief is that the "great writers" we have mentioned in the earlier portion of our letter are not only holding their own but are growing in popularity year by year, in spite of the enormous opposition they have to encounter from more modern writers, and in some cases imitators.

Mr. Thomas Bumpus, Director of the firm of John and Edward Bumpus, Limited, writes to us:

In some cases, the old great novelists have unquestionably lost ground; nevertheless, our experience is, that whatever new publications see the light, the public retains all its old affection for Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, Jane Austen, Whyte Melville, and in a lesser degree, for Wilkie Collins and Charles Reade, and these feelings of loyalty and preference are shown year after year in a practical manner that defies refutation. It is true that novel readers of the present day are insatiable in their appetite for light and sensational literature; but I think it is a case of "Revenons à nos moutons." They return with a keener zest to the older favourites.

GLASGOW.

Messrs. W. & R. Holmes write:

Regarding the works of the older novelists, some of whom may now be termed English classics, the sale of Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray has been going on for years with extraordinary vigour, and is not apparently affected in the slightest by the present-day writers; while Collins, Reade, Eliot, Lytton, and Trollope have all a ready sale. Some of the others, such as Ainsworth and James, are not so much in demand within the last year or two. The demand for Dumas is increasing daily.

BRISTOL.

Messrs. William George's Sons write:

Of the older novelists the case of Anthony Trollope was admirably set forth in your last issue. That of Lytton is very similar. Ainsworth, Wilkie Collins, and Charles Reade are quite out of demand. The illustrators and reprinters of Jane Austen are much to be thanked, and have received reward in large sales. Marryat is alive again from the same cause. Scott sells in any form, but there is room for a tasteful reissue yet. George Eliot sells well as a still copyright author. Dickens and Thackeray go off in a humdrum way; in both these cases there is a large public looking forward to a new style of publishing, when the remarkable experience with Jane Austen will be repeated.

CLIFTON.

Messrs. J. Baker & Son write:

The answer must be twofold. The great writers of the immediate past do not sell in rushes as do the works of the modern author who "blazes"; neither do they have so large a sale at Christmas as formerly; but throughout the year the works of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, and Charles Kingsley have a larger sale than any modern writer. The tendency of the modern novel is to blaze and die. The successes of last year are the dead stock of to-day; but there are certain living authors whose works sell steadily; and of dead authors Jane Austen has had a curious revival, her works selling freely, and Charles Reade's novels sell well in cheap editions, but Anthony Trollope, Wilkie Collins, and Ainsworth are rarely asked for.

DARLINGTON.

Messrs. Thomas Brear & Co. write:

Our experience is that most of the older novelists still stand firm in their position amid the prodigious mushroom growth of modern fiction. Though Dickens and Thackeray do not sell as rapidly as they did a few years ago, there is still a steady demand for their novels, as well as of Scott, Brontë, George Eliot, and Kingsley.

Lytton is very slow, and Trollope, Harrison Ainsworth, and Cooper are seldom asked for now. Jane Austen sells only in illustrated editions, and Charles Reade is gradually becoming "a man of one book"—*The Cloister and the Hearth*. With a few exceptions, the modern novel has a very brief existence.

FOLKESTONE.

Mr. William E. Thorpe writes:

I have no hesitation in saying that the demand at the circulating libraries is all for the newest books, and the majority read little else but novels. Of course there are always a certain number of readers to be found for good travels and biographies, but I regret to say the old standard authors are almost entirely neglected. I am now speaking of such libraries as our own, which are patronised by the better class of people of the town; but with respect to the free library I cannot say for certain, but I am under the impression the old standard authors are far more read than they are in such up-to-date establishments as ours. Since two years ago the tone and tendency of the novels were certainly immoral, and the more they were so the larger the circulation; but I am happy to say I think that that day is past, and the novel readers of to-day certainly prefer a higher and purer tone of fiction.

BOURNEMOUTH.

Mr. Horace G. Commin writes:

Taking the older novelists as a whole. I do not think they hold their own as they should, but wherever cheap—by this I do not necessarily mean low price—new editions are published, especially when well done, there is a considerable revival in the sale.

Scott sells as well now as in the last five years, and better than ten years ago.

Dickens is likely to have a larger number of readers this year than for many years, because of the new "Gad's Hill" edition.

Thackeray is always about the same, and has not fallen off, but has an increasing number of readers.

Trollope would have a larger number of readers if there was a good edition in good type; I am inclined to think there is room for this.

George Eliot is still in very considerable demand, and holds her own.

Jane Austen has still a large sale, thanks to the illustrations by Hugh Thomson, and also the good type editions which have of late years appeared.

Lytton and Ainsworth have fallen off rather.

Wilkie Collins and Charles Reade have not quite so large a number of readers as they deserve.

The Brontës and Mrs. Gaskell have a very large and a growing number of readers.

Fennimore Cooper has nothing like the number of readers that he had, and has fallen off largely.

Captain Marryat still a large number, but does not keep the stand he should.

Whyte Melville has fallen off somewhat. Charles Kingsley still continues to hold his own.

The chief reason, I believe, of any decline in the sale and number of readers in any case (except Fennimore Cooper) is largely due to the poorness of type and paper on which many of the older authors are published.

CARDIFF.

Mr. W. Hogg writes:

I find that Dickens and Scott enjoy a very steady and constant sale, and hold their own with the newer novelists. I do not think Thackeray has had justice done to him by his publishers, some of his works being issued in two volumes only. What seems to be wanted is a cheap one-volume edition to make him more popular, still he is constantly selling.

Anthony Trollope has a slow sale.

Lord Lytton is not often inquired for.

Harrison Ainsworth is declining in popularity.

Wilkie Collins sells well in cheap form.

Charles Reade has sold very well until quite recently.

George Eliot has a very steady sale—quite popular.

Jane Austen is rarely asked for now.

BIRMINGHAM.

Mr. Charles Linnell, of the firm of Cornish Brothers, writes:

Our experience is that Scott is the only one of the older writers whose books have not suffered by the writers of to-day. The sales of Dickens and of Thackeray and of George Eliot are fairly maintained, but the novels of Lord Lytton, Harrison Ainsworth, Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, and Lever are seldom asked for. There is a sustained demand for Mrs. Gaskell, Charles Kingsley, the Brontës, Mrs. Craik, Jane Austen, and Henry Kingsley.

Of the older living writers, Miss Yonge, Miss Braddon, George MacDonald, R. D. Blackmore, Mrs. Oliphant, and William Black are in constant demand. It is to be regretted that Anthony Trollope is neglected. This may be accounted for by the fact that no edition of his works is to be had in an attractive form.

It is interesting and instructive to note that the English people still have the old love for a story pure and simple. Those novelists who delight to dwell upon disagreeable subjects, upon social and other evils, should take warning, for the sale of those novels which are produced for no other purpose than to take their readers into the "alms of realism" is on the wane. Historical novels, tinged with the quaintness of the age to which they belong, are most approved.

BOOKSELLING NOTES.

THE *Publishers' Circular* supplies with its usual punctuality the statistics of the literature of 1896. In the following table, which contains the essential figures, a signifi-

new books published in 1896, and *b* new editions.

SUBJECTS.	Total of Books on each Subject for 1896.
1. Theology, Sermons, Biblical ...	<i>a</i> 503 <i>b</i> 100
2. Educational, Classical, and Philological ...	<i>a</i> 529 <i>b</i> 114
3. Juvenile Works and Tales, Novels, Tales, and other Fiction ...	<i>a</i> 1,654 <i>b</i> 535
4. Law, Jurisprudence, &c. ...	<i>a</i> 132 <i>b</i> 50
5. Political and Social Economy, Trade, and Commerce ...	<i>a</i> 247 <i>b</i> 99
6. Arts, Science, and Illustrated Works ...	<i>a</i> 315 <i>b</i> 65
7. Voyages, Travels, Geographical Research ...	<i>a</i> 191 <i>b</i> 32
8. History, Biography, &c. ...	<i>a</i> 590 <i>b</i> 137
9. Poetry and the Drama ...	<i>a</i> 284 <i>b</i> 123
10. Year-books and Serials in Volumes ...	<i>a</i> 313 <i>b</i> —
11. Medicine, Surgery, &c. ...	<i>a</i> 117 <i>b</i> 41
12. Belles-Lettres, Essays, Monographs, &c. ...	<i>a</i> 130 <i>b</i> 23
13. Miscellaneous, including Pamphlets, not Sermons ...	<i>a</i> 239 <i>b</i> 26
	6,573

These figures, compared with those which were published for 1895, give the following comparisons. In Theology and Poetry there is neither increase nor decrease. History, Law, Political Economy, Art, and Fiction show an increase over 1895, the advance being largest in the case of Fiction, which has put forth one hundred more books and two hundred more new editions than in the previous year. Educational books and books of travel, *belles-lettres*, and miscellaneous books have been published in fewer numbers. In the end, we have a total net increase over 1895 of rather more than sixty volumes.

MESSRS. SOTHEY are now cataloguing the splendid library of the Earl of Ashburnham preparatory to its sale by auction. The rare MSS., we understand, will not be included in the general sale, it being the wish of the owner to find a single purchaser for these.

It will be remembered that the present Earl offered these MSS., soon after inheriting them, to the British Museum for a sum of £160,000, and that Mr. Gladstone, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, could only see his way to grant a sum sufficient for the Museum to acquire a portion of the MSS.—those concerned with English history. Should private negotiations fail these MSS. may after all come under the hammer with the books.

MESSRS. ROUTLEDGE & Co. may claim, we suppose, to have invented the sixpenny paper-backed standard novel. It is just thirty years since the firm began to put sixpenny novels on the market. To-day there is no more familiar sight in booksellers'

shops than the stacks of cheap novels, in their bright pictorial covers, issued by this firm. The cheapening of paper and printing has enabled Messrs. Routledge to so improve on their early record that their threepenny novels of to-day are superior to the sixpenny ones of yesterday.

At this moment Messrs. Routledge have in preparation eight standard novels, of which the copyrights have run out, and eight detective stories by such authors as A. K. Green, Frank Pinkerton, and Emile Gaboriau; all these will be issued in the size of 8½ inches by 5½ inches, with pictorial covers, at threepence. A quarter of a million copies are already ordered by the trade.

"ARTHUR PENDENYS" writes very brightly to his *Belinda* this month, in which he remarks: "They are booming Gladstone again." Mr. Pendenys prettily proceeds to extend the "boom" by sending *Belinda* an examination paper, based on Mr. Gladstone's interesting letter on book collecting, which it was our privilege to give to the world a fortnight ago. The humour of the following questions will be appreciated by our readers:

"State all you know about Mrs. Hannah More. By what process do we arrive at her age and circumstance when Dr. Johnson called her 'a saucy girl'?"

"Explain the Law of Compensation whereby a bookseller who charged four pounds for Addison's *Spectator* could afford to do book-binding for nothing."

"Is anything known of any one deliberately asking a Piccadilly bookseller to give away a copy of the Lyttelton-Gladstone *Translations* on vellum, or to give away any book? If so, state all you know of what took place on such an occasion."

THE late Sir Henry Parkes was an ardent collector of autographs, and his treasures have just gone the way of such things: they have gone under the hammer. The *Daily Chronicle* thinks, and is probably right, that the collection would have brought a far larger sum in London than in Sydney. There, one bookseller had the hardihood to offer only £450 for the lot, and was refused. But the separate lots put up fetched very moderate prices, one fine batch, containing autographs of the Duke of Wellington, Talleyrand, Victor Hugo, De Quincey, Southey, Cardinal Wiseman, and Lord Lytton, being secured for thirty guineas. Many of these autographs will probably make a quick voyage to London after all.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE Nile of literature is beginning to rise again. But our list of books still betokens the unsettled season following Christmas. Educational books are appearing fast in anticipation of the re-assembling of the schools. Cæsar and Cornelius Nepos are quite accustomed to see themselves in new editions directly after Christmas; they have so long been habituated to going new-bound to their conflict with the British schoolboy at this season. More characteristically modern is the fact that Pope and Milton

jostle them, with their lines all numbered, their grammatical forms discussed, and their meanings analysed. The Cambridge Milton for schools of which we have the new volume, containing Books ix. and x. of *Paradise Lost*, would have astonished even those schoolmasters whom Charles Lamb described as "new" in comparison with the "old." It would have astonished even Dr. Arnold.

Our short list of new books or editions in Fiction includes Messrs. Macmillan & Co.'s reprint, in their series of Standard Novels, of Miss Edgeworth's *Belinda*. The volume is illustrated by Miss Chris Hammond. Here is one more book to swell that army of the older novels which many of our bookseller correspondents assure us, this week, still keep the field.

Dr. Murray gives us an earnest of his industry in the New Year by sending out another small instalment of the D portion of his great Dictionary. Every student of the language, nay every lover of good work of whatever kind, will wish Dr. Murray health, strength, and hope in his unique undertaking.

Under Theology we have received, rather late, *The People's Bible History*, edited by the Rev. Geo. C. Lorimer, LL.D., and containing an Introduction by Mr. Gladstone. The volume is issued by the Christian Commonwealth Company.

The *Builder's Album of Royal Academy Architecture*, issued from the office of *The Builder*, is a handsome and interesting publication.

Under Biography comes the book of the week: Field-marshal Lord Roberts's *Forty-one Years in India* (Bentley & Son.) This work, so long expected, and now so widely welcomed, appears in two handsome large octavo volumes, bound in blue cloth, at the price of 36s. We shall be in no way anticipating a reviewer's treatment of this book if we simply quote its dedication. This reads as follows:

"TO THE COUNTRY TO WHICH I AM PROUD OF
BELONGING,
TO THE ARMY TO WHICH I AM SO DEEPLY
INDEBTED,
AND TO MY WIFE,
WITHOUT WHOSE LOVING HELP
MY 'FORTY-ONE YEARS IN INDIA'
COULD NOT BE THE HAPPY RETROSPECT IT IS,
I DEDICATE THIS BOOK."

FICTION.

- CHAKRA PUJA, AND OTHER STORIES. By Chola. The Roxburghe Press. 1s.
SIR KNIGHT OF THE GOLDEN PATHWAY. By Anna S. P. Duryea. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5s.
ANIMAL EPISODES AND STUDIES IN SENSATION. By G. H. Powell. George Redway. 3s. 6d.
THE SILENCE OF DEAN MAITLAND. By Maxwell Gray. Kegan Paul.
THE FROGGY FAIRY BOOK. By Anthony J. Drexel Biddle. Drexel Biddle & Co. (Philadelphia).
A BIT OF A FOOL. By Sir Robert Peel, Bart. Downey & Co. 6s.
BELINDA. By Maria Edgeworth. Illustrated by Chris Hammond. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.
THE BLACK MASS. By Frederic Breton. Hutchinson & Co. 6s.

PHILOLOGY.

- A NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY. Vol. III.: Disobed—Dis-trustful. Edited by Dr. James A. H. Murray. Clarendon Press. 2s. 6d.

NATURAL HISTORY.

CATALOGUE OF THE AFRICAN PLANTS COLLECTED BY DR. FRIEDRICH WELWITSCH IN 1863-61. Part I.: Dicotyledons. By William P. Hiern, M.A. Printed by order of the Trustees of the British Museum.
HOPKINS'S POND, AND OTHER SKETCHES. By Robert T. Morris. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5s.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

THE MADRISA ISLANDS. By Anthony J. Drexel Biddle. Drexel Biddle & Co. (Philadelphia).

ARCHÆOLOGY.

THE ANTIQUARY. Vol. 32. 1896. Elliot Stock.

THEOLOGY.

THE PEOPLE'S BIBLE HISTORY. Edited by the Rev. Geo. C. Lorimer, LL.D. With an Introduction by W. E. Gladstone. The Christian Commonwealth Co.
HARROW OCTOCENTARY TRACTS. Parts VI. and VII.: St. Thomas of Canterbury. By Rev. W. Done Bushell. Macmillan & Bowes (Cambridge).
THE LIFE OF CHRIST. By the Rev. J. Duggan. Kegan Paul, 6s.
A GOODLY HERITAGE. By John Huntley Skrine. Archibald Constable & Co. 2s. 6d.

PHILOSOPHY.

OUTLINES OF PSYCHOLOGY. By Wilhelm Wundt. Translated from the German by Charles Hubbard Judd. Williams & Norgate.

ART, POETRY, AND BELLES LETTRES.

THE STRIKE, AND OTHER POEMS. By George Benson Hewatson. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
POEMS AND OTHER VERSES. By H. A. R. J. T. Fisher Unwin, 6s.
THE BUILDERS ALBUM OF ROYAL ACADEMY ARCHITECTURE, 1896.

SCIENCE.

UNITED STATES GEOLOGICAL SURVEY. Sixteenth Annual Report, 1894-5.

HISTORY.

ANCIENT IDEALS. By Henry Osborn Taylor. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 2 vols. 25s.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE JOURNAL OF EDUCATION. Volume for 1896.
POPE'S ESSAY ON CRITICISM. Edited by the Rev. Henry Evans, D.D. Blackie & Son. 1s.
PITT PRESS SERIES: LE ROI DES MONTAGNES. By Edmond About. Edited by Arthur R. ropes, M.A. Cambridge University Press. 2s.
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WHITTAKER'S MODERN FRENCH AUTHORS: MADAME LAMBELLE. By Gustave Toudouze. Whittaker & Co.
FRENCH SERIES.—No. 2: CLASS-ROOM CONVERSATIONS IN FRENCH. By Victor Bétis and Howard Swan. George Philip and Son.

FOREIGN.

L'ESPÉRANCE, AVEC LE MARQUE DE BLANQUI. Gustave Geffroy. Deuxième Mille. Bibliothèque-Charpentier

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL AND THE MONROE DOCTRINE. By Lindley Miller Keasbey. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
NONCONFORMITY IN WORCESTER. By the Rev. William Urwick, M.A. Simpkin, Marshall.
POINTS OF THE HORSE. By M. Horace Hayes, F.R.C.V.S. Illustrated. Second edition. W. Thacker & Co. 34s.
THE THEOLOGY OF MODERN FICTION. By Thomas G. Selby. Charles H. Kelly.

BIOGRAPHY.

FORTY-ONE YEARS IN INDIA. By Field-Marshal Lord Roberts of Kandahar. Richard Bentley & Son.
BISHOP DOYLE, "J. K. L." A Biographical and Historical Study. By Michael MacDonagh. T. Fisher Unwin. 2s.

PERIODICALS FOR JANUARY.

CHAPMAN'S MAGAZINE—THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW—THE FORUM—LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

Bishop Creighton's "Queen Elizabeth," (Rouscod, Valadon.)

"DR. CREIGHTON'S plan," says the *Daily News*, "is . . . to make the events explain the character, and not to start with any ready-made theory of character as explanatory of the events." "The confession on the part of so eminent an author, that the illustrations form a main element in the work," is said to be "as significant in its way as Macaulay's famous breach with the dignity of history." "Dr. Creighton's study of Elizabeth is not so long as Mr. Froude's, but it gains by its very condensation." The *Telegraph* criticises "this important historical essay and most attractive of recent picture-books," on the whole, in terms of high commendation, but with reservations: the initial letters are in the wrong style—of the Empire type rather than of the Elizabethan phase of the later Renaissance; the portraits of the Queen are in disorder; the likeness of Philip II. is falsely attributed to Rubens. On the literary side Dr. Creighton is said to have performed his work admirably; and the critic closes the book "strengthened in the conviction that to the Virgin Queen herself we owe, in the main, the greatness of the Elizabethan era." "A unique combination," says the *Spectator*, "of beautiful pictures and well-written history." "Enemies of Elizabeth may, perhaps, think it too favourable, but no one will deny the interest—nay, the fascination—of the narrative." "Whenever possible, he has given the Queen's, or Burleigh's, or Essex's own words. The result is a wonderful sense of freshness and reality." The *Star* says it is impossible "to convey by a mere description any adequate idea of the perfection of these illustrations."

"Genius and Degeneration," By William Hirsch. (Heinemann.)

"DR. HIRSCH sits down," says the *Morning Post*, "before his subject, and in a solid and eminently Teutonic fashion proceeds to demolish the theories of Nordau, one by one, with deliberation and thoroughness." "Dr. Hirsch's views are those of a sensible and learned man." "He is neither so interesting nor so irritating as Herr Nordau." But if in some part of his work he is a trifle heavy, no such criticism can be passed on "Richard Wagner and Psycho-Pathology," which stands out so markedly from the rest as to be "worthy of publication in a separate form." "All lovers of Wagner will rejoice to find in Dr. Hirsch a champion of such appreciative ardour." The *British Review* thinks that no such serious counterblast was in reality necessary. "For the public was content with the pleasure of hearing that some men with claims to genius were yet at the same time the victims of degrading madness; but they were never converted to the theory that all men of genius were madmen." For his insistence on the remedial forces at work among us," says the *Chronicle*, "Dr. Hirsch's book is to be commended to watchers of the signs of the times."

Mr. Austin Dobson's Third Series of "Eighteenth Century Vignettes," (Chalko.)

"It is a very pretty and very quaint garden of artificiality," says the *Telegraph*, "through which Mr. Dobson discreetly guides the sympathetic reader." "Every one," says the *Saturday*, "admits the skill of Mr. Dobson—a skill which has grown with practice into something like legerdemain." "Mr. Dobson alone among living scholars has the requisite eighteenth century knowledge for such a work of sustained minute erudition." The *Spectator* writes: "When we have a quantity of this fine [mosaic] work together, we find ourselves with quite a new and familiar knowledge of the outside world of those days." "Now that we have arrived at a third series of these *Vignettes*, it seems natural that their subjects should be a little less personally interesting; but this does not make them less valuable as studies of the time." "The style," says the *Pall Mall*, "is as graceful as ever, the wit as pleasant, and the criticism as sound."

Mr. Grant Allen's "Splendid Sin," (White.)

THE *National Observer* recommends that the book be sent back to the library with all possible speed. "Not that it is dangerous. . . . It is merely nasty, and the nastiness is veiled in an unpleasant atmosphere of canting sanctimoniousness." "The story is utterly unworthy of his abilities," says the *Chronicle*. "It is not," says the *Athenæum*, after explaining that the groundwork of the story is the removal of the fear of "inherited tendencies" by the hero's discovery of his mother's dishonour—"it is not, in Mr. Allen's hands, an impressive or splendid performance." The *Saturday Review* is of another opinion: "It is a skillfully built, entertaining, and amusing book"; but "the lady still falls short of humanity." "If he could start with a little animus against his heroine it would be as well: he is clearly crippled by an exaggerated respect for his feminine ideal."

"The Ban of the Gubbe," by Cedric D. Waldo. (Blackwood.)

"A SINGULARLY ingenious and fascinating romance, written by a distinguished man who . . . has adopted the pseudonym," explains the *Daily Telegraph*. "The weird story of a legendary folk" [the Fiskmanns, half-man, half-fish] is declared by the *Pall Mall Gazette* to be "fascinating and absorbing." The *Daily News* describes the tale as "a fresh and original variant on the old theme of a family pursued by a doom." The author, who is understood to be a new writer, is declared to have in him "the stuff to make a successful story-teller." The *Times* says Mr. Waldo "has worked out his notion with a great deal of care, and his narrative style is not so stilted . . . as his attempts at dialogue." "There is a certain unpractised ingenuity in the tale of the fish-men which carries the reader along, though the interest never becomes feverishly exciting." Yet the *Telegraph* considers the book "entitled to a foremost place among the more sensational works of fiction issued during the current year."

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REVIEWS.

IBSEN'S NEW PLAY.

John Gabriel Borkman: a Play in Four Acts.
By Henrik Ibsen. Translated from the Norwegian by William Archer. (Heinemann.)

IN this new play Ibsen, always terrible in his character of the Plain Dealer, is plainer than ever; but his terrors this time have the fullest measure of his fascination. No doubt they need it, in view of the world's petulant weakness. If his characters were a whit less intensely interesting, we could not bear the frightfully true things they say and do. If the scenery were less ghostly it could not take us so far out of the prosaic atmosphere in which we have the courage of our Philistinism. Even as it is, cries of outrage arise; and every duffer deplores some "questionable" passage which he (being a duffer) would not have written. Borkman's observation, that "if the worst comes to the worst, one woman can always take the place of another," is deemed out of place in a respectable play; and the elopement, which must needs have been a bad example to the young at best, is voted "unnecessarily" shocking because of a third party—a girl—whose presence is accounted for by the lady in these appalling terms: "Men are so unstable! And women too! When Erhart is done with me, and I with him, then it will be well for us both that he, poor fellow, should have some one to fall back upon."

Our inveterate habit of criticising fiction on the lines of Mrs. Raddle will always get us into difficulties with Ibsen. Mrs. Raddle, it will be remembered, had a fixed concep-

tion of manliness which included an instant readiness on the part of every true husband to fight cabmen underpaid by his wife. "Raddle ain't like a man," she said, when Mr. Raddle disappointed her in this particular. That is just how we treat Ibsen. We tell each other with great freedom that there is nobody in the world who cannot be done without, and that there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. We even go so far as to say—in French—that in the dark all cats are grey. But we hold that a man should never admit that the world contains more than one possible woman for him—surely a most dismally idiotic doctrine. So when John Gabriel Borkman delivers himself as above, we cry "Shame!" and console ourselves with the faithfulness of Ella Rentheim, the adorable old maid at whose expense John Gabriel has acted on his more catholic view to the extent of jilting her, on pecuniary consideration, for her twin sister. Even this consolation is a stolen one; for Ibsen remorselessly makes Ella say, when she is complimented on her power of love: "Perhaps it is the lack of love that keeps that power alive," meaning that her infatuation has persisted solely because it has never been gratified. That is the root objection to Ibsen's people: they will not keep up appearances. They come out with our guiltiest secrets so coolly that we feel that if there were such a thing as a hospital for ailing doctors, and a layman were put into a bed there by mistake, the illusionless conversation in the wards might make him feel as we feel when the old people in Ibsen, long finished with chivalry and sentiment, tell each other the frozen truth about their symptoms.

The fact is, enjoyment of Ibsen is a question of strength of mind. The quantity of truth the average man can bear is still very small; and every increase of the dose is met by piteous protests and cries of "Pessimist," "Cynic," "Morbid," and the like. Our own dramatists, in the presence of their sovereign tyrant, the public, are, more or less, like the preacher who, having rashly said in the presence of Louis XIV., "We are all mortal," suddenly caught the monarch's eye and added, "At least, *nearly* all." But the preacher's slip was a very venial one; for there are ten thousand men who can look death in the face for every one who can look life in it. Louis, who no doubt laughed at the courtly preacher, would certainly have had Ibsen broken on the wheel, as a good many excellent people would nowadays if they had the power. To endure the pain of living, we all drug ourselves more or less with gin, with literature, with superstitions, with romance, with idealism, political, sentimental, and moral, with every possible preparation of that universal hashish—imagination. Properly speaking, the opposition to the Awakener is nothing but the natural resistance of the average man to having his standard of temperance and fortitude screwed up to that of the man of genius. This is the whole secret of the eternal war between genius and mediocrity. It has never raged so incessantly as in the present century, because never before have such

vast masses of untrained readers been let loose on literature by elementary education and cheap books. It is true that the public relishes a little bitterness in literature as well as in beer. Sentimental or satirical pessimism—the tragic or comic contrast of the frailty of man or the cruelty of Nature with the sublimity of the ideal—is by no means unpopular: in fact, pessimistic sublimity is the characteristic key of the whole romantic-commercial school, from the Renaissance onward. Though Swift, having omitted the indispensable feminine interest, may be found too savage, Shakespeare, La Rochefoucauld, and Thackeray are highly appreciated, whilst the most fashionable book in the Bible is Ecclesiastes. But the genuine realist, the man who exalts, not the ideal at the expense of life, but life at the expense of the ideal, can only hold the public like a bulldog. Look at the portraits of William Blake, the author of *Proverbs of Hell*, and of Ibsen! What bulldog ever developed such grip and tenacity in the mouth? One understands at a glance the remark which has been made about Ibsen—"No man has any right to have such a mouth." But no less a mouth is needed to carry such a forehead through the idealist wilderness of this world.

Here are a few samples from the new play. Borkman, an old Napoleon of commerce, who, by ill-luck in his first battle, missed his millions and landed himself in prison, is talking to Foldal, an old clerk, whom he has ruined. Foldal, imagining himself a poet, clings to Borkman as the only man who admires his unperformed tragedy. In return, he believes that Borkman's dreams of rehabilitation and success will come true. Ibsen makes short work of the pretty picture of humble devotion faithful to fallen greatness. The course of their mutual admiration is disturbed by a dispute about women.

"BORKMAN (indignantly): O, these women! They wreck and ruin life for us. Play the devil with our whole destiny—our triumphal progress.

"FOLDAL: Not all of them!

"BORKMAN: Indeed? Can you tell me of a single one that's good for anything?

"FOLDAL: No; that's the trouble. The few that I know are good for nothing.

"BORKMAN (with a snort of scorn): Well, then, what's the good of it? What's the good of such women existing if you never know them?

"FOLDAL (warmly): Yes, John Gabriel, there is good in it, I assure you. It's such a blessed, beneficent thought that here or there in the world—somewhere—far away—the true woman exists after all!"

This, it will be observed, is poor old Foldal's form of hashish—the imaginary true woman, his consoler for the contempt of his wife, who gives no quarter to his poetic hashish and his worthless tragedies. The conversation presently leads Foldal to betray that his belief in Borkman's rehabilitation is only a pretence. Instantly he is smitten with the terrible retort, "You are no poet." Then all the fat is in the fire.

"BORKMAN: Here you've been lying to me all the time.

"FOLDAL: It wasn't a lie so long as you

believed in my vocation. So long as you believed in me, I believed in you.

"BORKMAN: Then we've been all the time deceiving each other. And perhaps deceiving ourselves—both of us.

"FOLDAL: But isn't that just the essence of friendship, John Gabriel?"

And so they part for ever—"for ever" meaning, needless to add, an hour or so.

The idealists will, of course, take all this iconoclasm as mere satire—Thersites up to date. It is not so: it is sympathy and honesty. The proof is in the result. Compare poor Foldal with any attempt in fiction to get sympathy for an old clerk by the ordinary idealist method of painting out all the selfish spots in him—Chuffy in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, for example. You may wince at every step in Ibsen's process, and snivel with tearful satisfaction at every step in Dickens's; but the upshot is that you are left with a serious belief in and regard for Foldal, whereas Chuffy is nothing but a silly and rather tiresome toy. When Dickens himself, later on, became a serious master of his art, his progress was on the road that leads away from Chuffy and towards Foldal—that is, from sentimental, cowardly, sweet-toothed lying to sympathetic, courageous, nutritious truth.

It is impossible within the limits of a single article to combine a description of the literary and dramatic contents of a play of Ibsen's with its constitutional criticism, so to speak. Nor are such descriptions to the point now that Mr. William Archer's translation has placed the text in the hands of all for whom a criticism of Ibsen has any interest. It is sufficient to note that besides the two old men, there are two old women—twin sisters—the married one satisfied and pitiless in her affections, the old maid tender and remorseful, indignant only because she has been cheated, not of a mother's joy and happiness, but of a mother's sorrows and tears, the loss of which moves her to cry out to Borkman, "You are a murderer. You have committed the one mortal sin." In bright relief against this regret is the younger Borkman's impulse towards happiness and "living his own life," and his youthful revolt, in full illusion as to the boundlessness of his choice, against the apparent selfishness with which his elders have disposed of his career. The whole play is a wonderful chapter on the illusions of youth and the illusions of age—a wise and powerful work, which will purify and strengthen dramatic literature, and help to educate dramatic criticism, very much against their own wills no doubt, but all the more effectually on that account.

One of our best dramatic critics, Mr. A. B. Walkley, has pointed out the happy chance by which this play exactly fits the Lyceum company. But Sir Henry Irving's insensibility to Ibsen is notorious: there is no chance, unfortunately, of the hint being taken. Yet it is difficult to believe, especially after the success of the long-delayed "Little Eyolf," that "John Gabriel Borkman" will have to wait and beg for two years as "Little Eyolf" waited and begged. Who speaks first?

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

THE TRUTH ABOUT SAKHALIN.

The New Siberia: being an Account of a Visit to the Penal Island of Sakhalin, &c. By Harry de Windt, F.R.G.S. (Chapman & Hall.)

[The review that follows is from the pen of a Russian gentleman, whose position and special knowledge of the question entitle him to speak with authority on the penal settlement of Sakhalin.]

"I HAVE endeavoured . . . to avoid," says Mr. de Windt in his preface, "any reference to Government statistics." This he did in order not "to weary the reader." Thus, from fear of wearying, he draws his conclusions without any substantial support from facts, and, as we shall see later on, quite erroneously. "Questions of special interest connected with the Russian exile system," continues the author, "will be found in the appendices." What are these questions? In his appendices Mr. de Windt gives a sectional drawing of the steamer *Yaroslav*, his own letter to the editor of the *Standard*, a play-bill of the theatrical performance given by convicts at Alexandrovsky-Post, a list of post-stations between Vladivostok and Nicolaevsk, and the like. We must confess that we cannot understand what connexion there is between the exile system and theatrical play-bills and the names of the stations. Nevertheless, this is the whole supply of authoritative facts or statements the author offers. In the whole book you cannot find one single quotation from or reference to the special literature of the question which is so abundant. Is not this, perhaps, because the author did not want to refer to the "usual fables," to use his own expression, which are circulated abroad? But no, the Russian official literature (Mr. de Windt, according to his own statement, knows Russian) contains excellent works on Sakhalin and on Russian exile which may be quoted without any fear of making a mistake. Nevertheless, Mr. de Windt does not make use of them. This perhaps is the reason why nearly every page of Mr. de Windt's book contains statements altogether incomprehensible as made by a man who has any knowledge of Russian life, even though not a thorough knowledge.

We are told that women in Russia are allowed to attend university lectures, that capital punishment only exists for regicides, that persons convicted of forgery are sent to the mines on the Sakhalin island (as a matter of fact, the severest punishment for forgery is the deprivation of rights and exile to Siberia not farther east than the Yenisei province). But all these errors are mere trifles when compared with his descriptions of the island of Sakhalin. According to Mr. de Windt, the convicts on that island enjoy full happiness. He cannot find words sufficient to praise the Sakhalin prisons, and especially the convict settlements, "the spotless plank floor, the bright copper pans and snowy window-curtains" which he saw in their coquettish, pretty cottages (p. 70). All convicts earn excellent wages as servants, yet, says the author, "the majority prefer to take advantage of

the grant of land . . . and earn a living by the production of cereal or vegetable produce" (p. 60). Agriculture is most advantageous, and, generally speaking, according to Mr. de Windt, "the privileges of a . . . convict on Sakhalin are great": so much so, indeed, that a friend of Mr. de Windt's, whose words he quotes, says "the authorities erred, if anything, on the side of leniency" (p. 75).

Let us turn to facts. I will quote only from such sources as are not in dispute and have appeared in Russia. First of all as regards climate. M. Polyakov, a member of the Russian Imperial Geographical Society, found eternal ice as the subsoil of even the southern part of the island. Winter lasts from September to May, but the summer, even in the southern part of the island, is not exempt from occasional icy mists and frosts. "On July 24, a frost occurred in Derbinskoye which destroyed the whole crop of potatoes" (the Russian monthly, *Russian Thought*, February, 1894, p. 43). Eighty-eight versts from Korsakovsky-Post (in the south) the captain of the clipper *Vsadnik* registered on the morning of May 23 a temperature of two degrees below zero Réaumur. From these instances the reader may get a hint of what agriculture must be like in such a climate; but here is what Dr. Chekhov, who investigated the island only a short time before Mr. de Windt, wrote on the dictation of the local governor-general: "The agricultural settlements of the convicts on the island of Sakhalin are an impossibility. The people must be provided with work" (*ibid.*, p. 4). If on the Sakhalin island the tillage of the soil is attended to, "the seed used is every time obtained from the government as a loan" (Chekhov). The grain obtained from local crops, if any, cannot be used as seed as it is invariably damaged by frost. The best crop is three bushels for one. The local officials are simply cheating the controllers, showing them grain obtained from Japan as that grown on Sakhalin. And here is the description of the settlers' cottages. It has little in common with the idyll pictured by Mr. de Windt. "The poverty is really crying . . . the inhabitants are a miserable crowd of Russians, Poles, Finns, Georgians, all hungry and in rags, herded together against their own will and by mere chance, as though after a shipwreck" (Chekhov's *The Island of Sakhalin*). "The question as to the means of subsistence of the population of the Alexandrovsky-Post is for me still one on which I cannot decide," says the Russian traveller; "about half of that population receives a governmental allowance in the form of a prisoner's *payok* (the daily rations of food)" (*Russian Thought*, November, 1893, p. 158). Now, about the earnings of the convicts. Mr. de Windt is quite right in saying that about half of them are serving as cooks or lackeys of the officials, but he forgets to add that all this labour is unpaid, it is compulsory slave labour. "The officials," says Dr. Chekhov, "take seven, eight, and more unpaid servants." I have already mentioned Mr. de Windt's friend who charges

the administration of Sakhalin with leniency. This opinion is shared by Mr. de Windt, yet, on the very cover of his book, we find a picture of the revolting and horrible *plot* (three-thonged whip weighing eight pounds), six strokes of which are sometimes enough to kill a man, while the prisoners are sometimes sentenced to ninety strokes. The prisons of Sakhalin are provided with absolutely dark penitentiary cells, in three of which Mr. de Windt himself saw prisoners who had spent three years each in them—one of them went mad! Let us turn to facts which cannot be denied. The convicts of the Korsakov-Post uncover their heads at fifty paces distance from everybody who is not a convict. They took to this custom because originally they were cruelly beaten if they were too slow and uncovered their heads at only thirty paces distant (Chekhov). "It happens that fifty men are flogged wholesale" (*Russian Thought*, March, 1894, p. 9). The following facts may also tell something about leniency.

"The Derbinsky settlement was founded in commemoration of the prison warden Derbin, who was killed by the prisoners for his cruelty." "The prison warden Selinov. . . was killed by the prisoners for his cruelty." "The warden of the Rikov prison, M. Livin, a man of ability with a spirit of initiative . . . unfortunately has a great inclination to use the rod, which has already led once to an attempt being made on his life" (Chekhov's *The Island of Sakhalin*).

How far the personality of a human being is taken into consideration on Sakhalin may be guessed from the fact that the convict women are "distributed" like cattle. The prettiest of them are "taken to their harems" by the officials, wardens, and clerks (*Russian Thought*, June, 1894, p. 4 c). All the rest are distributed among the convicts, "of whom only those who are well-to-do and have influential friends get women" (*Ibid.* p. 8). The women must reconcile themselves with being treated like dumb slaves; the slightest protest brings about a severe punishment.

"The convict woman Yaguel'skaya was punished with thirty strokes of the rod for having left the man to whom she was given, the convict Kotlyarov. . . . The convict Yarovsky lodged a complaint with the authorities that the woman given him declines to keep him company. This led to the decision, Give her seventy (rods)" (*Ibid.*, p. 7, footnote).

These horrible facts, made public in the Russian Censured Press, have been altogether overlooked by Mr. de Windt. To compensate for the omission, he gives full particulars of the toilet of those ladies whom he met at the rooms of the prison wardens. The remainder of the information given by Mr. de Windt is as inaccurate. "The school founded for children of prisoners by Mme. Pobedonostzev is . . . in every way admirably conducted," says he (p. 67). Here are the real facts: "The Sakhalin schools are poor, their resources are beggarly, their existence is a chance one . . . the teaching is conducted . . . by people who have absolutely no training" (*Russian Thought*, July, 1894, p. 29). Mr. de Windt speaks of the excellent and sufficient food in the prisons; in reality it is abominable, and "so

insufficient that prisoners working on the sea-shore or close to some river do not despise those molluscs or fish left there at low tide." The mining-engineer, Keppen, states that those prisoners who worked under him took to eating tallow candles.

I could easily go on thus, through every page of Mr. de Windt's production. I hope, however, that what has been said is quite sufficient. I cannot understand one thing, and that is the courage with which Mr. de Windt jeers so roughly and rudely at all those Englishmen who have written on Sakhalin before him, while his own book is an accumulation, to use the expression of Swift's virtuous Houyhnhnms, "of things which were not." I shall not touch here Mr. de Windt's altogether fantastic information about Akatouy. This information is as though specially written for readers who cannot read "A Convict's Memoirs," by Mr. Melshin, which has just appeared in the Russian monthly *Russian Wealth*, which is under preventive censorship. England is evidently much interested in the question of the Russian exile system and practice. It is a pity that no translator seems to think it worth while to make use of the official and other unquestionable Russian sources on the subject. Then the publication of fantastic works of the type of Mr. de Windt's book would be made impossible.

W. T.

THE WORKS OF PROF. ADAMS.

The Scientific Papers of John Couch Adams, F.R.S. Vol. I. Edited by William Grylls Adams, F.R.S. With a Memoir by J. W. L. Glaisher, F.R.S. (Cambridge: University Press.)

THIS publication, of which the massive tome before us constitutes a first instalment, will form a monument, *aere perennius*, to the memory of the greatest of English mathematical astronomers since Newton. Besides the sixty-two papers here collected from various scientific repositories, the late Lowndean professor left a goodly accumulation of MSS. Few, or none of them, are complete works; but most appear to be capable of completion, and all must bear the stamp of a powerful and capacious mind. Under the care of the author's brother, the present editor, and of Prof. Sampson, they will, in due time, and doubtless in the best possible shape, be presented to the learned world.

John Couch Adams was born June 5, 1819, and died January 21, 1892. Forty-six of these seventy-two years were devoted to meditation and calculation; for his leisure was only varied, not broken, by the fulfilment of the duties attached to his professorial chair. The choicest fruits of that leisure have unquestionably been already gathered; yet it is well that none should be lost, even such as have hung unripe on the tree during forty years. Dropping metaphor, we record the plain fact that Adams, like many other mathematicians of the highest order, was averse from publi-

cation. He aimed at ideal excellence; and, unless through the stress of some peremptory occasion, usually held back his work with the intention of making it more to his liking. Too often the "finishing touches" which his sure instinct demanded were never given.

His principal performances, it need hardly be said, were in gravitational astronomy. He first attacked the "inverse problem of perturbations"; and he attacked it with such success that, but for official indifference, his intellectual discovery of the planet Neptune by means of its disturbing influence upon the movements of Uranus, would have led straightway to its optical detection. The memoir embodying this momentous investigation was the earliest, as well as the most brilliant, of Adams's productions. Deposited at the Royal Observatory October 21, 1845, it received curiously little attention; and its author was not the man to advertise his achievement. So the prize was allowed to fall to his French competitor, Urban Jean Joseph Leverrier, who had started later along the same track. Amid the din of recrimination which followed, Adams preserved an admirable silence. The life-long secret of his disappointment went with him to the grave. His relations with Leverrier were of uniform cordiality.

His contributions to the lunar theory, although less exceptional in their nature than his analytical disclosure of Neptune, were of primary importance. And round and about them, too, controversies long and hot were raised. Hansen and Plana, noted specialists in that line, regarded the upshot of his inquiries as inconsistent with what they, by a strange confusion of thought, took to be facts; Pontécoulant resented it as derogatory to Laplace to apply a correction to that illustrious, but not infallible, geometer's results. After waiting some years for the withdrawal of obviously futile objections, Adams answered them, once for all, in 1860. He did so with some mild expression of surprise that it should have been necessary. The question at issue, a strictly mathematical one, related to the acceleration of the moon's motion. To what extent, Adams inquired, could it be accounted for by the diminution in the eccentricity of the earth's orbit known to be in progress? The solution was effected "by means of a purely algebraical process, the validity of each step of which admitted of being placed beyond all possible doubt." It showed that, not the whole, as Laplace had believed, but only a part of the acceleration deduced from ancient eclipse-records could thus be accounted for. The conclusion was so solidly established that time has left it unmodified; while the outstanding hurry of the moon's pace has dwindled almost to nothing under Prof. Newcomb's keen scrutiny.

Adams was elected President of the Royal Astronomical Society in 1851, and again in 1874. The addresses delivered by him in that capacity, here reprinted, are masterly compositions, testifying to the wide scope of his astronomical interests. It devolved upon him, in 1876, to present the society's gold medal to Leverrier for his herculean investi-

gations of planetary theories. To a smaller man the occasion might have been painful or embarrassing; to him it was one of "great satisfaction." The conjuncture was typical. The names of Adams and Leverrier are bracketed on the roll of fame.

The case of Neptune was not the only one in which they performed a novel and arduous task in duplicate. Stimulated by the meteoric display of November 13, 1866, both undertook the calculation of the orbit of the swarm of "Leonids" encountered that night by the earth. Leverrier's result was laid before the Paris Academy of Sciences, January 21, 1867; Adams's wholly independent, but confirmatory, research two months later. This discounting of his bill upon futurity did not, however, ruffle his equanimity. Few have cared less for personal renown. "A place in Westminster Abbey" made no part of his ambition. It is to our national credit, however, that he is commemorated there, in a medallion carved by Mr. Bruce Joy, and fitly placed close to the grave of Newton.

OSSIAN.

The Poems of Ossian. Translated by James Macpherson. With Notes and an Introduction by William Sharp. (Patrick Geddes & Colleagues.)

It was no untimely thought to reprint for the benefit of a new generation the so-called *Poems of Ossian* in this comely form. Not that there is any particular virtue in the centenary of James Macpherson's death, which the issue professedly celebrates. Whatever the true story of the poems may be, it is clear that Macpherson did not play a very exalted part in it; and the real importance of these pseudo-epics of *Fingal* and *Temora* lies in the fact that, sophisticated and made into pinchbeck by eighteenth-century taste as they are, they are yet a landmark of that rising flood of imaginative feeling which has done so much during the last hundred years to re-create and revivify English letters. The *manes* of Bishop Percy and Chatterton and James Macpherson do not stretch out the cleanest of hands to us from that other shore, but at least they may claim that they led forth the people in their day to drink once again of the perennial waters of romance. Nor is it unnatural that the pioneers of the present renewed interest in things Celtic should recur with deference to that kindred spirit of a century ago. And another excellent reason for the new reprint may be found in the fact that the echoes of an ancient feud have at last ceased to reverberate around the shade of Ossian. Probably no one still believes that the poems ascribed to the Fenian bard really date back, as they now stand, to any hoary antiquity: and probably no one still accepts the blustering dismissal of the whole of them by Dr. Johnson as nothing more than an impudent forgery of Macpherson's own. Johnson's literary dictatorship is not, one fears, what it was. And a decade of competent scholarship has come to the saner conclusion, that while Macpherson is doubt-

less responsible for the form in which the poems are now found, yet he was drawing upon a stock of traditional material, which contained fragments from at least two cycles of primitive Celtic song. All the difficulties connected with the question are not yet cleared up. It remains uncertain whether the Gaelic version of 1807 was, as it professed to be, the original of, or merely a translation from, the English version of 1760; and it would appear that in any case Macpherson must have had access to documents which have not been handed down to us. But that the substance of the tales was not invented in the eighteenth century is quite certain. They can be traced ages before that, and have their roots deep in Celtic legend.

One regrets that so welcome a reprint should be marred by the introduction. It would not have been a task of insuperable difficulty, even within the allotted space, to put the main outlines of the Ossianic controversy and the main conclusions arrived at clearly and concisely before the reader. First-hand knowledge was not called for. But Mr. William Sharp's introduction puts nothing clearly and concisely. It is only a jumble of jottings from the last half-dozen books on the subject. Mr. Sharp takes the views of Mr. Nutt and Prof. Zimmer and Prof. Curry and Dr. Douglas Hyde and others, and of each in turn he gives a scrappy and incoherent *résumé*. He makes no attempt to weave his gatherings into an orderly and intelligible statement: they remain a *rudis indigestaque moles*. One point after another is raised, imperfectly handled, and dropped again; nor from beginning to end is any plain issue presented to us. In fact, if we had no other source of information than Mr. Sharp, we doubt whether we should ever discover what the Ossianic problem really is. The introduction is disfigured with egregious misprints, some of which are corrected in a list of *Errata*, while others, such as *Hocales* for *Hercules*, are not. The publishers state that, "this introduction had to be printed during the author's absence in America, and . . . he saw no proofs." They appear to look upon this as an extenuation; to us it seems an aggravation of the offence.

ADVOCATUS DIABOLI.

Evil and Evolution. By the Author of "The Social Horizon." (Macmillan & Co.)

THERE are certain questions against which people will insist on running their heads, even with the certainty of cracking their skulls. To the end of days men will be found trying to solve the problem of perpetual motion which is demonstrably insoluble; to square the circle, though the circle and the square are incommensurable; and to set forth the origin of evil, though the human intellect, being what it is, is incapable of apprehending the origin of anything. The latest expedition into the mysterious regions which lie at the back of Creation is conducted by the author of *Evil and Evolution*, and is professedly

"an attempt to turn the light of modern science on to the ancient mystery of evil." The writer looks about him upon the world, and finds that it is very bad. It occurs to him that the existence of sin and suffering is not to be reconciled with the assumption of a Creator who is at once omnipotent, omniscient, and beneficent. And his reasoning leads him by a straight and easy path to the discovery which he announces in his book. It is the devil who is at the bottom of it all.

It must be confessed that the devil has been somewhat unceremoniously treated in these latter days. Science deals only with phenomena, and that which we call evil—that is to say, that which makes us physically, morally, or intellectually uncomfortable—no more requires explanation than that which we call good. Even among religious people the personality of the devil has receded into the background. As a personality he has been slain by ridicule. His appearances, for example, to St. Dunstan and to Martin Luther were not calculated to increase the respect felt for him; and in the miracle plays of the Middle Ages it was the fashion to present him as a malignant buffoon who was driven off the stage with hisses and laughter. Until the author of *Evil and Evolution* took up his pen it is to be feared that the devil survived only as a popular expletive.

His reasoning is of childlike simplicity. He takes his place by the side of the Creator in the act of creation, as He is "pondering the idea of a universe" and "elaborating its details." If the Creator were beneficent and all-powerful, He would have made a happy world. But manifestly He did not. And here comes our author's triumph. There must have been another power at hand. Our author sees that the universe is a very complicated affair, a scheme "of the most exquisite delicacy of balance and adjustment." He proceeds:

"You have only to assume that, while such a system of things was being planned and evolved, a being such as I have endeavoured to depict was looking on, and, in a certain sense at least, it is easy to conceive of what may have taken place."

What appears to have taken place was that the devil managed to upset the balance in one or two particulars. And that is the origin of evil.

Our author is, we are sure, quite unconscious of his irreverence and his absurdity. But undoubtedly his conception of an Omniscient Being, to whom space and time are as nought, laboriously planning a universe in ignorance of the presence of a power that will ruin his work, is both a little irreverent and exceedingly absurd. With the instinct of the child and the savage, he assumes that the chair which falls upon him, and the lightning which terrifies him, must be the direct outcome of some malignant personality. But he does not see that even when he has concluded that evil must be the work of an evil person, he has only pushed the difficulty one step further back. We have still to discover the origin of the evil person.

TOCQUEVILLE'S RECOLLECTIONS.

The Recollections of Alexis de Tocqueville. Edited by the Comte de Tocqueville, and now first translated into English by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. With a Portrait in Heliogravure. (H. Henry & Co.)

THE title of this work is somewhat misleading. One expects to find an illustrious man's recollections of his lifetime. Tocqueville was born in 1805, and died in 1859. Of high rank, a brilliant writer, and a conspicuous actor in the social and political life of his country, he could have told us a story we should have delighted to hear; but, at p. 4, we meet with this announcement: "I intend that my recollections shall not go farther back than the Revolution of 1848, nor extend to a later date than October 30, 1849, the day upon which I resigned my office"—the Foreign Office. The period is brief, but it is crammed with interesting events. Tocqueville, however, paints for us only so much of it as he "with his own eye saw." Hence his book is in the nature of an impression, necessarily a fragmentary impression, often a somewhat confused impression, seldom, for the casual reader, an especially fascinating impression. What its value as a document may be to the historian we cannot judge. The casual reader, we fear, will pronounce it disappointing and a trifle dull. Of the aspect of Paris during the *émeutes* of February we get but the obscurest notion; indeed, were it not that one has read such endless chapters about these same *émeutes* before, one might get no notion at all. What Tocqueville evokes, therefore, is not a vision, but a memory. We remember, among other things, our *Education Sentimentale*, and the intense "realising sense" Flaubert there conveys to us of the look of the Paris streets, the temper of the Parisians, on the troublous 24th. But then, as Tocqueville mentions, he wrote these recollections "for himself alone." They are "not a picture painted for the public."

The most readable pages are those in which he sketches certain of his contemporaries; but here again he is sketching "for himself alone." He sketches sketchily, and his sketches lack the touches that give life. Louis-Philippe, Lamartine, Louis Blanc, Louis-Napoleon, are among the shadows that flit across his way: Louis-Philippe with his immense garrulity, Lamartine with his immense insincerity, Louis Blanc with his immense head, and Louis-Napoleon with his immense littleness. The two bits that seem to us most vivid are his meeting with George Sand, and the death of Chateaubriand. He met George Sand, for the first and only time, "at an Englishman's of my acquaintance, Milnes, a member of Parliament, who was then in Paris." Milnes had not yet become Lord Houghton. "He was a clever fellow," Tocqueville assures us. Against Mme. Sand

"I was strongly prejudiced. . . . Nevertheless, she pleased me. . . . I thought her features rather massive, but her expression admirable: all her mind seemed to have taken refuge in her eyes, abandoning the rest of her face to matter. . . . She had a real simplicity of manner and

language, which she mingled, perhaps, with some little affectation of simplicity in her dress."

When Chateaubriand, who "had long since fallen into a sort of speechless stupor," was told that Louis-Philippe's government had fallen, he raised himself to say, "Well done."

"Four months later, the din of the days of June reached his ears, and he asked what that noise was. They answered that people were fighting in Paris, and that it was the sound of cannon. Thereupon he made vain efforts to rise, saying, 'I want to go to it,' and was then silent, this time for ever; for he died the next day."

A NEW LIFE OF BURTON.

The True Life of Captain Sir R. F. Burton, K.C.M.G. By his Niece, Georgiana Stisted. (H. S. Nichols.)

MISS STISTED has written a better Life of Burton than that by his devoted wife. The literary quality in the book is excellent if it comes from an unpractised hand. Some of Burton's fervour and picturesqueness of diction have fallen to his niece. The story of Burton's boyhood and youth, full of madcap escapades, carries you on in rapt enjoyment. He was a wild Irishman, if ever there was one, though the residence and birth of a couple of generations of Burtons in Ireland need not necessarily have brought about this result. Miss Stisted, for example, seems to have inherited no more Irishism than the extreme bitterness of the Irish Low Church man and especially woman—a bitterness which, perhaps, compares with nothing this side of the Channel. In Ireland the bitterness is not only religious, it is racial and social as well; and the absolute disassociation of some Irish Protestants from all that surrounds them—the haughtiness, the misprision towards the great mass of their fellow countrymen—must be known in order to be believed. Burton, however, was pure Irish by temperament, and by accident or by design his growth seems to have been surrounded by Irish influences. His first schoolmaster was Irish, the groom who instructed him in boxing, the jockey on whose account he was sent down from Oxford, the friend who performed the delightfully madcap feat of crossing the sacred tanks on the backs of the alligators—in fact, the Irishry come up at every other page. During the residence of his family at Sorrento, Richard, then a boy, performed three feats which stand out of his escapades: he crossed the Natural Arch because an Italian told him it was impossible; he took the dog's place in the Grotto del Cane, and was nearly asphyxiated before he could be pulled out; and he attempted to descend into the crater of Vesuvius because the country people told him that the devil had disappeared over the verge. A harassing boy to his parents, truly. Miss Stisted knows the Eastern life thoroughly, and is able to reproduce it for us with photographic detail, and a colour not at all photographic. She makes us see a place in a flash—for instance, Ghára:

"A melancholy village . . . dirty heaps of

mud-and-mat hovels close to a salt-water creek, bone-dry in March, a waste of salt flat, barren rock, and sandy plains, where eternal sea-gales blow up and blow down a succession of hillocks, warts on the foul face of a hideous landscape."

To Burton's varied life, full of colour and incident, splendid with adventure and almost unequalled in a monumental patience and industry, Miss Stisted does full justice. Burton is her hero, as he was his wife's. Unfortunately a fine book is spoilt by the virulence manifested against the late Lady Burton—and not only this, but by the coarse insults which Miss Stisted never fails to level against any religion but her own. The brandy-drinking nuns of Goa, "more like Gujarat apes than mortal women," is a specimen of Miss Stisted's extraordinary mind, and a hundred such passages make the book distasteful. Her charges against Lady Burton may or may not be true. The dead woman cannot answer them; and there is no excuse for the spitefulness which marks every allusion to Lady Burton in the book. It is not in such a temper that biography should be written. Violence and virulence take from the value of Miss Stisted's work, though they enhance its interest to a student of character. Perhaps this sentence makes it easier to understand her:

"It is a common saying in the family," she writes, "that Burtons understand only each other; and while this peculiarity has drawbacks as regards their friendships and marriages, it makes them very happy and united at home."

"Gey ill to live with" will be the verdict of the reader on some of the Burtons. It seems a thousand pities that Burton should be commemorated mistakenly by a squalid dispute over his grave, the more squalid because the person accused can never answer in this world. Temper, rash judgment, and bitter prejudice are sown broadcast in this otherwise excellent book.

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.

AN APPRECIATION.

WHAT about Mr. Robert W. Chambers? Has he come, or is he still "a coming man"?

This Appreciation would have been written a few weeks ago but for the delay involved in waiting for the appearance of Mr. Chambers's new book, *The Maker of Moons, and Other Tales*.* I am sorry now that this short estimate did not appear earlier. In a word, Mr. Chambers seemed a brief while ago to be forging ahead rapidly and surely; since the publication of his fifth book I fear many of those who have watched his work with interest must endure a real disappointment.

The four books by which this author has been known hitherto are *The King in Yellow*, *In the Quarter*, *The Red Republic*, and *A King and a Few Dukes*. Of these, the first is much the most noteworthy, though the third is a powerful and moving romance of the

* *The Maker of Moons*. By Robert W. Chambers. (Putnam's.)

Paris Commune of 1871. In the second, we have a light, pleasantly told story of artist-life in the Quartier Latin: charmingly written, in fact, but without that distinction of individuality which could make a narrative in this familiar *genre* stand out from its fellows. When *A King and a Few Dukes* appeared, the American Press in general hailed the author as a new humorist, and as a master of a fresh and delightful style. The book certainly is amusing, and the fantastically extravagant narrative proceeds with unflagging *verve*, and, indeed, often with a charming suggestion of delicate style, if not style itself. But would Mr. Chambers have written it, have thought of it, if he had not read, let us say, *Prince Otto* and *The Prisoner of Zenda*? Along the Stevensonian road many feet have tramped; but where Mr. Anthony Hope has gone far Mr. Chambers has fared a brief way only, and rather obtrusively. It is to be feared that when the history of later Victorian fiction comes to be written there will be a large chapter headed "Stevenson first, and the rest nowhere." Perhaps one is a little prejudiced against *A King and a Few Dukes* by the declaration of the *New York World* that "it would be difficult to name in the whole range of English fiction a more charming, wholly delightful story"; while the *New York Times*, more enigmatically, states, "No superior fiction has appeared in months." "The whole range of English fiction," &c. These be large orders. The book is an amusing and well-written extravaganza, with scenes where the fantastical element is so delicately exposed as to recall the charming sidelong imaginings and deft craft of the author of the *New Arabian Nights*. To say this is to say a good deal. To advance the *New York World* claim is heavily to handicap a "coming man."

While it is true that it was by *The King in Yellow* Mr. Chambers won special attention on both sides of the Atlantic, that book is neither his most ambitious nor his best achievement. *The Red Republic* is the most vivid certainly, and I think the most enthralling narrative of the evil days of the Commune which any romancist has given us. In his winsome little Quartier-Latin story, *In the Quarter*, Mr. Chambers shows what may be called his spectacular familiarity with Paris and Paris life, but in his romance of the Commune he gives ample proof that he has studied the City of Revolutions and its firebrand populace with a thoroughness shown by few novelists who attempt to depict foreign life. So far as I have read in literature of this kind, I know only two romances of outstanding merit: *The Red Republic* and *The Reds of the Midi*, the one dealing with the Commune of 1871, the other with the Revolution of '48, or, rather, with the revolutionary march of Marseilles upon Paris.

When *The King in Yellow* appeared, critics and readers were puzzled. Here was a new writer with an imagination in fantasy as strange and vivid as that of Stevenson in his *New Arabian Nights*, though more sombre in quality; so touched, indeed, with the contagion of horror akin to madness that one instinctively wondered if the author

of "The Fall of the House of Usher" were reincarnate in this new disciple of "The Grotesque and the Arabesque."

In one of the tales in this strange book, a paragraph begins thus: "I belong to those children of an older and simpler generation, who do not love to seek for psychological subtleties in art." If Mr. Chambers were speaking in *propria persona* this would be a wild perversion of the truth. He is all for psychological subtleties, and the darker and deeper and more uncanny and perturbing the better is he pleased. *The King in Yellow* is not to be recommended to readers of a natively morbid turn. The whole book, or the dominant portion of it, might well be the literary recreation of a man whose uncontrolled imagination had landed him in an asylum; and it is the best proof of Mr. Chambers's "psychological subtlety" that he can turn from these studies of wildly fantastic mental obsession to work so sane and virile as his *Red Republic* or *In the Quarter*. This strange little volume, however, would be much more impressive were it shorn of "The Street of the Four Winds" and its companion stories; not because these are poor, for they are among Mr. Chambers's best work, but because they do not cohere with the haunting, the painfully fascinating tales dominated by the subtle conception of "The King in Yellow." Who is the King in Yellow? That mystery is never explained, though the reader infers him to be Death incarnate. But the words which come to have so terrifying a significance indicate not a personality but a book. "The King in Yellow" so frequently alluded to in Mr. Chambers's volume of the same name is a mysterious book. It is the very quintessence of evil, of moral and mental corruption. From its pages the spiritual tyranny of hell is exhaled. Despair, madness, and death lie in wait for those who read them. In his veiled allusions to this terrible work Mr. Chambers betrays imagination of a remarkable kind, an imagination coloured by sombre poetry. One begins, soon or late, to believe in this accursed book, whose influence is so widespread and disastrous. It is as though Baudelaire and Maldoror had combined, with subtle art, to make abstract evil actual; though a Power infinitely more potent than the author of *Les Fleurs du Mal* or *Les Chants de Maldoror*, the Supreme Evil himself, fashioned this impossible book, this bible of corruption and the grave. Even as the fantastic background of *The House of Usher* has, for many readers, a convincing actuality, or as the shadow-haunted valleys of Ulalume are as real as other vales on the hither verge of dreamland, so is Carcosa credible—Carcosa, the mysterious land where Hastur and the Hyades, the Lake of Hali, the Black Stars, the tattered King in Yellow, the Pallid Mask, the Yellow Sign, are names of indefinable terror.

In *The King in Yellow* the three most distinctive stories are those which, collectively, might bear that title: "The Repairer of Reputations," "The Court of the Dragon," and "The Yellow Sign." The first is the most remarkable. To use a commonplace, no one who has read this wild fantasy is

likely ever to forget it. True, it is, after all, merely the uncontrolled imagining of a madman, one Hildred Castaigne; but there is method with a vengeance. "The Repairer of Reputations" is, in its opening pages as in its title, eminently Stevensonian. Later, as also in *The Yellow Sign*, one is reminded more of Poe in his most morbid tales of horror. In one and all, however, Mr. Chambers is no imitator. Here he is akin to the two great writers alluded to, and not merely a self-trained follower.

As yet Mr. Chambers has done nothing to equal, much less to surpass, his first volume—if, as I understand, *The King in Yellow* is his first book. He has produced none so unsatisfactory as his *Maker of Moons*. There is in this certainly entertaining and occasionally convincingly able book little of the distinctive quality which pertains to his first. A cheaper, a vulgar note is struck again and again till it becomes insistent. The art is less subtle, less genuine, more arbitrary: the tricks of the craftsman are more obtrusive. Something of the same fantastic imagination as informs *The King in Yellow* characterises the exciting titular story, but there is (for one interested reader, at any rate) a fatal lack of verisimilitude. The best thing in this book seems to be "In the Name of the Most High," a powerfully realistic war episode, clearly inspired by Mr. Stephen Crane's *Red Badge of Courage*, or, if not, then singularly suggestive of Mr. Crane's method and manner. Perhaps the stories in *The Maker of Moons* are reprints of early experiments: one hopes so. But it is time for so promising, for so genuinely able and individual a writer, to be done with tentatives. Let Mr. Chambers eschew the extremes of fantasy; let him cease to emulate the example of Stevenson; let him subdue his ambition to out-Poe Poe. Then, if he will concentrate his forces and give us a book, whether fantastically real or actually real, he will, I am convinced, speedily be among the few who have honourably arrived.

WILLIAM SHARP.

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club.
By Charles Dickens. In 2 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)

THIS, the very latest *Pickwick*, marks the beginning of the "Gadshill" edition of Dickens, which is to be completed in thirty-two volumes, under the editorship of Mr. Andrew Lang. The original illustrations will be reproduced, and the edition promises to be a handsome one. Our only complaint, indeed, is that *Pickwick* is not given in one volume. We expect *Pickwick* to be bulky, and where is the use of perfecting thin and light papers if they are not employed in simplifying the publisher's labours? Mr. Lang bids fair to be an agreeable editor. He approaches his task with a light heart, provides an introduction in his best manner, and appends as few notes as may be, instead of as many, and those pleasantly humorous in tone. Thus of the cricket match:

"Dickens knew nothing of cricket. One

bowler cannot be chosen to bowl against Dumkins, while another 'is selected to do the same kind office for the hitherto unconquered Podder.' Podder could hardly be like that member of the M.C.C. in the Straits Settlements, about whom a friend wrote home: 'He has never been out since he came to the Colony.' . . . It is curious that a young man and a close observer like Dickens had so entirely failed to observe Miss Mitford's favourite game."

Of Mr. Pickwick himself Mr. Lane writes with admiration and affection:

"The great man," he says, "is a study of the humours of mastership and discipline. He reminds us now of Socrates, now of Dr. Johnson (who at one time, like Socrates, could take his liquor like a hero); now, if one may say so, of the late Master of Balliol."

A comparison of the times of Mr. Pickwick with those of the modern reader then follows, and Mr. Lang pours some rather nice contempt upon those among us who "can't read Dickens." The "Gadshill" edition should pass into the libraries of all members of the other and better camp.

Belinda. By Maria Edgeworth. (Macmillans.)

"*Belinda*," says Mrs. Ritchie in her introduction to this reprint, "was included in this edition after some deliberation, not because it is the best of Miss Edgeworth's stories, but because it is certainly one of the best known." It seems to us that if *Belinda* had been one of the least known it ought still to have its place, so entertaining, so vivacious are its pages. It may not be Miss Edgeworth's finest complete work, but much of her finest work is between its covers. Few of our present-day novelists, at any rate, can offer anything as attractive as this busy, copious book. Miss Edgeworth herself disliked her heroine: "I really was so provoked with the cold tameness of that stick or stone *Belinda*"—so she wrote to Mrs. Barbauld—"that I could have torn the pages to pieces"; and yet one may agree with the author and still delight in the story. Heroines are not everything. The preposterous chapter called "The Serpentine River" can never lose its fascination.

Daphnis and Chloe. (H. S. Nichols). MR. H. S. NICHOLS'S "Fin de Siècle Library" has been so heralded by circulars that we look with unusual interest at the initial volume—a version in English of the *Daphnis and Chloe* of Longus. Certainly a vast deal of money and care has been expended on the publication, and by a certain class of reader the book will be found alluring; but to ourselves it is merely wearisome. *Daphnis and Chloe* when translated into not too distinguished English is without charm, and the pictures—by no great master, Raphael Collin, to wit—do not help matters. Had the translation been made by such a scholar and artist as the late Walter Pater, after the manner of "Cupid and Psyche" in *Marius the Epicurean*, we might write differently. The text before us, moreover, has been translated not from the original, but from the French of Amyot and Courrier, no translator's name is given, and the preface by Jules Claretie (which is largely occupied

in praising the exquisite old French of Amyot!) has evidence of being written several years since. Hence we conclude the book to be a mere Anglicised (or possibly Americanised) version of a French edition, served up with the catch-title of *fin de siècle* for the benefit of the English amateur of these things. The following passage from M. Claretie's introduction has, even in English, a certain grace which makes it worth quoting:

"There has always been in the heart of man a vague regret for what is, perhaps, the one absolute truth of life—namely, the country, the whispering winds, the blessed liberty of rural existence. It is the instinctive longing to return to nature's state which the rural romance, and in poetry the pastorals, have treated. The fable of Antheas, who renewed his strength by touching the earth, is not so foolish. Man, that other Antheas, who, nowadays particularly, gives his muscles no rest while using, yes, overtaxing, his brain, has sometimes need, physically and intellectually, of breathing in the odour, the perfume, of the earth, his mother, his nurse. Hence the immortality of these exquisite works in which two young beings pass half nude, like Paul and Virginia, or in an Eden-like purity, like Daphnis and like Chloe, across a landscape luminous and balmy. Humanity once again finds itself, with its hopes or its regrets, in these youthful loves."

Wagner's Heroines. By Constance Maud. (Edward Arnold.)

THIS book is dedicated to "all children big and little" who liked *Wagner's Heroes*, the two last words being the title of a previous work by the same authoress. We have not read that book; but if the stories of the heroes were told in as simple and pleasant a manner as are those of the heroines, there are probably many "children" ready to accept the dedication. Quite apart, however, from any fame which the writer may have already acquired, a book such as the one under notice appeals to the ever increasing number of those who take interest in Wagner's music-dramas. The numbers who visit Bayreuth year after year, and the crowded concert halls when Wagner programmes are announced, testify to this growing popularity, in which no doubt fashion plays some part. In many operas of the old school, the story was of secondary account; in Wagner's works it is of prime import—nay, more, the text-books of the latter are based on old legends of great interest and deep meaning, and associated likewise with poems of the Middle Ages, which take high rank in the history of literature. They possess, therefore, attractions of their own, independently of the music. The three heroines whose stories are narrated in this volume are Brunhilda, Senta, and Isolde. Of the "gentle Elsa, the saintly Elisabeth, the storm-tossed Kundry, and Eva, the bewitching little friend of Hans Sachs," the good and evil fortunes have already formed part of *Wagner's Heroes*. And so here we naturally learn something also about Siegfried, the Dutchman, and Tristan. The language of Miss Maud is studiously simple, and, moreover, many of the conversations are actual translations from the poems. There is one word in the authoress's brief preface

to which we would take exception. She speaks of Wagner's great "operas." That term might apply to *The Flying Dutchman*, but with its old associations it is quite unsuitable to such works as *Tristan* and the *Ring*.

A Sketch of the Natural History of Australia: with some Notes on Sport. By Frederick G. Aflalo. Illustrated. (Macmillans.)

AUSTRALIA is the China of the zoological world. By dint of a long isolation from civilising influences it has preserved almost intact a fauna and a flora similar to those which existed elsewhere in periods long since obliterated. The majority of Australian mammals are marsupials; the earliest mammals in Europe of which traces have been found belonged to the same order. Mr. Aflalo writes pleasantly and vigorously on this remarkable backwater of life, pointing out a number of popular errors which prevail, and giving the more striking characteristics of each of the none too numerous species. As his work makes no pretence to scientific importance, we shall not find fault with it for keeping in the broad descriptive path, which in nine out of ten cases of this kind leads to destruction, but in his case results in a trustworthy popular guide. Some defence is made for the method of classification, which does not seem to be at fault, though an author might well be in some doubt when dealing with such elemental curiosities as the monotremes which lie at the very bottom of the mammalian scale, and are hardly qualified for admission to it. Such, for instance, is the duck-billed platypus, so grotesque a combination of bird, beaver, mole and fish, that the earlier naturalists declined to accept it as serious, and relegated it to the category of Buckland's "Mermaid." The stuffed specimens, however, give no adequate idea of the cryptic beauties of the platypus according to Mr. Aflalo, who has studied it in its native streams.

A Treatise on Ore Deposit. By J. Arthur Phillips. Rewritten and enlarged by Henry Louis. (Macmillans.)

THE first edition appeared in 1884, and it has been Mr. Louis's task to introduce such modifications in the work as the author himself might have done had he lived to see the extensive developments which his subject has undergone in the past twelve years. Mr. Louis, however, notes the fact that little original theoretical work has been done in this country. "It is," he says, "a curious reflection that the neglect of the scientific study of ore deposits should coincide with the marked decadence in their practical working which we have to deplore in this country, and it is a fair matter for surmise how far these two facts may have reacted on each other as cause and effect." Even the man in the street may well feel interested in the statement that our unrivalled mineral resources are not receiving such profound study as is given in America and Germany to their respective ore deposits. A work like this is the best ground for hope that this state of things will be altered for the better.

POETRY.

A PRUSSIAN PEASANT POET.

Poems by Johanna Ambrosius. Edited by Prof. Karl Schrattenthal. Translated by Mary J. Safford. (Roberts Bros.)

THE German professor who edits this book is a believer in the present as "a brilliant period of feminine literature"; and he cites in support of his contention the verses of Johanna Ambrosius. The women poets of Germany have already had in their roll a domestic servant, Katherine Koch; and this latest comer, for whom an English reputation is now sought, was born—in 1854—the daughter of a poor artisan, and is herself married to a peasant. When she was eleven she was taken from her little village school, and henceforth knew only toil in the household which had at its head an invalid mother. At the end of a day's spinning, when the appointed number of skeins was hung on the nail, Johanna would reach forth weary, and often bleeding, fingers to the source of all her joy—the cheap magazine. And when, not long ago, someone visited her as a woman of forty, and found her ill, lying with scarred hands idle on the cover of a poor bed in a snow-darkened cottage, he noticed near at hand a pencil and a copy of the *Gartenlaube*, the same magazine that had nourished her childhood. She had been faithful to her first love; her old paper was still her ideal; and other literature she had none. What joy must have been hers when its pages first printed one of her own sets of verses; though there were drawbacks no doubt, stupid misprints, more stupid editorial alterations—no need to recapitulate the common story of illusion. Similarly did Ada Negri in her remote Italian village feel the call in her newspaper, the newspaper to which she, too, sent her first verses and which gave her her first fame. The cheap periodical was the university and the court and the camp to these two maidens; there it was they learnt about poets, painters, musicians, statesmen, and kings. The editor was the Master of the Ceremonies who introduced these isolated women to a world which, in a measure, they were able to make their own. For Johanna Ambrosius was proud to read one day in *Gartenlaube* that the Empress, delighted with one of her poems, had taught it to her young princes at her knee—an incident which, in a country like Germany, partly explains why the volume of her poems edited by Prof. Schrattenthal should have gone already through twenty-six editions. "In Germany death is the poet's best letter of introduction"—her own case, at any rate, has belied one of her own sayings. What, then, is her title to distinction? From over two hundred pages we take three specimens of her verse where the translation is the happiest:

A SUMMER NIGHT.

"Her soft cool arms extending,
Night comes anew;
Fields, woods, and meadows clasping
Her heart unto;

"With mantle light enwrapping
Each tree and bush;
While murmuring tones the world
To dreams doth hush.

"The earth hath now forgotten
Day's misery;
Mine eyes I lift in longing
Toward the sky.

"I see a wee bird soaring
In sunset's glow:
Ah, would my heart so weary
With it might go!"

It is the old stock-in-trade, after all; and that is disappointing. "Her only leisure time for writing is on Sunday," says the Professor. "And when does she compose? In the fields, in the garden, while cooking, in the stable." That seemed to promise newer things. Nor did her own account of herself lessen the expectation. "When I write a poem, I am so excited, so carried away from the world, that I seem a stranger to myself." It is when she is most "beside herself"—a phrase which means the opposite of what it says—that she comes nearest to the heart of the reader, and we do not deny that such verses as these are due to a real and genuine impulse:

AH, BIND MY HANDS.

"Ah, bind my outstretched hands, I pray,
With heavy fetters chaining,
Or they might else in my breast lay
A loved head, rest attaining.

"And wall up, too, this heart of mine,
In closest dungeon keeping;
Already through the windows shine
Love's bright flames upward leaping.

"Oh, make me deaf; oh, make me blind;
No glimpse of my receiving!
'Tis law for the forsaken child
To bear her sore heart's grieving."

The same sincerity, which even the most conventional vocabulary does not destroy, is shown in the last specimen we have chosen to represent her achievement at its best:

WEEP NOT, FOR I LOVE THEE.

"At dawn of every morning
The red sun smiles in glee,
The dewy earth consoling:
'Weep not, for I love thee.'

"The butterfly doth hover
The rose above, with plea
Of ardent love caressing:
'Weep not, for I love thee.'

"But thou and I, we only,
Lack courage to feel free;
We say not, save while dreaming:
'Weep not, for I love thee.'"

We omit a verse which is not good enough. Irrelevant and superfluous verses are frequent enough throughout the volume, a fault which we expect from a peasant poet, but which we might make a subject of some reproach against the Professor editor. Space fails for the expostulation; though not for a final word of praise for the zeal and discernment by which he has obtained not merely a national, but a European and a New World recognition for the talents of Johanna Ambrosius.

VARIOUS VERSES.

CHRISTIAN BURKE is a writer of pleasant magazine verses that have adorned the pages of the *Argosy*, of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, of *Blackwood*, of the *Leisure Hour*; and they are now gathered into a volume called *The Flowering of the Almond Tree* (W. Blackwood & Sons). The happiest of this writer's moods is that in which "Poet Leonard" is produced:

"Poet Leonard is so clever
He can hear the grass a-growing;
Knows the story of the river
Through the pleasant meadows flowing.
In his brown Franciscan habit,
Cropping tender, juicy grasses
At his ease, the nimble rabbit
Only nods when Leonard passes."

Also gathered from magazines and papers—from the *Pall Mall Gazette* which has published so much memorable verse, from *Black and White*, and from the *Glasgow Herald*, but greatly reinforced by new pieces, are the verses that make up the beautiful volume by Margaret T. Armour, entitled *Songs of Love and Death* (J. M. Dent). This lady does not put her best wares on the top; and those readers who are not deterred by the trivial treatment of "The Inner Shrine" will be rewarded, later on, by the two best verses in the book:

"IN ABSENCE.

"When shadows dim the meadow-gold,
And mignonette and musk
Perfume, through every scented fold,
The garments of the dusk;
When all the heavens are yearning to
The first faint silver star,
My spirit leans across to you,
Beloved, from afar.

"When courier wings begin to ride
The highways of the dawn,
And up the orient hills, in pride,
The car of day is drawn;
Even as the bridegroom Sol appears,
And earth's dismays are done;
O love, from out the dark and tears,
Arise and be my sun!"

Two volumes from Philadelphia allow us to welcome J. B. Lippincott Company to the small list of publishers who know how to produce a book of poetry; for nothing could be prettier in get-up than are *Poems*, by Robert Loveman, and *An Autumn Singer*, by Dr. George M. Gould. Of the two volumes, that by Mr. Loveman contains the most attracting verse. From the poem entitled "Purity" we take three verses:

"Whose mind is pure he is the man
For whom Almighty God doth plan;
For him in ecstasy the day
Doth blush itself in bliss away.

"Whose heart is pure, for him the night
Visions and dreams of rare delight;
For him, beyond the sunset's bars,
God sows the meadow-sky with stars.

"Whose soul is pure, for him the sea,
The mountain and its mystery;
For him, in all her shy retreats,
The tender heart of nature beats."

FICTION.

The Witch-Finder. By T. Pellatt. (Smith Elder & Co.)

THE date of this story is about 1638, and it concerns the fortunes of Francis Ewellme of Ewellme and his love, Sybil Gryce. Sybil is the true heir to the Ewellme estates, and much of the plot is taken up with the intrigues of two scoundrels to make profit for themselves out of their knowledge of this fact. These are John Badger, the witch-finder, and a witch known as the White Woman of Broughton. Sybil is kidnapped and concealed, and Francis is falsely accused of her murder. He escapes from prison, and recovers his bride upon the battlefield of Edgehill. We cannot say that the somewhat complicated story is told in such a way as to get any firm grip upon the reader's interest, and we do not think that Mr. Pellatt has either the dramatic power or the archaeological knowledge necessary for a rousing tale of historical adventure. We wonder why, in so many recent romances of this nature, the scene has been laid either in Scotland or in France. English history, especially in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, could afford material for many a stirring narrative. The field is unoccupied, and yet the right man does not come to take possession.

The Royal Christopher. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. (Chatto & Windus.)

THIS is, we believe, Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's first essay in the field of adventurous romance. Piracy, shipwreck, a desert island, hand-to-hand fighting, and an undercurrent of love, we have them all, the good old wholesome ingredients of this kind of story. In the manner of the telling, too, we miss nothing of the sententious flavour of *Westward Ho!* The introduction of a talking parrot in a low-down sailors' haunt is, perhaps, carrying piracy a shade too far; but otherwise in its externals the tale is not all old. There are no fights with Spaniards or buried treasure, but a visionary Captain Marmaduke Amber, who leads a colony to the Southern Seas. With him he takes the narrator and Lancelot Amber, his friend; also, of course, an only daughter, Marjorie, to inspire the necessary romance. The remainder of the characters may be grouped as pirates and colonists. Cornelys Jensen, the leader of the piratical gang, is a shadowy study in duplicity, and so is the dark girl Barbara, who finally revenges her dishonour with his life. The action is slight and soon finished, leading to the supposition that Mr. McCarthy intends to furnish other episodes for his hero, possibly of a less milk- and - watery nature. There is not enough of bloodshed or hairbreadth escape in this first attempt to satisfy the healthy cravings of a schoolboy.

Chun Ti-kung: his Life and Adventures. By Claude A. Rees. (Wm. Heinemann.)

AMONG the joys or terrors of classical youth are a pair of "novels" called *Gallus* and *Charicles*, by the worthy Becker. As stories,

they fail in after life to convince, being concerned with the adventures of a model young Roman and a model young Greek amid a series of reconstructed social scenes of their respective times. These are the nearest things we can think of for comparison with *Chun Ti-kung*, the tale of a model young Chinaman. Whether, however, the description of Chinese life and manners, which is the object of the book, will prove as acceptable or enduring as the afore-mentioned classics is another matter. We doubt it, having regard to the indifference of the West towards Eastern customs. Moreover, this is a work of far inferior skill. *Chun Ti-kung* is an ordinary Chinese prig, without distinction of history or merit, adopted by an impossibly advanced and benevolent uncle. He travels along a river, is brought into contact with dubious characters, joins an expedition against pirates, and takes the "Hanlin" degree. After this he comes to England as interpreter to the Embassy, and from that point the story diverges entirely into a new channel. He deceives and marries an English girl, having already a wife and son in China. He brings her back with him, and after many uninteresting complications leaves her to hear the truth the very instant that her child is born. By way of a finish the unhappy woman drowns herself and the new-born infant. If this is the story proper, the introduction is preposterous; if the first part of the book is the gist, this farfetched addition is irrelevant.

The Arctic Night. By Roger Pocock. (Chapman & Hall.)

THIS is one of a series called "Books for Bicyclists," for whom its special appropriateness is not easy to divine. Some men were encamped in a place called—and this was appropriate enough—Scurvy Gulch. Men shut up as they were that winter "become unhealthy, quarrelling viciously over trifles, lapse into dark moods, ending in hysterical outbreaks, for which it would go hard with one to be held responsible." For they were in the region of Arctic night, and eaten up with scurvy and loneliness. To them arrived, benighted, a most admirable stranger, Colonel Hiram W. Giggleswick, from a Great Country, where colonels abound. "Boys," he said, very soon after his coming, "you've seen considerable of the world. . . . You've all got yarns to tell, and—well, I'm accounted considerable of a liar myself. Now, why shouldn't we submit to hear one another's stories." They did submit, and these stories make up the book. Some of them are pretty good stories, and none are without interest. The use of a device for stringing a number of disconnected tales together is usually disastrous. That in Mr. Pocock's book it is felt as a distinct advantage, is evidence of a respectable literary talent.

Tomalyn's Quest. By G. B. Burgin. (Innes & Co.)

MR. BURGIN strikes a false note at the beginning of his novel. He says that Tomalyn Crane yearned "to grow up and

become a man with experiences," and that that was why he was on his way to Constantinople. Of course, we must take Mr. Burgin's word; but, that being so, Tomalyn, like his name, is a bore for a good many pages. Boredom, however, speedily gives way to highly excited interest. Mr. Crane becomes private secretary to Tomkins Pasha, an English soldier in charge of the defences of Turkey. He falls in love with Mrs. Brangwyn, a fascinating widow, just over twenty. Mrs. Brangwyn is affianced to one Gorchoff, an elderly Russian agent; and both are conspirators of the deepest dye. Kourrian, a wily Armenian, is in their service, and seeks to do Tomalyn to death. On the other hand, Smith, a Cockney soldier, formerly in a Hussar regiment, is Mr. Crane's servant, and, though drunk as a rule, more than a match for "this here Kourrian and all the Roosian agents in Turkey." Besides, there is Miss Ulverstone, who loves Tomalyn, but is too ugly to be an "experience" until Tom is in death-grip with typhoid. We have one duel, and a few fights in the English manner: these are told with an excellence that stirs our blood. Dire intrigues abound, and are so well handled that we are almost persuaded to believe them. In short, Mr. Burgin's novel is constructed and written with a skill which fails only in being too solicitous. So determined is he to appease the reader most exacting of sensation, that he transforms Miss Ulverstone into a beauty by engrafting on her cheek the fair skin of Mrs. Brangwyn, become a nun because Kourrian had assassinated Gorchoff. That displeases us. We should have preferred the absence of Miss Ulverstone and a fair fight between Gorchoff and Crane for the beautiful widow. Nevertheless, we like the book. It tells a thrilling tale. All the characters act their parts naturally and well; and, saving that he does not perceive the error implicit in the so-called word *commence*, Mr. Burgin writes good English.

The Wisdom of the Simple. By Nellie K. Blissett. (Innes & Co.)

To what extent certain "new" tendencies, prominent in the art and literature of a year or two ago, commended themselves to discriminating folk is a matter of opinion. In any case, a sane reaction has set in against the so-called new morality, the modern wickedness, the cult of æsthetic sinners, the gospel of the divine realists, and the like. The body politic has abandoned the new cant, if only to seek it in another form. In 1895 Miss Blissett's strenuous onslaught would have been relevant; to-day it is belated. If, however, from a propagandist point of view, her counterblast is unnecessary, it may be indicative of the coming despotism. Simplicity and guilelessness are admirable qualities in their proper place; but the cant of innocence is more baneful, perhaps, than the cant of thinly-veiled wickedness, for it is more difficult to dethrone. The author of *The Wisdom of the Simple* has overshot the mark. The book is well, in places even ably, written. Sapher Mayer, the popular

actor-manager, well exemplifies the doctrine of art's apartness from life; Severin, the leader of the French realists, is a clever study; and Sharpe, the outspoken critic of all things under heaven, bears some resemblance to a well-known member of that fraternity. "A man must be far better and greater and truer than anything he does, if he is to make it worth the doing"; so says the heroine, and she strikes the keynote of the book. Were it not that the attack on modern movements is foolishly indiscriminate, that Mme. Valeria Mayer is simple to the point of inanity, the story would carry conviction. The style is crisp and forceful, and many of the incidents are treated with great reserve.

A Haunt of Ancient Peace. By Mrs. Marshall. (Seeley & Co.)

THE title of Mrs. Marshall's book—identical, by the way, with that of Mr. Alfred East's canvas recently exhibited at the New Gallery—is restful, significant, and suggestive of the earnest life of the Little Gidding settlement in the seventeenth century which it is her main object to depict. In a book where the narrative interest is slender, we are, and with reason, more than ordinarily exigent as to treatment; moreover, if in a semi-historical romance plot is almost non-existent, especial care must be taken to call up faithfully the atmosphere of the period; every page must be permeated with the spirit of the time, and that without apparent effort on the author's part. Unfortunately, in *A Haunt of Ancient Peace* the modern and the mediæval are in conflict; the story is a patchwork, not a harmonious whole. Much is said about Nicolas Ferrar; George Herbert's poems are quoted, his personality described; and the sermons of Dr. Donne fill many pages. Withal, we do not feel the glamour of the past upon us; the characters do not breathe: rather they are walking shadows of the men and women of whom we have read. Here and there, indeed, the writer's enthusiasm enables her to penetrate to the essential; but the book is uneven, and though readable, fails to arrest.

Norse Tales and Sketches. By A. L. Kielland. Translated by R. L. Cassie. (Elliot Stock.)

THE English reader will be glad to make, or renew, his acquaintance with the Scandinavian novelist Alexander Kielland, even as slightly as Mr. Cassie enables him to do in this little book. The tales and sketches chosen are only partially representative, as Kielland works more naturally in larger space, yet there is here enough charm and power to cause us to be eager to know more of the author. The story, "Karen," a tragedy in half shades, is exceedingly delicate work, and there is a quality new to English readers in "Trofast," the tale of a dog. Kielland has all the Scandinavian sense of the tears in things, the frustration and the irony of life; but he has also humour and penetration and pity. Mr. Cassie's English runs trippingly enough, and is often singularly clean and spirited.

STEPHEN CRANE.

It is sincerely to be hoped that there is no truth in the report of Mr. Stephen Crane's death in Cuba. He is—we are loth to write in the past tense—emphatically a young man with a future, and the new literature could ill afford to lose him.

About six years ago there appeared in New York a small book in paper covers, entitled *Maggie: a Child of the Streets*, by Johnston Smith. This very modest brochure, which was sold at fifty cents, bore no publisher's imprint, and it may well be supposed that only a few copies were issued. The reason for this is not far to seek. *Maggie* is not a pleasant book, and in those days the public was not ripe for the reception of instantaneous literary photographs of slum life. No firm cared or dared to associate its name with such a publication. But we have changed all that. One man stood out alone from the mass of unsympathetic reviewers. Mr. Hamlin Garland, perhaps the most genuine of American critics, read *Maggie* with intense interest, and loudly proclaimed the advent of an author "to be reckoned with." But the public refused to be interested, and *Maggie* was forgotten by all but a chosen few, who still treasure the little book in paper covers.

Stephen Crane—for "Johnston Smith" and Stephen Crane are, of course, one and the same—is now about twenty-six years old. At the age of sixteen he was writing for several New York papers. He has been writing ever since, and journalism still claims him as one of her most devoted children. At the time of the publication of *Maggie* he had been working for some time for the Bachelor Syndicate, and it was for them that he wrote his next book, *The Red Badge of Courage*. This proved very successful as a serial, but the publication in book form was for some reason delayed. Mr. Crane next attracted attention by a small volume of "lines"—he does not call them poems—entitled *The Black Riders*, which has recently been published in this country. Like so many American authors, he owes his success to British enthusiasm. It was not until *The Red Badge of Courage* was brought out in this country, in the autumn of 1895, that America "found" its author. Mr. Crane would be the first to acknowledge his indebtedness to the English critics and the English public, who, with one accord, forced his name into well-deserved prominence.

Such, then, in brief, is the history of his short career. Apart from the mass of journalistic work, his literary baggage consists of three slender volumes. *Maggie* is one of the most downright earnestly-written books ever published. The gruesome tragedy of environment, with all its sordidness of detail, is hammered in with brief, pitiless sentences. Mr. Crane's command of language is remarkable: he does not spare his readers one jot or tittle of the horror of New York slum life. *The Black Riders* strikes a note of fearless novelty and eccentricity. The "lines" were hurriedly dashed off in a moment of inspiration. They are essentially pessimistic, often cynical. Of *The Red Badge of*

Courage little need be said. That such a photograph of the American War should be produced by a young man of twenty-four is little short of marvellous. Every page reads like the confessions of a veteran, every line reeks of battle smoke, and in every sentence we hear the booming of countless cannon and the ping of the merciless bullets.

Mr. Crane has at least four new volumes in the hands of the publishers. *The Little Regiment*, a war story, will appear almost immediately; followed by *A Woman without Weapons*, *The Third Violet*, and another novel of slum life may be expected very shortly.

FROM A READER'S NOTE-BOOK.

ONE of Mrs. Oliphant's "Stories of the Seen and the Unseen" forms—as in many previous Januarys—the feature of the New Year number of *Blackwood*. It is called "The Sand of Luspense," and pictures a possible purgatory or place of probation. The idea is both reverent and beautiful. Mrs. Oliphant reaches, indeed, her highest level of excellence in these grave imaginings. The first of them, "A Little Pilgrim in the Unseen," attracted a great deal of attention some years ago, but the most powerful were "On the Dark Mountains" and "The Land of Darkness." If you feel curious as to the possibilities of a place of torment, read the latter. It contains an appalling picture. The stories mentioned have been republished from *Maga* by Macmillans. But several of the series, notably "The Open Door," and a positively delightful one called "Old Lady Mary," are at present unobtainable. Some day, perhaps, Mrs. Oliphant will give us a volume of these stories arranged in suitable order. In the course of a readable paper on the famous Road Murder in Cornhill, Mr. J. B. Atlay alleges that Sergeant Whicher of that case was the original of Cuffe in *The Moonstone*, and that Wilkie Collins worked several features of Constance Kent's tragedy into this novel. If true, the fact is interesting. I cannot, by the way, agree with the reports of those booksellers who put Wilkie Collins down among the literary lights of the past who have failed. Much that he wrote had, of course, only temporary vogue, and is now as dead as Queen Anne, but *The Moonstone* and *The Woman in White* have plenty of life left in them.

With regard to the following library list it is only necessary to say Miss Soldene's *Reminiscences* afford a racy sketch of the stage in the early seventies, and the *Star Sapphire* pictures graphically delineate the grim realities of a nurse's life. The latter is not quite a new book, but seems to have been somewhat overlooked.

R.

LIBRARY LIST.

Forty-one Years in India. By Lord Roberts, V.C.

My Theatrical and Musical Recollections. By Emily Soldene.

The Star Sapphire. By Mabel Collins.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1897.

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POPULAR BOOKS OF 1896.
OPINIONS OF READERS.

LAST week we despatched to a number of prominent men and women a circular and a postcard. The circular asked the recipient to write on the postcard the titles of the two books which had most pleased and interested him in 1896; and in order that the result might be the more instructive and entertaining we chose representative persons in all walks of public life. A large proportion of those to whom we applied responded; a few declined for sufficient reasons. The replies are printed below. It will be seen that some of our correspondents drop into criticism, and a few into autobiography, while here and there an enthusiastic reader is tempted to mention more than the two books we asked for. The total result, we venture to think, will be found interesting.

Mr. HERBERT SPENCER.

My state of health has so greatly reduced my power of reading that what remains I have to reserve rigorously for the purposes of my work. The result is, that I do not read works that are unrelated to it, and for this reason am wholly unable to answer the question you put.

Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON.

Herbert Spencer: Conclusion of *Synthetic Philosophy*. A landmark in English Philosophy. Prof. Andrew D. White (Cornell University, U.S.): *History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom*. A judicial summary of the progress of biblical and theological criticism.

Dr. HERMANN ADLER, Chief Rabbi.

Studies in Judaism, by S. Schechter, M.A. The author, reader in Talmudic in the Cambridge University, has popularised his vast stores of biblical and rabbinical knowledge in this volume in masterly fashion. *Jewish Life in the Middle Ages*, by Israel Abrahams, M.A. Full of information of an attractive character, culled from obscure sources inaccessible to the ordinary reader.

Mr. ANDREW LANG.

If you mean books of 1896—*The Story of Aline*, by Mrs. Edward Ridley; and *Bijou*, by Gyp. If not of 1896, *Tom Jones*, by Henry Fielding; and *The Report of the Lords' Committee on Lamer's Case*, 1723.

Mr. MONCURE D. CONWAY.

My reading during 1896 was so closely confined to historical MSS. and last century volumes, connected with my edition of Thomas Paine's writings, that I did not pay a sufficiently critical attention to any contemporary volumes to comply with your request.

Dr. J. E. C. WELLDON, Head Master of Harrow.

Mr. Purcell's *Life of Cardinal Manning* as a study of character, for I do not doubt that it is a true biography in the main, and the interlacing of good and evil in the Cardinal's character—of self-sacrifice and self-seeking—is a fresh light thrown on the complexity of human nature. Mr. Merriman's *The Sowers*, as dealing with that profoundly obscure and interesting subject the life of the peasantry in Russia. I assume that the question refers to works recently published.

Mr. H. G. WELLS.

I presume you mean of the books published in 1896. It is hard to name two—no book made such a distinctive effect on me as *Jude the Obscure* did in '95. *The Seven Seas* might have done so—only I've still to read the book. Conrad's *Outcast of the Islands*, Crane's *George's Mother* and *Maggie*, Barrie's *Margaret Ogilvy*, Sullivan's *Flame Flower*, Stevenson's *Weir of Hermiston* and Stevens's *Monologues of the Dead*, have impressed me—heaven alone knows which impressed me most!

Mr. W. ALGERNON LOCKER, Editor of the *Morning Post*.

The Life of Sir James Stephen, by Mr. Leslie Stephen, which seems to me an almost faultless specimen of biography. *The Nation's Awakening*, by Spenser Wilkinson, which ought to be read by every politician and patriot.

Sir DOUGLAS STRAIGHT, Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

The Amazing Marriage.
The Carissima.

Mr. E. T. COOK, Editor of the *Daily News*.

Supposing you mean to limit your question to books published in 1896, I reply that the books which have interested me most are Purcell's *Life of Manning*, and the *Life and Letters of Magee*.

Mr. A. B. WALKLEY.

Harold Frederic's *Illumination*. Only "a novel," of course, but a novel full of thought, full of life, tragic, and humorous withal. *Que de choses dans un roman!* Boswell's *Johnson*, as re-edited by Birrell and reprinted by Constable. I should have to give this answer for every year in 18—since I was old enough to read and understand. But the editor and printers, between them, have made this strictly a book of 1896.

Mr. J. F. NISBET.

I have not been able to read any English books this year, and I believe a great many busy men are in the same position. Do the leaders of the medical profession, the bar, the financial world, the political world read? Do literary men themselves read anything nowadays except their own proofs? I venture to think not. The busy man keeps abreast of the literary movement of the day, but not by reading. He absorbs it through his pores. I do snatch a little time for reading in the tram, the 'bus, the hansom cab, but devote it to Spanish literature, for which I have a passing craze.

Mr. W. E. NORRIS.

Your question is a little less easy than it looks. Not that I am in any doubt as to No. 1; but there seem to be a good many candidates for the second place. Upon the whole, however, I suppose my humble verdict must be—(1) *Weir of Hermiston*, by R. L. Stevenson. (2) *The Seven Seas*, by Rudyard Kipling.

Mrs. MEYNELL.

The question is far too large for me to attempt to answer. But limiting my reply to books of verse by writers new to me, I could say that three have interested me particularly: *Units*, by Miss Winifred Lucas; *Christ in Hades*, by Mr. Stephen Phillips; and the *Poems* of Mr. Money-Coutts.

Mr. SYDNEY GRUNDY.

Augustin Filon's *Théâtre Anglais* and Raper's *Navigation* (which does not belong to 1896). Perhaps I should explain that I am interested only in, more or less, technical works, being of opinion that all other books are contained in the Book of Ecclesiastes, and that "much study is a weariness of the flesh."

Dr. R. F. HORTON.

Prof. Fisher's *History of Christian Doctrine*, the only *Dogmengeschichte* which brings the story down to the present day; and *Joan Seaton*, by Mary Beaumont, the only novel of the year which left me better than it found me.

Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

The new books that have most pleased and interested me during 1896 are *Margaret Ogilvy*, by J. M. Barrie; and *W. V.: Her Book*, by William Canton.

Mr. A. D. BARTLETT, Superintendent of the Zoological Gardens.

Boulger's *Life of Gordon*.
Selous's *Sunshine and Storm in Rhodesia*.

Dr. CLIFFORD.

First, I put Prof. Ezra P. Gould's *Commentary on Mark* in the International Critical Commentary Series, a book characterised by flawless scholarship, luminous exposition, fearless criticism, a reverent tone, and inspiring suggestiveness. Next comes Zangwill's *The Master*, to me a tale rich in charm, brilliant in picturing, and supplying the true key to the interpretation of the artist life. But almost, if not quite, equal in interest I ought to name *St. Paul, the Traveller and the Roman Citizen*, by Prof. W. M. Ramsay, M.A., and *The Life of the Rt. Hon. W. E. Forster*, by T. Wemyss Reid.

Mr. GRANT ALLEN.

I am not a great reader of general literature, therefore I can only mention books on my own special subjects—Hartland's *Legends of Perseus*; Simpson's *Buddhist Praying Wheel*.

Mr. J. N. MASKELYNE, of the Egyptian Hall.

Spielmann's *History of Punch*; Harris's *From Batum to Baghdad*. I quote the above as apart from purely technical works, wherein one's interest is naturally influenced by practical considerations.

Mr. ROBERT BLATCHFORD ("Nunquam"), Editor of *The Clarion*.

I am usually too busy or tired to read anything but tales and verses. The books I read most were *Omar Khayyâm* (Fitzgerald's), *Browning*, and *Tristram Shandy*. The new books were mostly disappointments; but I recall *The Heart of Princess Oera* with pleasure as being pretty and graceful, and *The Red Badge of Courage* as being virile and fresh. Few of our popular novelists are more than common tall. Some of them are like men made after supper out of a Dickens or Thackeray paring. The most inane book I have read for years is *The Mighty Atom*. As for new poetry, well—? Where?

Prof. NORMAN LOCKYER.

Mars, by Percival Lowell. *Sentimental Tommy*, by J. M. Barrie. (No time for reading seriously.)

Lord GRIMTHORPE.

The Life of Archbishop Magee.
The Life of Bishop Samuel Butler.

Sir G. FAUDEL PHILLIPS, Lord Mayor of London.

The Sowers, by H. S. Merriman.
With Edged Tools, by H. S. Merriman.

Sir ROBERT BALL, Astronomer Royal.

Locky's *Democracy and Liberty*.
Brehm's *From North Pole to Equator*.

Mr. JUSTICE MATHEW.

His Honour and a Lady, by S. J. Duncan.
Cardinal Manning, by F. de Pressensé.

Sir DONALD CURRIE.

Mahan's work on *Sea Supremacy*.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush.

Dean HOLE.

The Life of Archbishop Magee.
Lord Roberts's *Forty-one Years in India*.

Canon SCOTT HOLLAND.

Zola's Rome.
Weir of Hermiston.

Rev. H. R. HAWES.

Balfour's *Foundations of Belief*.
Hardy's *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*.

Dr. GARNETT.

President White's *History of the Conflict between Religion and Science*.
Weir of Hermiston.

"JOHN OLIVER HOBBS."

Swinburne's *Tale of Balen*.
Purcell's *Life of Manning*.

Mr. ARTHUR W. PINERO.

The Family Life of Heinrich Heine.
The Well at the World's End, by William Morris.

"LUCAS MALET."

Zola's Rome.
Weir of Hermiston.

Mr. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

Margaret Ogilvy.
Mr. Stephen Phillip's *Christ in Hades*, and
Other Poems.

Mr. S. R. CROCKETT.

Sentimental Tommy.
Margaret Ogilvy.
Freshfield's *Exploration of the Caucasus*.

Mr. JEROME K. JEROME.

Rodney Stone.
The Heart of Princess Oera.

Mr. I. ZANGWILL.

Illumination.
The Seven Seas.

Dr. JOSEPH PARKER.

The Life of Meissonier.
The Life of Dr. James Croll.

Mr. GEORGE R. SIMS.

A Child of the Jago.
The Seven Seas.

Mr. OSCAR BROWNING.

Purcell's *Life of Manning*.
H. C. Lea's *Confession and Absolution*.

JOHN BURNS, M.P.

Morrison's *Child of the Jago*.
Booth's *Life and Labour of the People of London*.

Mrs. H. H. ASQUITH.

Purcell's *Life of Manning*.
Illumination, by Harold Frederic.

Mr. CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

Margaret Ogilvy.
Byron's Letters, edited by W. E. Henley.

Mr. HARRY H. MARKS, M.P.

Illumination.
Max Nordau's *Comedy of Sentiment*.

Mr. J. ASHBY STERRY.

Great Expectations.
The Newcomes.

Miss JANET ACHUBOH (Mrs. Charles Charrington).

Margaret Ogilvy.
A Sturdy Beggar and Lady Bramber's Ghost, by Charles Charrington.

Miss FANNY BROUGH.

Madelon, by M. E. Wilkins.
Memoirs of Mme. de Remusat.

Mr. MAX BEERBOHM.

Shakespeare.
The Bible.

Mr. WILSON BARRETT.

The Bible.
Shakespeare.

Mr. W. PETT RIDGE.

The book which pleased me most was *Margaret Ogilvy*. The book which interested me most was *A Child of the Jago*.

Mr. PAUL CINQUEVALLI.

The Sorrows of Satan.
Jude the Obscure.

Mrs. SARA LANE, of the Britannia Theatre.

Under the Red Robe.
Barabbas.

Mr. JOHN PORTER, of Kingsclere.

The Sowers.
Rodney Stone.

A NOTE UPON MR. PATER.

A LITTLE ingathering from the *Guardian* of nine reviews by Mr. Pater, though privately made and published, appeals to an audience not greatly fewer in number than the honest lovers of that still obscure great man. They are not his honest, or at the least his fortunate, lovers who praise but his grave beauty, passionate scholarship, elect restraint, and who read his measured sentences with only a devout, a careful "recollection." Such solemnity, brought by some to an owl's perfection, is most needless and inappropriate: it is not the right way to read an humorist. Mr. Pater ceaselessly, as it were, pontificating; stiff and stately in his jewelled vestments; moving with serious and slow exactitude through the ritual of his style: that is a Mr. Pater of the uneasy reader, to which his rich humanity seems but a laborious humanism. That reader cannot catch the wise laughter rippling so pleasantly beneath the studied phrases: he is blind to the quiet smile, sometimes innocently *malin*, which lies as a charm upon the ordered utterance. Humour, that is gentle in its strength, humour rooted in philosophy, humour gravely glad and gleaming, has not the popular chances of humour militant and pranksome, a thing that jerks surprisingly on wires. A great saint is, of necessity, a great humorist, since, like his Maker, he "knows whereof we are made": so too are the princes of poetry and philosophy, and thus we are sad at thinking



LEIGH HUNT

From the Picture by Benjamin Haydon in the National Portrait Gallery

that Milton and Mill were both without one part of their birthright. "Has God a sense of humour? Can He laugh?" asked a correspondent of Kingsley. "Yes!" came the answer: "because God has all perfections in perfection." Celestial humour, joyous and radiant and undoubting, is an obvious attribute of Omnipotent Omniscience, both in Itself, and as It contemplates free will in man; so, if we go to authority, have Shakespeare and Heine told us. And in proportion to a man's reach and range of vision is his share in the divine humour, his appreciation of "Things in Themselves," to quote Kant, of "Things as They Are," to quote Mr. Kipling. A heroic sense of sorrow, the very profundity of melancholy, are not incongruous with the very clarity of humour: only the narrow and the sour look askance at the sound of the wise laughter. And there are some to whom from early boyhood Mr. Pater, then the author of one book, gave an exhilaration, which it were priggish to call intellectual merely, but which rippled into laughter the growing intellect.

Let us have done with the fabled Mr. Pater of a strict and strait solemnity, that travesty false and foolish! Flesh and blood, life multiform and variegated, things charged and eloquent with humane emotion, a world starred with points of interest and concern—among that moved the loving and patient genius of the man. Moved, obeying laws of art: so absolute and imperative was the obedience, that it seemed to many the one great thing of note; each single word deliberately chosen! Never a harmless laxity! always a passion of precision! And it was inferred thence that Mr. Pater was a votarist of style for its own exacting sake, not by reason of the reverent value that he set upon his matter, upon the humanities that were his reverent theme. Yet he was instinct with veritable *fun*, and wrote with quiet mirth, as he elaborated his sense of life's meanings and contents. Never a sentimentalist, he is never found pluming himself upon his pathos or his humour: the notes are never forced. But his descriptions of things gone, old philosophy or old furniture, are steeped in a peaceful irony: his tales of young ambitions now in ashes, of ardent ideals laid in dust, have touches of Horace and of a Kempis, of Pascal and of Montaigne. Loving-kindness, which cares for the vast world's dead, for the live world's "little ones," for what moves or has moved the affections of men—he possessed that loving-kindness in its plenitude. Maudlin tears were far from his eyes, facile laughter from his lips: his "humours" were philosophic and natural, like those of Mr. Patmore and Mr. Meredith. But they are direct creators: he an indirect. So, many have read him with the loins girt, the brows knit, because he is a scholar, a critic, a humanist, an academic: when they fall upon a positive and patent jest, it disturbs them: this is levity, Mr. Pater forgets himself! They have been deaf and blind to the winning insinuations of a delicious pleasantry upon every page: they would be horrified with much amazement, to learn that some readers, in some moods, waver long between the election of Lamb or of

Mr. Pater for a winter night's companion. But *truth* involves *delight*: it is so universally. And both Lamb and Mr. Pater were solicitous for the expression of truth, not in its nakedness, but in its felicity: so that many of their perfect sentences communicate a thrill of consentient joy. To masters of the whimsical or the fantastic, our startled admiration may cry *Wonderful!* To masters of the truth in its beauty, we give a simple *Yes!* of personal thanks, with a glow at the heart and eyes. "*Sudden Glory*," says Hobbes, "is the passion which maketh those *Grimaces* called Laughter." Hobbes meant that somewhat severely, and for a reproach: but it is an exquisite account of the nobler laughter, those of perceptive joy. To find the intrinsic value of Webster the tragedian, or of Marcus Aurelius the tragic, perfectly estimated and set down, raises a "sudden glory" in the reader, a joy which laughs at the perfect capture of a truth, the perfect triumph of the truth: and the reader knows that the writer of the royal sentences had his "sudden glory" also, the joy of having created what is "very good." Most of us view art and all intellectual products with far too awed a seriousness: we cannot take them radiantly, we shrink from gaiety in high places, we check the incipient smiles. Humour in the "hieratic" Mr. Pater! It seems a sacrilegious thought. But the humour is there—there in profluent abundance—as it is in Plato and in Berkeley.

This little book of reprinted reviews is rich in charm. Courtesy of protest and qualification, generosity of praise and appreciation, a note both personal and classical: we find them here. And here, in work of no necessary elaboration, we still find that charm of leisureliness and punctilious ease which is so lovable a mark of Mr. Pater's writing. For he is ever reminding us of the rich talkers who cannot but talk perfect grammar in pleasing rhythm, yet without a wearisome effect of pose or strain. Such a talker will be still more happily correct in his correspondence: his public writing will be flawless. So here, as in the review of some Wordsworthian books, we have an early version of Mr. Pater's essay upon Wordsworth; it is excellently educative to note the differences. But, indeed, distinction could not fail to wait upon his lightest word and work: distinction, which means an exquisite nicety of carriage, at once natural and cultivated, equal to all occasions and never doffed. For he respected the universe, and neither optimists nor pessimists do that. He felt himself to be moving among mystery and beauty, things exceeding great. He spent his life in realising how his fellow-men of the past and of his day behaved themselves under those conditions, what potencies and possibilities were theirs: he was clear of flippancy and of pedantry. Confronted with the world's "magnalities," or with its ephemeral littlenesses, his heart burned within him, and his fine spirit was finely touched. Of great men only can that be often said, and of good men, whose greatness is to be good and unknown.

LIONEL JOHNSON.

ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

X.—LEIGH HUNT.

EVERY generation of literary men in this country, since literature became a trade, has known one or two figures who, though not of the first class, have yet, by reason of some peculiar personal quality, won large audiences. Such a one was Leigh Hunt. In no sense was he great; never for a moment did he rise to greatness, as other men of somewhat similar rank have done—Hood, for example, when he wrote a few of his lyrics—but he filled a position very worthily when he lived, and never since has he been quite replaced. Leigh Hunt's capital was a sunny optimistic temperament, a charming fancy and quick discernment of excellence. So equipped he was ready to write attractive trivialities at a moment's notice. He touched only upon such things as he liked, and touched them superficially. If he did not like a fact he ignored it. As a taster he was among the best; his critical faculty was sound; and although he could not make great and beautiful things himself, he was the first to point to the beautiful things of others.

Leigh Hunt's essays are so good-humoured as to be wearisome unless taken in small doses, and his poetry is mediocre and saccharine. In one little scrap of verse, however, he reached high-water mark. The lines beginning "Jenny kissed me" are exquisitely finished, and as fresh as when he wrote them. Not one of all the versifiers who have come after him and chosen a similar vein has produced anything as good. This is the perfect trifle which, well-known as it is, shall be printed yet again:

"Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets upon your lists, put that in:
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
Jenny kissed me!"

Leigh Hunt knew every one. Keats lay sick in his house; Byron and Shelley made him their confidant; Dickens put him into *Bleak House* as Harold Skimpole; Carlyle walked London with him of nights. His autobiography bristles with great names. Hunt was one of those men whose work falls between that of other and larger minds. In our day we have the case of the late Mr. Hamerton, who was, as it were, "crowded out" by Mr. Ruskin and Robert Louis Stevenson. In a similar way Leigh Hunt was not exactly "wanted," although, as we have said, he won a number of hearers. Compared with his contemporary, Lamb, he had little humour; compared with his contemporary, Hazlitt, he had little wit; yet people who read these twain read also Leigh Hunt—such a happy, rippling, babbling way was his!

This portrait, by Haydon, although the only one that hangs upon the walls of the National Portrait Gallery, does not depict the Leigh Hunt as he is generally conceived. He was not Byronic, except fitfully and at a distance; but Haydon's sitters had the grand manner thrust upon them.

NOTES AND NEWS.

OUR review of Lord Roberts's autobiography, *Forty-one Years in India*, will be from the pen of Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, the author of *On the Face of the Waters*. Owing, however, to the fact that Mrs. Steel is now abroad, there may be a little delay in the appearance of her article.

SIR HENRY IRVING has gone into the country to seek that complete rest which will soonest restore him to the Lyceum stage. There has been much speculation as to Sir Henry's ability to resume the exacting part of Richard III. on his recovery. We have reason to believe that he will not attempt it, but that the quiet and slow-moving part of Dr. Primrose in "Olivia" will be the one in which Sir Henry Irving will make his welcome reappearance.

THE lists of books which fill some columns of this number of the ACADEMY are another proof of the sway of the novelist. In the great majority of cases our correspondents confess to having found most pleasure and interest in works of fiction. Some divide their allegiance—giving one vote to a work of more special nature and one to a story; but many are wholly for the story. Only nine poets find a place: Shakespeare (mentioned twice), Browning, Omar Khayyām, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Kipling (mentioned thrice), Mr. Canton, Mr. Stephen Phillips (mentioned twice), Miss Winifred Lucas and Mr. Money-Coutts. Biographies have been popular, and we suppose always will be, and here Mr. Barrie is first favourite with *Margaret Ogilvy*. Few persons seem to have solaced themselves with history. Mr. Harold Frederic leads among the novelists with *Illumination*; Mr. H. S. Merriman and Mr. Stevenson come next.

Two curious parallel selections will be observed. Canon Scott Holland and "Lucas Malet" have each found most interest and pleasure in Zola's *Rome* and Stevenson's *Weir of Hermiston*. What is perhaps even more noticeable is the similarity of taste of Mr. Max Beerbohm and the gentleman whom he caricatured for the Christmas number of the *Saturday Review*—Mr. Wilson Barrett. Both chose the Bible and Shakespeare.

IF, as is stated, the successor to Mr. Bayard as American Ambassador to this country is Colonel John Hay, a literary man will once more occupy the post. Colonel John Hay is the author of a tiny sheaf of some of the best, or at any rate the raciest, ballads that have come across the Atlantic. "Jim Bludso" stands alone; "Little Breeches" and "Banty Tim" could not be excelled, and there are many critics who count "The Mystery of Gilgal" among the masterpieces of American humour. Colonel Hay has also written serious poetry of no little merit, and is joint author of the official Life of President Lincoln, whose secretary he was.

MENTION of Lincoln suggests the examination to which candidates for admission into the New York Police Department have been recently subjected, one of the questions asking what the examinee knew of President Lincoln. The *Critic* gives a few specimen replies. One constable-elect wrote: "Kind Gentlemen, in reference to the life of Abraham Lincoln would say that I am not personally acquainted with him he was Clurk in a grocery store and could lick any of the village boys. He at one time had a very bad friend who at the end killed him." Another said: "He was at last assassinated, of the effects of which he died." But the champion historian was the author of the following reply: "He was the President that freed the South and let the Dorkey go free and he was shot by Garfield this is all that I remember of pretended Lincoln so I will close hoping that I will pass." There is, however, no reason why the candidate should not make an efficient policeman. Knowledge of American Presidents hardly helps a constable in a street riot.

ANOTHER of the very extensive band of old ladies who once sate on Sir Walter Scott's knee has just been discovered in a Home in Philadelphia. There have been so many applicants for this position that one almost wonders when Sir Walter found time to write at all.

THE *Westminster Gazette*, pursuing its inquiries into the condition of modern reviewing, has now printed the opinion of Mr. William Archer, Mr. Henry Norman, Mr. Oswald Crawford, and Mr. Le Gallienne. These gentlemen are not at one on all points. Mr. Archer, for example, views the pluralist reviewer with suspicion; Mr. Le Gallienne hails him. If one man writes five good reviews of a book Mr. Le Gallienne is pleased because in that way four inferior reviews are kept out of print. Mr. Crawford holds that most reviewers are mistaken in the line they take. "Reviews," says he, "should be more bright and informing—more personal, as it were—less critical and more expository." Mr. Norman and Mr. Le Gallienne agree that genius and merit will "out." Ten days, says Mr. Le Gallienne, is the utmost period of time for the modern Keats to remain unrecognised. We hope so.

HISTORICAL students in need of a subject might note that Mr. Andrew Lang, in the preface to what he calls the woful history of *Pickle the Spy*, has this passage: "The Life of the Old Chevalier (James III.) has never been written, and is well worth writing. My own studies, alas! prove that Prince Charles's character was incapable of enduring misfortune. His father, less brilliant and less popular, was a very different man, and, I think, has everything to gain from an unprejudiced examination of his career. He has certainly nothing to lose."

THE action which Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. brought this week against Mr. Stead resulted quite favourably to this firm of publishers, but it certainly did not settle the

limits of permissible extract. Mr. Stead has probably better reason for desiring to know what these limits really are than any man in London. As it is he can only unburden his mind on this complicated subject in the *Daily News*. He declares his conviction that the publishers have made a mistake in seeking to limit his quotations, and that they will live to realise this. But Mr. Reginald Smith declared on oath in court that the publication of the review of *Sir George Trevelyan* in the *Review of Reviews* had injured the sale of that work. We can well believe this. But we suppose that what with the variety of books, and their merits, and the circumstances of their publication, and the different feelings of different authors under different treatment by critics—the question is one that must be answered always on the merits of particular and provocative cases. In the case just settled justice seems to have been done.

THE recent discussion upon the mental and physical development of M. Zola, which has been carried on with so little reticence in the French Press, adds new meaning to the phrase, public man. M. Zola is now public with a completeness that leaves next to nothing unsaid. A hospital patient on the lecture-room operating table is a closed book compared with M. Zola. The two disputants, Dr. Toulouse and Prof. Lombroso, have decided that the novelist is an epileptoid. Apparently, it is necessary to have qualifications of this nature (hystero-epilepsy or paranoic psychosis) before one can rise to eminence in naturalistic fiction. The game seems scarcely worth the candle. Another of M. Zola's attributes, it seems, is "a prehensile foot." These scientific men!—"I thought I knew something about abuse," said someone on reading Prof. Lombroso's report, "but I never dared to tell a man he had a prehensile foot."

MEANWHILE M. Zola is hard at work on his new novel, *Paris*, the third of the series, which includes *Lourdes* and *Rome*. To an interviewer he has said that the book will contain "the whole philosophical balance-sheet of the century; it will even be a synthesis of the development of thought since the Great Revolution. . . . It will not be a book of descriptions and digressions, like *Rome*, but will be concise in its reproduction of the life and movement of our capital, and rapid and brief in action." M. Zola, it seems, has abandoned the project of writing about this country and people. He is under the impression that a week in London was not long enough to enable him to embark with any confidence upon a psychological examination of the English race.

LAST week, in response to a request from Mr. Mosher, we recapitulated the heads of the difference between Mr. Mosher and Mr. Andrew Lang. We now quote Mr. Lang's final letter to the *Critic*: "I find that I owe satisfaction to Mr. Mosher in a matter of fact. I have wronged this modest gentleman by underestimating the quantity of his spoils. He really seems to have

appropriated more than twenty old forgotten mistranslations of mine from the French and Romanic which I had rejected as worthless. Mr. Mosher picks them up and sells them as the street boys of Naples sell old cigar-ends, and if he finds purchasers for my old cigar-ends, doubtless his conscience will applaud him. It takes so little to make a good man happy!" Here the matter ends on Mr. Lang's side. Mr. Mosher's profits, we imagine, are just beginning.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER has written to the "Cemented Bricks," conveying his thanks for their congratulations on the completion of his great lifework, and for the sympathetic expression of their good wishes. Dr. Richard Garnett, C.B., and Mr. Joseph Knight, are to be the guests of this Society at its annual dinner next week.

THE hon. secretary of the Huxley Memorial Committee reports considerable progress during the past nine months. The amount of money now in hand is £2,900, contributed by persons all over the world. The model for the statue, upon which Mr. Onslow Ford is working, is almost complete. The statue will be in marble, and will be erected in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. A successful design for the Royal College of Science medal has been made by Mr. L. Bowcher, who is now engaged upon the dies. What other forms the memorial may take depends upon the amount of money still to be received. Donations may be sent to the treasurer, Sir J. Lubbock; or the bankers, Messrs. Robarts, Lubbock & Co. (15, Lombard-street, E.C.); or to the hon. secretary, Prof. G. B. Howes (Royal College of Science, South Kensington, S.W.).

THE Chat Noir has now really closed its doors, and nothing remains but to sum up its history. Its fortunes were bound up in the personality of its founder, Rudolphe Salis. This curious literary innkeeper began life in the Latin Quarter as an artist, where he enjoyed that *Vie Bohème* which Murger had drawn so well in its heyday. He conceived the idea of opening a *café* where young poets, journalists, artists, and other eccentric youth might revel in each other's wit. He started the Chat Noir in the Boulevard Rochechouart, whence it was transferred to its present site in the Rue Victor Massé. There the *café* has opened its doors for many years to the blithe sons of art. Rudolphe Salis amused them well, but he did better in that he gave them the atmosphere in which they could amuse each other. Caran d'Ache and Willette adorned the walls with frescoes, and Salis himself gave lectures in connexion with a shadow pantomime which was long one of the attractions of the place. Such places as the Chat Noir bloom their hour and fade. But M. Salis has not faded, for he talks of founding a theatre.

MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS, whose new novel of Cornish life, *Lying Prophets*, is published this week, starts in a few days for a two

months' journey in the Mediterranean and the Holy Land.

ADMIRERS of Mr. Stephen Crane will find a sketch from life in his best city manner in the *Philistine*. The title is "The Men in the Storm," and in a few pages the reader is shown a mass of poor humanity struggling outside a charity-shelter on a snowy afternoon in New York. It is as well done as need be. In the *American Book Buyer* Mr. Crane has an appreciation of Ouida's *Under Two Flags*, which is noticeable as coming from the author of *The Red Badge of Courage*.

AN interesting collection of water-colour drawings and oil paintings, by Miss Catherine E. Hughes and Miss Bertha E. Lewis (pupils of Mr. A. Ludovici), is now being exhibited by Messrs. Clifford & Co., in the Haymarket. Some of the work displays considerable merit. Special mention may be made of two oil paintings by Miss C. Hughes, "Morning, the Marker" and "Spring"; also of a couple of water-colour sketches by Miss Lewis—"A Wet Day" and "Smoke & Snow." The collection is, on the whole, distinctly promising, and the artists have succeeded in catching some of the atmospheric peculiarities of what Charles Kingsley called our "hard, grey weather."

THE annual meeting of the Folk-Lore Society will be held at 22, Albemarle-street, Piccadilly, on Tuesday, January 19, at 8 p.m., after which the new president, Mr. Alfred Nutt, will deliver his presidential address: "The Fairy World of English Literature; its Origin and Nature." The following meeting of the society will be held on Tuesday, February 16, when a paper entitled "The Story of Orendel" will be read by Prof. W. P. Ker.

THE Clarendon Press will publish almost immediately, in two parts, with eight or nine maps, the fourth volume of Mr. C. P. Lucas's *Historical Geography of the British Colonies*.

MR. FROWDE also announces that to his numerous contributions to the study of Early and Middle English Dr. Sweet has now added a *Students' Dictionary of Anglo-Saxon*.

THE first monthly part, of which there will be twenty in all, of Messrs. Laurence & Bullen's *Encyclopædia of Sport* will be ready on February 15.

ANOTHER of the Guild Library volumes, *The Old Testament and its Contents*, by Prof. Robertson of Glasgow University, has just been issued in Welsh, with a preface by Prof. Davidson, of the New College, Edinburgh. The translator is the Rev. D. E. Jenkins, Portmadoc.

MESSRS. BELL will publish next week in their "Technological Handbooks" series, edited by Sir Henry Trueman Wood, a

treatise on *The Art and Craft of Coach-building*, by Mr. John Philipson.

A NEW work on the commercial policy and enterprise of this country, entitled *England's Attainment of Commercial Supremacy*, by H. Tipper, will be published by Mr. Elliot Stock very shortly.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK announces a new volume of social and literary essays by J. E. A. Brown, entitled *The Four First Things, and Other Essays*.

MESSRS. SERVICE & PATON will issue in the early spring, in their Illustrated English Library, Scott's *Ivanhoe*, illustrated by C. E. Brock, and Lord Lytton's *The Last of the Barons*, illustrated by Fred. Pegram.

TO-DAY (January 15), G. P. Putnam's Sons publish Mr. E. F. Benson's new story, *The Babe, B.A.: Being the Uneventful History of a Young Gentleman at Cambridge University*.

THE February part of *Chambers' Journal*, which begins a new volume, will contain the opening chapters of Mr. Hornuiff's new novel, "My Lord Duke," and a four-chapter story by Mr. Guy Boothby.

MESSRS. HURST & BLACKETT, who recently published a six-shilling illustrated edition of Mrs. Craik's story, *John Halifax, Gentleman*, are about to issue that work at the popular price of sixpence.

MR. B. FLETCHER ROBINSON, who was responsible for the "Rugby Football" with which Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co. opened their "Isthmian Library," has undertaken the general editorship of the series (*vice* Mr. Max Pemberton, who resigned on account of the pressure of other work).

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHNEIN & CO., LTD., will shortly publish a new work by Mr. W. Chance, entitled *Children under the Poor Law*. The book describes in full detail the present methods of dealing with these children, as to whom there has been of late considerable discussion. It also deals with the important subjects of their employment and after care.

MESSRS. SOTHERAN & Co. have ready Part VI. of their sumptuous publication, Dr. R. B. Sharpe's monograph of *The Paradiseidae, or Birds of Paradise, and Ptilonorhynchidae, or Bower Birds*. The edition is limited to three hundred and fifty copies, and the price is three guineas net.

MR. FISHER UNWIN is publishing next Monday Mr. A. P. Harper's account of *Pioneer Work in the New Zealand Alps*. Many valuable observations respecting the glacial structures and movements in these mountains are contained in the work, which will also be of interest to the student of natural history. Fifty illustrations and some maps accompany the book, of which there will be an *édition de luxe*.

THE BOOK MARKET.

A CHAT WITH THE NEWEST PUBLISHER.

IT is not every day, or even every month, that a new publisher is announced. When this happens the future seems big with pleasing possibilities. What new reputations may he not create! I felt this the other day when I called on Mr. Grant Richards, who has just inscribed his name in bold letters over an office in Henrietta-street. Mr. Grant Richards is our newest and perhaps our youngest publisher. His first book appears to-day (Friday), and the world of letters is all before him.

I found Mr. Richards in comfortable quarters. He has grasped at the outset, the great principle of the parlour. He knows that if Turkey produces the worst atrocities, it produces the best carpets. And a tranquil colour scheme, and a top light, and a lounge, are no bad aids to the fine art of publishing. But the art itself, and Mr. Richard's conception of it, were the object of my inquiry.

"What line will you take, Mr. Richards?" I said, feeling I must take one myself.

"That," said Mr. Richards quietly, "I shall leave to the shaping hand of the future. But here is my first book."

"May I record it?" Mr. Richards handed the volume to me with the blush which a publisher wears once in his career—that of pride in his firstborn.

"It has just come in," he added, as I reverently opened the volume. It was Mr. Edward Clodd's new work, *Pioneers of Evolution*, and those into whose hands the volume will have fallen by the time this article is read will bear me out when I say that I held in my hand a very satisfying piece of book-craft. The neatest green binding in two cloths, thick paper (not too white), a well-built title-page, and several photogravure portraits made up the dress into which Mr. Richards has put his first book—a book that in every page declares itself thoughtful, learned, and humane. I could heartily compliment Mr. Richards on such a start.

"And after this, Mr. Richards?"

"Well, I am now closely engaged on my political year-book, called *Politics in 1896*. Here is the cover into which it will be put. The chief thing I have to say about it is, that it will not, like most year-books, be cold and judicial in tone. Its articles will be written by such hot partisans as Mr. H. W. Massingham (editor of the *Daily Chronicle*), Mr. George Bernard Shaw, and Mr. H. D. Traill. These three writers will unburden themselves on the general politics of the year from the extreme points of view of a Conservative, a Liberal, and a Socialist. I want this year-book to be an arena to which posterity, or at least the younger generation, can go, not for dry facts, but for the movement of the battle and the shoutings of the captains."

"Good! and what else?"

"These books," said Mr. Richards, handing me a list, "I shall publish during this year. You will see they include an important work by Mr. Grant Allen."

"Not a hill-top story, Mr. Richards?"

"Not at all. *The Evolution of God* is an endeavour to trace the evolution of the Christian idea of God from its earliest beginnings in polytheism—first, to the Hebrew monotheistic ideal, and then to the Christian God in three persons. I believe it will attract much attention. Then I shall publish shortly a new and revised edition of Mr. W. T. Stead's *Real Ghost Stories*; a book of travel, *In Court and Kampong*, by Mr. Hugh Clifford; and a novel, *One Man's View*, by Mr. Leonard Merrick. I have also commissioned Mr. Edward Spencer, whom men know as the genial 'Nathaniel Gubbins' of the *Sporting Times*, to write me a free-and-easy cookery book. It will be called *Cakes and Ale: Chapters on Meat and Drink*; and while it whets the bodily appetite, it will, I think, satisfy the intellectual one."

"I observe," I replied, "that you are announcing only one novel among a dozen books. Will this be your usual proportional output of fiction?"

"Oh, no; not necessarily. At the same time," continued Mr. Richards, "I regard fiction as highly speculative, and for the present I shall aim to publish books for which a good demand can be predicted among special classes of readers."

"You are going to give us two new anthologies."

"Yes," said Mr. Richards with a smile, "and I have great confidence in each of them. The *Anthology of English Verse*, which I have asked Mrs. Meynell to make, will appeal strongly, I think, to her compact body of readers and admirers, and the more so because her sole principle of selection will be her personal preference. I have asked her to cull where she will, but cull only what she loves best."

"And when will you give us this volume, Mr. Richards?"

"Probably in next September. And in the same month I shall print Mr. E. V. Lucas's *Anthology of Poems for Children*."

"Ah! then you are trimming your sails to the new breeze from the nursery?"

"Yes; for I like it, and believe in it. And I am particularly pleased to have secured Mr. Lucas. His recent article in the *Fortnightly* on 'Children's Poetry' won much attention, and it was while reading it in an advance copy of the magazine that I determined to enlist Mr. Lucas's services if I could. He is now the reward of my promptitude."

Mr. Richards could have confided to me many other fair projects, but I had heard enough to convince me that he comes with goodly gifts in his hands, and with a keen intelligence that we shall learn to thank.

W. W.

BOOKSELLING NOTES.

OUR symposium of booksellers last week on the older novelists created not a little interest. We hope to find other opportunities of making public the opinions of booksellers on various questions of literary importance.

COMMENTING on the testimony of many of our booksellers' correspondents to the need of good "settings" for the old writers,

the *Daily News* remarks: "It would be a curious development if literary favour generally should thus go by 'setting.' We believe, however, that there is a great deal of truth in it. Just as much journalism, and especially much illustrated journalism, has become of late years a branch to all intents and purposes of the stationery trade, so in the case of books the author is far more dependent than many publishers yet recognise on the arts and graces of the book-binder."

APROPOS of the reissuing of standard novels, we may remind our readers that Messrs. Chatto & Windus are putting their series of Wilkie Collins's novels—hitherto issued in their Piccadilly series—into a new edition, printed in new type, and bound with that modern neatness which will enable the bookseller to place them side by side with the primmest of up-to-date novels. Four volumes—viz., *The Woman in White*, *Antonina*, *Basil*, and *Hide and Seek*—are already issued. A similar reprint of Charles Reade's novels by the same publishers is now completed in seventeen volumes. The "Gadshill" edition of Dickens, beginning with *Pickwick*, in two volumes, is also launched. But what is to be the fate of Anthony Trollope?

A COMPLETE set of *Notes and Queries* is probably one of the first things which an active literary man would desire to receive if he had the wishing-cap of Fortunatus. Since 1849 *Notes and Queries* has gathered into its pages all that is curious, and out of the way, and difficult to remember. It is a commonplace book that has been kept not by one man, like Southey's, but by many men; and what it does not contain in the way of small historical and literary lore can usually be dispensed with. The complete set of volumes is so rarely offered now by a secondhand bookseller that we willingly chronicle the fact that a set is now exhibited in the window of Mr. Thomas Simmons, of 48a, Charing Cross-road. The ninety-seven volumes are not uniformly bound, but all are bound well, the earlier volumes being in half calf. The price is £25.

In the same road Mr. Karslake shows in his window some interesting drawings and first editions relating to Charles Dickens. Mr. Karslake has had the happy idea of utilising his window for a series of bibliographical and art exhibitions, each lasting a week. Thus Thackeray has had his turn, Dickens reigns now, and next week he will give place to George Eliot, who, in her turn, will yield the window to Charles Lamb. Rare books, prints, and drawings form the material of these instructive little displays. The Dickens drawings already referred to are seven water-colours by Mr. Paul Braddon, and they represent the novelist's residences in London and Rochester.

PERHAPS the most beautiful thing in Holborn at this moment is a Japanese print in the window of Mr. and Mrs. Tregaskis's shop, the "Caxton Head." It is the

portrait of an actress, playing her part, and is by the elder Toyoukuni. Colour, verve, and expression, all contribute to the satisfactory impression of this drawing, which is one of some one hundred and fifty, forming the third lot of Japanese prints acquired by Mr. and Mrs. Tregaskis in the last year. With hardly an exception, these prints have been sold at prices ranging from one-shilling-and-sixpence to six shillings, and the run on them has been strong and continuous. No wonder; for such confections of colour and form are not everywhere to be had so cheaply.

THE present lot of prints offered by Mr. and Mrs. Tregaskis had been acquired by a collector in Paris. The elder and the younger Toyoukuni are represented by portraits of actors, geishas, and Court beauties, while the signatures of Hiroshige, Kunisada, and others are to be found in plenty. Two finer prints by Utamaro, purchased at the recent sale of Mr. Ernest Hart's collection, form the only exceptions to low price.

THE *St. Martin's-le-Grand*, the postman's magazine, has sent a rather good story round the papers. A small West of England postmaster was also a bookseller. In his neighbourhood was a rich, self-made man, a railway contractor, who had built and furnished a large house, but had as yet formed no library. Struck by this want in his new house, he drove to the post-office. "You are a bookseller, Mr. A., I believe?" he said abruptly. "Yes," answered the postmaster. "Very well; I want you to fill up my library for me. I have sixty feet of shelving. I want ten feet of history, ten feet of novels, ten feet of poetry, ten feet of religion, ten feet of science, and ten feet of other sorts of books. I understand you know your business, and I leave the choice of the books to you." After some further talk the order was accepted, and executed to the owner's satisfaction, which was greatly increased when visitors to his house complimented him upon the judicious selection of books in his library.

THE BOOKS THAT ARE SELLING.

We have received the following reports of books most in demand in various centres:

LONDON (STRAND).

FICTION.

The Sign of the Cross. By Wilson Barrett.
The Man in Grey. By S. R. Crockett.
Rodney Stone. By Conan Doyle.
On the Face of the Waters. By Mrs. F. A. Steel.
Marie Corelli's Novels.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Memoir of Lord Bowen. By Sir H. S. Cunningham.
Forty-one Years in India. By Lord Roberts.
Boswell's Johnson, 6 vols. (Edited by Augustine Birrell.)
The Black Watch. By Archibald Forbes.
Hampton Court. By W. H. Hutton.
Margaret Ogilvy. By J. M. Barrie.

POETRY.

Beeching's Paradise of Poetry.
Seaman's Battle of the Bays.

Browning's Works. 2 vols. (New edition.)
The Poems of G. J. Romanes.
The Poetry of Sport. (Badminton Library.)
More Echoes from The Oxford Magazine.
Byron. (W. E. Henley's edition.)

THEOLOGY.

The Sermon on the Mount. By Charles Gore.
The Mind of the Master. By Rev. John Watson.
Moulton's Literary Study of the Bible.
The Modern Reader's Bible.
Introduction to the History of the Church of England. By H. O. Wakeman.

ART AND BELLES LETTRES.

The Decorative Illustration of Books. By Walter Crane.
The Bad Child's Book of Beasts.
Life and Letters of Jean François Millet. By Julia Cartwright.
Gutter Snipes. By Phil May.

BIRMINGHAM.

FICTION.

Sentimental Tommy. By J. M. Barrie.
On the Face of the Waters. By Mrs. F. A. Steel.
The Man in Grey. By S. R. Crockett.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Margaret Ogilvy. By J. M. Barrie.
Charlotte Brontë and her Circle. By C. K. Shorter.
The True Life of Sir Richard Burton. By Georgiana Stisted.

POETRY.

The Year of Shame. By William Watson.
New Ballads. By John Davidson.

THEOLOGY.

The Heritage of the Spirit. By Mandell Creighton.
The Modern Reader's Bible. Edited by R. G. Moulton.
The Old Testament and Modern Life. By Stopford A. Brooke.
Introduction to the History of the Church of England. By H. O. Wakeman.

EXETER.

FICTION.

The Money-Spinner. By H. S. Merriman and S. G. Tallentyre.
Esmond. (New illustrated edition.)
The Witch-Finder. By T. Pellat.
Doctor Nikola. By Guy Boothby.
Sir George Tressady. By Mrs. Humphry Ward.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Life of Sir Charles Hallé.
Charlotte Brontë and her Circle. By C. K. Shorter.
Story of My Life. By A. J. O. Hare.

POETRY.

Browning's Works. 2 vols. (New edition.)
The Seven Seas. By Rudyard Kipling.

BELLES LETTRES.

The Decorative Illustration of Books. By Walter Crane.

FOLKESTONE.

FICTION.

On the Face of the Waters. By Mrs. Steel.
Takisara. By Marion Crawford.
Sentimental Tommy. By J. M. Barrie.
Carissima. By Lucas Malet.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Life of Archbishop Magee.
Life of Baron Thiebault. By Butler.
Charlotte Brontë and her Circle. By C. K. Shorter.
Life of Augustus Hare.
Undercurrents of the Second Empire. By Vandam.

POETRY.

Very Little Inquiry.

TRAVEL.

Sunshine and Storm in Rhodesia.
Fridtjof Nansen, 1861-1893. By William Archer.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

The Sowers. By H. S. Merriman.
Weir of Hermiston. By R. L. Stevenson.
Sir George Tressady. By Mrs. Humphry Ward.
Sentimental Tommy. By J. M. Barrie.
On the Face of the Waters. By Mrs. F. A. Steel.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Margaret Ogilvy. By J. M. Barrie.
Charlotte Brontë and her Circle. By C. K. Shorter.
My Long Life. By Mary Cowden Clarke.
Life of Archbishop Magee.
Fridtjof Nansen. By William Archer.
Elizabeth. By Mandell Creighton.

POETRY.

The Seven Seas. By Rudyard Kipling.
Browning's Works. 2 vols. (New edition.)

THEOLOGY.

The Old Testament and Modern Life. By Stopford Brooke.
Introduction to the History of the Church of England. By H. O. Wakeman.
The Sermon on the Mount. By Charles Gore.

BELLES LETTRES.

Eighteenth-Century Vignettes. (Third series.)
By Austin Dobson.

BRADFORD.

FICTION.

The Sowers. By H. S. Merriman.
The Web of an Old Weaver. By J. K. Snowden.
The Piebald Horse. By A. Burrell.
Joan Seaton. By Mary Beaumont.

BIOGRAPHY.

Margaret Ogilvy. By J. M. Barrie.

POETRY.

Browning's Poems. 2 vols. (New edition.)
The Year of Shame. By William Watson.

THEOLOGY.

Wright's Biblical Treasury.

BELLES LETTRES.

Gutter Snipes. By Phil May.

NOTE.—Books are not greatly in demand except in the case of Almanacs and Diaries.

CARDIFF.

FICTION.

Sentimental Tommy. By J. M. Barrie.
Illumination. By Harold Fruderie.
On the Face of the Waters. By Mrs. F. A. Steel.
The Sign of the Cross. By Wilson Barrett.

BIOGRAPHY.

Margaret Ogilvy. By J. M. Barrie.

POETRY.

The Seven Seas. By Rudyard Kipling.

CLIFTON.

FICTION.

The Sowers. By H. S. Merriman.
On the Face of the Waters. By Mrs. Steel.
The Man in Grey. By S. R. Crockett.

NOTE: The sales of G. A. Henty's books for boys, and Mrs. Marshall's for girls, have been very satisfactory.

Sentimental Tommy. By J. M. Barrie.

BIOGRAPHY.

Life of Archbishop Magee.
The Story of My Life. By D. J. O. Hare.

POETRY.

The Seven Seas. Rudyard Kipling.
Browning's Poems. 2 vols. (New edition.)

THEOLOGY.

Bishop Westcott's Works.

BELLES LETTRES.

Life of Meissonier.

DARLINGTON.

FICTION.

Kate Carnegie. By Ian Maclaren.
The Sowers. By H. S. Merriman.
Soldier Tales. By Rudyard Kipling.
Sir George Tressady. By Mrs. Humphry Ward.
The Murder of Delicia. By Marie Corelli.

BIOGRAPHY.

Life of Archbishop Magee.
Life of General Gordon.

POETRY.

The Seven Seas. By Rudyard Kipling.

THEOLOGY.

Introduction to the History of the Church of England. By H. O. Wakeman.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE most notable books of the week are undoubtedly the three volumes in which the autobiographies and letters of Edward Gibbon have been collected and edited by Mr. John Murray and Mr. Rowland E. Prothero. The autobiographies occupy one volume and the letters two. In the introduction which he supplies to the autobiographies Lord Sheffield refers to the singular history of the six autobiographical sketches which Gibbon wrote between the years 1788 and 1793. There was even a slight seventh sketch. Until recently the separate entities of these sketches had never been suspected, so skilfully had they been blended in one narrative by the first Earl of Sheffield, and so completely had that narrative been accepted for a hundred years as a continuous and autographic life. We have now the autobiographies separately and faithfully presented, and styled, for convenience, by Mr. Murray, "Memoirs A, B, C, D, E, and F." They are printed in chronological order, "Memoir F" being first.

Great interest will attach to Mr. Andrew Lang's new historical work, *Pickles the Spy* and Mr. W. C. Hazlitt's *Four Generations of a Literary Family* should be mentioned.

THEOLOGY.

ON THE MILLENNIUM. Two lectures by Christopher Wordsworth, D.D.
THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE OLD TESTAMENT FOR MODERN THEOLOGY. By James Lindsay, M.A. William Blackwood & Sons. 1s.

BIOGRAPHY.

MY THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL RECOLLECTIONS. By Emily Soldene. Downey & Co. 10s. 6d.
FOUR GENERATIONS OF A LITERARY FAMILY. By W. Carew Hazlitt. George Redway.
PRIVATE LETTERS OF EDWARD GIBBON (1753-1794). With an Introduction by the Earl of Sheffield. Edited by Rowland E. Prothero. John Murray. 2 vols.
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHIES OF EDWARD GIBBON. With an Introduction by the Earl of Sheffield. Edited by John Murray.

HISTORY.

THE MARIAN REACTION IN ITS RELATION TO THE ENGLISH CLERGY. By Walter Howard Frere. S.P.C.K.
CHURCH BRIEFS. By Wyndham Anstis Bewes, LL.B. A. & C. Black. 18s.
THE NARRATIVE OF CAPTAIN COIGNET, SOLDIER OF THE EMPIRE, 1776-1830. Translated from the French by Mrs. M. Carey. Chatto & Windus.
ECHOES FROM OLD CALCUTTA. By H. E. Buxsted, C.I.E. Third edition. Thacker, Spink & Co. (Calcutta)
PICKLES THE SPY. By Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green & Co. 18s.
THE HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE HOLY LAND. Seventh edition. By George Adam Smith, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton.
THE HISTORY OF GREECE. By Adolph Holm. Vol. I. III. Macmillan & Co.

ART, POETRY, AND BELLES LETTRES.

THE FORGING OF THE KEYSER PASS: WITH OTHER POEMS. By Ida Paton. William Hutchinson (Greenock).
SCOTTISH POETRY OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. Vol. II. (Abbotsford Series). Edited by George Eyre-Todd. Hodge & Co.

SHAKESPEARE AN AUTHOR. By William Lowes Rushton. Lee & Nightingale (Liverpool).
IRONWORK. By J. Starkie Gardner. Chapman & Hall.
THE TRACKERS IN INDIA. By Sir William W. Hunter.
THE BLACK RIDERS AND OTHER LINES. By Stephen Crane. William Heinemann.
THE COMPLETE ANGLER. Parts X. & XII. Edited by Richard Le Gallienne. John Lane. 1s.
THE CONVERSION OF WINCKELMANN, AND OTHER POEMS. By Alfred Austin. Macmillan & Co. 6s.
THE TEMPLE CLASSICS: THE ESSAYS OF ELIA—THE LAST ESSAYS OF ELIA—GULLIVER'S TRAVELS—RELIGIO MEDICI AND URB BURIAL. 1s. 6d.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

BIBLE PLACES. By H. B. Tristram, D.D. Fourth edition. S.P.C.K.

EDUCATIONAL.

USEFUL EXTRACTS OF EVERYDAY FRENCH. By E. M. Spioer, M.A. Simpkin Marshall.
BLACK-BOARD DRAWING. By M. Swannell. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.
POEMS BY MATTHEW ARNOLD. Edited by G. C. Macaulay. Macmillan & Co. 2s. 6d.
SELECTIONS FROM MALORY'S LE MOYNE D'ARTHUR. Edited by A. T. Martin, M.A. Macmillan & Co. 2s. 6d.
MINNA VON BARNHELM. Edited by the Rev. Charles Merk. Macmillan & Co. 2s. 6d.
INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF CHEMISTRY. By W. H. Perkin, Jun., Ph.D., and Bevan Lean, D.Sc. Macmillan & Co. 2s. 6d.

FOREIGN.

ETUDE SUR LES BUCOLIQUES DE VIRGILE. Par A. Cartault. Armand & Cie. (Paris).

FICTION.

ANTHONY JASPER. By Ben Bolt. T. Fisher Unwin. 2s.
BLIND BATS. By Margaret B. Cross. Hurst & Blackett.
MAD BARBARA. By Melbourne Summers. Moran & Co (Aberdeen). 1s.
CAOBA, THE GUERRILLA CHIEF. By P. H. Emerson. David Nutt. 6s.
THE NEW MARRIAGE, IN TEN TABLEAUX. Watts & Co.
THE QUEEN'S COF. By G. A. Henty. Chatto & Windus. 3 vols.
LYING PROPHECY. By Eden Phillpotts. A. B. Innes & Co. 6s.
WITH FORTUNE MADE. By Victor Oberbuerer. Translated by M. E. Simkins. Hutchinson & Co. 6s.
THE IDOL MAKER. By Adeline Sergeant. Hutchinson & Co. 6s.

SCIENCE.

THE HEMIPTERA-HOMOPTERA OF THE BRITISH ISLANDS. By James Edwards. L. Reeve & Co. 12s. Large paper edition, with coloured plates, 43s.

ANTIQUARIAN.

THE CAMDEN LIBRARY: ECCLESIASTICAL VESTMENTS. By R. A. S. Macalister, M.A. Elliot Stock.

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE WITNESSES OF THE ANTI-NICENE FATHERS AGAINST THE CLAIMS OF THE ROMAN PATRIARCHATE. By the late J. C. Chambers, M.A. S.P.C.K.
THOUGHTFUL SERVICE. By F. H. Chase, D.D. S.P.C.K.
A WORD TO INTERDING COLONISTS. By the Rev. H. W. Tucker. S.P.C.K.
THE UNITY OF THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH. By the late J. C. Chambers, M.A. S.P.C.K.
THE ANGLICAN CHURCH MAGAZINE.
THE POLITICAL SCIENCE QUARTERLY.
TRANSACTIONS OF THE ESSEX (ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY). Vol. VI. Part I. Wells & Son (Colchester).
THE JOURNAL OF THE ROYAL STATISTICAL SOCIETY. Vol. LIX. Part IV. Edward Stanford.
NUOVA ANTOLOGIA RIVISTA DI SCIENZE, LETTERE ED ARTI, ANNO XXIII. Roma: Direzione della Nuova Antologia.
THE MONIST.
LEAF'S ROYAL NAVY LIST, 1897. Witherby & Co. 7s. 6d.
BRONTE SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS. Part IV.
A CATALOGUE OF MODERN LAW BOOKS. Stevens & Sons, Limited.
THE MAGNET MAGAZINE. Vol. I. James Henderson.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MAYVILLE. Illustrated by Phil May. T. Fisher Unwin.
PROFESSIONAL WOMEN UPON THEIR PROFESSIONS. Edited by Margaret Bateson. Horace Cox. 1s.
CRIMINOLOGY SERIES: JUVENILE OFFENDERS. By W. Douglas Morrison. 6s.
COLLIERY SURVEYING. By T. A. O'Donahue, M.E. Macmillan & Co.

PARIS LETTER.

(From Our French Correspondent.)

FOLLOWING the example of the great voice of the London middle class, the *Journal*—witty, literary, and anything but edifying little paper—has betaken itself to discussion by correspondence—only it starts with distinguished names. The Christmas discussion having dismissed itself, with the new year comes the question of the relative merits of French and English betrothals. Remembering, with heartfelt sympathy, the woes of the French *jeune fille* (not the semi-apocryphal monsters that fill the canvas of M. Marcel Prévost's abominable *Demi-Vierges*), one welcomes with pleasure and surprise such extremely just and sane views as those of M. Alfred Naquet, the author of the *Law of Divorce*. The introduction of the English "engagement" into France he would approve of, if it resulted in the emancipation of the maiden martyr, if it were the *minor orders of marriage*, permitting free intercourse between the lovers to enable them to gain mutual knowledge of one another *before* marriage. His desire is to see the young girl in France, engaged or not engaged, as free as she is in England and in America, to order her own life.

Count Robert de Montesquiou, brilliant lecturer and poet, befitting his vocation as Parnassian, writes a less practical letter: somewhat nebulous and inconclusive. Long engagements, he maintains, are specially adapted for the pleasure of hardened bachelors, who find their experience in the marriage of others. There may be no such thing as a "delicious marriage," but there are assuredly "delicious engagements," proving the superiority of desire above realisation. But if marriage is to follow the betrothal, he asserts that "the day we read no more" must not be injudiciously deferred, lest the bloom fade and poetry be converted into prose on the threshold of paradise. On the other hand,

"if marriage wisely does not take place, glory to those who do not transform the sparkling betrothal ring into the morose and bare wedding-ring; and long live Petrarch and Dante, those eternal sighers; live Laura and Beatrice, those immortal betrothed."

Consternation has been felt in a certain minor circle, where the literary and advanced abbé is much appreciated, by the Cardinal Archbishop's recent pronouncement against the new fantasy of priests on the edge of revolt: the *mondaine conférence* to a mixed audience in theatres. This decree, with special directness, hits that somewhat ineffectual revival of Lammenais, the Abbé Charbonnel, who startled a good many of us last year by a profound and striking lecture he delivered on Lammenais, his hero, in the Bodinière, clothed in his *soutane* and clerical collar, with pictures of ballet girls, heels in air, in infinitesimal raiment of the footlights around him. Whatever might be thought of the views of this drawing-room *revolté*, there could be but one opinion on the lack of taste and tact in his selection of the Bodinière, with its stale theatrical odours, for a serious dissertation, in the commanding gravity of his priest's garb, that almost involved a

direct challenge to Rome. The new order of Cardinal Richard forbids priests to enter a theatre in their *soutans*, and also forbids them for any reason whatever to doff the *soutans*. So henceforth the eloquent abbé must content himself with the drawing-room *conférence*, and the ladies who admire him are in despair.

M. Octave Mirbeau, chiefly immortal as the discoverer of Maeterlinck, writes an exceedingly smart and wise little sketch in to-day's *Journal* on that modern plague, the literary snob.

"Victor Charri-gaud, a man of infinite wit, a writer of infinite talent, to whom success came too quickly, as well as fortune. You must have been struck in the old days by his strong faculty of observation and his powerful gift of satire, his great and implacable irony that went so directly to the root of human absurdities . . . ; a generous and clear-eyed soul that bravely directed its impulses toward a pure and elevated social ideal, instead of bending to the humiliating level of prejudice and fashion; so seemingly to you. Among the absurdities he so harshly whipped, his special choice was that of snobism."

This is the man until society takes him up and reveals the snob in him. He painted the animal with such force and terrible truth because he was his own unconscious model. The sketch is a biting and effective bit of satire, a modern figure taken *sur le vif*.

The *Figaro*, in mortal distress at the information that there is really no symbolism in Ibsen—"we who for the past ten years have been on the watch for the symbol in each of Ibsen's plays, and, admirable fact, so easily discovered it!"—suggests that the defrauded symbolists will now have to look nearer the Pole, and embrace the chillier genius of the more northerly writers just discovered by the *Revue Bleue*—Runchberg and Paivairinta. When Runchberg and Paivairinta find their Prof. Brandès to prove that they are not symbolists either, it is to be hoped that the Pole itself will have been discovered, with yet more Arctic talent to help to unravel the knots of fate.

Henri Becque, the dramatist, writes in the same *Figaro* on behalf of the much-abused soliloquy:

"It is certain that a man alone does not talk to himself, he neither expresses his ideas nor his sentiments; but nobody wants him to do so. It is quite the contrary on the stage; here the public wants them and calls for them. . . . How could Hamlet, without soliloquy, have commented on the apparition and have lived so constantly in himself? How, without soliloquy, could George Dandin have spied on his wife and chewed the cud of his deplorable marriage? If soliloquy were suppressed, how many of the most natural and simple cases would be cut out of the drama? One person could not wait for another, nor a lover for his mistress, nor a creditor for his debtor."

H. L.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

1. *Une Histoire d'Amour: George Sand et Alfred de Musset.* Paul Mariéton.
2. *Louis Napoléon et Mlle. Montijo.* Baron Frubert de Saint-Amaud.
3. *Le Transvaal et le Chartered.* M. Mermeix.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EXCALIBUR.

Cambridge: Jan. 12.

Mr. R. Brown, Jun., of Barton-on-Humber, kindly points out that the etymology which I proposed—viz., *ex calibe*, is insufficient. He tells me that he finds he has a note, dated February 23, 1894, in which he derives *Excalibur* from *æs*, *chalybs*, and *byrn*, meaning "brown," and equates it to the English name "Brown-steel."

I hold that the introduction into the word of a nominative case *æs*, apparently in apposition with *chalybs*, is impossible; but the rest is right. It is now clear that the correct etymology is from *ex calibe bruno*—i.e., "made of brown steel," of which the English name "Brown-steel" is the correct representative.

For further light see *Brown* in the *New English Dictionary*. *Brown* is well known as having the sense of "burnished" or "bright"; indeed, the verb to *burnish* is derived from it; the forms *brun* and *burn* being convertible. This accounts for the forms *caliburn*, *caliburnus*, and the like, in which the preposition *ex* is omitted.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

Bodleian Library, Oxford: Jan. 9.

If Prof. Skeat looks this up in the *New English Dictionary* he will find that it is simply a corruption of Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Caliburnus*, and if he refers to my second letter on "Mons Badonicus and Geoffrey of Monmouth" in the *ACADEMY* of April 11, 1896, he will find a derivation to which, so far as I know, no one has yet objected. I there derived it from *cal-*, "stem" or "stalk," a root which exists in Welsh, and an adjective borrowed from the Latin *eburnus*—so that it would mean "ivory-hilted." A reference to *ἐλεφαντίνος* in Liddell and Scott will show that the ancients (as well as the moderns) used ivory-hilted swords.

Geoffrey also tells us that Arthur's shield was named Pridwen, and his spear Ron. Pridwen would be excellent Welsh for "White-face," and Ron is the modern Welsh *rhon*, "spear"—the oldest Welsh having no *rh*.

E. W. B. NICHOLSON.

CHILDREN IN ART.

London: Jan. 9.

In your interesting notice of the Leighton Exhibition the writer draws attention to the admirably natural portraiture of children in some of his work, and, incidentally, to the infrequency of such portraiture in earlier days, naming two examples of its occurrence. As the point here raised is curious and has been rather neglected by criticism, I ask leave to note a few more instances.

The earliest I can specify may perhaps be the beautiful Holy Family surrounded with young angels bearing baskets of roses, by Angelico da Fiesole, the most precious of the many treasures in the gallery at Perugia; with an analogous group, like a crowd of pretty school girls, by Niccolò da Foligno, in the Brera at Milan (No. 180, catalogue 1892). In this graceful work the influence of Angelico, the artist's senior by some forty years, is easily traceable.

In these pictures some allowance must be made for their archaic style; but the true child underlies it. As art advanced in mastery of form we have Francesco Francia's exquisite altar-piece in the Bentivoglio Chapel of San Giacomo Maggiore in Bologna; wherein the Angeletti seated at the steps of the Virgin's throne seem to be simply portraits of two charming little sisters, born to the family who then (1499) ruled in that city. One is looking to heaven as she strikes the bow across her primitive violin, the younger child waiting the

moment when her accompaniment is due. It is a masterwork of enchanting ingenuousness.

That little known but admirable artist, Alessandro Bonvicino, who filled Brescia with treasures, only to be seen there in perfection, has left a group of three young boys, in the dress of the time (probably about 1530), who bring gifts to the Holy Child; the union of youthful curiosity overshadowed by reverence in their faces very skilfully rendered. This altar-piece, brilliantly coloured and well preserved, is now in the Town Gallery.

Two children (in the Uffizi) guarded by St. Martin, forming a much injured church banner, by Andrea del Sarto, are pleasing and simply true to life; a grateful contrast to the showy self-consciousness by which the painter first led Italian sacred art in the path of degeneracy.

To Venice belongs the "little Virgin in an oval halo" going up the Temple steps in Titian's great Accademia picture, named by the reviewer; with the same subject by Tintoret in Santa Maria del Orto, where the fair child is set forth with even more perfect *naïveté* and simplicity of dress and demeanour.

Although almost beyond the limits of my subject, may here be added a small fresco (in the Brera) of the Virgin as a girl of fourteen (according to the legendary Life) presenting herself a second time in the Temple and praying to be allowed to remain in its service. Her figure is the ideal of modesty and reverence, and while absolutely true to English early maidenhood in dress and features, yet is pervaded, one hardly sees how, with all the dignity and distinction which mark Italian art in its brief perfection. This little masterpiece, ascribed by the catalogue to Luini, in Signor Morelli's judgment was designed by the great but little known Lombard artist, Gaudenzio Ferrari. And with this in the same gallery, we may name a lovely little scene of three young girls playing at hot cockles, and ascribed, with apparent justice, to Luini.

It is curious, however, that in the first instance which I can offer of distinct child portraiture in common life, Lotto's very original family group in the National Gallery, there is a certain awkwardness in the attitude; this very attractive artist has in the child fallen below his usual brilliant success in grown-up portraits.

Art now takes the wider sphere vindicated to itself in the seventeenth century; everything paintable is seized upon as within its range. Thus Vandyc in a portrait (in the Louvre) shows us a father, round the skirt of whose doublet his little girl is peeping; she is full of animation and laughter—a child of modern days. And in the Dutch school, that strange and often misrepresented interlude between ancient and modern figure-painting, some recognition of childhood for its own sake breaks forth; as in Jan Steen's splendid "Feast of S. Nicholas" at Amsterdam, or in two domestic scenes belonging respectively to the Duke of Rutland and Lord Bute. But the defect in beauty common to the school deprives the children of Ostade, Teniers, and others, though truly drawn, of their natural charm. And the same character generally belongs to childhood as it presently appears in our own Hogarth.

These instances may suffice; many more, doubtless, exist, but thus far they appear to be accidental attempts. Childhood in itself and for itself had not yet been grasped as a recognised source of delight by the painter. This great discovery is mainly due to Sir J. Reynolds. We may say that he created the child of art, painted by itself or as part of a group, in some fifty canvases, with an almost unflinching penetration into the very soul and ways of that age. Doubtless our great painter's loftiest skill is shown in his portraits as such, through that gift of his which Wilkie describes as the power of representing "the inner man"; displaying

him (if the paradox may be pardoned) more like himself than he ever could have been. Yet we cannot doubt it was in his pictures of children that he, like Shakespeare when creating his women, took the deepest pleasure.

But I have trespassed perhaps too much on your space, and can only now add that Gainsborough in a few instances, Stothard in his early work, Flaxman in his exquisite drawings, with others, have worthily carried on this great English tradition, and find, as your reviewer has noticed, a true successor in our lamented Leighton.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

POPE LEO XIII. AND CHLODOWECH.

South Hampstead: Jan. 10.

In a review, in last week's ACADEMY, of "Pope Leo XIII.'s New Poem" which contains a reference to "Clovis," whose baptism, 1,400 years ago, was recently celebrated at Reims, it is said:

"Germany is conscious that this said Clovis sung by the Pope was he who was victorious over the Teuton, and the first two lines of the stanzas which close the poem, despite the pious proviso which follows, may yet be a nursery of international jealousies."

There is no such danger. The Frankish King Chlodowech (Chlodwig, Ludwig), whom the French, on account of the difficulty of pronunciation, call by the softer name of Clovis, was himself a Teuton. Coming to the aid of another Teuton ruler, the Frankish King Sigebert, he overthrew the Alamannic tribe—again a Teuton one, like the Franks who had conquered Gaul and given that country its present name, France. These and other struggles of that epoch were contests between the various German populations, and have nothing to do with "the glory of Gaul," the northern part of that country being then under the dominion of the Frankish Germans, even as other parts of Gaul had been conquered by Teutonic Burgundians and Goths. In this instance, at least, the Bishop of Rome is, therefore, quite safe from German jealousy.

KARL BLIND.

THE MEDIEVAL JEW AND RITUAL MURDER.

London: Jan. 9.

May I be permitted to supplement, by a few more details borrowed from another source, the letter which you did me the honour of publishing in your last issue but one? The author from whom I am about to quote is the late Prof. Gregorovius. "The money market and medical science," says he in his admirable *Ghetto*, "were almost exclusively in the hands of the Jews (this explains Voltaire's *Médecine introduite par les Juifs*), and they soon made themselves necessary to the inmates of the Vatican. As doctors and money-lenders they always had access to the Pope when he was needy or ailing, while Jewish women were alike welcome in the homes of the nobility as fortune-tellers." The important Bull of Pius V., dated 1569, accuses those women of worse malpractices than mere fortune-telling. After citing the names of several Jews who were medical advisers to the Popes, the learned professor adds: "As Orientals, and related to the Arabs, the Jews stood high in the estimation of princes and emperors, and the whole world, in fact." And he proceeds to pay a just tribute of praise to the admirable qualities of that race. Who believes in that atrocious calumny, ritual murder, nowadays? No one, I was going to say. Unfortunately, the fanatical outbursts periodically recurring in the Levant and elsewhere among more civilised communities are there to give me the lie.

THOMAS DELTA.

MUSIC.

ON Saturday afternoon Mr. Chappell gave Beethoven's "Septet," and on Monday evening Schubert's "Octet." In the newspaper announcements the former was styled "celebrated." To the latter that unsatisfactory epithet has not, hitherto, I believe, been applied. Both works always draw large audiences, and need no bush. There are many other works of Beethoven equally deserving of the qualification, yet which are always announced by their plain title. Beethoven in after years spoke of the "Septet" as a sin of his youth; it was, however, no sin, but the fresh, attractive composition of one who was destined to achieve still higher things. Musicians who have frequently heard and admired works of Beethoven's second and third periods are apt, like the master, to look down with a certain contempt upon the earlier ones; of the latter the rising generation can, perhaps, best appreciate the merits. But, after all, how refreshing it is, from time to time, to hear the bright, pure music of the "Septet." Although written nearly one hundred years ago, it will certainly still enjoy a long lease of life.

THE Schubert Octet was written at a period when the composer was in a state of deep dejection, or rather despair, as is known from a letter written by him to his friend Kupelwieser. I cannot agree with the writer in the programme-book when he points out the striking contrast between the happy, delightful strains of the music and the mournful mood of the composer. There are some bright moments in it, yet the greater part, to my thinking, breathes a spirit of deep melancholy; it tells of disappointed hopes, of lost illusions. Even the Scherzo, though it opens in lively manner, has its note of sadness.

THERE is one section of the work in which Schubert descends to a comparatively low level—I refer to the theme and variations. In the art of writing variations, the composer was, as a rule, most successful; but in those under notice there is skill rather than inspiration. Of No. 7, with exception of the Coda, I am afraid to say what I think, lest these lines should fall under the eyes of "G," Schubert's great defender. Opinions may differ as to the intrinsic merit of the variations, yet I believe most musicians would readily agree that they do not represent Schubert at his best. The Octet is a very long work—it takes over an hour in performance, and it almost seems a pity that this movement was not cut out. Had Schubert done so he must have sacrificed either the Scherzo or the Menuetto, the two gems of the work; to that, perhaps, he could not make up his mind.

THE performance by MM. Ries, Gibson, Clinton, Paersch, Wotton, Reynolds, and Piatti, under the leadership of Lady Hallé, was in all respects admirable; the marked attention of the audience, and the en-

thusiastic applause at the close, must have been most gratifying to the earnest interpreters. There was a reasonable pause of about five minutes after the third movement; in past seasons a more formal break was customary.

FRAGMENTS of another Octet, entirely for wind instruments, have been published in the Breitkopf and Härtel edition of Schubert's works; they consist of a Menuet and Finale. Some day, perhaps, Mr. Chappell will let us hear them.

THE Monday concert must not be dismissed without a word of praise for the artistic and sympathetic rendering of Beethoven's Sonata in A (Op. 69), for piano and 'cello by Mlle. Ilona Erbenschütz and Signor Piatti; also for the lady's excellent playing of three short clever pianoforte pieces by the Norwegian composer Ole Olsen.

EIGHT more Saturday Concerts will be given at the Crystal Palace to complete the forty-first annual series. The first of these will take place on February 27, when the whole of the programme will be devoted to the music of Franz Schubert, in commemoration, though somewhat late, of the centenary of his birth. The Symphony in C of 1828 is, appropriately, the *pièce de résistance*, for the performance of the work under the direction of Mr. A. Manns, on April 5, 1856, is generally believed to be the first in England. Honour, however, to whom honour is due. Although Mr. Manns has the credit of producing it here, Mendelssohn made two attempts to obtain for the Symphony a hearing at the Philharmonic Society. In 1839 he wrote to Ferdinand Schubert on the subject, but the latter did not answer. Five years later he brought over the band parts, but the reception of the music by the Philharmonic orchestra was "so cold, not to say insulting," that the work was withdrawn; and so, too, was the "Ruy Blas" Overture, which, in consequence of the attitude towards Schubert, Mendelssohn nobly declined to produce. On the authority of Ferdinand Schubert, this Symphony, by the way, met with a similar fate at Paris in 1842: the band refused to play it.

THE "Schubert" programme includes a selection from the "Rosamunde" music, which also was first heard at these concerts. A "Dramatic Scene" for baritone, from the cantata "Lazarus," will prove interesting, although excerpts of this kind are, as a rule, unsatisfactory. The cantata itself is, it is true, imperfect; of the three divisions, only the first, and the greater part of the second, remain. It is strange that this important fragment has never been given at the Palace. "Miriam's Song of Triumph," for soprano, chorus, and orchestra, will also be performed. For the "orchestra" Ferdinand Schubert is responsible; Franz only wrote a pianoforte accompaniment, which he probably meant, at some convenient season, which never came to him, to score. The rest of the programme will consist of songs not yet named. And then there will, of course, be the "G" programme-book filled with

sympathetic and enthusiastic comments. Perhaps, too, Sir George may have some new discoveries to disclose! The "Gastein" Symphony, I conclude, has not been found; had this been the case, it would naturally figure on the programme.

AMONG features of interest at the other concerts, I may mention Richard Strauss' new tone-poem, "Also sprach Zarathustra" (Op. 30), a work on a "philosophic basis," which is pretty sure to attract considerable notice and to elicit various opinions. Report speaks highly of the music. *Scenes from King Olaf*, by M. E. Elgar, a fine work written for the North Staffordshire Festival of last October, and produced there with marked success; and the "Highland Memories" and "Romeo and Juliet" Suites—the former by Mr. Hamish McCunn, the latter by Mr. Edward German.

DR. JOACHIM will pay his annual visit to the Palace on March 13, when he will play Max Bruch's first violin concerto. M. Paderewski will appear a week later, and perform two concertos—Chopin's in F Minor and Liszt's in E Flat.

PROGRAMMES of the first three "Symphony Concerts" at the Queen's Hall have been issued. At the first (February 6), A. Glazounow's Fifth Symphony in B flat (Op. 55) will be produced; and at the second, A. Arensky's First Symphony in B minor (Op. 4), two novelties of interest. The former will be given at the so-called "Schubert" concert on January 30. The Schubert selection, including the B minor Symphony, is excellent, but still I am sorry the management has not thought fit to give the great composer a programme all to himself.

THE music of César Franck is now the subject of comment and discussion in the musical papers of Paris and Brussels, and here in London, especially since the performance of his Symphony to which I recently alluded, there is a fair amount of curiosity concerning a composer who seems to have been extremely quiet and retiring, and who since his death has had no special champion writers to proclaim his merits and sound forth his praises. Some of Franck's friends and pupils look upon him as a genius all but unrecognised. Time will show what value may be attached to their opinion. The war waged against Wagner for so many years is now almost at an end, and it has borne good fruit; many once opposed to the master have realised the fact that he who laughs loudest does not always laugh longest. There is, or ought to be, a general wish among musicians, and especially critics, not to judge a new man by old standards, not to fail to recognise the coming man.

It is not, however, specially about Franck that I meant to write, but about a society of which he was one of the founders. This was the Société Nationale de Musique, which was started in 1871 by MM. Bussine, Saint-Saëns, Franck, Bizet, de Castillon

and Duparc. M. Bussine, professor of singing at the Paris Conservatoire, was the real promoter of the scheme. The object of that society was to make known the works of modern French composers. All chamber music at all worthy of the name composed since 1872, and also many orchestral works which since have become part of the regular *répertoire* of the Lamoureux and Colonne Concerts, were produced there. Among orchestral works by Franck were "Les Béatitudes," considered by one of his most eminent pupils his masterpiece; "Rébecca," Biblical scene; "Le Chasseur Maudit," which we are soon to hear; and "Variations Symphoniques" for pianoforte and orchestra, a most interesting work which forms part of the present Lamoureux *répertoire*; I heard it in Paris last January.

MR. FOWLES's "British" Concert Society seems to have similar aims, and it is to be hoped will produce equally good results.

J. S. S.

DRAMA.

TO the best of my belief I went to see "The Sorrows of Satan," at the Shaftesbury Theatre, with an unbiased mind. I seem to have read a good deal in my time about Miss Marie Corelli, but, to my shame, I confess that I have never read one of her novels. Somebody or other has told me that they are not works of very fine art, and that they are very popular; but if that be true, I see no reason in the two facts why one should cherish wrath against their author. I am not at all sure that it would be good for the writers of finely artistic books to be popular, and since, in any case, but very few of them are ever popular (and then, generally, on some irrelevant ground), popularity the while may go to who can catch it; it is all one to me. I have read also that Miss Corelli does not like critics, and that in the book in question she castigated them. But nobody minds collective abuse, and if Miss Corelli's whip had fallen on my own shoulders I think I should have enjoyed the fun, rather than otherwise. No; I had no prejudice: rather, on the assumption that the other critics were not likely to find the play a work of genius, I should have been humanly pleased to be alone in eulogy.

BUT really I cannot say it was a good play. The construction was poor; there was no strong motive anywhere in it; it wavered between seriousness and farce. It is difficult, I admit, for any play about Satan to do otherwise: unless he be kept strictly on a plane of tragedy, the familiarity of his allusions must make them inevitably comic. The Satan in this play, which has been adapted from the novel by Mr. Woodgate and Mr. Burton, was made both pathetic, so far as intention went, and intentionally as well as unintentionally comic. The idea of him was, that every time he succeeded in corrupting anybody he lost one, so to speak, and when anybody resisted his

temptation one was scored to him: in other words, he had to tempt, hoping all the time he might not succeed. That was pathetic, in a way, and might have been made, conceivably, a motive of poetry. But convention, I suppose, impelled the authors of the play to put "cynical" remarks into his mouth, and to make him allude, in quasi-jocular fashion, to the place whence he came, and the result was an ineffective mixture. The pathetic, topsy-turvy element was a poor thing to playgoers accustomed to business-like and ingenious devils, with their pleasant appeal to the perverse in all of us; and the comic element was not good of its kind. The "cynicism" was of the most outworn character, and Satan's inconvenient goodness of heart robbed the Satanic laugh of its force.

BUT if he was necessarily ineffective, far more so were the others. The hero was a miserable weakling, a feeble *poseur*—first as a humbugging, "neglected genius" ("they have kept me down," and so forth), and afterwards as a wronged husband. In the latter rôle he was peculiarly incredible, because he had married his wife in the face of her repeated declaration that she disliked him and only wanted his money. The wife had a certain definiteness of character in her straightforward sordidness and immorality, but she was spoiled by foolish complaints of the iniquity of her "world," and by a wearisome soliloquy after she had taken poison. At this point, by the way, was the one dramatic moment of the play, when the dying wife at last recognises Satan in the Prince whom she had loved, and dies before she can tell her husband: that was dramatic—in scheme at least. But to return to the characters. Even "Mavis Clare, an authoress," the good angel of the piece, was not a dramatic character. She was, indeed, the only person who was kind to poor Satan, in that she refused to be tempted, refused money with which to bribe her "enemies"—the critics, I suppose. Nobody ever tries to bribe me. But she was not a very amiable character. It was really heartless impertinence in her to go (beautifully dressed and sweetly smiling) to patronise the poor "literary" man, whom she did not know, in his garret, and it was wearisome to hear people sympathise with her necessity of "writing against time," to observe her own attitude of sweet superiority. Her conversation suggested that she kept her flower of intellect for her books. The other characters, with the exception of Satan's valet, were of low comedy—a publisher, two solicitors, a duke, an American heiress were the ordinary "comic relief" of melodrama.

THERE was some good acting in the piece. When Mr. Waller, as Satan, remarked, "What a contemptible thing is man: he aspires to be lord of the universe, and he is the slave of his own passions"—I think those were his very words—the platitude sounded quite dignified and impressive. He was best in his sarcastic and comic moments; but all through his fine voice and plausible manner saved his part so far as salvation

was possible. Mr. Yorke Stephens worked hard as the "literary" man, and was as near life as the authors allowed. Mr. Beauchamp was clever as a comic peer. Mr. O'Neil looked rather fiendish as the valet-fiend. Miss Granville's contempt of her rich suitor was not politely expressed, but that may not have been her fault: her death-scene was fairly good. Miss Brinsley Sheridan spoke her lines and wore her dresses very well as Mavis Clare. It was not her fault if the part was irritating.

THE final scene reminded me of a story in Dean Hole's *Reminiscences*—I think they were Dean Hole's. At the age of eight he wrote a play, which began: "Act I. Scene I. The Sea Shore. Enter a man swimming for his life." That is how "The Sorrows of Satan" ends—the literary man battling with the agitated carpet, and Satan, in armour, addressing him from aloft. It did not move me much.

I suppose everybody will go to see the new "play without words" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in the afternoon, and everybody will be right. M. Beissier's "Histoire d'un Pierrot"—"A Pierrot's Life" is a slightly clumsy phrase, by the way—is not so good as "L'Enfant Prodigue," but it is good, and it is better acted than are most plays. You will miss Mme. Jane May, with her supple body, her pathetic look, her delightful *gamin* gestures. And you will see nothing so comic as the unapproachable reading of the newspaper by the old people in the earlier play. But you will see grace, subtle expression, and at least two most amusing effects. The story is a commonplace one of domestic life, in essentials. Pierrot, his courage screwed up by Pochinet, a friendly neighbour, wins to wife Louisette, a milliner. But married life and poverty bore him, and he goes away with a temptress. And then he comes back destitute, and the good Pochinet reconciles him with Louisette. The great opportunity was Pochinet's, and Signor Egidio Rossi used it admirably. His lesson in love-making before a milliner's block was delightful, and so was his story of the two doves, of the male dove who flew away and limped home again. His pantomime here, the sudden change from the soaring bird to the bird limping with broken wing, was a most artistic trick, and received an instantaneous ovation which was pleasant to hear. Mdlle. Litini, as Pierrot, supported him very well in the love-making scene. Her strong point, otherwise, was in the expression of boredom and weariness, which she did to admiration. Mme. Germaine Ety was a clever Louisette—excellent in artless archness in the first act, not quite so excellent in pathetic sorrow in the last. La Petite Gaudry, as a little Pierrot—Pierrot's son—was a weirdly wise and appealing child. M. Costa's music was very pretty throughout, and now and then something more—but I have no pretensions to be a judge of music.

The action of these "plays without words" is really a compromise. It is partly natural gesture accentuated, as though the performers were saying words you could not

hear—which may be the case—and partly conventional signs of pantomime. There is, of course, the suggestion of actions by imitation, as in the telling of a story—in the doves' story, for example—but that may be fairly considered as of the former element. I should very much like to see the purely conventional signs eliminated, and believe that were that done, with such acting as this, the dramatic illusion would be stronger than in the vast majority of spoken plays.

"DELICATE GROUND" was revived on Tuesday at Terry's Theatre as a curtain raiser to "The Eider-down Quilt." It is a pleasant little piece, with substantially the plot of "Divorçons"; and it was artistically played by Miss Lena Ashwell, Mr. Arthur Playfair, and Mr. Cosmo Stuart.

G. S. S.

SCIENCE.

PROF. SILVANUS THOMPSON'S lectures on "Light," which have just proved such a "draw" at the Royal Institution, are to be published in a few days by Messrs. Macmillan in book form. Meantime the Royal Institution is announcing a fairly varied lecture list for the coming season. Dr. Mandell Creighton will discourse on the evening of February 5 about "The Picturesque in History"—a theme which might be handled with delicate sarcasm—and Prof. J. C. Boase, whose recent experience of *Pearson's* entitles him to lecture on the "Picturesque in Interviewing," will deliver an address instead on "The Polarisation of the Electric Ray," the date being January 29. On Wednesday last Prof. A. D. Waller, the newly appointed Professor of Physiology, began a course of twelve lectures on "Animal Electricity"; a course on "Some Secrets of Crystals" will be begun on January 21 by Prof. H. A. Miers; and on the 23rd Mr. Carl Armbruster, of the Bayreuth orchestra, will start another on "Some Neglected Italian and French Composers."

M. PIETTE has discovered, and *L'Anthropologie* has published, a pretty puzzle for decipherers of old and dead inscriptions. The Neolithic troglodyte dwellings of Mas d'Azil, in the department of Ariège, have been found to contain large quantities of rounded stones, marked with devices that point to some conception of number or a simple form of alphabet; and if this be the case, we have the oldest documentary records in existence, for M. Piette places his find at the close of the glacial period, in an intermediate transitional epoch between that and the Stone Age proper. The markings, which could by no possibility be accidental, are painted in peroxide of iron, and consist partly of parallel lines or dots up to eight in the former case and twenty-three in the latter. These M. Piette classifies as "numerals," hazarding incidentally some rather wild speculations as to the possible meaning of certain groups of dots, which he thinks might represent high numbers. Besides these simple markings,

however, are other more varied ones which are classified as "symbols," "pictorial signs," and "alphabets." A few common forms, such as snakes, seem to be recognisable, but for the most part the symbols are vague. Crosses are abundant, and there are fairly large numbers of the supposed letters or inscriptions.

JUDGING from the illustrations themselves, there is nothing but the initial improbability to prevent our accepting M. Piette's startling theory. The forms are as suggestive as those of any very ancient alphabet, and should a few more examples occur who shall say that we need despair of some day reading a chapter in the earliest records of man's life upon the earth? The successes of glyptoglyphists in the past show that skill and patience will triumph over almost any obstacle. The indecipherable inscriptions of dead ages are fast yielding up their secrets, so that an unknown language in an unknown script is no longer a formidable stumbling-block. To take one instance only, Egyptian hieroglyphs, which till Champollion were practically an unsolvable riddle, have not only proved within the past half century a fertile source of history, but have even been reduced to the limits of a text-book and a grammar by that indefatigable Egyptologist Mr. Wallis Budge.

THE introduction of the mongoose into Jamaica marks one of the standard instances of unexpected results following upon an attempt to artificialise the process of natural selection, and takes rank as a warning with the plague of rabbits and thistles in Australia. A new chapter in the natural history of Jamaica has just been issued, and if the story was interesting before it is ten times more so now. The mongoose was introduced from India, in 1872, in order to abate the pest of rats which infested the sugar-canes, and after performing this salutary duty it increased and multiplied to such an extent that not only the rats and mice but most of the living species of the island were threatened with extinction. Poultry suffered first, but the depredations extended to young pigs, kids, lambs, newly dropped calves, puppies, and kittens. Game of all kinds was attacked, both living and in the egg. The marauder could even fish, and made such a specialty of snakes, ground lizards, frogs, turtles, and land-crabs that many kinds of these entirely disappeared. Finally, the mongoose developed a ravenous desire for bananas, pineapples, young corn, avocado pears, cocoas, yams, and the sugar-canes which it had been called in to protect, winding up its acquired tastes with an appetite for salt-meat.

THE above is a mere abstract from a report by Mr. Duerden, of the Jamaica Institute Museum, republished in *Science*. The result was, as I have said, a wholesale disappearance of species. A few birds, like the ground-dove, had the sense to shift their breeding-places to the tops of the prickly cacti, where they were safe; but other animals, and the reptiles in particular,

suffered so severely that many kinds were believed for years to be extinct. As a consequence there arose yet another plague. Insects like the ticks and "jiggers" (or chiggers), which used to be kept down by the snakes, increased so overpoweringly that men and cattle were grievously infested. One could not walk without being covered with them. The victory over the island remained with the tick and the mongoose, until, within the past year or two, a fresh stage set in. The mongoose suddenly began to be less plentiful, and it was found that he had fallen victim to the tick. The results of the diminution are shown in a gradual reappearance of other beasts, birds, and reptiles. Among the snakes there is a very marked increase, and even the ground lizard, supposed to be quite extinct, has become common again. The balance of life has begun to reassert itself, and naturalists will watch with curiosity for a complete reinstatement of the previous fauna. The renewed depredations of rats are hailed as an advent of salvation, and, odd as it may sound, the increase in numbers of the crocodile is taken as a happy omen. The Jamaicans are not likely to make further experiments in this interesting domain of natural history, but will adhere in future to such present evils as they have. For them, at any rate, it has been no "imaginary mongoose."

PROF. JOSEPH JASTROW, of the University of Wisconsin, proposes the following little problem in logic as a means of testing diversity of opinion:

Granted that A is B, to prove that B is A, B (like everything else) is either A or not A. If B is not A, then by our first premise we have the syllogism—
A is B.
B is not A.
∴ A is not A, which is absurd.
Therefore B is A.

Is this reasoning correct, he asks, or is it not? Answers are requested from all who are interested in the matter, particularly from those whose interest in thought is a philosophical one, as well as from those devoted to scientific pursuits.

I HAVE received an advance copy of a report on the City and Guilds of London Technical Institute, in Exhibition-road, ordered to be made by the Governors in consequence of an anonymous pamphlet which appeared last year, in which the Institute and everybody connected with it were somewhat energetically attacked. I have read the report with interest, because it contains a good deal of valuable information as to the cost and work of kindred colleges both at home and abroad; and, incidentally, I am glad to see that the Institute is vindicated in every particular. As regards annual expenditure, salaries, and cost per student it compares favourably with such well-known colleges as the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the Johns Hopkins and Cornell Universities, and the great German laboratories, all of which have larger numbers of students to deal with and very considerable endowments. The City and Guilds Institute was the out-

come of a deliberate and carefully drawn-up scheme, which received the warm sanction of many eminent educationalists, including the late Prof. Huxley. It has a splendid staff of professors and assistants, and I am glad to speak from personal experience of the excellent scientific methods which prevail within its walls. In the whole report, which is drawn up after a most critical examination by a committee of thirty such men as Sir Douglas Galton, Sir Frederick Abel, Lord Kelvin, Sir William Anderson, and Mr. Wolfe Barry, I can only find one improvement suggested or hinted at, and that is that the salaries of the leading professors should be raised. If this be the case, it does not seem to me that the affairs of the Institute can be such as to call for immediate or radical reform.

H. C. M.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"Life and Labour of the People in London," edited by Charles Booth. Vol. VIII. (Macmillan.)

"EVERYONE NOW," writes the *Speaker*, "wants to know how everybody else lives; . . . for London, at least, the answers given by Mr. Booth's nine volumes will be as near completeness as possible." For "the real interest . . . lies . . . in the multitude of curious illustrations of social life . . . which Mr. Booth and his helpers have set before us." "In part i.," observes the *British Review*, "which has been entrusted to other hands than the editor's, we find rather meagre information under somewhat ambitious titles. . . . Where are the statistics we long for of the average earnings of the dramatist, novelist, and poet . . . ? Where is the graphic picture, like that of the Rooneys [a stock of hereditary paupers], of families with the taint of literature in their blood for generations . . . ?" The same critic quotes as thoroughly Gilbertian the subdivisions of the class "Unoccupied": "peer, independent, expert (undefined), landlady, lunatic, gipsy, ward in Chancery, patentee, medical student, Privy Councillor, and M.P." "Another worthy instalment," says the *Chronicle*, "of the most searching study of city life that has ever been undertaken," and extracts a column and a half of extensive and peculiar details. The *Manchester Guardian* treats it in the same manner and at equal length, concluding: ". . . it is uncommonly rich in novel social observation, and it is to be hoped that new readers may . . . be attracted to it, who will then fall under the fascination of this wonderful social map of London, as one of the most memorable of contemporary contributions to economic literature." The *Morning Post* congratulates the editor upon having "arrived within measurable distance of the completion of the prodigious task which he . . . has carried out with singular success."

"Without Prejudice." By I. Zangwill. (Fisher Unwin.)

SAYS H. G. W. in the *Saturday*: "Allied to his excessive self-confidence is . . . the incapacity to eliminate bad work . . . Mr. Zangwill fails because he has no selection. . . . He has industry,

ambition, a fine memory, wit, emotional force. . . . About one-eighth of the present book . . . is matter of which no one need be ashamed . . . He is always on the verge of success. . . . The book leaves one wondering whether Mr. Zangwill is for ever a clever fool, or whether he will one day live down this egoism of his, and take the place his indisputable abilities might give him." "Mr. Zangwill," writes the *Spectator*, "is one of the foremost among the band of modern writers whose especial mission it is to instruct and reprove an older generation." He professes himself an egoist, "but to be a natural and successful egoist is almost the most difficult art in the world. . . . The connexion of thought should be lucid and without strain. . . . The egoist who fails in this wants the 't' in his name. . . . An egoist should be an optimist . . . and take far more indulgent views of that . . . excessively prevalent creature, the Average-Man." Let him meditate on this "humorous inversion":

"The time is out of joint. Oh, blessed spite! How lucky we were born to set it right."

"The book," says the *Chronicle*, "is not a piece of literature at all, but a bundle of copy. . . . Mr. Zangwill calls it a 'selection'—heavens! what can he have rejected?" It is simply a companion to the daily paper . . . and there are scores of allusions that already require a footnote. . . . Yet there are excellent and memorable things. Mr. Zangwill has a quick, capacious, and singularly well-furnished mind; he is, in his way, both a thinker and a poet. . . . The real mischief is that he . . . will deck a really fine thought in the cheapest gewgaws of journalese; he will let a . . . brilliant epigram jostle with a timeworn tag of pinchbeck facetiousness." "It would be unreasonable," says the *Manchester Guardian*, "to wish to compare this volume with Mr. Zangwill's more serious work."

"A STORY without a plot," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*. By Percy White. (Heinemann.)

"All the characters are studies except one," which is "one of the most brilliantly executed portraits in modern fiction, the portrait of Louis Otway, philosopher and pessimist. . . . The irony of it all is delicious." "Compared to his two former books *Andria* is," says the *Athenaeum*, "as water to wine. . . . There is much in *Andria* that tells of vigour and an acute faculty for observation and generalisation, but there is less brilliance and power in the dialogue, and a good deal less humour." "The dialogue," writes the *Telegraph* (?), ". . . sparkles with brilliant humour and trenchant epigram." *Andria*'s brother, Arthur Vincent, is "one of Mr. White's happiest creations." The *Globe* gives a dozen lines to the book, in the course of which we are informed that *Andria* and Louis Otway are drawn "with care and skill," and that one follows the development of their relations and characters "with quiet interest." The *Chronicle* says "it is not an interesting story. . . . The characterisation is clever, but, as a whole, the book is quite unworthy of the pen which gave us *Corruption*."

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REVIEWS.

JUDGE AND WIT.

Lord Bowen: a Biographical Sketch. With a Selection from his Verses. By Sir Henry Stewart Cunningham, K.C.I.E. (John Murray.)

ENGLAND might be very proud of its Bench if Lord Bowen were to be taken as one of its average occupants. In devotion to duty and in rectitude he was doubtless among compeers; but in freshness of mind and in pliability of sentiment he was easily marked off from the mass of his fellows. Judges and Bishops have such a trick of merging the man into the official that they have long ceased to be of much personal interest to the public. The pivot round which all their work revolves is "my position," rarely "my heart." And thus it happens that, when amid this human furniture you find yourself face to face with a fellow creature, in sensitive touch with all the common interests of mankind, their amazing hopes and their pathetic fears, you feel drawn to him by all the cords of brotherhood. Lord Bowen stood high in his profession; but his comparatively short career as a judge is not likely to have left great marks on the theory or practice of English law; and it is for what he was, rather than for what he did, that his name will be held in remembrance by readers of his friend Sir H. Cunningham's slight and artless, but sufficient, biography.

Charles Synge Christopher Bowen was a New Year's-day baby in 1835, being born at Woolaston, a Gloucestershire village, of which his father, Irish by descent and Evangelical in religion, was rector. Charles had Austrian blood mixed with his Irish, for his mother's grandfather was Count d'Alton,

an Imperial Chamberlain to Joseph II. He was made yet more of a cosmopolitan by being sent at the age of ten to school at Lille—at which time he had already learnt and liked a little Greek. He was a great reader as a boy; and the works of Shakespeare, Spenser, Scott, and Johnson made him forget his expatriation. At the age of fifteen he went to Rugby, where he was placed in the highest form possible to a new boy, and had for his master Bradley, now Dean of Westminster. His cleverness and diligence won him honours in classics and history; he was good, too, at games, and Rugby boys had only to prefix a B to two lines of an ode of Gray's to sing their young hero:

"Owen's praise demands my song,
Owen swift and Owen strong."

A Balliol scholarship introduced Bowen to Oxford and to Jowett's tutorship—undoubtedly an influence in his life. The temperament for "Evangelicalism," to use a cant word, and the temperament for scholarship had begun to be regarded as incompatibles; and where an earlier generation of Oxford men of mind had yielded to the influence of Newman, so now a younger set, grouped most strongly at Balliol, bowed deferentially to the *obiter dicta* of Dr. Jowett. The result in Bowen's case was a general disbelief in Christian dogma, a disbelief not obtruded upon others, nor incompatible with his attendance at church on Judges' Sunday as a sort of State duty. The influence of a university on its sons is the subject of absurd and even superstitious exaggeration; and if a college is to claim as its own credit the career of this or that distinguished man, it must be asked to bear the odium of the great mass of mediocrities it sends forth year by year to add to the dulness of the world. "Nature is stronger than education," remarks *Contarini Fleming*; and Lord Beaconsfield himself owed everything to the individuality which, though it could resist successfully the drilled laughter of the House of Commons at a later date, might have yielded something to the machinery of a university in earlier years had he ever been subjected to its wear and tear. But a university that does not breed great men can at least help to force and to mould the cleverness that comes to it; and its influences and associations, various as they are, can yield the needed complement to many halves that are aching for completion. As a scholar at Oxford Charles Bowen "found himself"; but whether his spirit found its other half and its true home there is a matter that will be differently adjudged by readers according to the sentiments with which they, too, approach a biography—often a university in itself. Whatever their sentiments, they will read with profound interest, not untouched by compassion, the letter he wrote about religion in 1868, when he was a hard-worked member of the Bar, to a lady, his cousin: "It is difficult to explain the position of any one person about these things; it generally stands by itself; and at the present day most men who have ever thought seriously on such matters are, perhaps, in a very puzzling position, especially as regards the

freedom with which they ought to discuss or proclaim their opinion to those whom they care for." That is, of course, an "economy," the like of which had Newman propounded Charles Kingsley would have let you know. But Bowen, considerate for others, did not place peace for himself among his ideals:

"What I wish for myself," he goes on to say, "is more fearlessness in holding to what I in my heart think, than encouragement to disguise from myself what I do think. If I was only as brave as some I know, I should be far more what I should like. My New Year's wish for you is . . . that you may never drift into a worldly way of forgetting that life is too short for the world's ways or opinions or distinctions to be of much consequence to anyone, and that the true heroes of life are often to be found among those on whose fearless advocacy of what they believe the world is making social war. I am not one of such people myself, and don't profess to be, but I know some of them, and would rather be amongst them than amongst their critics."

These rare words, with their ring of revolt, from a future judge are matched in human interest by some verses Bowen the Lord Justice addressed later to another lady, who had written to him, as he thought, optimistically of this world and the next:

"Hermione, you ask me if I love;
And I do love you. But indeed we drift
Fast by the flying, fleeting banks of life
Towards the inevitable seas. . . .
We do but pass, you say, from one bright
shore
Upon a brighter! Dear Hermione,
Be glad there is no shadow on your eyes;
But this I know, that all the world beside
Seems faint with pain; the rose upon your
breast
Is not more full of perfume than the world
Of pain. I hear it, even at your side,
By day and night, the illimitable sigh
Breathed upward to the throne of the deaf
skies—
A cry of hollow-cheeked and hungry men
Burning away life's fire for little ends;
And women with wan hearts and staring
eyes
Waiting for those they love to come again
From strange embraces. . . .
Such is the shore we float from; for the shore,
The brighter shore, we reach, I only know
That it is night, Hermione, mere night,
Unbroken, unilluminated, and unexplored.
Come closer, lay your hand in mine; your
love
Is the one sure possession that will last."

One day Bowen accidentally left his MS. book of verse at the Athenæum Club. "That a Lord Justice—why, he writes poetry!" Lord Bowen felt that even the hall-porter henceforth said to himself. Very good verse of its sort it is, however; enough to make the reputation of its author as a minor poet at a period when minor poetry is greater than it ever was since Elizabeth reigned. Of Lord Bowen as a renowned translator we have a glimpse not to be lost. Into sixteen Latin lines he translated Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," which he showed to a friend at the Athenæum as having been "made that afternoon in court during the course of a long and useless argument." As the lines represent two or three hours of absorbing work, one hopes, of course, that the argument in the Court of Appeal was as useless as it certainly was superfluous;

but let not the litigant who lost identify the date! Judges, Bishops, and Royal Academicians are easily linked together in the casual mind, if only by their common membership of the Athenæum. Bowen's good wishes towards one section of his fellow clubmen is expressed in a letter which he writes: "Sitting at the Athenæum; Bishops on all sides, chiefly Colonial, it is true—God bless them and give them a desire speedily to return to missionary labour." Not to be missed is a description of Lord Chancellor Gifford—"he is like a pious cricket on the hearth, very chirpy." On another occasion, when the judges, re-assembling after vacation, walked in procession, Bowen suggested that they "should be fed on the first day of term, and be given buns on the end of a long pole." Someone said that Brett would not like feeding in public. "Oh, yes, he will," said Bowen, "he is the Master of the Rolls."

Bowen's advance at the Bar was sufficiently quick. But he had to work for it. His qualities as a junior were well tried when he held that position, with Coleridge for leader, in the Tichborne case; and as Attorney-General's "devil" he had work which fitted him for the elevation to the Bench which it procured him. To the rush of the Bar succeeded the tranquillity of the Bench, and Bowen hardly knew if he liked it. In 1893 the Lordship of Appeal, vacated by Hannen fell to Bowen. At first he hesitated about it. "You need do nothing," said a friend, "but assent to the judgments of your colleagues." "In that case I had better take the title of Lord Concurry," was his reply. He was fifty-eight years of age when he reached this prize in a profession which had always dealt prosperously with him. No question but he was widely envied; he was the "glory of Rugby," the "flower of Oxford training," and all that sort of thing. But, once more, it is not what Bowen did that is so significant, it is what he thought and felt about his own doings. "The worst of these learned professions is that life goes so quick," he says.

"You begin one morning to read briefs; you go on reading, with short intervals for refreshment, past Christmases, Easters, Long Vacations, just as you pass stations in a first-class express. Here you look up, and the time has about come for the guard to begin to take the tickets. There is one thing certain, namely, that professional life is not worth the sacrifices it entails."

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THIS is a book which was needed. It supplies an unfelt want. And unfelt wants are always the deepest.

So far at least as the sciences are concerned, evolution is now triumphant all

along the line. Everybody is working on an evolutionary basis. Even philologists and archaeologists, who often would disdain to use the word, as one of them said lately, employ the method itself in all their investigations. But so complete is the triumph that most people nowadays have forgotten the steps by which it was attained. Ask the man in the street "Who 'invented' evolution?" and he will instantly and unhesitatingly answer "Darwin." He does not know that Darwin seldom employed the term, which is Herbert Spencer's; and that as for the idea, he applied it almost or quite exclusively to the organic world. To correct this misapprehension, Mr. Clodd has re-written for us in his lucid, flowing, and easy style the entire history of the evolution of evolutionism. In doing so he has earnestly striven to deal out even-handed justice to all the actors in the great scientific revolution of our century. He has rendered unto Darwin all that was Darwin's, while assigning to Herbert Spencer, to Huxley, and to the other chief sharers in the evolutionary epic their own proper praise and their due proportion in the total. The man in the street will now discover to his surprise that Darwin did not "invent" evolution; that the idea grew by natural stages; and that if to anybody is due the honour of having "invented" what was indeed in the end the inevitable apprehension of a natural truth, that honour belongs most of all to Herbert Spencer.

Mr. Clodd, however, is nothing if not comprehensive. He begins at the beginning. Following the fashion of our day, he takes us back to the vague evolutionary speculations of the Ionic philosophers. To these, it seems to us, it has been usual to attach perhaps an undue importance. The few unrelated fragments of early Hellenic thinking which have been transmitted at second or third hand as mere quotations in the uncritical summaries of later philosophers, and then twisted by German ingenuity or inner consciousness into a systematic whole, are really too indefinite to enable us to say with any certainty that the Ionians had anticipated, even in outline, the evolutionary theory. You may wrench it out of them, but you certainly cannot find it in them. It may be allowed, however, that in later Greek Epicurean thinking, and especially in the poeticised and Latinised version by Lucretius, we do actually get a clear foreshadowing of the doctrine of universal development. Why, then, Mr. Clodd enquires, did this pregnant idea lie dormant thereafter for 1,600 years? He answers this question in an "Intermediate Chapter on the Causes of Arrest of the Movement," in which he lays the blame of this long retardation of human thought at the door of Christianity. In this chapter, as also in the one on Huxley, there is no mincing matters; Mr. Clodd is not mealy-mouthed; it is evident that he regards our existing creed as the intrusion of a less civilised and progressive Oriental religion upon Western thought; and he says so pretty plainly. The chapter on the arrest is followed by one on the renewed forward movement; and then Mr. Clodd addresses himself at last

to his central subject, the history of the nineteenth century evolutionists.

In this part of his work, the portion that will give rise to most discussion and criticism is undoubtedly that which deals with Mr. Herbert Spencer's claims to priority in the evolutionary movement. On that point the gravest misapprehensions at present exist; it is desirable to clear them up, both in Mr. Spencer's interest, and still more in that of accuracy of thought in general. We cannot be far wrong in saying that by most people at the present day Darwin is regarded as having "discovered" evolution, while Spencer is thought of as having come after him and philosophised it. Of course, to those who know the true inwardness of the history and chronology of the movement, this doubly mistaken idea is quite grotesque in its wrongness. Darwin did not "invent" even organic evolution; he merely discovered the great illuminative principle of natural selection. Spencer was an evolutionist, organic and general, *before* the publication of Darwin's first work on the subject; and, from beginning to end, he was and is an evolutionist in far wider spheres than those cognised by Darwin. But the public at large—even the scientific and philosophic public—does not know or has forgotten all this; and a book like Mr. Clodd's is imperatively needed in order to make it understand the facts at issue. We are inclined to say, on the other hand, that Mr. Clodd a little over-estimates at times the novelty of part of his exposition in this matter to the very small world which is actively interested in evolutionary history. A considerable number of the facts he alleges were already known; but some of them are new, and all of them are brought forward now for the first time in battle array, so as to make Mr. Spencer's true position in the progress of the movement quite clear and unassailable. After the documentary evidence thus marshalled in this book it will be impossible for anybody to deny that both as to organic evolution and as to evolution in general Mr. Spencer had publicly formulated his position many times over, long before the publication of *The Origin of Species*; and also (this is the newest piece of evidence) that he had planned and drawn up a prospectus of the *System of Synthetic Philosophy* as early as January, 1858, nearly two years before the appearance of Darwin's epoch-making volume. This part of the book ought to be read by everyone who wishes to gain a correct impression of the successive stages by which the evolutionary idea took definite shape in the brains of more than one great thinker.

Interesting and novel in a different way is the section which deals with Huxley's place in the evolutionary conflict—we say "conflict" advisedly, for he was above all things a fighter. Darwin has gone from us, and his life and work have already been adequately considered in many quarters. Mr. Spencer still remains with us, and a certain perhaps excessive reticence prevents us from saying always all that we would wish about a living contemporary. But Huxley's death is still recent; his life-work has not yet received its critical

appraisement. Mr. Clodd's is probably the first attempt that has been made to estimate him among his peers. It has succeeded excellently. Huxley did not, like Spencer, formulate a vast and embracing system of things: he did not, like Darwin, discover and prove, almost beyond dispute, a single important law in a particular science. There is no one great fact on which we can lay a prompt finger and say, "He did it." His work was diffusive, evasive, unfocused. But, just on that account, it needs the more delicate treatment in order justly to value it. It is no small praise to say that Mr. Clodd has succeeded in placing Huxley's position in its true light. He sums him up as the "Apostle Paul of Darwinism," and points out the importance of his pioneer work in definitely attacking the then untouched question of man's descent from a lower quadrumanous ancestor. He vindicates Huxley's place as a protagonist, in virtue rather of his personality and persuasiveness than of his definite outcome. Altogether, the book could hardly be better done. It is luminous, lucid, orderly, and temperate. Above all, it is entirely free from personal partisanship. Each chief actor is sympathetically treated, and friendship is seldom or never allowed to overweight sound judgment.

A word of praise may be given to the get-up of the book. Paper, print, and binding are excellent; and the four portraits of pioneers are well reproduced. Those of Darwin and Huxley are after Mr. John Collier's well-known pictures; those of Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace are from capital photographs.

MRS. OLIPHANT AS HISTORIAN.

A History of Scotland for the Young. By Mrs. Oliphant. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

IN accordance, it would seem, with the express wishes of many readers and critics, who tell her that "each generation has need of its own books, notwithstanding the existence of much better books belonging to a former time," Mrs. Oliphant has—though, as she hints, with some misgiving—consented to revise and expand the primer of Scotch history lately contributed by her to the "Children's Study" series. Accordingly her little work now reappears in a larger form and type, as a crown octavo of about three hundred pages, bearing the somewhat indefinite title of *A History of Scotland for the Young*. In a brief prefatory note, Mrs. Oliphant owns to some perturbation at finding herself exposed, through her own deliberate act, to a "most alarming" comparison with Sir Walter Scott—"a comparison which (she adds) I most earnestly deprecate, and implore the gentle reader, even the critic whose part it is not to be gentle but just, not to make." We hasten to reassure the author on this point; unquestionably she disquieteth herself in vain. Not even to the most comparative, rascalliest young critic of us all would it occur thus to institute comparisons with the incomparable. Let us, avoiding the lively but hazardous

comparative method, endeavour, in our poor humdrum, positive way, to offer an opinion on *The History of Scotland for the Young*. That opinion may be summed up in one word: the book is, in our judgment, a respectable one. Less than respectable it could hardly have been, seeing that Mrs. Oliphant is a writer of ripe experience and practised skill, and that she had her material ready to her hand—collected, sifted, tested, and arranged by former workers in this field. But it might well have been more; and this is what we cannot justly or honestly pronounce it to be. The truth is, that Mrs. Oliphant, when addressing herself to "the young," is not in her happiest vein. In the volume before us, so long as, oblivious of the "young idea," she tells her story in her accustomed style, as to an audience of "grown-ups," all goes well; unluckily, the thought seems at rare intervals to recur that it behoves her to frame her speech for juvenile ears and understandings, and as often as this happens, in the effort to be naïve and child-like, she becomes childish and inept. This is all the more unfortunate because children are as keen to detect as they are quick to resent their elders' clumsy attempts to write or speak down to their (fancied) lower level. To give an instance or two of the defect of which we complain: there are few young people that will not promptly discern and condemn the overstrained simplicity of the following passages:

"David, the Duke of Rothsay, was a foolish young man, thinking far more of his pleasures than of his duty, which is a thing many foolish young men do, thinking they have plenty of time to make it up afterwards. But this is almost always a fatal thing, and always the height of foolishness." (p. 80).

"James IV. was, or was supposed to be, a poet too, like his great-grandfather, James I., and various merry ballads which have come down to us were supposed to be his; but you know it is the fashion now to throw doubt upon all such traditions, and the more strongly a man's contemporaries assert that he did certain things, the more sure are the critics, a few hundred years after, that he did not do them; which is a thing I do not myself understand and cannot explain." (p. 122).

Mrs. Oliphant's grammar occasionally halts, as on p. 94, where she observes that "it did not matter much up among the mountains how often one clan or another was defeated or leader killed." Perhaps the leaders of the ancient caterans had as many lives as the cat. Mrs. Oliphant adds, "It was the mutual order of things that they should begin again." Begin what? to be defeated? or to be killed? Possibly the lady means—begin fighting again; the antecedent to "they" may be "one clan or another," and "mutual" may be an undetected misprint for "natural." The italics are ours. Other solecisms occur elsewhere—e.g., on p. 73, where we read: "There are some plants which seem incapable of doing more than producing one magnificent blossom, in which the whole virtue of its [their] sap and growth are [is] given forth."

But why are the *Tales of a Grandfather* to be superseded? Possibly they may be

held to be too inflammatory for the youngsters of the age! They certainly appear to have set Hugh Littlejohn's imagination ablaze:

"I do not know what to do with Johnnie," writes Mrs. Lockhart to Sir Walter in February, 1828, "he has gone quite mad about knights and bravery and war, and when he gets into a passion talks about dirking the offender; in short, you must write an antidote to your book, which he studies constantly. We had a party of little girls for his birthday, and for a week before we prepared wooden dirks that he might arm them to make something like a field of battle."

And just a year later, Master Hugh himself sends through a mutual friend the following criticism of the *Tales* to his grandpapa: "He very much dislikes the chapter on 'Civilisation,' and it is his desire that you will never say anything more about it, for he dislikes it extremely." Dear little Hugh! "Up wi' the bonny blue bonnet" was his motto, says Mr. Lang, and the very name of civilisation was hateful to him. Well, that was in 1829. And now, in 1897, the little Miss Glumps, of Edinburgh, will shortly be heard sagely discussing "the Celtic re-action" (*History of Scotland*, &c., p. 17), and the importance of the monasteries as centres of civilisation and refinement. Poor little Miss Glumps! Happy Hugh Littlejohn!

EAST AND WEST.

Cairo Fifty Years Ago. By Edward William Lane. Edited by Stanley Lane-Poole. (John Murray.)

The Land of the Monuments: Notes of Egyptian Travel. By Joseph Pollard. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The Western Avernus; or, Toil and Travel in Further North America. By Morley Roberts. (Archibald Constable & Co.)

CAIRO has now become so modernised that it is well to have from the hand of a master of Egyptian knowledge a description of the city as it was before modern history set in upon the Nile, and before the country became the common resort of the winter tourist. Mr. E. W. Lane's book was written about 1835, and was copied by his nephew, R. S. Poole, from the original MS. in 1847, and doubtless brought up to date in consultation with the author himself. It is a supplement to Mr. Lane's famous work on *The Modern Egyptians*, and fills up the blank left in that book by giving the description of the city of Cairo itself as it was fifty or sixty years ago. The historical account of the buildings is largely taken from el-Makrizy's *Khitat*, but Lane has added comments and comparative statements of his own which nowadays have a special value not only because Lane was a more than ordinarily qualified observer, but because many of the monuments which he describes have since passed away. He was not a trained student of Saracenic or Arab architecture, but his descriptions are those of an acute non-technical scholar who had a

peculiar love and knowledge of Eastern life. The book is prefaced by a map of mediæval Cairo, on which the chief monuments and buildings are clearly marked. The first two chapters contain an account of the older capitals and of the history of Cairo up to the year 1847.

Those who are about to begin the study of Egyptian history and art cannot do better than take up Mr. Joseph Pollard's book. It is written in a simple, unpretending style, and though it tells us many things which most people know, it is for that very reason all the more useful as an introduction to the study of the country. Before going out to Egypt Mr. Pollard had for some years employed his leisure in studying his subject and in attending the meetings of learned societies, so that when he reached the Valley of the Nile he knew what he wanted to see and how to see it. The book seems to have first appeared in serial form as "Notes of a Visit to Egypt," and now, being published in book form, is much enlarged and covers the voyage up to the second cataract, with notices of the monuments of ancient Egypt. Mr. Pollard has no knowledge of Arabic, which must have hampered him a good deal in his excursions; but as he had already studied the literature of his subject he did not travel in the darkness of the ordinary tourist. In fact, his book knowledge exudes at every turn, for he constantly has references to Herodotus and Juvenal, and to Sir Samuel Baker and other modern writers and antiquaries, while illustrations are drawn from the Bible with great frequency. To many this will be one of the most attractive features of the book, for the land of the Pharaohs is so intimately bound up with the history of the Jews, both before and after the Exodus, that to English people these old cities and places have a most familiar sound. There is a self-complacency about Mr. Pollard's writing, and an abundance of detail, which may irritate those readers who are not making acquaintance with Egypt for the first time, but to those who come freshly to the subject the book will have all the fascination of a romance.

If these two volumes deal with the oldest land in the world where civilisation was weary before Europe emerged from darkness, Mr. Morley Roberts's work takes us to the newest of new countries, where man is only just winning the fight against nature, and where primeval plain and forest jostle with the encroaching inventions and ideas of this dying century. Mr. Roberts first published this autobiographical account of his struggles and wanderings in the Far West so long ago as 1887, and the present publication is a new edition. Many a man reared in our civilisation has been a cowboy in Texas, a bull puncher in the States, or a platelayer on the Canadian Pacific Railway; but the man who can live that rough life and then return home to put his experiences into good nervous English is rare, and not to be lightly put aside as if he were a mere compiler of books of travel. Here is a record which has all the unstrained pathos of the life of a man who lives from hand to mouth, who throws up farm work and cattle

herding in Texas to travel with bullocks in a truck across a continent, to work on the excavations for waterworks, and to labour on the great railway which has now united Canada from East to West through some of the most magnificent scenery in the world. The book is well illustrated, the views "Up in the Rockies on the C.P.R." being especially fine. No novel of adventure can surpass in interest this story of work in the Western Avernus, for every page has the air of being lived, and the "bottom dollar," the tramp, and the stolen rides in the "freight" train have all touches of personal experience such as no fiction could imitate.

MARSHAL OUDINOT.

Memoirs of Marshal Oudinot, Duc de Reggio.

Compiled from the hitherto unpublished *Souvenirs of the Duchesse de Reggio* by Gaston Stiegler, and now first translated into English by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. (Henry & Co.)

It is pleasant in these days to come upon a straightforward and readable book written by an honest and lovable woman about an honest and brave soldier, of whom she is fairly qualified to tell us the story; though it be an old song that Buonaparte's marshals for the most part were famous only by their military virtues, and not at all for their private morality nor the urbanity of their dispositions. The poor Masséna, the stable-boy Murat, the trimmer Soult, and the heroic scapegrace Ney (to take them whose names come most trippingly to the English tongue) compare unfavourably with contemporaneous captains even at a time when civilisation had the appearance of retrogressive movement; yet were there men in that motley crowd of map-stultifiers who bore worthily the best traditions of France's always remarkable chivalry. And finest of them all, most undoubtedly, was Nicolas Charles Oudinot, Duke of the Calabrian Reggio.

Happily entering the world at a place and time when what is great in manhood was at a premium in the cosmic traffic, young Oudinot soon found that desire and opportunity pointed to the profession of arms, and, on reaching his seventeenth year, he enlisted in an infantry regiment stationed at Perpignan. This was in 1784, the year of the Treaty of Paris—five years before the myriad particles that made the Revolution whirlwind had taken unity. Very shortly after, his affection for his parents led him to put away for the moment the hope of military glory, and, doffing his uniform at the age of twenty, he sought a commercial opening in Nancy; but proving unsuited to such employment, he returned to his native town of Bar le Duc, known in the subsequent Republican era as Bar-sur-Ornain. Here soon came to him the first wave of that flood of fortune which bore him at length to the summit of his boldest hopes. How he won each successive rung in the ladder of his ambition is faithfully and gracefully set forth in these pages by his wife in second marriage, Eugénie de Coucy, who survived him by twenty years

—long enough to tell his story to the children of his children's children.

The book is not a history: it is a complement of history, perhaps more valuable to the modern mind than the thing it supplements. Eugénie de Reggio does not merely record the events of her period: we see them occur; there is no attempt to number the dead during the retreat from Moscow, but as we accompany this woman on her desperate drive from Wilna through Tschimori and Kowno, across the frozen Niemen, by the country house of Antonovo, to Wirbaken, and Gumbinnen and Wehlau to Königsberg, and thence by way of Brandenburg and Elbing to Dantzic, through Zehden over the cracking Oder ice floes to Berlin, and again by Leipzig, Weimar, Eisenach, Fuld, Hanau, and Mayence, back to well-nigh despaired-of France, we mark each detail in this most appalling happening of the nineteenth century.

And although the latter part of the book treats of civil, if hardly peaceful, matters, the pen which has depicted with such ingenuous mastery the commerce of armies lends equal vividness to the tragical end of the Duc de Berri. There is a dramatic value in the description of the last moments of this somewhat fatuous prince which leads one to believe that, if the Duchesse de Reggio does not positively confine herself to fact, she has improved upon it for the credit of her sovereign's nephew and to the enhanced interest of her readers.

As for Oudinot himself, he was brave to folly, a born leader of men in the mediæval sense of the phrase, and a fine fellow in every sense; but a great general he was not. As a man Oudinot must always be regarded as a splendid character, combining the heroism of barbaric ages with a feeling for humanity in advance of his day. The terror of his enemies in the field, he was honoured by them when the sword point dropped—even when he in his turn was of the unfortunate party. The bitter ordeal of the Hundred Days showed his sterling worth at its best. Left without orders by his king, deserted by his soldiers whom he had loved so well, and dazzled by the same light which glared so fatally in the eyes of Ney, he yet kept proudly to himself, and with a rare and simple dignity held aloof from the thunder of battle which had been so long the chosen music of his soul. It is fond labour to contemplate the might-have-been, yet it is hard to dismiss this soldier from our minds without a passing thought of how sorely pressed the Prussians had been after Ligny if Oudinot, and not Grouchy, were head huntsman on their spoor.

For the rest: the English version of the book is satisfactory, although we have seen better work by the same translator: never obscure, it is at intervals slipshod. The two heliogravure portraits of the Marshal and his wife which embellish the volume are interesting, and in the woman's case charming, but one would be glad to know whence they come. Also, for the English reader one or two further footnotes would be desirable; not everyone even will recognise the Place de la Concorde under its Bourbon name of Louis XV.

WALTER VON DER VOGELWEIDE.

Selected Poems of Walter von der Vogelweide: The Minnesinger. Done into English Verse by W. Alison Phillips. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

THE cry against the decadents—*Eheu, jam satis!*—is gaining in volume. Byron, the witty and tender, is re-enthroned: Mr. Henley has re-enthroned him; Dickens, the tearful and laughterful, is re-enthroned: Mr. Andrew Lang has re-enthroned him. The decadents saw only bad "form" in Byron, and worse "form" in Dickens. It was the distinguishing feature of the decadents—and it has remained the distinguishing feature of such of them as have not passed from decadence to inexistence—to be able to see nothing from more than one point of view. They also were—are—persons of one word, that one word with most of them being "form," a word which, with sportfulness very unusual in them, they seem to have borrowed from the language of sport.

It might not seem at a first glance that the book of selected poems of Walter von der Vogelweide, just done into English verse by Mr. Phillips, is the work of one desirous of swelling the cry against the decadents, but this is so. The dedicatory poem to Walter von der Vogelweide, prefixed by Mr. Phillips to his book, is not faultless viewed as a sonnet, but it is interesting viewed as a protest against what the writer of it terms

"... the feeble rhymesters of our day,
Who sing a love half sickled into lust,
And, for the springs of beauty, grope among
The iridescent foulness of decay."

Mr. Phillips has done his work well as regards editing, illustrating, and—to put best last—translating. It shall not be said that the book is good reading throughout. The section of it called "political" is deadly dull, with the exception of the opening poem, which is one of the hundred best things in German poetry, and is translated in masterly fashion. There are dull lines in the fine poems which precede this section, and sometimes the metres, which are very faithfully reproduced by Mr. Phillips, are, as he terms them, "cruel"; but there are lines here of a rare beauty, and even whole poems of a rare beauty. Crowning merit of the work, the note of the translator is almost entirely absent from it! Lines like these abound:

"Rosy mouth, ah, why so scornful?
Let thy laughter be!
Shame, that that which makes me mournful
Should give joy to thee!"

The following is a poem complete:

"A KISS FROM ROSY LIPS."

"Oh! would my dearest mistress but consent
To go with me and gather roses ever,
I'd fill the hours with such sweet argument
That not all time our bond of love should
sever;
If from her rosy lips that so enchant me
One kiss she'd grant me,
A bliss more perfect I would ask for never."

Here is the minnesinger anticipating Goethe's Gretchen:

"A straw it is that gladdens me:
It says that I shall win my wooing;
The blade I measured carefully,
As I had seen the children doing.
Will she be kind? Now hark to what it saith:
'She will, she won't, she will, she won't,
she will!'
Oft as I ask, that is the answer still.
That comforts me—although it needs some
faith."

There is a note of humour in that close, and the same note is here:

"She took my offering
Like a young child to whom a gift is made,
Her fair cheeks colouring
Like a red rose beside a lily laid;
Yet though, as if ashamed, her eyelids fell,
She made a courtesy—
That was her gift to me:
If she gave more, be sure I will not tell."

A poem called "Virtue and Charm" is only by one degree less virtuous than it is charming. Wit and wisdom characterise it, and wit and wisdom will be found in such poems as "Comfort in Sorrow" (there is there a very quaint bit of philosophy) and "The Inhospitable Cloister." For the rest, the something ahead of his time that every true poet has, gives its character to the poem called "Woman and Lady," to that called "Equality before God," to that called "The Way to Drink," and to all those dull but very brave poems directed against the abuses in the church. Anger there is sometimes here, but, with one regrettable exception, only anger—not clamour and evil-speaking.

In brief, this book of Walter von der Vogelweide for English readers is of the best things of its kind that have appeared for many years. Its issue almost simultaneously with another book of great interest in connexion with mediæval love-poetry, Miss Farnell's *Lives of the Troubadours*, will be deemed a fortunate coincidence by students of comparative literature.

"WHOSE LIGHTS ARE FLED."

The London Pleasure Gardens of the Eighteenth Century. By Warwick Wroth. (Macmillans.)

MR. WROTH deals with sixty-four pleasure gardens, of which some two-thirds were opening their doors on any given night of the last century. These he divides geographically into five groups. The Clerkenwell, or central, group was the largest, and contained numerous gardens which, being nominally spas, offered amusements in mitigation of their unpalatable waters. There is still to be seen in Lloyd's-row, near Rosebery-avenue, a house bearing the inscription: "Islington Spa, or New Tunbridge Wells." This place had two palmy periods, the last beginning in 1733, when the Princess Amelia brought with her an incursion of the wealthy. Hard by, and mostly commanding green and wooded views toward Islington and Pentonville, were the New Wells, the London Spa, and the perennial Sadler's

Wells. The original Sadler discovered the original spring in his ground in 1683, and he promptly offered its water to invalids, with an accompaniment of "posturers, tumblers, and rope-dancers." Bagnigge Wells stood on lower ground near the still extant Pindar of Wakefield Inn in the Gray's Inn-road. It had much the same history and character as its rival spas, and the same "arbours for tea-drinking, covered with honeysuckle and sweet briar."

A Marylebone group included the famous Marylebone Gardens, the Yorkshire Stingo, near to the Lisson-grove of to-day, the Queen's Head and Artichoke, and other small resorts. The Marylebone Gardens were really notable, and once attracted Dr. Johnson to see the fireworks of Torrè. But the night was damp and the fireworks were impossible, whereupon the Doctor went near to creating a riot. Fireworks he would have, and he incited his companions to light "the different pieces in their respective centres." But the only fireworks that night were Johnson's verbal ones. Mr. Wroth might have quoted as a set-off to this failure the humorous description which Fanny Burney makes Evelina write of a successful display by Torrè in these gardens.

Mr. Wroth's "North London" group of pleasure gardens included the White Conduit House, where, we are told, "the method of effecting an introduction was for the gallant 'prentice to tread on the lady's train, to apologise profusely, and, finally, to suggest an adjournment for tea in one of the arbours." For the tea-drinkers "there were 'genteel boxes' let into the hedges, and decorated with Flemish paintings. A large painting was placed at the far end of the avenue, and seemed to increase its length." Also in Islington were Dobney's Bowling Green; Copenhagen House, where John Cavanagh, the fives player, was seen by Hazlitt; the Three Hats, where feats of horsemanship and bouts of double stick were the attraction; and Highbury Barn, which was only closed in 1871. Unfortunately, the careers of all these places were meteoric. Whereas Goldsmith found the White Conduit House packed with visitors on a summer evening, Hone wrote of it as "a starveling show of odd company and coloured lamps."

Ranelagh falls into Mr. Wroth's Chelsea group, Vauxhall into the South London group. In the latter was Cuper's Gardens, the site of which is crossed daily by all who come from Waterloo Station over the bridge. Bermondsey Spa, Finch's Grotto, The Dog and Duck, the Belvedere, and many another forgotten resort, famous and infamous, is described and illustrated in these pages. Mr. Wroth's industry has been great, and the lists of authorities and engravings appended to the account of each garden add greatly to the value of his book as a work of reference. Nor is this any bloodless compilation. It makes one merry and sad as it reveals the constancy of human nature amid the flux of shows and showmen. It also provokes envy of that distributed merriment. Alas, that for those twinkling lamps, which focused the gaiety of a district, we have substituted one huge, inaccessible garden at Earl's Court! W. W.

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

Shakespeare's Richard the Third. Edited by George Macdonald, M.A. *Warwick Shakespeare.* (Blackie.)

The Plays of Shakespeare. (Newnes.)

Bell's Reader's Shakespeare. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

WE have received specimens of three of the numerous new editions of Shakespeare, whose name is legion, which are in course of publication. By far the most important of these is the "Warwick" Shakespeare, which is a series of single plays provided with elaborate critical matter for the use of the student. The editors throw down the gauntlet to the Clarendon Press edition, hitherto in sole possession of the field, because they make an attempt, in the words of the preface, "to present the greatest plays of the dramatist in their literary aspect, and not merely as material for the study of philology or grammar." And, in fact, literary criticism plays a considerable part, both in the notes and the introduction. Mr. Macdonald's *Richard the Third* is a very careful piece of work, done with special attention to the needs of students as practical experience has revealed them. The introduction is lucid and well arranged, and although Mr. Macdonald does not go at length into the many difficult problems which beset the scholarship of the play, yet he briefly indicates their nature and their most probable solutions. There is a good appendix on the prosody of the play; but we should have been glad to see the passages of Holinshed, on which it is based, brought together in another appendix. Mr. Boswell-Stone's new Shakespeare's Holinshed is a splendid work of reference, but it is too expensive to be within the means of the average student.

Of the other editions before us, that published by Mr. Newnes is on a small scale, containing three plays to the volume. It is well printed, and goes comfortably in the pocket; but there are some brief explanatory notes hung up in an ugly fashion in the text. The other, *Bell's Reader's Shakespeare*, seems to be complete in three volumes. The one now sent us takes in the tragedies and "The Tempest." It claims to be "condensed, connected, and emphasised for school, college, parlour, and platform." We do not quite understand the distribution of the emphasis marks. They are certainly not attached to every word which contains a stressed syllable, nor do they appear to follow any other consistent rule. We are afraid that the use of this edition would tend to aggravate the worst vices of the amateur reciter.

Cat and Bird Stories from the "Spectator."

With an Introduction by John St. Loe Strachey. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

SOME editors pride themselves on discovering clever young men. It is the special function of the editor of the *Spectator* to discover intelligent animals, and he certainly fulfils it admirably. Not long ago the republished

Dog Stories from the "Spectator" convinced a wondering world that a dog can do most things that a man can do, and several things that he cannot do. The present volume is no less amusing and instructive. If not so logical as the dog, the cat is a far more humorous creature. Nor is her humour of the frankly boisterous kind, but inclines, as Mr. St. Loe Strachey points out, to cynicism and insolence. We have stories, moreover, of a cat who was a musical critic, of a cat who, falling in love with a fox terrier, put her paws round his neck, and kissed his cheek with her lips, just like a lady, and of a cat who, in imitation, or possibly in ridicule, of a literary mistress, was found with a pen in its mouth trying to write a novel on the carpet. The bird stories, too, will supply a fund of innocent amusement not unmixt with valuable information in natural history. There are tales told of canaries who dressed their feathers before a looking glass, of sparrows who insisted on spending the day before the mirror in a lady's dressing room, of courteous ducks, and even an honest cuckoo, who, it seems, is an underrated bird, and not infrequently "lay his own eggs himself." Most of these stories are told at first hand, though one, which concerns a humorous cockatoo, rests only on the word of a bishop. To some doubtless these tales of birds will suggest a pinch of salt. For our own part we prefer to accord them unquestioning belief; and, if they prove nothing else, they prove the existence of a kindly sympathy between a large number of human beings and the lower animals.

Women in English Life. By Georgiana Hill. In 2 vols. (Bentley.)

MISS HILL has given us a careful account of the public and private life of English women, of their education and their social and political position, both in mediæval and modern times. In her first volume, which brings her to about the middle of the eighteenth century, she is pretty obviously compiling from recognised historical authorities. But she presents her gleanings freshly, and often quotes some racy letter or other document; such as this request from Dame Margaret Paston to her son:

"I wuld ye shuld purvey for yur suster to be with my Lady of Oxford, or with my Lady of Bedford, or in sume other wurchepfull place, wher as ye thynk best, and I wull help to her fyndyng, for we be eyther of us werye of other."

Miss Hill has not learnt the elementary rule of giving references for her quotations, and from time to time she makes some curious slips. Thus the Wars of the Roses had not begun in 1399 (p. 15); there is no evidence that John Donne was an esteemed friend of Mary Sidney (p. 137); Henry Peachman is apparently a misprint for Henry Peacham (p. 153); Queen Henrietta Maria could hardly have brought a company of French players to London in 1659 (p. 280). The interest of the book might have been much increased by a fuller

account of Lucy Harrington, afterwards Countess of Bedford, who is barely mentioned. Yet she was one of the most remarkable women of her time, a star of literary society, and the patroness of Samuel Daniel, John Donne, and Ben Jonson. The intimate domestic details of the *Verney Memoirs* might also have been drawn upon more freely. When Miss Hill reaches the Victorian epoch she is on ground which she knows more thoroughly. She has written a very complete and lucid sketch of the many women's movements of the past fifty years, and she has written it with sympathy and without a shriek. But for an occasional sneer at Socialism, she would have proved herself unprejudiced. We strongly recommend these volumes to all women who study their sex, and especially to the orators of the Pioneer Club.

Bells and Pomegranates. (First Series.) By Robert Browning. (Ward, Lock & Co.) MR. THOMAS J. WISE sets a preface, notes, and chronological table to this reprint of *Bells and Pomegranates* (First Series) which the publishers have hastened to issue on the lapse of the copyright. The book, which is one of Mr. Shorter's Nineteenth Century Classics, is very nicely done—light and simple and attractive. Mr. Wise is, perhaps, a better book-taster than critic: at any rate, it is hard to agree with him when he suggests that no poem produced during the past fifty years is more widely known than "The Pied Piper," and that there is nowhere "sweeter word-music" than in "The Flower's Name" and "In a Gondola." We admire Mr. Wise's loyalty, but he need not carry it so far. Browning has better things than sweet word-music and immense vogue.

Sophocles and Shakespeare. By Lionel Horton-Smith, B.A. (Macmillan & Bowes.)

THIS is the essay to which was awarded the Members' Latin Essay Prize at Cambridge in 1894, and is decidedly more interesting as a contribution to the literature of criticism than most productions of its kind. Indeed, it is almost a pity that the obscurity of a dead language veils it from the average English reader. The contrast between the conditions under which Sophocles and Shakespeare were acted is carefully drawn out. The religious origin of the Greek drama, the continual presence of the chorus with the consequent exclusion of soliloquy, the impediments to action as opposed to dialogue and narrative, all combine to differentiate the Athenian from the English play, even though, as Coleridge has pointed out, the function of Shakespeare's jesters corresponds in some measure with Sophocles' chorus: "Non sane ea sunt dignitate qua chorus antiquus," writes Mr. Horton-Smith, "sed, chori antiqui instar, discriminis potius spectatores quam actores, iudicium eo rectius de re facere possunt, quia minime in actorum discrimen illati sunt." The essay is well provided with synopsis and index, and fortified as well with references.

FICTION.

Miriam Cromwell—Royalist: a Romance of the Great Rebellion. By Dora Greenwell McChesney. (Blackwood.)

MISS MCCHESENEY is to be congratulated upon the success with which she has treated the problem of divided loyalties. But she has done more: she has discovered a hero, and a worthy hero, in the dear daredevil Rupert, who, so far as we can call to mind, has never yet played in fiction the leading part which was his in fact. A mere accident brought him, in the disguise of one of the Elect, into relations with Miriam, niece of Oliver Cromwell, living in the Puritan household of her guardian, Master Endicott. A shrewd blow from a bough loosed his locks from the steeple-crown, and with a bump on his forehead and a laugh in his eye he sat in the saddle a Cavalier confessed. Miriam was a good girl, but she was terribly tempted with wandering thoughts at sermon time. The touch of romance, and the scarlet sash he gave her, "the colours of my King," set ablaze the loyalty that was in her blood. Accident made her the bearer of a royal despatch to the Prince, and under his escort she rode on to Oxford, the King's headquarters. The feverish gaiety of the Court is skilfully suggested, in the midst of which moves, almost silent, full of harassment and hesitations, the pale figure of the White King, like an opal set about with rubies. Various strands are tangled about the central interest of Miriam's love for Rupert and Rupert's devotion to the King. The author handles them all firmly and tenderly; and the human sympathy with which she is filled preserves her always (except, perhaps, in her treatment of a conventional Popish intriguer) in the fairway of historical impartiality. Yet she has her philosophy, we judge: for the betrayal of Strafford is her prologue, and the book closes with a dignified announcement of the regicide. Her narrative style is, on the whole, strong in restraint; and in colloquial passages a suggestion of archaism is made to suffice; but we have our doubts about the "bar" of the bookmaker in the mouth of a Cavalier.

The Borderer. By Adam Lilburn. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

FRATERNAL jealousy, that classical motive, is employed once more by Mr. Lilburn in the novel before us as a spring of action. Paul Riddell is a type of the vigorous Northerner, strongly developed upon the spiritual side; and the rugged bulk of the Cheviots forms an appropriate background to the action of which he is the centre. Contrasted with him is his younger brother, Will, his father's favourite, with a taste for town pleasures and in perpetual straits for money. The spiritual pride which wrapped Paul about as with a garment is in the course of the story torn from him. For the love of his cousin May he suffers the discredit of a supposed robbery to drive his brother, who is his rival in her affections, from the house. Then, having married the

girl, he tastes the bitterness of successful treachery, while she cherishes in secret her love for the exile. When at last she has learned that by a word the man who is now her husband could have preserved her lover to her, she drives him away from her in anger, and an opportune railway accident gives her convincing reason for supposing herself free. At this time the exiled Will, or all that remains of him, drags himself back, and loafs about the place, till the last spark of the old love is extinguished in her; while the affection for her husband, which she had never quite put away, grows warm and ripens. In due time the fates give him back to her, making at the same time appropriate provision for "Uncle Will." There is ingenuity in the construction, the central figure at least is fairly realised, and about more than one of the minor characters there are flashes of a pleasant humour; but there was room for further compression and a remorseless blue pencil directed against the obvious and the commonplace.

The Black Mass. By Frederic Breton. (Hutchinson & Co.)

The Black Mass is well named, well conceived, well written. The book possesses, to employ a frequently misused word, atmosphere, induced not by laboriously wrought descriptions, but by subtle suggestion. To mingle effectively the strange, the weird, the uncanny, with the commonplace and the conventional, is not easy; generally, the result lacks the flavour of the one, the actuality of the other. But to achieve the easy is no achievement. Mr. Breton divides his story into three parts: "Out of the World," "In the World," and "Beyond the World." In the treatment of the first especially the author's talent finds full scope. "God dwells not within our forest," says Elsa, the heroine, to young Raymond Eager when chance—or is it destiny?—leads him to the remote Fürsthaus where she and her father, the Ritter von Geroldseck, live, alone with nature and the beasts of the wood. As we read, we, too, come to feel the truth of her words. From the Schloss Wolfenheim, whose master has dedicated his life to the devil, and works strange spells, the web of evil has spread until it pervades everything and everyone save Elsa. Over the forest, with its Schloss, its ruined chapel—now the scene of demoniac rites—and its woodman's cottage, broods this sense of mystery, of fate, of the power of evil, the futility of good. Dark legends and superstitions lurk behind every tree, and even the clear waters of the Wolfsbach chant a bodeful song. Although brief compared with Zola's descriptions of the great garden in "La Faute de l'Abbe Mouret," Mr. Breton's work, in its force, here recalls that of the French novelist. There is, too, much admirable characterisation, although ordinary folk are made to converse over-cleverly. Elsa, child of a noble father and a fiery gipsy, is firmly drawn, and, unique as she is, lives—natural, outspoken, naïve, penetrating, true. Raymond Eager, the apostle, or rather the follower of that which is "nice and comfortable," is a faithful portrayal of a not

uncommon type: wofully small he is, save when roused to feel and act by some one stronger than himself; never a fitting mate for Elsa. To those with philosophical leanings *The Black Mass* will mean something more than a mere story, although, very wisely, the author has not given prominence to this side of his work. On the last page a note informs the reader that the drama was enacted in real life, that the author heard it from the lips of one of the actors at Kreuzdorf: a fact which, in the opinion of some, will add value to the book.

Armenosa of Egypt: a Romance of the Arab Conquest. By Charles H. Butcher, D.D., F.S.A. (Blackwood.)

CONSIDERING that this romance proceeds from the pen of a scholar, that it is built up of materials very laboriously gathered, and that it appears to be a serious literary effort, we are bound to treat it with respect. The time is that part of the seventh century when the forces of New Rome, wearied by a seven years' war in the East, were called upon to confront the armies of the Prophet; the place, Egypt, where two remarkable men respectively championed the Christian and the Moslem cause. George, the son of Mennas, the Emperor's representative, is the centre of Dr. Butcher's interest; his personal fortunes amid the intrigues of Melchites and Monophysites, and the fortunes of Armenosa, his daughter, plighted to Marcus, sought on behalf of the Augustus, ravished from her convent by the young Jew, Reuben, rescued by the Arab Amr and sought in marriage by him (we are assured that she was a young person of considerable attractions), form the staple of the present tale. Also military operations are reported, and a famous siege is described. But though we are conscious that there is on the author's part a strenuous attempt to actualise these events, to convince the reader that his people are of flesh and blood, with thoughts, impulses, and tendencies, they still hover, pale ghosts, on the further side. Either Dr. Butcher's pen lacks the magic power to perfect their materialisation, or we must plead guilty to a sad insensibility. We would almost prefer to believe ourselves in fault (if such a thing were in any way conceivable), for it is grievous that an author so interested in his work and so painstaking as Dr. Butcher evidently is, should appeal to us in vain for sympathy.

A Bit of a Fool. By Sir Robert Peel, Bart. (Downey & Co.)

SIR ROBERT PEEL, as *An Engagement* proved, writes with facility—with too great facility, or, at any rate, with too little reserve. It is difficult to understand why *A Bit of a Fool* has been published. As a realistic study of the vicious circles through which Horace Mannes passes, it is superficial, overdrawn, here and there melodramatic. Yet as such a study we must surely regard it, or why the incessant dwelling upon subjects which, to say the least, are unpleasant? One or two quotations will indicate sufficiently the drift of the book. On p. 4 the hero, then fourteen, who tells his own story, alludes thus to

his father's governess: "But most women kissed me on the cheek or forehead. Miss Tennant was different; she kissed me full on the mouth, and made a kind of shiver go through me. I think I liked it." Later, when the lady has angled unsuccessfully for the hand of the rich widower, this is the way she makes advances to his weak-kneed heir: "She looked at me with inscrutable eyes for a moment, then, clasping me violently about the neck, drew me towards her, and bit my lip till I could have cried out." Again, we find Lord Padshaw, an elderly peer, "carrying on" with a girl of fourteen, whose "carriage was seductive." Terms such as "sultry," "scorcher," "leg-shows," "full kisses," and the like are not infrequently used; and we can hardly agree with the hero when, towards the end, he assures us that he "had not yet lost all sense of propriety." Manners's final assumption of respectability is a poor climax to an unsavoury and rather meaningless story, against whose tenour we must protest. By the way, Sir Robert Peel might with advantage substitute in the circumstances for *under* the circumstances, and use the comparative instead of the superlative in phrases such as she "was getting the best of me."

FROM A READER'S NOTE-BOOK.

FOR few novels has there been a steadier demand than *John Halifax, Gentleman*, which year in and year out since 1856 has sold well in the expensive six-shilling form. About eighteen months ago Messrs. Hurst & Blackett reduced the price to three shillings and sixpence, and now I see that a cheap reprint is promised. The secret of the permanent popularity of this book—which the *Spectator* truly enough dubbed "a novel of second class"—lies in its perfect suitability for middle-class family reading. Many readers are far from altogether approving of Mr. Halifax, who belied the promise of his boyhood in several ways; still, his adventures contain thoroughly wholesome lessons for the rising generation, and they are not too tiresomely obvious. *John Halifax* is not Miss Mulock's best book. This I take to be *A Noble Life*. At first, *John Halifax* must have made an altogether unusual impression, as one constantly comes across copies of the three-volume issue which was given in the fifties as presents. During a temporary craze for first editions I picked up a beautifully clean copy of *John Halifax* for a pound. Subsequently, feeling convinced that the prices fetched by unillustrated first editions were artificial, I sent it and a number of Merediths, George Eliots, &c., to Sotheby's. The prices realised were peculiar, for whereas £9 10s. was bid for *Adam Bede*, I had to buy in *John Halifax* for nineteen shillings. On the same occasion (this was in 1888 or 1889) an uncut copy of Stevenson's *Treasure Island* (six-shilling issue) sold for eighteen shillings.

LIBRARY LIST.

Travels in West Africa. By Mary H. Kingsley.
Pickle the Spy. By Andrew Lang.
Palladia. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. R.

PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

HEAVEN be praised, it is not a lack of literary schools the latter-day Parisians can complain of. Symbolism itself is now pronounced "Vieux Jeu," and if we thought to have buried naturalism and dethroned its arch-priest, the illustrious M. Zola, it has sprung up recently in a younger growth of the same root, under a refined name of an elegant meaninglessness: Naturism. "Les Jeunes" used to mean MM. Hervieu, Rosny, Léon Daudet, Maurice Barrès, and Count Robert de Montesquiou. These now take rank with the middle-aged, and may be supposed to have sown their literary wild oats; they have, alas! tampered grossly with their reputation for eccentricity, and comparatively "ranged themselves." A new school of "Jeunes" now clamours for our attention. Twenty is the correct age for immortality. It is only the young men of twenty who possess the divine afflatus; they alone are adequately gifted for expressing the yearnings of the hour, hymning its triumphs and beauties and solving its riddles.

They have their manifesto, the innocents, and form a naïve circle of mutual admirers; are, as M. Gustave Larroumet describes them, "a syndicate for mutual admiration." Their names, unfamiliar for the present, are the great names of to-morrow; and each lends a brotherly hand to the other as they march upward to the attainment of collective glory. The four masters of this school are: MM. Michel Abadie, André Gide, Maurice Le Blond, and Paul Fort; their self-constituted trumpeter, M. Saint-Georges de Bouhéliér.

The object of the "école naturiste" is to win French taste from the depraving influences of foreign literature, especially from admiration of the Russian, German, and Scandinavian masters. These five geniuses of twenty modestly rise "in a solemn shudder," and propose to offer to their country "the fortifying spectacle of a French renaissance." Here is part of M. de Bouhéliér's declaration in the name of his school:

"For the last two or three thousand years writers only appeal to the public to expose crimes, the most tragic conflicts of the world, infinitely melancholy adventures, with which they seek to touch us to tears. It is a vulgar enough art. But at a period of profound repose we need peaceful poets. As a matter of fact, this is what we are. The literature to which many young men are vowed remains infinitely violent, resplendent, and happy. M. Michel Abadie has given us in his poems sonorous and beautiful models. The charm of M. André Gide is bred of these same sentiments. His is a tender and ardent genius, of a passionate suavity. M. Maurice Le Blond has given us great pages of a singular purity. M. Paul Fort has written clear hymns. Thus a whole youth rises in a solemn shudder. Reawakening of the national spirit, worship of earth and heroes, preservation of civic energies—these are the sentiments that constitute in contemporary youth a character so singular, so unexpected, and admirable."

Victor Hugo was known at twenty as "the sublime child," so that these four obscure young men may be the geniuses M. de Bouhéliér depicts them, and the gross

world be all unconscious of their existence. The "charm of vehemence," which the new "Jeunes" profess to adore, is at best a doubtful charm, and when we find that their so-called progress is retrogression, and that Zola is their high priest and master, it may be asked if the change from "naturalism" to "naturism" is much of a change after all. They desire to depose Ibsen and return to Zola, replace Nietzsche by Diderot, and Wagner by Jean Jacques. "Let us return to nature," they shout, "to simplicity and clarity." By all means, but it certainly is not the author of *Pot-Bouille* who will help them to this desirable end. As opposed to the incoherence and frenzy of the German school, the chief of the "naturistes" notes the extreme harmony of Zola's manner, and confesses he feels no disgust whatever of the miserable obscenities of these wearisome novels:

"How much we prefer the violent voluptuousness, the shamelessness of a rustic and robust heroine, the ardent frescoes on which are spread Zola's great crowds to Ibsen's homilies. . . . By means of such figures we have known that the terrestrial world nurses eternal heroes, who dream darkly on the mountain flanks," &c., &c.

While M. de Bouhéliér is flinging the manifesto of an unsuspected school in the teeth of amused Paris, another "Jeune," also of the requisite age for reform of an imperfect world (twenty), M. Ernest La Jeunesse, takes writers of fifty to task. Having informed the dreary experienced sages that youth had had enough of them, and is henceforth resolved to write its own literature, rich in all the pleasing imperfections of its years, to-day he offers a marvellous evidence of impertinence and irreverence in his audacious book, *L'Imitation de Notre Maître Napoléon*. Ernest La Jeunesse and Napoleon are, it appears, kindred spirits, affinities in the old-fashioned phrasing. At twenty the master seems to have had more of the modesty of genius than is apparent in his turbulent and prodigiously impudent disciple.

A more diverting figure still is a scribbling countess, the author of several unknown books, one of which, it appears, was called *Mon Ange*. The lady is the niece of Count Pelegrini de Rossi, who married Sontag, and was assassinated at Rome. Mme. de Rossi appeared yesterday in the police-court on the charge of robbery. This is a copy of the lady's note to the "Juge d'Instruction" after her arrest: "Charming little Judge, give me my liberty to-morrow, Wednesday; I will love you all my life, for my imprisoned hens and cats are dying of hunger and my youth of sorrow. MON ANGE." The lady appears to be sixty at least. In another dainty missive she informs the magistrate that his sweet physiognomy recalls the image of her handsome and smiling father, who would never refuse a favour to a woman of such distinguished merit as the author of *Mon Ange*. She promises to immortalise him in her next work. But the Judge remained obdurate, and missed the occasion of going down to posterity upon an angel's plume.

H. L.

SPECIAL EDUCATIONAL SUPPLEMENT TO THE ACADEMY.

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THE use of pictures and models as aids in education has recently increased to such an extent that it might appear unnecessary to offer for it any theoretical justification. But the very success of fresh methods creates in some minds a prejudice, and leads others to employ them too rashly and too often. These prejudices will be best removed and these dangers avoided if we consider the broad principle upon which the methods are based. Let us then read Comenius under his second head "Facile," seventh principle:

"Let the intellect be forced to nothing save what it spontaneously desires in accordance with right method."

"8th. Let everything be communicated through the senses."

As to this he says:

"1. Let no stripes be inflicted on account of studies."

"2. Let what the pupils have to learn be so placed before them and explained that they see it as plainly as their own five fingers."

"3. And in order that everything may be imprinted the more easily, let the senses be applied to the subject as often as possible. It is not enough to tell the ears, the teacher must present to the eyes that through them the instruction may reach the imagination."

Now principle seven is expressed somewhat ideally, especially when Comenius adds the reason why stripes are not to be inflicted. "For if the boy does not learn, whose fault is it but the teacher's, who either does not know how to make his pupil docile or does not care to do it?" This may be well enough for archangels, but most of us have had pupils whom we have failed to make docile when we were convinced that the fault was at least partly on the side of the boy; and we have probably found more practical service in Johnson's apophthegm: "With the stick the boy gets his task and there's an end on't."

Still, we have turned our backs upon the old world theories, when the motto of authority was "Sic volo, sic iubeo, stat pro ratione voluntas." Dr. Keate's confirmation class, when mistaken for the daily batch of boys sent up for flogging, accepted their punishment without a murmur. The course of studies was a time-honoured institution: to criticise it was misdemeanour, to suggest alterations flat treason; while the idea of a master thinking it necessary to explain to a boy the *reason* of his learning anything would have been scouted as preposterous. Boys were taught to regard the action of their parents as above criticism, their wishes as beyond dispute; they were sent to live in gloomy ink-splashed barracks, to eat food barely fit for a workhouse, and to go out in the morning to a back yard and wash at the pump. But now we consult boys' wishes and inclinations to an extent which fifty years ago would have been considered

fatal to authority, and we consider their comfort and brighten their class-rooms and enliven their lessons in a manner which some may think impairs the old strenuousness and exactness and manliness of English education. We see, however, at present no sign of failing discipline, nor need we seriously apprehend that the manliness of English schoolboys will be undermined by any sickly æstheticism if, instead of gloomy dungeons and bare walls, they find class-rooms brightened with representations of great works of art or historical incident or beautiful scenery. We may not yet have reached the serenity of days when "love is an unerring light"; and when we need force on boys nothing but what they "spontaneously desire"; but still, the use of illustration is one of the many ways in which in all branches of education, in the relation of parents to children and masters to boys, in the exercise of discipline and the imparting of instruction, we have gradually been making authority rationally understood, and at last gladly accepted if not passionately loved.

But the real justification of illustrations is based not on Comenius' seventh principle, but on the eighth; not on the fact that they make lessons pleasanter, but because they make them better. It is true, of course, that the better a lesson is the pleasanter it always must be. But still, the main objection to the use of the projection lantern is that it is a kind of toy, a last despairing effort of an ineffective teacher to secure attention which cannot otherwise be secured, and to lighten dullness which would be otherwise unrelieved. There could hardly be a greater misconception. If a man is weak in discipline he will certainly find the lantern a snare, and it will prove a very broken reed to the man who relies upon it to arouse interest unless he has secured the elements of stimulus beforehand. If our first purpose, or our chief purpose, in using illustrations is to make our lessons interesting, we shall probably end by boring our pupils, for they can be bored by pictures very easily. We shall be tempted to sacrifice our lessons to the illustrations, instead of rigidly excluding every single picture which does not illustrate naturally and aptly the work in hand and is not actually demanded by the course of the lesson; that is to say, which does not bring out some definite point which could not possibly be brought out otherwise. It makes a crucial difference, not only in our selection but in our method of dealing with illustrations, whether we show them because we think they are interesting and pretty in themselves, or whether in preparing a lesson it has occurred to us that there is this point and that which need illustration. Of course now and then anybody may interest boys if he likes with any pictures or models which happen to come in his way, but when we are dealing with the systematic employment of illustrations as a definite part of our ordinary educational appliances, then we should carefully keep before ourselves the thought that the suggestion of the illustration should come from the lesson itself.

It is this fact which constitutes the great difficulty in the use of illustrations. Ordinary pictures are of little use. We want them

made *ad hoc*. I obtained a picture of Bonn; it shows a dull, featureless street, and a dull, featureless stretch of river. Some localities have no features, and we must not suppose that because some place occurs in our lesson it is necessary to have a picture of it. A picture of the plain of Pharsalia will not help us much; but a picture of Tempe, of Marathon, of Syracuse, of the Acrocorinthus, leaves a definite and memorable impression. It is probably in the teaching of geography and history that this assistance is found most valuable. You may tell boys that coir is used for cocoa-nut matting, and jute for the backing of floorcloth, but how can words explain the appearance of a deodar or mangrove swamp, of a Yakut or a Papuan, or give them any notion of the majesty of the Himalayas, or the shape of the rock of Gibraltar. In a short visit I paid to my old head master, Bishop Mitchinson, from whom I have derived my interest in these things, I found him gathering for the instruction of his little village boys what he calls his "Liber Fluviorum." It is a set of photographs illustrating the courses of all the rivers of England. It may be said that one river is very like another, and so in some points it may be. But even of minor rivers there is an individuality as in the Ouse at St. Ives, the Witham at Lincoln, the Welland at Stamford, and we may search the wide world over and not equal the Wear at Durham. If I may mention a few pictures which during the past term I found gave in a moment what no words could supply, I should instance the Hamoaze at Plymouth, the Wye at Tintern, the High Level Bridge at Newcastle.

It is only just in this connexion to call attention to Messrs. Longman's New Atlas and their School Geography, which supply excellently chosen and most useful illustrations. In English History, of course, every one knows the *Student's History* and Messrs. Macmillans' illustrated edition of Green's *Short History*. Many of these illustrations, though by no means all, are definitely useful in actual teaching, but even these leave much to be supplied. For instance, I have obtained from the library of the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury two facsimiles of documents which may serve as examples of what illustration can teach. The distinction of folkland and boc-land is a stock question in our early history. Now we have here, at Canterbury, the actual charter of Edred granting lands at Reculver to the Convent of Christ Church. The charter contains these words: "Ego Dunstanus indignus Abbas propriis digitorum articulis totam chartam perscripsi." It is signed by Edred, by his mother, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the whole Witan—and by it boys can realise and see for themselves how land was "booked" under the early English kings. Another document is the settlement between the Archbishops of Canterbury and York as to the rights of their respective Sees. It bears the sign manual of the Conqueror, of his queen, of the Papal legate, of Lanfranc, the Bishops of Thetford and Dorchester—and not least—of Wulstan of

Worcester. The contrast of Lanfranc's neat Italian hand and the enormous signature of Wulstan reminds us that Wulstan was the only English bishop allowed to retain his See, while the presence of the Bishops of Thetford and Dorchester reminds us that Norwich and Lincoln were not yet cathedral cities at all. Again, within the last two months I happened to be teaching an incident of Edgehill, where one of the most famous of King's Scholars, Harvey, the king's physician, who was entrusted with the care of the young princes, retired to the shelter of a hedge, and spent the time in study. Two days after, I received a copy of Mr. Yeames's beautiful picture, illustrating this very incident, and giving it a reality which no words could convey.

And so one finds that many, perhaps most, available pictures are not useful for teaching, and many which would be useful for teaching are not available. There are in the *Academy Notes* pictures like Mr. Croft's "Marston Moor," or "The First Winter of the Pilgrim Fathers in America," which bear most vividly on distinct incidents. In the various illustrated magazines, the *Art Journal*, the *Magazine of Art*, the *English Illustrated*, the *Century*, I see from time to time pictures which, if I had had more leisure, I should have noted under their proper heads as available for points in the direct course of our teaching; while from the excellent sketches supplied by the correspondents of our illustrated papers material of the most valuable kind could be derived; and for impressing upon the mind the leading political struggles of the Victorian era it would be difficult to find anything more effective than the cartoons of *Punch*. I have ventured to suggest at different times and places that among the mass of people interested in this question—boys and girls, masters and mistresses—some combination might be formed to notice and select from this material what could be useful, and to communicate with the Museum Committee of the Teachers' Guild, who have already done much useful work in this direction.

My own part of the work has been confined to the application of these principles to our classical studies. If anyone is reading Macmillan's *Primer of Greek History*, or Oman's *Greek History*, he can procure illustrations specially selected for the various periods. He can find illustrations of Troy, Athens, Mycenæ, and Tiryns. For the Agamemnon, the Antigone, the Ion, the Frogs, there are numerous pictures of the various situations as given in recent representations at Oxford, Cambridge, Bradfield, and elsewhere. Our range of reading is not very wide, and if some combination were formed we might arrange for all our books some scheme of illustration such as this: for Thucydides, Bk. i.—not a book, it may be remarked, which specially requires illustration—chap. 1, MS. of Thucydides; chap. 4, view of situation of Minoa and coin representing the Minotaur; chap. 7, the Larissa of Argos and map of the plain; chap. 15, Trireme; chap. 24, Epidamnus and Corcyra; chap. 47, the islands of Sybota; chap. 90, fragment of the wall of Themistocles showing hasty construction; chap. 93, the Piræus—plan and picture; chap. 96, fragment of tribute

list of Athenian allies; chap. 100, Amphipolis; chap. 101, Ithome; chap. 103, Naupactus, Megara, Niosea; chap. 105, view of Ægina from Athens, and so on. These can nearly all be procured from the Museum. As whatever value these observations may have is derived from the fact that they have been suggested by practical teaching, I will conclude by a rough note of actual experience in teaching Church History. In the first lesson on Constantine I found I wanted, and to some extent was able to procure, representations of the Palace of Diocletian at Spalato, of the Porta Nigra at Trèves, the Arch of Constantine, a bust of Constantius Chlorus, the columns of Maximilian at Milan, the Labarum, and coins of Diocletian, Constantine, and Galerius. But at the end of my period, for a subject which specially needs illustration—viz., the development of Christian art and architecture, the catacombs, the churches at Ravenna—though I know illustrations exist, I could not easily procure them. They are largely in books which are extremely costly, and in any case more trouble is necessary to obtain them than most schoolmasters can spare.

HISTORICAL TEACHING IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THE two greatest changes that have been made during the last twenty years in regard to the subjects taught in public schools have been the introduction of Natural Science and the introduction of History. If the rule that the proof of a pudding lies in the eating may be applied also to intellectual foods, then there is something significant in the verdict generally passed on these two new subjects by those to whom they have been served up. Science is pronounced "a fraud," History "dull." Yet could there be any subject with a more immediate bearing on the obvious realities of life than Science, or any subject of more varied and irrepressible interest than History? To make it "dull" great pains would appear to be needed; but, in fact, the *modus operandi* is simple enough: select a bad text-book, allow one hour a week for the lesson, make this consist of dates and pedigrees and "facts," and the thing is done.

Yet in Oxford there are now ten to twelve scholarships and exhibitions offered annually for proficiency in history where twenty years ago there were not three. And for these endowments there are a surprising number of candidates of marked ability. It will be found, however, in the case of most of these candidates, that they have been selected for some special training and preparation under some teacher who has himself had the special training of the "History School." So that this mass of excellent work tells us nothing as to the ordinary school curriculum's arrangements or results for the rank and file of schoolboys. What it does tell us is sufficiently striking and encouraging.

(1) The work done by the very best candidates is not merely clever, but astonish-

ingly finished and judicious. One is constantly feeling that it is impossible any boy of eighteen can really be as wise as this boy writes. It seems as if the three next years, the years of university training, have little to add but in the way of widening the range and increasing the depth; that all the ground plan is already laid out. This may be so; but it is probable that these years make real and felt that which has hitherto only been imagined or conjectured; they turn into convictions and principles what is as yet only a clever pose; they develop what might be called the mind's character as opposed to its mere capacities.

(2) There is astonishing variety in the forms which ability takes, and in the individuality displayed. The same theme proves capable of infinite differences of treatment. For the most hackneyed subjects this stream of perennial youth proves a veritable Medea's cauldron. Rome and Athens, Oliver Cromwell and Louis XIV., party government and novel-reading, are not hackneyed to a clever boy fresh from his Livy and Thucydides, his Macaulay or Burke. They point the moral as well as ever.

(3) It is interesting to observe how omnivorous is the mental digestion of youth. It can assimilate and utilise almost any mental food. Out of the most limited, the most old-fashioned, or the most colourless material the mind that has originality and power of reflecting, seems able to build itself up in a remarkable way. It is this receptivity young pupils, coupled with the elastic in and retentive memories they possess, that constitutes a dangerous temptation to the teacher. He is so apt, unconsciously, to trade upon these facilities; to assume that everything is properly nutritious from which the growing organism can extract nutriment, everything digestible which does not defy the eager appetite of eighteen. We want not what *can* be fed on; but the best food.

(4) On comparing things at the present time with things fifteen years ago, the number of candidates who reach a high level nowadays is a notable fact. The best are probably not better now than the best were then; but there are many more whose performance can be called good. This suggests the reflection that is often suggested by practical experience in education, a reflection which may be called melancholy if it is not to be regarded as stimulating, that a very large amount of unused talent exists. Our educational system has a huge proportion of waste products. Many who are not successful in classics are capable of being developed in other directions. Many have won the highest successes in classics after receiving their original impulse from some other subject. There are diversities of gifts, and there are still greater diversities in the modes in which thinking may begin.

A general belief has grown up that a good deal of aptitude for historical study exists in the public schools, which is now undeveloped and not sought out and encouraged. This belief has led to a joint action on the part of the colleges interested to make the examinations for history scholarships more simple, more uniform, and more accessible to the ordinary clever schoolboy.

Accessible, that is, by being open to boys who show promise, without demanding any protracted or specialised course of preparation, and by defining promise in the most liberal way so as to include general ability or literary faculty or historical imagination, even more than accuracy or extent of actual historical knowledge. But this scheme can never have its full effect and there can never be an open career for youthful historical talent till the teaching of history has become a more methodical part of the ordinary school work; till the rank and file in all public schools are taught history with something like the organisation and the skilled experience that is brought to bear in teaching classical composition and translation, classical criticism and antiquities. This by no means implies that the same proportion of time and energy should be given to the teaching of history as to classics. That would be a fatal mistake. History, except in comparatively small doses and under careful repression of the bad old mnemonic system of instruction, is not in itself a good mental discipline for the young. Bacon may be right in saying its effect on men is to make them wise. But its effect on boys who partake too freely of it is to make them prigs, morally; and parrots, intellectually.

However, history ought to be a regular if quite subordinate part of a school course at any rate in the higher forms. It may be used to give educational variety, to supplement and explain the authors that are being read, to make geography attractive instead of repulsive, in fact, to supply the background of reality which school-lessons so often want. Ancient history, handled in the proper way by a proper teacher, may bring home to the schoolboy that the dead languages were once living; and that "that hated people, the ancient Romans," were flesh and blood, and not shadows of the delectus and the grammar. But still more important, though still more indirect, is the value of English history. It can be used to emphasise the human side, which is otherwise so neglected in our school education; to stimulate the imagination, which awakes so late in the average English boy; to inculcate a reverence for the past and a sense of the continuity of national life; above all, to inspire that elevation of spirit which, as Burke said, breathes in the annals of the English race.

What can be done by the right method and the right man is already shown by the gulf that there is between the papers sent in by the best schools and those sent in by the worst, in the Oxford and Cambridge certificate examinations. This gulf used to be even wider than it is. For the great growth of historical studies in England has produced a great choice of text-books, often excellent, and always far superior to those grotesquely bad manuals which were common in England twenty and even twelve years ago, and doubtless are still flourishing, like the green bay tree, in Colonial schools. As Plato put it, they did not merely lie, but they lied in their soul. Their whole conception of history was bald, false, vulgar. But at the best, the text-book is the dry bones, which the teacher has to invest with flesh and with spirit. There is another evil which seems to be still common.

It is the dictating to a class, in a wooden sort of way, of wooden notes, to be taken down verbally, and got up by rote. It is a familiar rule that a man cannot teach well unless he has much more in reserve, as it were, than that which he brings out. Nowhere is this hard saying so true as in the teaching of history. The selection, therefore, of even the very best of text-books is only the first step. "The best in this kind are but shadows." They require filling up, so to speak, by apt extracts from the contemporary literature of the period, and by reference to the best passages of modern English writers. These extracts and these references the teacher himself will have to provide. Furthermore, in his oral lectures he will have to give clear definitions of technical terms; to explain misconceptions likely to arise; to display and demolish lurking fallacies; to exemplify the handling of single questions vertically downwards through the period; to suggest other similar questions and indicate an outline of their treatment; to quote and criticise the various modern views that have been held about the men and motives of the time; above all, to give practice in the writing of short essays, terse, clear, and strictly to the point, and to criticise rigorously the style and the "plots" of these essays, and occasionally to set groups of questions to be answered in a given time limit.

All this, it may be urged, requires an able man, assumes that he has some experience in teaching, and demands that he should have made a special and, indeed, an enthusiastic study of his subject. Certainly; and this is just what we have a right to expect of men who stand at the head of a profession, particularly when it is that great profession of education, a profession the social and political importance of which is even now only beginning to be recognised in England. As a plain matter of business, the cost of a public school education, and the value of the prizes open to schoolmasters, make it no injustice to the British parent to say that he expects to get a good article for his money's worth. There are some signs that the teaching of history in schools is beginning to attract attention, and that steady improvement may be looked for. But some of the first steps appear likely to be based on a zeal which is not according to knowledge. For example, it can hardly be doubted that the growing tendency to make boys work minutely at constitutional history is a mistake. Constitutional history is excellent training for more adult minds; but there is a kind of "wild justice" in boys' condemnation of it as "dry"; it is too abstract for them; it requires a previous knowledge which they cannot possess of the ordinary events of history; it is bound up with legal and religious problems and ideas which are hardly within their ken; and, most fatal objection, it is capable of being "crammed" by these young ostriches.

The aspects of history to which boys take most naturally are military history, geographical, literary, and, above all, biographical. And these are what will best enchain their attention and rouse their imagination. There is for a young student, and perhaps for an elder one too, more of

the full spirit of the Middle Ages to be got from Joinville's *Vie de St. Louis* than from the most penetrating disquisition by Luchaire or the most accurate epitome by Lavisse.

It would be quite possible to maintain, and by no means as a mere paradox, that the whole teaching of history to the young has been begun at the wrong end: it has begun with the abstract and the remote, it has been done through books, and it makes large demands on faith; whereas it should begin with the concrete, the palpable, and the near; it should be done mainly by oral explanations of existing facts; it should convince the reason, and make itself acceptable by making the present intelligible. Something in this direction has been already attempted in foreign countries; nor is it a greater revolution in method than has been effected before our eyes in the kindergarten system. But it would be too much even to attempt such an experiment in England yet awhile; and certainly too much to try to elucidate it at the close of a paper intended to be immediate and practical in its scope.

ARTHUR L. SMITH.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

THE USE OF MODELS IN SCHOOLS.

It is a matter for surprise that, with all the progress which has been made during recent years in the promotion of exact knowledge in the departments of classical and mediæval antiquities, practically no steps have hitherto been taken to illustrate and interpret history by means of models. Praiseworthy energy, it is true, has been shown of late in producing illustrations in the shape of plans, engravings, photographs, and the like, but little or nothing has been done to enable museums and educational institutions to procure actual facsimiles of the objects that come most frequently and most prominently under consideration in the course of classical and historical study. Such facsimiles manifestly would convey far more definite and realistic impressions than can be given by any drawings or representations on paper. In the conviction that there is here a distinct want to be supplied and a good work to be done in the interests of education, it has been proposed to provide for the manufacture of models of this nature. Announcements concerning this undertaking will be made from time to time in the ACADEMY. It is intended to execute in the first instance a series of military models, composed mainly of soldiers and siege-engines. Later, it is proposed to proceed further and to deal with naval equipment, architecture, and so forth. In the military models the men will be made of metal; the engines, which will be working-engines, of wood and metal combined where that was the case in the originals; and the whole series will be carried out on the same scale. Several antiquaries and classical and mediæval specialists, of authority and eminence, have given, or promised, their assistance, and no pains will be spared to ensure absolute accuracy in details and also finished work-

manship. The cost will be kept as low as is consistent with the standard of excellence indicated, and will naturally depend on the extent to which the public schools and museums of the country respond to the invitation to support the enterprise. The subjoined list of models already in hand, or in preparation, though of course it must not be regarded as exhaustive, will give some idea of what is in immediate contemplation. *Figures*: Greek Soldiery—Hoplite, semi-heavy-armed soldier of Iphicrates, Pelast, Macedonian Phalangites; Persian Foot-soldier (*temp.* Xenophon); Roman Soldiery—Legionary (*a* throwing the pilum; *b* using the gladius), Legionary Centurion, Aquilifer, Signifer, Vexillarius, Bucinator, Tubicen, Light-armed Spear-man, Slinger, Cavalry-soldier, Prætorian Guardsman, Centurion of Prætorian Guard; Gaulish Foot-soldier (*temp.* Caesar); British Warrior; Anglo-Saxon Warrior; Viking; Huscarl of Harold II.; Norman Horse-soldier (1066); Norman Foot-archer (1066); Man-at-arms (*temp.* Henry II.); Arbalester (*temp.* John); English Knight (*temp.* Cressy); *do.* (*temp.* Agincourt); *do.* (*temp.* Wars of the Roses); English Archer (*temp.* Agincourt); English Bill-man (15th cent.); Genoese Crossbowman (*temp.* Cressy); Scottish Spear-man (*temp.* Edward I.). *Roman Military Engines, &c.*—Catapulta, Ballista, Scorpio, Onager, Musculus, Vineæ, Testudo Arietaria, Pluteus (*various forms*), Falx Muralis, Agger, Turris Ambulatoria.

THE HEAD MASTERS' CONFERENCE.

SOME RANDOM COMMENTS.

By far the most important topic discussed by the Head Masters' Conference, held at Rugby on December 22 and 23 last, was the proposed Secondary Education Bill. The unsatisfactory state of higher education in England dates, as has been pointed out by Mr. Rashdall in the *English Historical Review*, from the wholesale destruction of grammar schools during the Reformation; and, owing to various social and economic causes, the evils resultant from its irregular and unorganised condition have been greatly intensified during the present century. The craze that set in some fifty years ago for establishing entirely new schools, instead of strengthening the time-honoured historic foundations, increased the disorder, and also led to a lamentable waste of resources. And when, somewhat later, steps were taken to rehabilitate on a first-grade footing a number of the ancient schools whose endowments had not been sufficiently ample to enable them to continue to attract their old *clientèle* whom the railways had in the meanwhile come and tempted away to the brand-new "colleges," the latter had found time to make good their footing. The result was an internecine and costly competition which has continued to hamper the progress and to cripple the efficiency of the provincial schools in particular down to the present day. Moreover, there had appeared in education a social cleavage that was unknown in the boyhood of our grandfathers. The local grammar schools

which had been good enough for the country gentlemen from father to son from time immemorial, were regarded as good enough no longer; not that the teaching was inferior, nor the grade of instruction lower, but because, somehow or other, the company which had been sufficiently select for their forefathers was not sufficiently select for them. The growth of this feeling might very possibly have been prevented by a timelier expansion of their ancestral schools, a measure which would have discouraged the creation of fresh institutions. Now, however, though the more wealthy of these schools have held, or more than held, their own, many have entirely lost their county connexions, and, so far as that element is concerned, possess merely the honourable traditions and interesting memories which their youthful rivals could not take from them, and must for some centuries yet to come be content to envy.

Before passing on, it may be worth noting that even in Germany, where the spirit of Junkerism is so strong a force, the sentiment of exclusiveness does not extend to education. In the schools "all classes meet on an equal footing," writes Mr. Bird in his *Higher Education in Germany and England*; "in one of the classes at the Real School I found the son of a butcher sitting beside the son of a count and general in the army, and I casually encountered a Russian prince attending the gymnasium." Mr. Bird's most valuable and suggestive little book was published twelve years ago: we have rarely met with a schoolmaster who had so much as heard of it, and we have never met with one who would even take the trouble to borrow it.

It is now some forty years since Matthew Arnold began to raise his voice in the wilderness and to hold forth on the text: "Organise your secondary education"; and till the day of his death—a generation later—he continued vigorously to preach the same sermon, and to preach it practically unheeded. There has been the less excuse for this neglect, seeing that the leading communities of the Continent, with their highly organised systems of national education, have presented us for many years past with a variety of object-lessons, with the assistance of which we might long ere now have framed an eclectic system of our own, suited to the needs and the peculiarities of our race and our institutions. As it is, the chaotic plight of secondary education in this country would be ridiculous were not the ills that attend it so serious. First and foremost we want centralisation. We want a strong and a competent central authority, composed chiefly, though not wholly, of persons who have had considerable and successful experience of actual teaching and of school management: an authority which would preserve all that is most precious in education from risk of shipwreck at the hands of the local councils with whose domination it is threatened. The establishment of an expert and enlightened central authority would *ipso facto* be attended by one unspeakable boon: the profession would be relieved of the amateurish and mischievous interference of the Endowed Schools Commissioners, whose meddlesome incapacity

has been so glaringly illustrated of recent years in the ruin of Christ's Hospital, and in the insensate attack upon St. Paul's School during the most brilliant period of its long and honourable career.

With centralisation must come organisation. The first step in this direction would be the registration of teachers. As registration, to mean anything, would involve the application of a test, it would probably be difficult and inexpedient to make it retrospective, so as to embrace existing teachers. But after a fixed date no fresh person should be admitted to a mastership, or granted a licence to teach at all, who had not satisfied the authorities as to his fitness both in respect of attainments and in respect of disciplinary and teaching powers. The last consideration would necessitate adequate provision for the training of masters. This has long been a pressing want, and the Head Masters' Conference has now definitely decided by an overwhelming majority in favour of the principle. Training in the theory of education it is easy to provide for; but obviously this is not enough; it is indispensable that it should be supplemented by actual experience in the handling of classes. Either cheap normal schools might be instituted in the large towns for this express purpose, the lowness of the fees being a compensation to the parent for the want of experience on the part of a portion of the staff; or each school throughout the country might be required to receive, as extra masters, a certain number of beginners. One year would probably serve as a minimum period of probation, those whose success was doubtful being tried for a second year, and then either passed or dismissed as hopeless.

Next, there is the question of State inspection. The Endowed Schools Commissioners have been in the habit of manufacturing schemes, more or less unworkable; but, fortunately for their own pride and peace of mind, and fortunately for education, they have not, except upon rare occasions, followed this up by inquiring whether the provisions of their schemes were adhered to. These schemes of the Commissioners, in fact, being the productions of scholastic dilettanti, are usually marvels of educational ineptitude, and, as such, are pretty generally disregarded. Inspection, however, would be one of the most essential duties of the central authority; and, ultimately, in all probability it could be arranged for upon a very economical basis. The trend of things seems to indicate that the secondary schoolmaster will eventually become a civil servant, with the prospect of a pension. As the inspectors should invariably be ex-schoolmasters of successful experience in schools of the same grade as those they inspect, inspectorships might be a means of pensioning off head and assistant masters of a prescribed number of years' service. With State inspection there should also be a system of State examination. For the senior forms, the examination conducted by the Oxford and Cambridge Board for higher and lower certificates might be recognised, or adopted, by the State. Indeed, it would be a great convenience if this were accepted as a general preliminary examina-

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tion in place of the many and various initial examinations for the universities and the professions. The testing of the work of middle and lower forms should be carried out conjointly by the examiners and the masters of the school under examination. The examiners also should be ex-schoolmasters who have served in schools of the same grade as those which they are set to examine; and, similarly, examinerships might be used as a means of pensioning. Roughly, schoolmasters fall into two categories: there are those whose strength lies rather in their mastership than in their attainments, and there are those whose strength lies rather in their attainments than in their mastership. This distinction would suggest the class from which the inspectors or the examiners should respectively be drawn.

Absolutely wise were the two points insisted on in the Report of the Committee of the Head Masters' Conference to Sir John Gorst: (1) That the Council for secondary education should be distinct from that for primary education; (2) that in the future organisation of studies the humanities should not be sacrificed to science. Mr. Welldon's rider desiring the Conference to co-operate with the Head Masters' Association was carried by thirty-eight votes to one; and the respect with which the Educational House of Lords throughout alluded to the Educational House of Commons is not without its amusing side. It is one of the many "things not generally known" that only a few years ago, when the Head Masters' Association first saw the light, several members of the Head Masters' Conference were invited to join the management of the infant society in order "to teach its tottering footsteps how to walk." In the common interests of education they did so, but on this daring act reaching the ears of the committee of the Conference, the latter august body promptly issued a threat of excommunication if these enthusiasts persisted in their bold resolve. The enthusiasts, however, though a mere handful, were undaunted, and with the horrors of martyrdom staring them in the face, met, and cheerfully lunched, at the Holborn Restaurant, and (before lunch) drew up a polite but firm declaration of their right and their intention to do as they pleased in the matter. Whereupon the aforesaid committee quietly executed a strategic movement to the rear, and abstained from further interference with the liberty of the free-born Englishman.

Various details, of greater or less moment, were also dealt with by the Conference at Rugby; among which were the army examinations, the dismissal of assistant masters, the School Volunteer movement, the grouping of scholarship examinations at the universities, and the curriculum of preparatory schools. With regard to the army examinations, to our mind the only really grave consideration is the fact that physical qualifications are virtually disregarded for what is after all mainly a physical vocation. Unless we are prepared to allow the head masters to have a voice in the selection, vigour of character we must unfortunately

leave out of the reckoning, since that is a quality which can be gauged only by intimate personal knowledge. But we should be heartily glad to see some regulation made by which, we do not say proof of athletic skill, but, what is of vastly greater value, proof of the capacity of bodily endurance, was demanded in the first instance from candidates for entrance to Woolwich and Sandhurst. Every head master knows that the pick of the blood, bone, and bottom in his school does not go to its natural destination, the army. The medical officer at Woolwich is reported as having admitted "that a considerable number of the cadets were not of good physique, were intellectually overworked, and were of anæmic appearance." With rickety and anæmic officers, commanding scanty files of half-drilled and stunted striplings, the kingdom may well feel anxious about its defences.

As to the dismissal of assistant masters, it may seem unsympathetic to say it, but, unless the head master is to remain an autocrat in this as in other respects, he may as well be abolished altogether. Let his office be put in commission, and let guidance and unity, discipline and centrality, and all else that combines to produce the efficient working of the microcosm of the public school, go by the board. Except a head master be an idiot or a lunatic, in either of which events six months' notice will get rid of him, he may be depended upon to deal at least justly, if not generously, with good masters. Candidates for masterships are legion, holders of masterships are many, but good schoolmasters are relatively few. The average proportion of men on a school staff who do their work really well all round, and about whom their "chief" may always feel perfectly happy, is not large. Head masters set some store by their own comfort, and do not add to their other and unavoidable worries by quarrelling with colleagues such as these. Some of us can remember what an unmitigated nuisance the old foundation-master used to be: may the gods protect us against a restoration of anything approaching to that sort of thing! We have to bear in mind, too, that, as intimated above, a headmastership nowadays is not a freehold, as it often was formerly, and the assistant master may derive a grim consolation from the reflection that if the head master can dismiss him, the governors can dismiss the head master. We believe there is only one school in England, the head master of which has an opportunity of appeal against dismissal by his governing body. But that there is necessity for change has yet to be proved. Whatever hardship in the way of uncertainty of tenure may exist for the assistant, exists also for the head; and if a right of appeal were conceded to the former, it would have to be conceded to the latter.

It is not clear whether the School Volunteer movement acts as an encouragement or as a discouragement to volunteering in adult life. We should like to have some statistics as to this. The sad thing about the Volunteer Force is the fact that, socially, it has long been steadily declining. Except in a very few "crack" regiments, gentlemen have ceased to enter

the ranks, and it is now even difficult to induce them to accept commissions. Curiously enough the country squire or the professional man is not eager to sit down to mess with the neighbouring inn-keeper or with his own gardener. All this is very deplorable, and if we knew for certain that the public school corps did anything to remedy it, we should be pleased indeed.

Last, but by no means least, we have the preparatory school. In former days boys were sent direct to the public boarding-schools at a much earlier age than is now the fashion, but at the public day schools the original entrance age is, on the whole, still adhered to. Whether the three or four years, which is all that a boy now spends at a public boarding school, is sufficient to give him the full benefit of a public school training is a doubtful point which considerations of space will not permit us to discuss now; but we cannot help thinking that here the boarding schools are at a disadvantage as compared with the day schools. In the latter a boy may usually enter as early as nine, and often does; while some day schools go further, and have attached to them a preparatory school for boys of from seven to nine staffed by ladies, so that a lad may be a dozen years in the same school. That this plan would be impossible of adoption by boarding schools is manifest, since boys would not be sent away from home at so tender an age; there is no doubt, however, that the day schools gain incalculably by securing in their own hands the continuous education of their pupils almost from the beginning.

In conclusion, to revert to the proposed Secondary Education Bill, the faulty distribution of first-grade schools, and the unsatisfactory financial position of many of them, will have to engage the attention of the enlightened central authority, for which every enlightened educationalist is praying. The irregular distribution of first-grade schools is the outcome not of special local needs, but of historical change, of accident, and often, as indicated in the introductory portion of these remarks, of mere caprice. In some parts of the country considerable districts exist in which there is not a single first-grade school; in other parts several are often found in close proximity to one another to their mutual disadvantage. So, too, the distribution of endowments is most unequal. To throw the existing endowments into hotch-potch, although actually proposed in the sixties, only a visionary would now advocate, and no Government would venture to suggest. The alternative must be faced, and many first-grade schools will have to be subsidised from the Imperial taxes, or from the local rates, or from both.

NOTICE.

IN addition to the "Educational Supplement," which will be published from time to time, it is proposed to devote a portion of the weekly issue of the ACADEMY to the subject of education. An article by Mr. J. Churton Collins, on "The Teaching of English Literature in Schools," will be included in next week's number.

REVIEWS.

RATIONAL EDUCATION.

The Foundations of Success: a Plea for Rational Education. By G. S. De Brath. (G. Philip & Son.)

By Prof. RAMSAY, F.R.S.

VARIOUS reasons have of late led many thinking men to doubt whether the English system of secondary education is worthy of the name of system. Classical tradition still controls our public schools; and in many of them the "modern side" is found not to be a brilliant success, and is maintained more as a grudging concession to the utilitarian spirit of the age than as a proper method of education, using that word in its etymological sense. "Latin and Greek," as a headmaster once remarked to the present writer, "are the most effectual agents in keeping a boy's nose at the grindstone." The statement was probably true, from that teacher's point of view; but only because the teaching of the ancient languages has been methodised, and because it is easier to find persons capable of giving precisely that kind of drill than of giving really intelligent instruction in other branches.

The whole question of school education has been treated in a masterly manner by Mr. G. S. De Brath in a book of some 200 pages, entitled *The Foundations of Success: a Plea for Rational Education*. Mr. De Brath modestly disclaims originality in his treatment of the subject; but originality often consists as much in orderly arrangement and logical sequence of ideas as in novelty; and this is a subject on which it would be difficult to write anything new. The keynote of the work is that our present systems need reform; that "success in this workaday world (and success here means existence) has come to depend more and more on 'directive skill'—power to direct the forces of inanimate nature, and of less able men, whether in units, classes, or races"; that "instruction aiming at this 'directive power' is largely given in the State-aided technical and secondary schools for the masses, and must be still more widely given in the near future"; and that such instruction "is far superior both in planned order and method to that of the expensive class-schools usually called secondary." He complains that in our public schools, and in our secondary schools in general, far too little attention is paid to the co-ordination of the various branches of instruction, and points out that Germany and America have made great strides towards a consistent co-ordination; that

"the one, by patient study of the mental operations, has discovered, and the other, with characteristic keenness, is applying, a new form of 'concentration' whereby, instead of science, mathematics, history, literature, language, and manual training being treated as entirely different 'subjects,' they are linked together, by handling each so as to afford illustrations to the others."

These two nations, which are our two great rivals in trade, are precisely the nations

which have revised their educational system; and they have done so in accordance with the fact that the wealth of a manufacturing State lies in the number of producers actively engaged, in their individual skill, and in the intelligence with which they are directed. Yet the two nations differ in mental aptitude. The present writer was much struck with a remark made by the American manager of a very large German electrical manufactory, that while German workmen were more conscientious and trustworthy, American sub-managers were preferable to Germans on account of their greater fertility of resource and energy.

Mr. De Brath draws special attention to the present time as England's opportunity.

"In the last years of the eighteenth century it was Continental war destroying commerce; in the last years of the nineteenth century it is Continental militarism sapping it. Hundreds of thousands of workmen are withdrawn from production, and heavy taxes oppress the trading classes. . . . These facts will not continue indefinitely; the magnitude of the expenditure forbids it. While they last, they are England's opportunity."

Our public and secondary schools are

"the schools for the officers of industrialism, and these are more imperatively needed by England than the technical schools we are now tardily endowing. Wise direction of industrialism is of the essence of the matter. Is it needful to insist that all skill comes first of taking thought? or that directive skill is even more useful than manual skill?"

These quotations show the ground on which Mr. De Brath builds. The superstructure is a careful treatise on physical and biological facts, on physical education, on mental education, on moral education, on method, on the stages of growth, and on the co-ordination of instruction, and a concluding chapter treats of some practical suggestions.

Mr. De Brath does not hesitate to begin at the beginning. Adopting the modern scientific definition of energy, he deals with the transformation of the chemical energy absorbed as food into heat, necessary to sustain the temperature of the body; into motion of its parts, necessary to all vital processes; and into that portion which is active in the brain, the manifestation of which is consciousness. With a short sketch of the nature of variation, transmitted to progeny, and of heredity he passes on to remark that while "we cannot change the facts which have made the degenerate, the neurotic, the hysterical, and the criminal," yet the future of young persons is greatly influenced by their environment, and that "we have only to make a suitable environment for growing organisms if we wish to mould them to our ideals; and this is the meaning of education." "It is environment that has produced variations in the past, as it is to it that the horticulturist and the stock-breeder look to produce those at which they aim; so to it, and not to mere didactics, must the educator look for his results also." And "education becomes the provision of such an environment as will favour the ethical process in the fullest application of that term; one which takes

account of the physical and intellectual side of that process as well as of its moral side." The ethical process culminates in "renunciation as the gate of the higher life."

Physical education comes first in order. The use of the body in all its muscular development, so as to evolve skill, leads not only to greater acuteness in the senses, but also to the mental habit of using them. Therefore the child should be trained by example more than by precept to use his eyes in observing natural objects and recording the observations; his ear in musical exercises; his hands in drawing and in carpentry for boys, in dress-cutting and cookery for girls. Such training makes capable men and women; "its lessons can never be learned by precepts alone, they are to be acquired by actual personal endeavour expended on real things." The *corpus sanum* is next considered, and a number of very practical maxims, gained in the school of experience, are laid down for combating and repressing the evils not uncommon in public schools.

But Mr. De Brath does not confine himself to general exposition; he gives a detailed table of divisions of the day, as in his opinion they should be spent in a school. Each week twenty-nine lessons of three-quarters of an hour each are interposed between intervals devoted to play, meals, and music. Work and violent exercise after meals are avoided, and not more than four lessons ever succeed one another. There can be no doubt that such conditions as these are favourable to the physical health and mental development of boys and girls.

Mr. De Brath defines the purpose of mental education as required to give—(1) habits of close observation, (2) discrimination of likenesses and differences, (3) power of correct inference, and (4) that command of language which is necessary for correct formulation, or for calling up a clear mental image. The "knowledge," which is sometimes spoken of as if it were the purpose of mental education, comes incidentally. As a matter of method, the formulation of a general truth should be reached only through repeated trials. It is interesting to contrast the old and the suggested way of learning that the square on the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares on the other two sides. As everyone knows, the usual method is to give the boy the proposition to learn; if he understands it, so much the better; if he does not, he is a duffer. "The right way," according to Mr. De Brath, "because the natural path of discovery, is to show that a right-angled triangle, of which the sides enclosing the right angle are in the proportion of 3 to 4, has the third side equal to 5 of the same units of length, and that $3^2 + 4^2 = 5^2$; to go on to show that the same relation holds between the sides in other cases, both arithmetically and by actual mensuration (or weighing) of the constructed squares. The general rule can then be inferred; and lastly, we can start with the rule and prove it deductively, as in Euclid I., 47. It must never be forgotten that "words come to a child as pure conventions till he sees the actual things," and the same is to some extent true with most adults. As things

are at present, "almost all our teaching is from words, and the retention of words is alpha and omega." But our instruction should aim at teaching not what to think, but how to think; and a programme is laid down in which the two chief divisions are the life of man and the life of nature.

The subject of moral education is next considered. Morality is defined as "the wise direction of the daily stock of energy; wise habits of expenditure of this stock preclude unwise habits;" and character "is that nature of mind which practises wise thought and action." The cultivation of the sense of beauty, of the sense of right, and of the infinite, are obviously the goals to aim at in moral training. The last, which involves religion, is worthy of special care; and it must never be forgotten that here, above all, example is of far more worth than precept—that our religion is our daily life as actually lived.

A chapter on "Method" follows, with details of application in actual teaching. And here we note the difficulties to be contended with. Our Universities, instead of allowing the "Lehrfreiheit" of the Continent, impose restricted courses, and test the progress of the student by examinations. This evil is a great one; and its harmful influence on the prosperity of the country is almost incalculable. For it is necessary for the schools to aim at preparation for the University, and this involves the compulsory acquisition by all boys of a number of subjects, in which many take little or no interest. Our universities also place a wrong goal before the eyes of students, the majority of whom read with the object of passing an examination, or of distancing their fellows, or of securing a scholarship, instead of with the intention of training their mental faculties for their life-work. Especially in science is this to be deplored; for the originaive faculty, and the power of management of fellow-men, is not to be tested by examination. The process leads to the selection of the unfit in a majority of cases, for a ready memory counts for more than ability to originate and to govern. The schoolmaster, however, has to take things as they are; and Mr. de Brath does his best to adapt his curriculum to the existing state of University education. It is time that our authorities in higher education recognised that nine-tenths of the energy which is expended by teachers and pupils in examining and in preparing for examinations might be used with much more profit in exercising the faculty of origination, in which few men are wholly deficient.

The scheme, which Mr. de Brath propounds in his final chapter, for instituting a model school, has much to recommend it. Happy the boys who are under his system!

For comprehensive treatment of his subject, for thorough acquaintance with what has been previously written, and for lucid statement of common-sense principles, which are so obvious when clearly laid down as almost to appear to be truisms, this little work deserves the highest commendation. It is much to be hoped that its influence may be widespread, and that its teaching may be ere long translated into action.

"Science is accuracy about common things," and with this definition, for which Mr. de Brath is responsible, his little treatise has good claim to be called scientific.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

Stories of the Cæsars from Suetonius. By H. Wilkinson. (Macmillans.)—This is another of Messrs. Macmillans' familiar and useful series of sky-blue classics, that come as a boon and a blessing to schoolmasters. The arrangement is similar to that of other numbers of the "Elementary Classics," and includes, as usual, exercises for re-translation. But the little book deserves notice for a special reason. It is quite time that a greater variety of Latin authors was made available for middle-form work; not so much, indeed, for the sake of the learner as for that of the teacher, to whom the ding-dong round of Cæsar and Ovid, Nepos and Sallust, may save trouble, but on whom such reiteration cannot well fail to produce in time a hopelessly deadening effect. Already, however, thanks to this series, even the grizzled and yawning veteran who has done his hundred terms in the third form room may be fired with the burning zeal of three-and-twenty by the elixir of Gellius, Curtius, and Suetonius, and may be further stimulated, we hope, by the prospect of fresh and invigorating draughts from Florus, Paterculus, Macrobius, and others yet to come.

Æschylus: Prometheus Bound. By C. R. Haines. (Swan Sonnenschein.)—It is difficult at first sight to realise the necessity for yet another school edition of the *Prometheus Vinculus*; but an examination of this book has persuaded us that Mr. Haines was justified in putting it forth. It would be hardly possible to pass it by unnoticed, for the attention is at once arrested by the taste and excellence of the get-up: the binding, the paper, the type, and the illustrations are of a grace and quality that combine to produce a charming little volume. We are not of those who think that anything is good enough for the British schoolboy, yet this seems almost too dainty an object to be mauled by the rude and dingy paws of Smith major or Jones minor, and suited rather to the fairy touch of their gentle sisters in the high schools. One of the above attractions, however, the insertion of scenes and drawings taken from ancient art, is, we hope, a token of the coming awakening to the fact that every educational book whose subject admits of it should be illustrated. In the text, *varie lectiones* are very properly given at the foot of the page, while with equal propriety discussion on them is omitted. The notes are well up to sixth-form standard at least, and in respect of scholarship we have discovered in them absolutely nothing with which to find fault. The frequent references to parallel passages in English literature is a new departure that is worthy both of praise and of imitation; but we should hardly have thought it worth while in a serious work to fill two-thirds of a page (p. 91) with an ex-

tract from Mr. Kinns's *Moses and Geology*, which is not literature, and, we are told, not science. The allusions to General Gordon might also have been spared in a commentary upon Æschylus. In connexion with the note on ἀφικτον ὄμμα (l. 903), it may perhaps be pointed out that it is not quite certain that "unavoided" in Shakespeare's "Richard III." (IV. i. 56) means "unavoidable"; other passages in the play rather tend to show that it is equivalent to "if not avoided." We agree with the editor in doubting whether his appendix on metre will be of much value for class-work, but it may be useful to the average teacher, if not to the taught. We are also in thorough agreement with him on another point: that indexes are indispensable appendages even to school books.

The Student's Companion to Latin Authors, by G. Middleton and T. R. Mills (Macmillans), distinctly supplies a want. It holds a position midway between the bibliography and the critical literary history. Its object is, as the preface puts it, "to give in a convenient form all the facts of importance relating to the lives and works of the principal Latin authors, with full quotation of original authorities on all the chief points," the authors being, "as far as possible, illustrated from their own works." The notice of each is divided into two sections, of which the first deals with his life, the second with his writings. Naturally, the book is to a great extent based on the *History of Roman Literature* by Teuffel and Schwabe, but other and more special authorities have been utilised where needful. At the end there is a short appendix on "Some of the Chief Ancient Authorities for the History of Roman Literature," such as Jerome, Gellius, Macrobius, and Servius. To this is added a list of selected editions, brought down to date, and two sufficiently full indexes. The compilers, who have had the advantage of the advice and assistance of Prof. Ramsay, have performed their task with care and discrimination, and the result has been the production of a volume which not only will be found extremely useful and time-saving for purposes of reference, but which can be read with profit and with interest from cover to cover.

Tacitus: Histories. Book I. By G. A. Davies. (Pitt Press.)—This edition is provided with the usual apparatus in the way of introduction, notes, and indexes, all amply sufficient for the purpose for which it is designed—that is, preparation for examinations of the standard of the Oxford and Cambridge Board. The notes, whether touching on history, grammar, or style, are clear, concise, and practical; while textual criticism, except here and there, has wisely been eschewed. In the note on *Vexillis* (p. 108), "banneret" is incorrectly used—"gonfanon" would be more appropriate, though even that would not exactly describe the *vexillum*. It is true that in mediæval Latin *miles vexillarius* is sometimes used for *miles banneretus*, and similarly *vexillum* is the word employed to express the small banner (or curtailed pennon) known as a "banneret," which, however, was quite a different

thing to the classical *vezillum*. This is just one of those frequently occurring instances which show how indispensable illustrations are to antiquarian explanations that deal with objects. The ordinary schoolboy, and, for the matter of that, the ordinary master, would learn nothing by being told that the *vezillum* was like either a "banneret" (which it was not) or a "gonfanon" (which it only somewhat resembled). In a scholarly book one comes with a painful shock upon such a phrase as "the only alternative" (p. 168).

An Introduction to Latin Textual Emendation. By W. M. Lindsay. (Macmillans.)—There is some danger lest this excellent piece of work may suffer at the hands of schoolmasters an undeserved neglect. It is not, as its title might suggest, a tome ponderous alike in matter and in bulk, and as such to be disregarded for ordinary school purposes, but a little manual of some 130 pages. Yet into this small compass Mr. Lindsay has contrived to pack a remarkable amount of material, and that, too, without sacrificing clearness to condensation. Not only will the lad who is reading for a classical scholarship find here much that he ought to know and much that he will not readily find elsewhere, but the subject is treated in so attractive a manner that it would be difficult for any intelligent fifth or sixth form boy to dip into the book without his curiosity and his interest being aroused. For reasons stated in the introduction, the text of Plautus is taken as the basis of illustration. The various sources of textual error are discussed and explained, each in a special chapter, under the respective headings of "Errors of Emendation," "Errors of Transposition," "Errors of Omission," "Errors of Insertion," "Errors of Substitution," "Confusion of Letters," "Confusion of Contractions," accompanied throughout by a marginal analysis. Then follow three appendices; the subject of the first being "The Archetype MS. of Plautus," while the second gives a "Specimen of Critical Apparatus," and the third lays down most useful and practical directions as to the method of collating a MS. There are two indexes (by the way, Mr. Lindsay prefers the form "indices," which we thought was now by general agreement definitely confined to the mathematical dialect). In future editions—and we trust there will be many—a glossary of technical terms might be added with advantage. The book is one of value and importance, and is a masterpiece of compression and lucidity; it should be on the shelves of every school library.

Xenophon: Anabasis. Book II. Edited by G. M. Edwards. (Pitt Press Series.)—There is not likely to be any cessation of demand for Xenophon's *Anabasis*, and this little edition supplies all that the schoolboy can require to help him over the early obstacles of a Greek author. Mr. Edwards supplies a clearly written introduction on the life of Xenophon and the general outlines of the expedition of Cyrus. The book is also provided, as it should be, with a map of the route.

A Handbook of Greek Sculpture. Part II. By Ernest Arthur Gardner. (Macmillans.)—This is the second and the more interesting volume of a work which Mr. Gardner, as a former director of the British School of Archaeology at Athens, is peculiarly fitted to perform. The period covered by it begins with the age of Pheidias, follows the decadence of Greek art, and concludes with the revival of portrait sculpture under Hadrian. The book is full of illustrations, and written in scholarly, though by no means pedantic, style. The chapter on the Parthenon and the Erechtheum is particularly interesting.

The Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges: Isaiah. Chapters I. to XXXIX. By J. Skinner, D.D. (Cambridge: University Press.)—In many respects this is an admirable volume. The notes are clear and concise, and the introduction will give the student a graphic picture of the political situation, as well as an insight into the moral and spiritual state of the Jews contemporary with Isaiah. But Dr. Skinner's statements with regard to genuineness are objectionable. No one should dream of introducing the present controversy on the genuineness of Homer into the schoolroom, nor did classical scholars of thirty years ago act differently with respect to Horace and Virgil. Every one whose opinion is of weight will agree that this is the reasonable practice. Whatever may be the value of the "new criticism," a schoolboy is certainly not the proper recipient of its teaching.

Pope's Essay on Criticism. Edited by John Churton Collins. (Macmillans.)—This edition is designed mainly for the use of students in England and the Colonies, and the name of the editor is a sufficient guarantee of its scholarly excellence. A memoir of Pope and a critical introduction to the essay precede the text, and the notes, though copious, are succinct and relevant.

Blackboard Drawing. By M. Swannell. (Macmillans.)—There is probably no childish amusement which carries with it so much instruction as drawing; and there are, it must be confessed, few parents who are able to direct the efforts of their children in this respect. In this book will be found copious and clear directions which cannot fail to be understood by the most stupid of parents. By a conscientious use of it, and the excellent illustrations which it contains, together with a small blackboard and a piece of chalk, a child with the slightest turn for drawing can be conducted through circles to pictures of clocks, bicycles, fish, fowl, and finally St. Paul's Cathedral.

FRENCH EDUCATIONAL BOOKS.

Le Roi des Montagnes. By Edmond About. Pitt Press Series. Edited by Arthur R. Ropes, M.A. (Cambridge: University Press.)—About was a writer most distinctively French, an incarnation of the clear mocking spirit which reached its perfection in Voltaire, though Mr. Ropes

well reminds us that Voltaire had an earnestness of purpose which About lacked. There is nothing to add to Mr. Ropes's well-balanced introduction, save to congratulate him on the fact that the author cannot retaliate. The *Roi des Montagnes* is a literary gem. The good faith with which Schulz, the botanist, tells the story of his captivity, attempted escapes, tortures, and final deliverance; of the system of brigandage carried on as a limited liability company; the travesty of heroics at Vasili's burial and the funeral oration; the simplicity with which the meek man of science poisons the whole robber band, and Hadji Staurous justifies his cruelties by urging "'tis my vocation!"—is inimitable. The reader thinks by turns of Gulliver and of Barry Lyndon. The style and language are crystal-clear, and Mr. Ropes's notes mark and explain nearly every difficulty. In some cases we could wish the notes longer, and—shade of Wright! why mistranslate "Allah Kerim!" by "God is Great" instead of "Merciful," particularly as the former is meaningless and the latter most appropriate in the passage where it occurs (p. 20)? We should have liked to see a little more etymology introduced, for the parentage and kinship of words cannot be too early taught to boys. The curious distortion of *cant* (p. 79) to mean *prudery*, and the queer relationship of *pimbêche*, "stuck-up," to Pinchbeck, might have been noticed. The whole book, however, is delightful, and is heartily to be commended.

"MODERN FRENCH AUTHORS:" *Madame Lambelle.* By Gustave Toudouze. (Whittaker.)—Messrs. Whittaker are doing good service to both countries by bringing out for English readers these "authorised" editions of modern French stories. The present volume might bear the motto *Virginibus puerisque*, and any mother might safely put it into her daughter's hands. It tells, in simple, flowing language, a tale of that honourable middle-class family life, less common in Paris than in the provinces, which is the most winning feature of some modern French fiction. A mother, early widowed by the tragic death of her husband, a martyr to professional duty, devotes her life to the welfare of an only son, who repays that unselfish love with perfect devotion, and crowns her later years with the laurels of his well-earned success. The scenes of family life, the struggles of mother and gifted artist-son, and his ultimate triumphs, completed by marriage with the very cousin whose rescue from death had cost his father's life, all are well drawn; and the chapter on an incident of the war of 1870 is good, while wisdom is shown in bidding France seek *la revanche* in those higher victories of peace of which she has already won so many. The book is one which we heartily recommend, it is worthy to rank with Hector Malot's delightful *Sans Famille*, and its interest is enhanced by knowing that some of the main facts of the story are drawn from the author's own family history. The editor, M. Boiëlle, is an experienced teacher, and his notes are short and to the point. Leading principles

of grammar are carefully explained, the renderings are almost always happy, and French military, social, and administrative phrases are clearly defined. Of course it is a mistake to call Melpomene a goddess (p. 235) instead of a muse—but even Homer nods!

A Higher French Reader. Ernest Weekley. (W. B. Clive.)—To dip into Mr. Weekley's *Reader* is like taking a plunge-bath in December—it gives one a decided shock, but is a wholesome experience for a sound intellect, as the latter is a good tonic for a vigorous body. The book consists of about one hundred and forty passages—half in prose and half in poetry, of difficult French. They are well chosen from many of the best authors of the present century, chiefly (for obvious reasons) of the romantic school; they deal in short, crisp, idiomatic sections, with all sorts of subject-matter; and the young scholar who reads the book will not only see the necessity for hard work to know French well, but he will also get much sound knowledge of its best modern authors. The selection illustrates Taine's luminous remarks, in his classic *Ancien Régime*, on the way in which France, freed by the Revolution from political fetters, emancipated and enriched her language with the wealth of extra-Parisian speech. When this useful book passes into a second edition, we hope Mr. Weekley will make it more valuable still by indicating precisely where his extracts come from; by giving short notices of the authors, and references to the best French estimates of their work; and by adding a few notes.

"MODERN FRENCH TEXTS": *Les Trappeurs de l'Arkansas*. Edited by Marguerite Ninet. (Blackie & Son.)—This is a capital addition to Mr. F. Storr's excellent series, and the schoolboy is to be envied whose French lesson is made pleasant and interesting by this story of adventure among trappers and redskins, told in easy, flowing, idiomatic style by Aimard, the French Mayne Reid. We have read the book at a sitting from cover to cover, and congratulate Mlle. Ninet on her work. Mr. Storr is right in holding that too many or too long notes are a hindrance and not a help. Idioms and points of grammar are for the most part sufficiently treated; but *sieste, dormir à poings fermés, alerte! tir à la cible*, and a few others might have been explained. Also, the difference in the use of similar or even identical words in the two languages has not always been noted. Two short introductions—the one on Aimard's life, and the other on the history of Mexico, the hero's home—add to the value of the book. The long-suffering parent will rejoice in its small price—one shilling.

Class-room Conversations in French. By Victor Bétis and Howard Swan. (George Philip & Son.)—A new system of teaching foreign languages, based (as Gouin's Series Method is) on long study, and pushed by a host of enthusiastic disciples, deserves respectful treatment. This, No. 2 of the French Series, introduces the pupil to abstract thought, as the first treats of the "Facts

of Life." Constant repetition, very gradual introduction of new ideas and phrases, and careful attention to idiom, characterise the method. The Conversations now before us seem well calculated to give the learner a rich store of idiom and considerable readiness; formal grammar must be sought elsewhere. This is not the place to discuss how far the essentials of "nature's system" can be reproduced in a foreign country. A child learns its mother-tongue in an atmosphere vibrating, so to speak, with it; things and their names get to be known together, and are inseparably associated in the child's mind. It is this fact which gave strength to the reasonings of mediæval Nominalists. In so far as it is impossible to reproduce the fostering native air, any system like the present must fall short of nature's method. In a book of elementary instruction it is scarcely pardonable to print "*le Français*" and the like, for the *language*: such a blunder, however, disfigures the book in more than one place.

Useful Extracts of Everyday French. E. M. Spicer. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

This little book, a collection of cuttings from very recent newspapers, the work of an English teacher of French in a country school, is of good augury. The very modest preface tells how the author, finding, as often happens, that the average English schoolboy took but little interest in the ordinary *French Reader*, hopes to combine instruction with amusement in the volume under review. There exists already an excellent work of the kind, Jeffcott and Tossell's *French Newspaper Reading Book* (Hachette), which is well annotated and otherwise very good. Mr. Spicer's book is meant for younger learners, and can claim a place of its own. Like Sam Weller's knowledge of London, its range is "extensive and peculiar," and the young Philistine whose interest is not roused by paragraphs on street accidents, naval manœuvres, bicycle races, school feasts, police cases, elephants' pranks, &c., all told in language as colloquial as possible, may be given up as hopeless. The book, however, must be used with caution, and with due warning that the style is not to be imitated. It would be enough to read it once a week in class. Notes should be added to explain peculiar and unusual words and phrases, many of which are not found in dictionaries.

L'Avare: par Molière. Edited by E. G. W. Brauholtz, M.A., Ph.D. (Cambridge: University Press.)—It will be long before generations of schoolboys and schoolgirls cease to be brought up on *L'Avare* and *Wilhelm Tell*; and by this time there is no lack of good editions of these masterpieces. The Pitt Press series, however, in which this edition is included, is of such uniform excellence that one must needs welcome Dr. Brauholtz' volume, which contains a valuable introduction, telling all that the Cambridge Local Examination candidate need know of the history of the play, of its debt to Plautus and Italian comedy, and of the criticism of Rousseau and Schlegel. The grammatical and explanatory notes are adequate and clear.

SCIENCE TEXT-BOOKS.

"THE ELEMENTS OF PHYSICS": Vol. II., *Electricity and Magnetism*. By E. L. Nichols and W. S. Franklin. (Macmillans.)—This book is intended for the use of students who have acquired some knowledge of mathematics. The information, for the most part, is happily conveyed, and many sections of the work, especially those on electrolysis and the electric field, may be read with pleasure. The illustrations are beyond praise, but their value has been partly destroyed by want of care in lettering. In the notation also capital and small letters are frequently interchanged, and in at least one equation confusion is introduced by using the same letter with two significations. The book contains much that is of value, but it has been rendered less useful to the student by carelessness.

Physiography for Beginners. By A. T. Simmonds. (Macmillans.)—It is anything but a light task to undertake the explanation of the elementary principles of mechanics to persons whose mathematical knowledge is limited to arithmetic, yet Mr. Simmonds has attempted it with great success. The other subjects also are brought well within the grasp of a young pupil. Excellent summaries are given at the end of each chapter, and the book is profusely illustrated. A pupil-teacher who has mastered its contents and has performed the numerous experiments described will never lack material for an object lesson.

Fuel and Refractory Materials. By A. Humboldt Sexton. (Blackie & Son.)—Mr. Sexton has produced a book which will be of great use to students of metallurgy, engineers, and others interested in technical science. The volume does not pretend to treat the subject exhaustively, but to present to the reader its main outlines. This it does with great clearness, an immense amount of information being given in a very readable form; while for those who wish to prosecute their researches further, ample references to larger works and papers on special subjects are appended. The illustrations are well executed, and will give the student a good idea of the actual apparatus and the principles on which it is constructed.

"AN INTRODUCTION TO STRUCTURAL BOTANY": Part II., *Flowerless Plants* By D. H. Scott, F.R.S. (Adam & Charles Black.)—Elementary botanical text-books, in describing typical plants, often degenerate into a dissertation on so many isolated examples. Dr. Scott has touched upon variations, and at the same time has avoided bewildering the beginner. The chief merit of the book, however, lies in the clear manner in which the life history of each plant is described and its homologies and analogies inferred. The author's method will cause the reader, as he studies each succeeding type, to recall what he has previously learnt. This idea is worth the attention of writers of elementary science manuals. The book contains numerous excellent illustrations.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

REPORTS AND RECORDS.

IN response to a request which we submitted to the Head Masters of the principal public schools for reports and records of scholastic events during the past months, we have received the following replies:

BATH COLLEGE.

Term ended with the usual concert and Latin play. This year the play selected was the "Miles Gloriosus." The music—part of which was composed for the occasion, part collected and arranged—was written entirely in the so-called Ionian and Æolian modes. A. E. Coningham as the Miles, G. W. Thomas as Palæstrio, and E. B. Ferrers as Philocomasium, were particularly good. The prologue, in Latin iambs, gave the usual summary of the successes of the year. The first place fell to E. L. D. Cole, O.B., for his Gaisford Greek verse prize—a distinction which thus goes to an Old Bathonian for the second year in succession. Then congratulations to E. L. D. Cole, A. F. Gaskell, and A. J. Morris on their Firsts in classical moderations; to V. M. Ferrers on his major scholarship at Trinity, and on the Abbott Scholarship, Cambridge; to C. W. Dunn on the Stewart of Rannoch Scholarship, Cambridge; to H. W. Garrod on his major exhibition in classics at Balliol; and to C. T. Carr on his classical exhibition at Trinity College, Cambridge. Other successes are—At Oxford: H. H. Herding, classical scholarship, Jesus College; W. H. Goudge, mathematical scholarship, Pembroke; K. T. Frost, classical exhibition, Lincoln; S. E. H. Dowding, mathematical scholarship, Queen's. At Cambridge: J. Scott, classical exhibition, King's; T. C. B. Roscoe, minor scholarship for mathematics, at Clare; H. V. Routh, classical exhibition, Peterhouse, while A. F. G. Moscardi received honorable mention for his place on the I.C.S. list. Work at the new playing field on the hillside opposite the college goes merrily on—our "maior Alcida labos"—as the prologue had it:

"Devexa plaustis alta clivorum iuga,
Ut pateat sequor qua prius dorsum fuit."

It is hoped that by the summer it will be ready for match play. The football season was not a success; but though frequently defeated, the team were never disgraced. The cup went to the schoolhouse fifteen, after a splendid struggle in the first heat between Bromleys and Town—Bromleys winning at the second attempt. The first match ended in a draw, six points all. At the Universities, W. H. Goudge, O.B., played in the Freshmen's match (Rugby) at Oxford, and T. B. Boardman in the Freshmen's match (Rugby) at Cambridge, while several O.B.'s got their caps for their various colleges. The Fives Cup was won by the schoolhouse (Thackwell and Johnson). Here, again, Bromleys defeated the Town (2-1) after a close struggle. There has been a great run on the fives courts this term—tournaments and form competitions without end—thanks largely to the energy of our fives captain, N. E. O. Thackwell. The boxing society still flourishes. The lectures for the term were delivered by Mr. Marriott, the subject being "The Age of Elizabeth." At the beginning of term Mr. A. B. James,

B.A., of University College, Durham, joined the staff, *vice* Mr. Long. Mr. James is a keen sportsman and a good oar. We hope to profit by his coaching on the river next term. Debates and readings, as of old, have occupied our Saturday evenings throughout the term. C. T. Carr is president and H. W. Garrod hon. secretary of the Debating Society. The Junior Debating Society is for the time being quiescent, but will meet again in the Easter term with E. B. Ferrers as president.

BRADFIELD COLLEGE.

There have been some changes on the staff. The Rev. W. A. Hill, M.A., and Mr. W. B. Thomas, B.A., have resigned their posts, while the new appointments are: the Rev. E. Peake, M.A., late Exhibitioner of Oriel College, Oxford, and of Giggleswick School, to the House-mastership of the Junior School; Mr. E. G. Richardson, M.A., late Scholar of Corpus, Cambridge, and of the Royal Naval School, to the mastership of the Navy class; Mr. J. H. Vince, M.A., late Scholar of Christ's College, Cambridge, and of Dover College, to a classical mastership. In consequence of the increase of the age for admission to the Navy, a Navy class has been established. The following scholarships have been gained at the Universities: C. E. K. Church, exhibition, Magdalen, Oxford; D. S. N. Greaves, scholarship, Keble, Oxford; E. G. Lomas, exhibition, St. John's, Oxford; C. E. K. Church (again), exhibition, Merton, Oxford. C. E. M. Blagden has been placed in the second class in the Final Classical School, and has been appointed to a lectureship at Christ Church, Oxford. In connexion with the games, the chief events of note have been the matches against Lancing and Radley, both of which were drawn—the former at four goals, the latter at one goal, each; while the new Pavilion has been completed, at the cost of £950. The total number of members in the Cadet Corps last term was 95. Of these 3 were officers, 31 were enrolled members attached to the A Company of the 1st V. B. Royal Berks Regiment, and 18 were in the band (bugle and drum). Eleven recruits joined the corps. On November 1 a field-day was held on Old Deane Common, at which ninety members attended. N.C.O.'s instruction classes were held weekly through the term.

BRADFORD GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

The following distinctions have been gained at the Universities since September last: E. H. Stapleton, scholarship for natural science, St. John's College, Oxford; G. W. Armitage, scholarship for classics, Magdalen, Oxford; E. E. Walker, exhibition for natural science, Trinity, Cambridge; R. G. Burgess, exhibition for classics, Queen's, Oxford; G. J. Gottschalk, exhibition for natural science, Christ's, Cambridge; J. R. Sedgwick, scholarship for classics, Trinity, Oxford; N. W. Hammond, scholarship for classics, Sidney Sussex, Cambridge; F. G. A. Butler, was placed in the first class in Literæ Humaniores in August, 1896, and passed fifth in the Indian Civil and Home Civil Services; R. E. Coupland, of New College, Oxford, was first in the Indian Police Examination; B. H. Slater, of Trinity College, Cambridge, has been elected to a University scholarship at the Middlesex Hospital; and the Rev. H. de B. Gibbins, M.A. (Oxon.), author of *The Industrial History of England*, &c., has received the degree of D.Litt. from Dublin University. In the Oxford and Cambridge Board Examinations

of July, 1896, 21 higher and 31 lower certificates were gained; the distinctions being 30 and 85 respectively. The school has again won the Yorkshire Public Schools' Challenge Cup, and the first fifteen has an unbeaten record in matches with other schools. The Debating Society has held six fortnightly meetings, and the challenge cup for the best speaker was awarded to K. A. R. Sugden. The Science Club has met fortnightly and discussed papers on carbo-hydrates, crystallisation, the heart, Egypt and Palestine, and celestial photography. The Glee Club has held weekly meetings, and is at present engaged upon Sterndale Bennett's cantata, "The May Queen." On December 14 a gymnastic entertainment was given by a team of boys from twelve to fifteen, in the school gymnasium, under the direction of the instructor, Sergeant-Major Dearing, before a large number of spectators. The Science and Art prizes were distributed on December 17 by the Mayor of Bradford. In the course of the proceedings it was mentioned that the head master (the Rev. W. H. Keeling) that day completed the twenty-fifth year of his connexion with the school.

BRIGHTON COLLEGE.

The third term of 1896 passed very quietly, undisturbed by illness or any great event. For the boys perhaps, the chief interest was the success of the football team, which was unusually strong, defeating Lancing by seven goals to one; perhaps its best performance was the defeat of Reigate Priory. The House Football Cup was won by Chichester House, after a good struggle in the final with Hampden House. The same house also carried off the gymnasium cup. The result of the summer examination showed that five higher certificates and two distinctions from the Oxford and Cambridge Board had been gained, thus fulfilling the hopes for success expressed by Sir John Lubbock at the prize-giving. Among distinctions gained by old boys should be mentioned the elections of Sir E. J. Poynter as P.R.A., and Mr. T. G. Jackson as R.A.; also that in the S.E. district manoeuvres this year Col. W. E. R. Kelly, O.B., commanded the Canterbury force, while Col. E. Clayton, O.B., commanded the opposing force. A memorial tablet in honour of Dr. Griffith, former head master, was unveiled in the college chapel in the summer by the Rev. J. Newton. There was one change on the staff at the conclusion of term, Mr. H. Sharpley leaving the college to take up an appointment at Marlborough; his place as sixth form tutor is to be filled by Mr. H. L. Drake, B.A., of St. John's College, Oxford.

BRECON: CHRIST COLLEGE.

Mr. Rubie has left us, to take up the head mastership of Eltham, Mr. Patterson to join the Mercers' School. They are succeeded by the Rev. C. Foxley, St. John's College, Cambridge, and Mr. P. R. Bartley, Christ's College, Cambridge. C. T. Davis obtained fourth place in the India Civil Service, and (simultaneously) in the Home Civil Service, Class I.; he has gone to the Admiralty. A. J. Harding has been elected to an open exhibition for natural science at St. John's College, Cambridge. Prizes were distributed on September 22 by the Principal of Jesus College, Oxford. We had five higher certificates (two distinctions) and nine lower (twenty-two distinctions). The lectures, inaugurated last year, have been continued; there were three in all. Mr. H. N. Hutchinson gave us an interest-

ing foretaste of his *Prehistoric Man*, which was going through the press at the time. The Rev. A. C. Fryer (A.C.S.) and the Rev. J. D. James (O.B.) addressed the school on the Lwynypia Mission, to which the boys contribute. The Old Boys had a successful dinner: about seventy assembled. The Bishop of Bangor was present, and the occasion was marked by an announcement that Col. John Morgan was to give extra prizes and exhibitions to the value of £50 in the coming year, with a possibility of the gift becoming annual. "Trial by Jury" was given in the Big School to a large gathering at the end of term, and passed off well. We have to thank Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte for a special permission to perform it. The football fifteen has done fairly, being strong forward, but short of good backs. We lost the Llandovery match easily. T. J. Thomas is playing again for Cambridge. The Cadet Corps was inspected by the General commanding the district, and commended for smartness. There are now fifty-six in the corps. The head master is collecting for a new lectern.

THE LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

The number of boys at the school during the autumn term was 148, including three day boys. The latter element will become regular next term, being a new departure only just undertaken. The entrance scholarship results at Cambridge came out very satisfactorily for us. P. B. Haigh was first in classics at St. John's College, and was elected to a foundation scholarship of £70. F. W. Hasluck was third in classics among the candidates in the joint examination of six colleges, and was elected to a foundation scholarship at King's; declining the emolument (£80), he ranks as an honorary scholar, retaining the status and privileges of an ordinary foundation scholar. In addition to these, R. Smailes was awarded an exhibition of £30 at Emmanuel for classics, and R. T. Race one of £40 at St. John's for mathematics. The latter declined his exhibition, as he will be eligible again next year. Last year The Leys had two entrance awards at Cambridge in mathematics, and three in natural science. The mathematical staff has lost Mr. Talbot Peel. An important reconstruction is involved in the appointment of the senior resident master, Mr. J. C. Isard, to the post of bursar. Mr. Isard was senior prefect when the school was founded in 1875, and he has been on the staff since 1880. The football season has been an average one, with seven matches won, seven lost, and one drawn. We defeated Merchant Taylors', Bedford Modern, and Mill Hill Schools, and only lost to St. Paul's by a try. The results would have been better but for the injury of our best scoring three-quarter, W. B. Beckett, in the first match. The House Shield has been won, for the sixth consecutive football season, by North House "B." The second fifteen has won four matches and lost two. On November 5th a public presentation was made by Dr. Moulton to J. Sly, who had been awarded a Royal Humane Society's certificate for saving a man from drowning in Windermere last August. The Orchestral Society gave their annual concert on December 4th, when a successful performance of Handel's *Samson* was achieved under Dr. Mann's leadership. The principal soloists were from the Guildhall School of Music. Other school societies have been active. The Literary Society has largely added to its numbers, and besides the ordinary meetings for debates, papers, and readings, has had two open lectures,

one by Mr. G. E. Green, on "Philip van Artevelde," and one by a visitor, the Rev. W. Pedr Williams, of Clapton, on "Russell Lowell." The Natural History and Science Society has continued its Saturday afternoon lectures in the Kelvin Lecture Theatre, in the Science buildings opened by Lord Kelvin three years ago. Mr. A. H. Evans, of Clare, kindly gave a lecture on "Birds"; and the members of the science staff lectured—Mr. Osborn on "Spectra and Fluorescence," Mr. de Havilland on "Rivers," and Mr. Brownson on "Ventilation." Among the doings of Old Leysians may be mentioned the appointment of W. F. Reddaway, King's, to be lecturer in history to the non-collegiate students, and the following degrees taken at London Universities: T. Penman, B.A. (just after leaving the school), A. H. Spicer, M.B., and F. A. Bainbridge, B.Sc. In another field we note C. F. Hadfield, of Trinity, captaining the C. U. lacrosse twelve, in succession to another O. L. W. W. Gibberd, also of Trinity, has tempered his mathematics with cross-country running; he has been captain of the C. U. harriers, and came in first for them against Oxford. A very prominent question in O. L. circles has been the condition of the O. L. F. C., which a few seasons ago could play the Universities and the best London clubs on equal terms, but which has of late been in grave difficulties, owing to the distance from London of its most effective players. A draw with the London Scottish is the only really good performance this year, and on no occasion could a representative team be collected. An energetic effort has been made to press the financial and other needs of the club on the attention of Old Leysians generally. The annual O. L. dinner has been fixed for Thursday, January 21. The *Conversazione*, which has hitherto been the event of the Christmas vacation, is this year to be held in May.

KING'S SCHOOL, CANTERBURY.

It is with the greatest regret we have to record the resignation of our head master, the Rev. T. Field, who has been appointed warden of St. Peter's College, Radley. Excepting the time he was at Oxford, when he was a fellow of Magdalen College, and the six years he spent as a master at Harrow, Mr. Field has been closely connected with the school ever since he first came here as a boy thirty years ago. Though his ten years' tenure of the head mastership has been marked by no striking outward changes, Mr. Field may look back with satisfaction at the list of successes gained, and feel that he leaves the school to his successor in a thoroughly efficient state. By his unflinching kindness and keen interest in every department of the school life he has endeared himself to all, and it is with the deepest sorrow that we shall lose him. Valuable presents were given to Mr. and Mrs. Field by the boys, old boys, and masters, and an address by the Dean and Chapter. The Rev. A. J. Galpin has been unanimously elected to succeed him. Mr. Galpin was a Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and has been for ten years a master at Marlborough. We look forward with confidence to his coming. There will be no other changes on the staff at present. C. H. Clarke has obtained a classical exhibition at Jesus College, Cambridge. The football fifteen has been only fairly successful, having won four matches and lost seven, though several of the defeats were by very narrow margins. The Harvey (Scientific) Society has taken a new lease of life.

CHELTEMHAM COLLEGE.

The Rev. J. A. Owen, M.A., First Assistant Master of the Classical Department, resigned his post at Christmas to undertake, as unsalaried missionary, the charge of the Cheltenham College Mission at Nunhead, London, S.E. Mr. Owen has been a master at the College for twenty-six years, and achieved notable success with the T.C.S. class. His work with the Upper Sixth (Classical) has likewise been most fruitful. Mr. Owen's departure is universally regretted. It was made the occasion of presentations by his colleagues and by the sixth form, and the ovation which he received from the assembled college at his last appearance will not readily be forgotten by those who were present. His work with the Sixth Form Classical will be undertaken by his son, Mr. A. S. Owen, B.A., of New College, Oxford, as Principal's Assistant. The new chapel, erected at a cost of £13,000, from designs by Messrs. Middleton, Prothero & Philott, of Cheltenham, was opened last term. It is an imposing stone building in the Perpendicular style, with fine groined roof, and is capable of seating 800 persons. The fittings, with the exception of the altar and reading desk, are of a temporary character. The opening ceremony was to have taken place on October 14, when the late Archbishop of Canterbury was to be the preacher. The sudden death of the Archbishop on the 11th rendered a postponement of the festal services necessary, but the chapel was dedicated on the 13th by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. Thanksgiving services for the completion of the structure were held on December 16, the preachers being the Archbishop of Dublin (O.C.) and the Head Master of Rugby School (late Principal). The services were attended by a large company of Old Cheltonians and others interested in the college, who were entertained at luncheon by Lord James, of Hereford (O.C.), President of the College Council. The following scholarships were gained in October, November, and December, 1896:—C. Moore, open classical scholarship, Balliol College, Oxford; F. Luce, open classical demyship, Magdalen College, Oxford; C. G. Grove, open classical scholarship, Hertford College, Oxford; A. S. Lucy, open classical scholarship, Hertford College, Oxford; G. N. Orme, open classical scholarship, Hertford College, Oxford; D. Wenham, open classical scholarship, Pembroke College, Cambridge; A. G. M. Fletcher, open classical exhibition, Trinity College, Oxford; F. C. Watmough, open classical exhibition, Keble College, Oxford; T. H. B. Phillips, open mathematical scholarship, Emmanuel College, Cambridge; C. E. Wright, open mathematical scholarship, Caius College, Cambridge (the above are direct from the school); J. H. K. Adkin, open exhibition in modern history, Keble College, Oxford (left college August, 1896); F. C. Dyer, Organ Scholarship, Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. Entrances to Woolwich (direct from the college), June, 1896:—A. C. Littledale, 5th; R. E. M. Russell, 10th; W. L. Browne, 12th; G. A. P. Brown, 17th; H. A. Ramsay, 25th. December, 1896:—D. A. Thomson, 1st; H. W. Lockhart, 8th; J. P. Benn, 16th; G. W. S. Morris, 19th; A. C. Baylay, 28th. Entrances to Sandhurst (direct from the college), June, 1896:—T. F. Woodham, 16th; C. G. M. Blomfield, 58th; D. J. Dickinson, 60th; T. H. Dansey, 64th; W. S. Poe, 78th. December, 1896 (list not yet issued). Distinctions won by old boys: Rev. C. R. Carter, M.A., Corpus Christi

College, Oxford—Fellow of Magdalen College; A. W. Hazel, Hertford College, Oxford—First Class Math. Moderations, December, 1896.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

The Incorporated Association of Head Masters held their annual meeting here on Thursday, the 14th inst., Dr. Wormell being in the chair. Some 200 members of the association were present, and were cordially welcomed by the Head Master. Open scholarships for Classics have been awarded to C. A. Snow and C. W. Welman, at Wadham and Pembroke Colleges, Oxford, respectively.

CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL.

Among recent successes at the Universities we have to record, at Cambridge, the Craven Scholarship, the Prendergast Studentship, and Sir William Browne's Medal for Latin Epigram; at Oxford, the Prize for a Poem on a Sacred Subject, and the Senior Greek Testament Prize.

CLIFTON COLLEGE.

During the last term Mr. Trimnell, who has been Director of Music since the beginning of the school, was succeeded by Mr. A. H. Peppin, and M. Pellissier, who has been appointed to an educational post in France, by Mr. von Glehn. Mr. Pentecost has been appointed a Science Master. The following have gained entrance scholarships at the Universities:—at Oxford: E. Macfadyen, classical scholarship, Wadham College; at Cambridge: E. J. Stanley, mathematical minor scholarship, Trinity College; J. Monteath, classical scholarship, King's College; F. H. Pim, classical scholarship, Christ's College; A. R. Cox, classical exhibition, Emmanuel College; J. Davidson, classical exhibition, Pembroke College; F. A. Haas, science exhibition, Sidney Sussex College. At the recent examination for admission to R.M.A., Woolwich, D. Affleck Graves gained the third place. The following gained admission to R.M.C., Sandhurst:—G. Craster (fifth place), H. R. Watson (tenth place), H. C. McWalters, G. T. Van der Gucht. Among the distinctions gained by Old Cliftonians during the last term are the following:—Admission to the Home and India Civil Service: G. L. Barstow (eighth place), R. J. R. Glancy, A. R. Loftus Tottenham, J. Comes. R. S. Hole has been appointed Fellow of Cooper's Hill; F. W. Hirst to the Russell Research Studentship in Economics; and W. A. Hirst has been appointed Principal of the Government College, Meerut. The following Old Cliftonians serving in the Sudan are mentioned in the Sirdar's despatches:—The late R. Polwhele (a young Engineer of much promise), H. P. Shekleton, J. K. Watson, S. Willcock. Capt. J. K. Watson has been appointed Companion of the Distinguished Service Order, and Capt. H. P. Shekleton has been promoted to be brevet major.

DOVER COLLEGE.

Dr. Astley, chairman of the council, has undertaken to rebuild the class-room wing of the school buildings, so as to add four new class-rooms and improve the existing ones; also to erect at the college gates a porter's lodge, which is to include a "tuck-shop." These buildings are to be put in hand in January, and will be opened in the summer. In connexion with the workshops, there has been a new organisation of classes for junior boys. These are conducted by football sets, when the ground is assigned

to other sets, thus furnishing instruction in the rudiments of carpentry as an alternative to games, without taking away from the latter. These classes are very well attended. Additions to the honour list are: W. C. Bowles, classical scholarship, Corpus, Cambridge; S. J. Cox, classical scholarship, St. John's, Cambridge; B. B. Colbeck, Woolwich entrance, twenty-third place. The prizes were distributed in July by Dean Farrar, and the honour list then read by the head master included three scholarships at Cambridge, and successes at Woolwich and Sandhurst. With regard to the last term's games, the Rugby football fifteen had no point scored against them on any ground in Kent.

DURHAM SCHOOL.

Mr. J. T. Johnson, M.A., has been appointed to a science mastership. He has been for nine years the science master at Oakham School, and was formerly a Demy of Magdalen College, Oxford. The head master has returned to resume work, after an enforced absence from ill-health during last term. All Dunelinians have heard with pleasure of the appointment of Dr. Creighton to the Bishopric of London. Dr. Creighton was elected to a King's Scholarship at Durham in 1857, and was one of the most brilliant of Dr. Holden's pupils. J. E. Houldey, the head of the school, has been elected to a scholarship at Clare College, Cambridge. The Old Dunelinian Football Club has been very successful during its first season, and has thoroughly justified its existence. The examination for entrance scholarships will probably be held during the first week in June.

EDINBURGH: FETTES COLLEGE.

Mr. W. G. Coast (Marlborough and King's, Cambridge) has been appointed to the vacancy arising from the resignation of Mr. A. S. Forster. Mr. Forster's retirement was much regretted. The new science buildings will be opened this January. They comprise an enlargement of the old physical laboratory, the addition of a very spacious chemical laboratory, a chemical lecture room, and a general room for lantern work. Hitherto the equipment for science has hardly been sufficient, but the new buildings are a very important addition. During last term J. H. Lumsden was elected to an open classical exhibition at Trinity College, Cambridge, C. O'Flaherty to an open classical scholarship at Christ's College, Cambridge, W. B. Thomson to an open classical exhibition at Wadham College, Oxford, W. R. E. Prentice, W. E. Wait, and R. F. MacFarlan gained bursaries at Edinburgh University, and R. R. Mitchell a bursary at Glasgow University.

EDINBURGH HIGH SCHOOL.

Three new masters have been appointed this session: Messrs. Trotter, Muir, and Ross. Mr. Trotter was High School Club Prizeman in 1885, and Mr. Muir was Macmillan Club Medallist in 1891. Bursaries have been gained at Edinburgh University by J. B. Jameson, A. R. Normand, W. K. Tait, J. S. Ross, and G. Millar; at St. Andrews' University by M. Neill. W. J. Keith has taken the first place in the final examination for the Indian Civil Service; A. B. Keith has gained the Vans Dunlop Scholarship of £300 in classics, at Edinburgh University. At the medical graduation on August 1 last G. R. Wilson, the International football player, was capped M.D., and gained a gold medal for his thesis. Prince-

ton University has conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws on Prof. Seth, of the University of Edinburgh, an old High School boy, and S. H. Capper, *dux* of the school in 1875, has been appointed Professor of Architecture in the University of Toronto. All High School boys will appreciate the generous offer of Mr. Bruce to place above the west doorway of the hall the carved stone bearing the coat-of-arms of the city, and dated 1578, which has for so long been hidden away in the school museum. The stone (of which an illustration is given in the *Schola Regia*, the school magazine for December last) was taken from the building in Blackfriars' Wynd, which was erected for the High School in 1578, and used till 1777, when the larger school in Infirmary-street was built. It thus recalls many ancient traditions, and when placed in the present building will form an interesting link binding the school of to-day with the school of olden times.

ELTHAM: THE ROYAL NAVAL SCHOOL.

The Michaelmas term opened with important changes: in the first place it was resolved by the Council to revert to the old name of the school (familiar to "Old Boys" of the R.N.S.) and drop the local name. In the next place, the Rev. R. Percival Brown, after a head mastership of five years, resigned office to take up Dr. Way's work at Warwick. He was succeeded by the Rev. A. E. Rubie, late Senior Hulme Exhibitioner of Brasenose College, Oxford, and for five years head master of Richmond School, Yorks. There were four other changes in the *personnel* of the staff—viz., Mr. E. L. Richardson (who has gone to Bradfield), Mr. G. R. Joyce (who has a house at Reading School), the Rev. H. R. Humphreys (who follows Mr. Brown to Warwick), and the Rev. A. Cross (bursar). These vacancies were filled by the appointments of Mr. B. W. Pearce, B.A., late exhibitioner of St. John's College, Cambridge (who takes over the mastership of the Navy classes); of Mr. W. L. Bunting, B.A., late Scholar of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and an old University football "Blue"; and of Mr. T. H. Howson, B.A. (who succeeds the Rev. A. Cross as bursar). Mr. Richardson's house was taken over by Mr. E. W. Rhodes, with Mr. Pearce as his colleague; Mr. Bunting fills the vacancy caused by Mr. Rhodes' housemastership, and Mr. Henwood joined Mr. Minton. One important change in the buildings was effected during the summer holidays. What had been previously the bursar's house was transformed into an additional infirmary, fitted with all the newest appliances of hygienic art; so that with the old sanatorium there is more than ample accommodation for all the ills to which the flesh is heir. There are other contemplated additions in the future. Among the "Honours" gained during the past term we may mention a commission in the Royal Marine Artillery, the notice of which came out on the last prize-day, gained by A. W. G. Ridings (head monitor and captain of cricket), and a sub-sizarship at Trinity College, Cambridge, offered to G. V. Rayment. The result of other "Service" examinations is not yet published. Our own scholarship examination begins on April 1 next. Of the doings of "Old Boys," we may chronicle the following as worthy of notice: a successful annual dinner on Founders' Day, when the chair was taken by J. Clarke, Esq., J.P., the oldest living O. B.; an article in the *Fortnightly Review* by W. Knox Johnson, Esq., who was proxime

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for a Fellowship at All Souls'; the promotion to a captaincy of F. W. Shea, Indian Staff Corps; the appointment of Colonel J. G. Ponsonby as Military Attaché at Constantinople (on gaining his colonelcy last year, Colonel Ponsonby was the youngest Colonel in the Service); we may also mention a medal of the Royal Humane Society given to G. E. Lucas for saving a "mess-mate's" life at great risk; a commission gained by T. C. S. Bishopp in the Cape Mounted Rifles; and the successful play of F. H. Cavendish in the R. I. E. C. Football fifteen. Other news of O.B.'s is sadder: such as the dedication, by the Bishop of Cork, of a window and tablet in Innishannon parish church to General Sir R. Meade, who had seen much service in India as a soldier, administrator, and diplomatist; the deaths of Mr. A. M. Cleveland, assistant paymaster of H.M.S. *Dart*; of Rear-Admiral J. W. Webb; of the Rev. J. Gilmore (author of *Storm Warriors*); and of Major E. W. Hobbs, R.M.A., who passed from us first into Woolwich. To turn to other things: the various school societies have had a flourishing existence during the term, principally we may notice the prosperous state of the carpenter's shop, additions of books to the house libraries, and increased facilities for using the swimming bath. The fund for the building of the chapel increases, but only too slowly; it now amounts to £1,500, when this amount is doubled building will be commenced. The part of the chapel offertory which is devoted to the Home for Waifs and Strays falls this year just short of the £15 required to maintain the boy whom the school supports. We have had several interesting open nights this term, not the least appreciated being a lecture by the Rev. H. H. Hutchinson, F.G.S., on "Extinct Monsters." On September 23 the Queen sent us the following message: "The Queen thanks you all for your kind telegram of loyal congratulations." Turning to athletics, the first football fifteen have had a successful term. Out of ten matches played, six were won and four lost; the team gained 145 points and lost 52. The second fifteen have also played well, and the matches of the Junior House show some promising material for the future. We must not omit to mention that Mr. W. L. Bunting, who has played for Richmond all the season, played in the North v. the South. On December 12 an assault-at-arms was held in the dining-hall. With a view to improving the cricket field for next season, a great part of it has been relaid and freshly levelled. The *Elthamian* was published as usual at the end of term. The customary "House Supper" concluded the term on December 17.

HARROW SCHOOL.

The loss of one of the school visitors, owing to the death of Archbishop Benson, has been replaced by the translation of the other school visitor, Dr. Temple, to the Archbishopric of Canterbury, Dr. Creighton succeeding him as Bishop of London as the second school visitor, while the vacancy at Peterborough was filled by the choice of an old Harrovian, the Hon. and Rev. E. Carr-Glyn. Another loss to the school by death was that of Mr. W. H. Stone, who had been one of the Governors since 1868, and was senior member but one of that august body. Although Mr. Stone has not been often seen at Harrow recently, he was assiduous in attendance at Governors' meetings, where his financial ability and

his aptitude for hard work will be much missed. Mr. W. G. Young, of Eton, and Magdalen College, Oxford, came to Harrow in September as a master in the Army class. The term has been chiefly memorable for the introduction of the electric light into the chapel and most of the school houses. The light has not yet been put into the schoolrooms, but it is understood that it soon will be. Little has been done in the way of building. Ducker Cottage has been rebuilt, and a new wing to the head master's house is nearly complete, but this latter is invisible from the High-street. There is talk of a new block of schoolrooms, but the site and size are not yet fixed. Two benefactions by old Harrovians have been added to our long list. Mr. Yates Thompson has followed up his gift of a drawing school, now in full use, by founding drawing prizes; and the late Mr. E. L. Oxenham left a sum of money by will to be added to the Oxenham Epigram Prizes founded by his father. The subscriptions to the Shaftesbury memorial have taken visible shape in a portrait of the great earl which has been placed in the Vaughan Library. A mural tablet is to be fixed to the old schools to commemorate the place where, as a boy, he made his famous resolve to give his life to helping others. We have had a new edition of the School Song Book, containing a complete set of school songs, and also a number of other well-known songs, not, indeed, special to Harrow, but suitable for house singing. Mr. Cecil Brown, an old Harrovian, is publishing in parts a very remarkable book on "The Horse." The author's illustrations are admirable. Scholarships have been won during the term at Caius College, Cambridge, by C. Hartree, classics; at Clare College, Cambridge, by F. R. Stogdon and A. H. R. Robinson, classics; at Hertford College, Oxford, by J. E. Masterton-Smith, classics; and exhibitions at Trinity College, Cambridge, by G. Savory, science; at Balliol College, Oxford, by E. Wright, history. It is to the credit of the school that, since 1885, sixteen scholarships or exhibitions have been won at Balliol, and that no year has passed without the school being represented in the scholarship list there. In June, H. E. F. Rathbone, 11th; W. G. Belcher, 16th; E. F. St. John, 30th, passed into Woolwich; and J. J. Dalrymple, 7th, Cavalry; C. G. Buchanan, 31st, Infantry; B. P. Lefroy, 39th, Infantry, passed into Sandhurst. In December, H. E. Goad, 8th, and H. W. B. Thorp, 74th, passed into the Infantry; and G. C. Hamilton, 6th, and W. A. Orlebar, 14th, into the Cavalry. This list takes no account of any except those who pass direct from the school. Three old Harrovians, A. E. Batchelor, C. S. F. Crofton, B. N. Bosworth-Smith, passed the I.C.S., L.C.M.S. Amery gained a first in Great. The school football eleven has not had a very successful season, and the difficulty of getting teams to play the school at the Harrow game has been increasingly felt. The adoption of association may thus be brought a step nearer. The Old Harrovian Football Club is also unsatisfactory, and, as far as can be judged, has little wish to mend its ways. In house football Mr. Bushell's was champion house. F. W. A. Rattigan won the Ebrington racket, and Mr. Stogdon's house the championship. The school corps has been temporarily re-animating by an enlistment of more masters and a grant of remission of work to its members; but it remains to be seen whether this policy will be permanently effective.

The Scientific Society has reduced its numbers, and is in consequence much more prosperous than of late. The Debating Society held one meeting, of which complaint was made that most of the house were reading *Punch*, and then collapsed.

HIGHGATE SCHOOL.

Mr. P. W. Oseroff, of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge (1st class Natural Science Tripos, 1893), has been appointed to the vacant science mastership, and begins work in January. The governors at their last meeting in December decided to add another wing to the school buildings. P. T. Allen gained an open classical scholarship of £60 a year at Christ's College, Cambridge. The annual school concert took place on December 21, under the conductorship of Mr. F. C. Woods, M.A., Mus.Bac., organist and choir master. Foundation scholarships have been awarded to F. A. Atkey, C. A. Sharpe, A. E. Bishop, and N. Walker; a Gladstone Scholarship to N. A. Robinson; and house entrance exhibitions to J. H. Laurence and J. H. Quigley. Concerning Old Boys we have to record that H. P. Duval (Indian Civil Service), and L. W. C. Schrader (Ceylon Civil Service) left England in November to begin work; R. G. Hetherington (late second lieutenant in the School Cadet Corps) has been appointed captain, and to take command of the Trinity College Company of the 4th (Cambridge University) V.B., Suffolk Regiment; C. C. F. Hosken (late sergeant in the School Cadet Corps) has been appointed sub-inspector in the newly-formed Rhodesia Mounted Police.

LLANDOVERY COLLEGE.

In the Oxford and Cambridge Schools Examination Llandoverly gained this year twenty-eight higher certificates and thirty-eight distinctions, being at the head of the list in distinctions and taking distinctions in all the subjects (ten) offered for the examination. Thus the year 1896 has been a record year for the school in the Oxford and Cambridge Board results, as it was also in scholarships and exhibitions at Oxford and Cambridge. In the year 1897, being the jubilee of the school, an earnest effort is to be made to raise £20,000 to improve and extend the school buildings. The celebration of the jubilee will take place sometime in the summer. A large gathering of Old Boys met at dinner at the Park Hotel, Cardiff, on Friday, January 8, with the view of organising an Old Boys' Jubilee Fund. This year's Rugby football team is specially strong, winning the match against Brecon College, which is the chief match of the season, by three goals and four tries to nil. Three members of last year's team played in the Freshmen's match at Oxford this term. For many years the school choir have, at the end of the Michaelmas term, performed one of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas. The opera selected this year was "Patience," which was a great success.

LEAMINGTON COLLEGE.

Our winter term commenced on September 22, boarders returning as usual on the previous afternoon. Fewer old faces were to be missed than usual, while there was about the average entry of new boys, so that our numbers showed a net increase—this satisfactory result having now taken place for the last nine successive terms. Only one change has taken place in our staff of masters by the appointment of Mr. C. R. H. Castellain, of Trinity College, Cambridge, to an additional mastership.

Our school curriculum has remained much the same as before, the principal alterations that have taken place being in the work of the army class, several additional classes and extra hours of instruction having been arranged for the especial benefit of its members. On the whole, the term has been an uneventful one, save for an epidemic of measles, which more than decimated the various forms. Possibly because they had little time to reflect on such trifles, the boys of the aforesaid army class, with one exception, escaped the scourge. Our annual prize day had to be postponed in consequence of the prevalent illness, but we are looking forward to celebrating it next term. Our various societies have flourished and done good work. The Natural History and Science Society has been especially prominent, quite a large number of members having taken the trouble to prepare some very interesting papers. Several good lectures have been given to the society, perhaps the most popular being an account of the "hot springs" of New Zealand, by the president, and a very attractive paper on the "Nansen Polar Expedition," by Mr. Castellain. The Glee Society held their fortnightly meetings as usual, and enlivened the close of the term by a very bright variety entertainment, which did great credit to their conductor, Mr. Duchesne. The House chess clubs reopened their sittings as the days drew in, and some well-fought tournaments were concluded, some of the games being marked by considerable thought and clever manipulation of the pieces. Considerable improvements have been made in the reading room, owing to the energy of our worthy secretary; the floor having been covered with a warm and restful-looking linoleum, and comfortable chairs having taken the place of the backless forms, while anyone who wants a particular paper can now find it in its proper place.

MALVERN COLLEGE.

The new chapel was begun last term, the architect being Sir Arthur Blomfield, A.R.A. The foundation stone will be placed probably in the summer term. The following scholarships have been gained: R. B. Arnold, classical demyship, Magdalen College, Oxford; H. Westley-White, classical scholarship, Balliol College, Oxford; R. H. Hickman, classical scholarship, Jesus College, Cambridge; A. G. P. Pullan, classical scholarship, Trinity College, Oxford; G. E. de J. du Vallon, classical scholarship, Peterhouse, Cambridge; G. P. Blake, mathematical exhibition, Trinity College, Cambridge; H. E. Piggott, mathematical scholarship, Clare College, Cambridge. A. D. S. Paterson, W. E. Kennedy, J. R. Barrett, and J. M. E. Poole passed into Sandhurst. In the Indian Civil Service examination, E. D. Legh passed 23rd, J. I. G. Hardiman 28th, and G. R. Hignett 46th. C. J. Burnup (capt.), I. Phillips and G. H. Simpson are playing in the Cambridge Association team.

LEEDS GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Mr. H. T. Kelsey, B.A., late scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, has joined the staff in the place of Mr. R. Webb, resigned. Among the honours recorded for 1896 are: H. S. Williamson, classical exhibition, Hertford College, and classical scholarship, Christ Church, Oxford; F. W. Allison, classical and mathematical scholarship, Wadham College, Oxford; F. Bradshaw, exhibition for modern history, B.N.C., Oxford; A. E. North, classical

exhibition, Worcester College, Oxford. In the Oxford and Cambridge Board examination, six boys gained higher certificates, with four distinctions.

MANCHESTER GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

The school met again on Tuesday, January 19. The amount (£660 13s. 8d.) collected by the boys on behalf of the Playing Fields Fund is on the whole gratifying. The competition for the Proctor Organ Prize took place on Friday, December 4, and comprised the playing of (1) an organ-piece previously selected and announced, (2) a piece chosen by the candidate, (3) a sight-reading test, and (4) a hymn tune. There were three candidates: the winner was Shaw. The following scholarships have been gained: At Oxford: R. R. Scott, Wadham (classics); E. Barton, Corpus (mathematics). At Cambridge: P. F. Lever, Christ's (mathematics); H. Bullough, Sidney Sussex, (science). In June, G. A. Cox took second place in the Indian Police Examination. In football during the latter part of last term three matches were played, of which two were lost, the other won; while in Lacrosse we are able to record a succession of five victories. We sent up eleven freshmen to Oxford in October, three to Cambridge. The chief events for us at the latter university last term was the election of Whittaker to a Fellowship at Trinity. In the Literary Society two papers have been read on William Morris.

MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE.

In games the history of the Christmas Term of 1896 has not been notable for any great success or disaster. The fifteen performed moderately throughout the season. In our two school fixtures we lost to Wellington by a try to nothing, and were unable to play Clifton owing to illness at the latter school. In Cock House match Abbott's (star) beat Galpin's (cross arrows). We fear Mr. Galpin was but half consoled by his unanimous election to the head mastership of King's School, Canterbury. In him we lose with regret a successful and popular house master, who also found time to be a lieutenant in the rifle corps and president of the bicycle club, besides identifying himself with many other school societies. We also lose, but only for a time, Mr. C. A. Alington (O.M.), whose recently won Fellowship at All Souls' obliges him to go into residence at Oxford for a year. In rackets the school pair, after at first promising to win, were beaten by Cheltenham, though only by nine aces in the six games. In the professionals' match which followed, it was some comfort to us to see our professional, Crosby, victorious, after a hard fight, over his Cheltenham rival. In the University Rugby match G. T. Unwin (O.M.) played for Oxford, and W. Mortimer (O.M.) for Cambridge. R. H. Mangles (O.M.) gained his International. N. F. Druce (O.M.) has been elected captain of the Cambridge University Cricket Club. The various school societies have been flourishing. The Rev. A. J. Galpin organised a most successful run of some fifty miles to Cricklade for the benefit of the bicycle club. The natural history society enjoyed, besides their field day at Cirencester, two most interesting lectures by Mr. R. S. Middleton, F.S.A., and Mr. F. Enoch, F.E.S., on "Egyptian Architecture" and "Insect Life" respectively. The school had the pleasure of listening to lectures by Mr. Lynd on "Musical Instruments," and

by Mr. E. J. Wood on "Canada." The rifle corps were prevented by bad weather from going to Cheltenham for their field day, a somewhat lucky accident, for they were thus able, later in the term, to enjoy the Public Schools' field day at Camberley. They are just now rejoicing in the arrival of the new rifle. A class for physical drill has been started, which has proved very popular with the school in general. The Rev. E. Noel-Smith (O.M.), our missionary at Tottenham, came down to make his report to us, and preached in chapel the following Sunday (October 11). Canon Gore preached in the chapel on November 7. Among other school honours won this term may be mentioned: C. A. Alington, a Fellowship at All Souls' College, Oxford; J. W. Crowfoot, a studentship at the British School at Athens; R. J. Horton-Smith, university scholarship, St. Thomas' Hospital; R. H. Griffin, classical scholarship, Corpus College, Oxford; A. W. F. Blunt, classical exhibition, Corpus College, Oxford; C. S. Risley, classical demyship, Magdalen College, Oxford; C. Boutflower, mathematical minor scholarship, Trinity College, Cambridge; G. B. M. Hare, classical exhibition, Hertford College, Oxford; G. F. Blackburne-Daniell, classical scholarship, Pembroke College, Cambridge; S. M. Grier, classical scholarship, Pembroke College, Cambridge; J. F. Gaskell, mathematical scholarship, Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge; C. Woodward, classical exhibition, Worcester College, Oxford. We notice with regret the deaths of several distinguished Old Marlburians, and especially that of William Morris.

MAGDALEN COLLEGE SCHOOL, OXFORD.

Our new buildings are now full. An Old Boy, Mr. J. A. J. Drewitt, of Magdalen College, has been elected to a Fellowship of the same Society. On our staff, Mr. E. C. Sherwood, of Magdalen, has joined us as mathematical master; Mr. P. S. Allen, of Christ Church College, is leaving us for a Government appointment at Lahore University; and Mr. P. D. Pullan, of Christ Church, is filling the vacancy so caused.

RADLEY COLLEGE.

The chief event in the history of the school during the last term has been the resignation of the warden, the Rev. Henry L. Thompson, on his appointment to the vicarage of St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford. Mr. Thompson had been warden since January, 1889, and during his office the freehold of the college had been purchased and about £30,000 spent in the erection of new buildings, including class-rooms, dormitories, infirmary, cloisters, and chapel. A new boarding-house, capable of holding thirty-eight boys, is in course of erection, and will be opened at Easter next. Mr. Thompson's successor is the Rev. Thomas Field, head master of King's School, Canterbury. During the year 1896 two classical scholarships (at Christ Church and Worcester Colleges, Oxford) have been gained; one admission to Woolwich, and one to Sandhurst.

READING SCHOOL.

The past year, and the term which has just elapsed especially, have been remarkable for the rapid growth of the school. Three new boarding-houses, with accommodation for a hundred boys, have been opened. The staff has been increased by

the appointments of Messrs. A. W. Gundry, M.A., late scholar of Emmanuel College, Cambridge; R. F. L. Holme, M.A., late scholar of Queen's College, Oxford; G. R. Joyce, B.A., St. John's College, Cambridge; J. C. B. Tirbutt, Mus. Bac., music master; and A. B. Porter, assistant art master; while Messrs. H. V. Plum, M.A., and R. Paynder, assistant art master, have accepted appointments elsewhere. The past term has witnessed the erection of the new physical laboratory and a carpenter's shop. The physical laboratory consists of a lecture theatre, with seating accommodation for about ninety boys, and of the laboratory proper. The chemical laboratory has been fitted up during the past year with a quantity of fresh apparatus. Last term has also witnessed the foundation of a museum, which ought in the future to prove of great use to the school. A movement to supply the school chapel with a new organ was also successfully started. Among the distinctions won by the school were: H. S. Davis, classical scholarship at Corpus Christi College, Oxford; F. E. Lucey, mathematical exhibition at Worcester College, Oxford; F. G. Clarke, classical exhibition at Kettle College, Oxford; A. M. Pountney, Easter cadetship (Indian Civil Service). October 18 falling on a Sunday, the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford appointed the 21st for the visitation day. The luncheon in the gymnasium was followed by the Speeches in the Big School, which was hardly large enough to accommodate the visitors, who numbered considerably over a thousand. The Vice-Chancellor distributed the prizes and delivered a short address to the boys. As usual, the cricket and football matches have been numerous, and although very successful in both departments, the school has achieved a larger number of victories in the latter. During the term just concluded the school won ten and lost four matches, scoring sixty-three goals to thirty-five, most of the teams played being Oxford colleges; the rest, other school teams. J. Wells, M.A., Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford, formerly captain of the school, has published "A Short History of Rome" for school use; and C. M. Jessop, M.A., Fellow of Clare College, Cambridge, late a mathematical master in the school, married on December 16 last the eldest daughter of Prof. Lebour.

ROSSALL SCHOOL.

The following honours have been gained at the Universities: P. G. Campbell, exhibition, Balliol College, Oxford; C. L. Stocks, scholarship, Wadham College, Oxford; J. Chadwick, scholarship, and W. K. Armitstead, exhibition, Pembroke College, Cambridge; C. B. Tayler, scholarship, and B. W. N. Russell, exhibition, Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. The annual football match with Stonyhurst College was played on December 3, and after a brilliant game resulted in a victory for ourselves by six goals to three. The match with the Old Rossallians was played on December 21. The Old Rossallians, who were very strongly represented, won by five goals to three. The same evening the annual singing competitions were held. The House Cup went to Christie's, the chief solo prizes to F. L. Williamson and F. W. Loveday. The Christmas holidays began December 22, and ended January 20. Fourteen entrance scholarships at the school are offered for competition in the coming term, the examination for which will begin on March 30, 1897.

RUGBY SCHOOL.

Only honours and scholarships gained in the early part of last year are included in the following list:

Five classical scholarships have been gained at Oxford: by H. E. Butler (New), R. T. Bridge (Oriel), A. T. Scott (Oriel), D. A. Bannatyne, (Exeter), H. G. Robertson (University). At Cambridge, J. S. Coates has been elected to a natural science scholarship at Trinity, and D. F. Bishop to a mathematical one at Emmanuel. There have been three admissions to Woolwich: H. L. Mackworth (7th), J. W. Scott (36th), H. Farrant (39th); and two to Sandhurst: W. Pepys (2nd Cav.), and J. A. Greer (116th). Honours scored by old Rugbeians have been—at Oxford: three first classes in classical moderations (R. R. Bannatyne, A. L. Danson, H. R. Ward); at Cambridge, first classes in the Mathematical Tripos, Part I., in the Natural Science Tripos, Part I., and in the Law Tripos, Part II., by J. F. Marshall, D. P. Watson, and F. N. Creswick respectively; while J. H. Tupper and H. D. D. Rendall have passed into the I.C.S., and F. J. Marshall and H. W. Mann have obtained commissions from Sandhurst with honours. The Rifle Corps is flourishing: A company contains 98 members on the roll, and B. company 79. The work spent on the new museum has cost us £270. The erection of the new building was largely due to the late head master, but it has found a good friend in his successor.

The counting of the rooks' nests in the Close has come to an end. The disastrous storm of March 24, 1895, is responsible for the sudden termination of the annual lists which have been carried on continuously since 1873. Twenty of the oldest elms were blown down, and even from those which remained many nests were torn out by the fury of the gale and scattered on the ground. Perhaps, in time, the birds will return to their old home; but, in any case, the interest is destroyed of a record of rooks which built, year after year, in the same spot, and were carefully protected from molestation in any form. When the counting was first begun there were eighty-nine elms in the Close. The average number of nests, during the twenty-two years from 1873 to 1894 inclusive, was 93 per annum, with a minimum number of seventy-six in 1881 and a maximum of 110 in 1892. The storm of March, 1895, was most fatal, for twenty trees were then destroyed; most were blown completely out of the ground, the rest were in such a dangerous condition that they had to be felled by the foresters. Thus, of the eighty-nine elms existing in 1876, only forty-three now remain. The "Three Trees" have entirely disappeared; while only three remain—and all of these sadly mutilated—out of the twenty, which formed a continuous line from the Island to the end of the school house wall, and were one of the chief ornaments of the Close and the school.

SEDBERGH SCHOOL.

The new chapel, which is being built through the generosity of the masters, Old Boys, and other friends of the school, is now being roofed over, and ought to be ready for use by July. Interesting lectures have been given during the October term by Mr. Lynd on the "X Rays," and by Mr. A. Diósy on the War between China and Japan. A. H. Scott has been elected to an exhibition at Wadham College, Oxford, and H. G. Gandy has passed twelfth into Woolwich.

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.

At St. Paul's the past term has been one of unusual progress in the material equipment and decoration of the school. In the first place, Mr. Hamo Thornycroft is engaged on a commission to execute a bronze statue of Dean Colet at a cost of £4,000, the generous gift of E. Howley Palmer, Esq.; secondly, a "Jowett Memorial" organ has been erected by subscription in the Large Hall at an expenditure of about £1,100; thirdly, Mr. Spence has been commissioned to commence covering the south end of the hall with mosaics, similar to those in St. Paul's Cathedral, representing "Christ Jesus in puericiâ" (to Whom the school is dedicated), St. Paul, and Dean Colet—the total cost of which will exceed £1,200, and will be defrayed partly out of the Colet Memorial Fund and partly by additional donations; and, fourthly, the Governors have determined to build a swimming bath. In the Oxford scholarship examinations St. Paul's has obtained, *inter alia*, two classical demys at Magdalen and two classical scholarships at Trinity, while the "Old Paulines" have performed a really brilliant feat in the examination for the Ireland and Craven scholarships by securing five places out of ten on the list—viz., the Ireland Scholarship, one Craven scholarship, one *Proxime Accessit*, and two honourable mentions. The Radcliffe Travelling Fellowship has been awarded to Mr. T. H. Butler, and at Cambridge Mr. J. Lupton has been elected Fellow of St. John's. During the term the school has been divided into five sections for the purposes of games. Each section has one half-holiday a week, and the games are compulsory, except for those who are medically excused. This is believed to be a new departure in schools where, as at St. Paul's, boarders are in a considerable minority, but the experiment has amply justified itself, and the beneficial effects should extend far beyond the limits of the school cricket and football. The judgment of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in the appeals of the Trustees and the Governors of St. Paul's against the proposed new scheme of the Charity Commissioners has been again postponed. It will be remembered that the Charity Commissioners wished to divert from St. Paul's a considerable proportion of its endowments, and at the same time sought, in a somewhat technical manner, to declare that the school, having been founded before the Reformation, is not entitled to be considered a Church of England school under the Endowed Schools Act. The latter point is at issue in the appeal; the question of endowment will arise when the scheme is laid on the table of the two Houses of Parliament. Whatever may be the result of the litigation, there is a strong feeling that parliamentary powers should be obtained to put the school on the same legal footing as other public schools. St. Paul's was included in the Public Schools Commission and in the original Public Schools Bill, and is still included in the Public Schools "Suspensory" Act (in so far as under the Statute Law Revision Acts that measure remains in force). It was only omitted from the subsequent Public Schools Act at the request of the trustees themselves, who urged before the Lords' Committee that its inclusion at that particular moment might prejudice a then pending law-suit, which, however, has now been long settled. C. G. Botting, Esq., B.A., has been appointed to an Assistant

Classical Mastership, *vice* F. Carter, Esq., M.A., resigned on election to the Greek Professorship in McGill University, Canada.

SUTTON VALENCE SCHOOL.

Mr. J. E. Jones, B.A., of Jesus College, Oxford, has resigned his post, and is succeeded by Mr. R. E. Lewis, B.A., of Selwyn College, Cambridge, till now a master in the Subordinate School at Rugby. There are four distinctions at the University to record: H. G. Smith, scholarship, Queens', Cambridge; C. G. Davison, sizarship, Sidney Sussex, Cambridge; F. J. H. Darton, scholarship, St. John's, Oxford; A. G. Oyler, exhibition, St. Catherine's, Cambridge. A new laboratory, with a lecture room adjoining, is to be commenced forthwith. Among old boys, C. G. Davison won the quarter-mile at the Cambridge University Freshmen's sports, and W. G. Collett, M.A., has been appointed to a mastership at Wellington College.

TONBRIDGE SCHOOL.

The number of boys now in the school is 445; the increase, which began six years ago, has been steadily maintained. The vacancy on the staff, caused by the retirement of Mr. E. H. Goggs, after over thirty years' service, has been filled by the appointment of Mr. G. R. R. Routh. A racquet court is being built as a memorial to the late T. W. Dale, an old Tonbridge boy who was distinguished in many branches of sport, and gained the rare distinction of a double blue, having been in the Cambridge Eight and Eleven. An effort is being made to raise funds to build a school chapel. Owing to the great increase in numbers, the school has outgrown its present chapel, and the governors are unable to provide a suitable building, in consequence of the action of the Charity Commissioners. The foundation is wealthy, but its funds have been drained by the large block of new buildings lately erected, so that without the sanction of the Charity Commissioners it is not possible for the governing body to provide a sufficient sum for the chapel. Following the example of Marlborough, Cheltenham, and Haileybury, the authorities have determined to raise a fund by appealing to old Tonbridge boys and others interested in the school. The school has been fairly successful in football during the past term, having played drawn games with Dulwich College and Sherborne School, though it was by nine points to eight by St. Paul's.

UPPINGHAM SCHOOL.

Considerable additions are being made in completing the School House Court by the addition of a block of buildings fronting High-street, at a cost of £10,000, containing a chemical laboratory, a lecture-room, a museum, a tower and porter's lodge, to which will adjoin a group of class-rooms. At the same time, new engineering and carpentry Workshops are being built on Scale Hill, and a new Isolation Ward in Fairfield, which the Trustees have recently acquired from the executors of the late head master, Mr. Thring. The buildings will be opened in the summer. A statue of the Queen has been offered by Mr. W. F. Rawnsley, as a present to his old school in the sixtieth year of the Victorian reign by one who is teaching two of her Majesty's grandsons. Two new masters join the school this month one of whom

is not unknown to it. Mr. W. C. Perry, M.A., Exeter College, Oxford, formerly the house master of Fircroft, then a schoolmaster at West Malvern, and now again returning after seven years to his old school; and Mr. Horace Puckle, M.A., Hertford College, Oxford, in succession to the late Mr. Bernard Belcher, whose place has been supplied for six months by Mr. A. Faessler. The lamented death of H. H. Stephenson, which occurred on the first day of the Christmas holidays, has removed a well-known figure, who for twenty-five years nobly and loyally upheld the best interests of sport at Uppingham, and gave himself heart and soul to the moral good of the boys. He was introduced to Uppingham by that first-rate cricketer, Mr. C. E. Green (O.U.), who thereby conferred a deep and lasting benefit on the school. At the Old Uppinghamian biennial dinner in London on the 14th inst., Mr. R. L. Harrison, as the first captain of the Elevens trained by "H. H.," announced the formation of a committee, including Mr. Green, Mr. G. Borthwick, president of the Uppingham Rovers, and perhaps 100 more names, to consider a memorial of him. His name will be also associated with the extension of the Middle Ground, which object he had much at heart, and which was completed within a few days of his death, at a cost of £500. The addition of new levelled grass enlarges that ground to some eleven acres. The amusements of next term will be either tobogganing or football, according to weather, followed by hockey, followed by the sports; but for once the term will consist of only eleven weeks instead of twelve, and the Easter holidays will be lengthened at the expense of the summer. Since the opening of Mr. Gale Thring's new house, Farley, in September last, it has required enlargement, so that the total of 400 boys, which has never before been attained, is just accommodated. The second Cropper Scholarship, for work not taught in the school course, will be awarded in July next, for the best collection and exposition of the flora of Uppingham and the neighbourhood. There are now in the school three open entrance scholars—W. Newbold, demy of Magdalen College, Oxford; A. K. Smith, scholar of Pembroke College, Cambridge; and R. Linton, scholar of Clare College, Cambridge.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.

At the funeral, in Canterbury Cathedral on October 16, of Archbishop Benson, the first head master of the college, besides many connected with Wellington, both Old Masters and Old Boys, there was present a special deputation of seven representatives of the Old Wellingtonian Society. These were J. Y. Hay, H. Steele, W. R. G. Hay, H. A. Haines, S. Ball, and the Revs. J. G. Curry and E. C. Bowring, who were at the college between 1863 and 1877. Among the pall-bearers were the Dean of Lincoln, late master, and the present master of the college. The Rev. C. R. Carter, who has been on the staff of the college since he left Oxford, has been elected to an official Fellowship at Corpus, on his appointment as Dean of Divinity. Lectures have been given during the past term on the piano-forte, on Canada, on Benvenuto Cellini, and on colour. H. B. Barkworth has been elected to an exhibition at Pembroke College, Cambridge; and for service in the Soudan Campaign, Lieut. G. F. Gorringer has been awarded the D.S.O. The college

was represented by a company, mustering sixty of all ranks, at the Public Schools Field Day on Old Deane Common on October 28. Owing to the whole holiday our detachment was somewhat smaller than usual. This year's Rugby match against Marlborough was the tenth of the series, the match having been first played in 1887. Of these we have won six, lost three, and one was left drawn. This year the game was played at Marlborough, in torrents of rain and a high wind. Water was standing in pools in many parts of the ground. The result was a win for us by one try to *nil*. The match against University College, Oxford, which was played at Wellington on December 5, was won for the school by a goal and a try to a try. The visitors brought five O.W.s. in their team.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

The play this year was the *Phormio*, which was last acted in 1891, the death of the Duke of Clarence having caused an intermission of the cycle in 1892. The play was acted on December 17, 21, and 23. The theme of the prologue was "*Vivat Regina!*" It referred to the part played by the school at the Coronation, when that cry was raised by the boys from their place in the Abbey. In the sixtieth year of the Queen's reign the oldest peer, the Earl of Mansfield, and the oldest judge, Lord Esher, are Westminsters. Allusion was also made to the rebuilding of Rigaud's and to Sir E. J. Poynter. The epilogue was a miscellany, and the incidents succeeded each other with little connexion. It showed much fondness for the bilingual pun, and in some ways compared unfavourably with its immediate predecessors. It was, however, very well acted. The Mure Scholarship is awarded to H. L. Henderson, the Gumbleton Prize to E. F. Colville, the Ireland Prize to M. L. Gwyer, and the Phillimore Prize to P. T. Jones. The Debating Society has discussed, among other subjects, the Armenian question and the isolation of England. The football eleven had but three old choices, and was at first very unsuccessful. It has since improved, and hopes to be yet better next term. The re-building of Rigaud's has proceeded without interruption. The excavations did not yield much of interest. A few coins were found near the surface, and lower down in the peat there were discovered a bowl of copper and the jaw of a wild boar. These will be placed in the school museum. The architect of the new building is Mr. T. G. Jackson, R.A., architect to the Governing Body. Of Old Westminsters, Sir E. J. Poynter has been elected President of the Royal Academy, Sir F. J. Maclean has gone to India as Chief Justice of the High Court of Bengal, and G. B. Piggott to Nyassaland as Chief Judicial Officer. E. H. Marsh, scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, and late Chancellor's Medallist, passed second on the list into the Civil Service, and is now in the Colonial Office. J. S. Phillimore, student of Christ Church, Oxford, has gone into residence as tutor in classics. Nine Freshmen have gone into residence at Oxford, and eleven at Cambridge. The term's obituary includes the Rev. Carr J. Glyn, the oldest incumbent in the Church; the Rev. Sir John H. Fludyer, Bart., the oldest incumbent in the diocese of Peterborough; the Earl of Normanton; Rear-Admiral Walter Stewart, C.B.; Mr. L. C. Jennyson-D'Eyncourt, and others.

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LORD MACAULAY

From the Picture by Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1897.

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ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

XI.—LORD MACAULAY.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY was the son of Zachary Macaulay, an ardent abolitionist, the friend of the famous group which gathered round Wilberforce and Clarkson. Somewhat Evangelical, therefore, were the early surroundings of the famous essayist, destined to be one of the most broad-minded of men, the author of that essay on the wisdom and grandeur of the Roman Church which would have sent horror to the roots of his family's hair. Early distinguished by omnivorous reading and the old-fashioned literariness of his speech, his first attempts in letters were a couple of fragments which aimed at reproducing the life of dashing young Greek and Roman patricians, having for their heroes such typical "mashers" of the antique world as Alcibiades and Cæsar. It was a characteristic beginning in one whose mental bent was throughout towards resurrecting the life of past ages. Then came that connexion with the *Edinburgh Review* which produced the most valuable work of his life; and made, while it lasted, the glory of the *Edinburgh*. He entered Parliament as member for Edinburgh, which he represented for many years; being thrown out on one occasion, and restored on the next opportunity by the repentant city at its own cost. A successful parliamentary career was interrupted for a time by his experience as an Indian official, which provided the materials for his essays on Clive and Warren Hastings. From the outset of his career he was a member of the brilliant Holland House circle. He lived to publish a History of England, which was regarded, in its day, as ranking with the work of Hume and Gibbon; and died in the full enjoyment of a reputation as the most brilliant prose writer and talker of his time. It is doubtful whether it should be regarded as an

addition to or detraction from his good fortune that he remained to the last a bachelor.

It was a varied career; yet brilliantly unromantic, splendidly commonplace, "out of obvious ways ne'er wandering far." In this, his life—like all men's lives—was typical of the man, and the genius of the man, which lay essentially in making strikingly obvious the obviously striking. The recluse De Quincey, with an infinitely more circumscribed career, wove into it infinitely more arresting romance. Coleridge, leading the petty life of a hack-writer, "bound in shallows and in miseries," yet imposed on that life the poetry of his own character. Keats shed the halo of the younger gods around an existence of small parlours, suburban gardens, and Hampstead Heath. But Macaulay in the purple would have been a crowned *bourgeois*; a-top of Olympus he would have wielded middle-class majesties, and ordered his thunderbolts from Whitworth's; while he would have lightened on the Olympian thrones and principalities in quarterly proclamations, flashing with antitheses, sounding the blessedness of modern Olympian "progress," and pointing out how much things had improved since the days when the gods were unbreeched savages, content with a monotonous diet of ambrosia, and drinking doubtful nectar in place of Madeira. "We are better clothed, better fed, better civilized;"—so would have run the proclamation of Zeus-Macaulay. "We no longer quarrel like children, drink like tavern-companions, and cut antiquated witticisms at the delicate jest of a limping cup-bearer black from the forge. The thunderbolts of Whitworth are of more skilled manufacture than the thunderbolts of Hephæstus. Poseidon still rules the waves, but he rules them with a better-made trident. He has his carriage from Bond-street, his horses would not disgrace the Row; he is a well-dressed gentleman, instead of a naked barbarian. Aphrodite has not lost the primacy of beauty, because her fashions are more those of Paris, and less those of Central Africa. The good old times were the bad old times: the very kitchens of Olympus bear witness that there has been such a thing as progress, the very toilet-table of Hera testifies to the march of enlightenment." As his mind, so was Macaulay's life. He was content to take the goods the gods had provided him; satisfied with himself, his position, and his day. The day returned the compliment, as it always does, by being satisfied with him. "Thou art a blessed fellow," it said with Prince Hal, "to think as every man thinks; never a man's thought in the nation keeps the roadway better than thine." He was made for great success rather than great achievement. In all he did he was popular—honourably and deservedly popular; in all he did he was content to pluck something short of the topmost laurels. He was a successful politician, yet never reached the positions attained by men far more stupid; his speeches, immeasurably superior to the parliamentary eloquence of the present day, filled the House, yet he has left no great name as an orator; he was a great talker

in an age of great talkers, yet the tradition of his talk has not impressed itself on literary history as did the traditional talk of Coleridge, Lamb, De Quincey, or Sydney Smith. He wrote history brilliantly, and no serious historian accepts his history as serious history. He wrote essays which profoundly influenced literary style—yea, even to the style of the newspaper-leader; yet it is not altogether certain whether they will maintain their place among the classical classics of English prose. His genius was so like prodigious talent that it is possible to doubt whether it was not prodigious talent very like genius. He was "cock-sure of everything," in Melbourne's famous epigram, but posterity is by no means cock-sure of him.

The most permanent part of his literary baggage is undoubtedly the Essays. It is easy to say what they are not, which Mr. George Meredith has declared to be the national mode of criticism; a mode of criticism not without its uses when the universality of a man's fame has made fault-finding an unpopular task, but decidedly the cheapest and lowest part of a critic's duty. What they are not is largely responsible for the reaction against Macaulay. Our day has seen the rise and strengthening of a very subtle school of style, marked by delicate verbal instinct, and extreme attention to the melody of syllables and sentences. It is the day of Stevenson and Mrs. Meynell; a day which is like to underrate Macaulay: for Macaulay is not subtle, is not careful of verbal choiceness. It is a delicate day, in which "mere rhetoric" is rather frowned upon; and Macaulay is brusque, off-hand, revelling in all devices labelled rhetorical: in balance, antithesis, epigram of the cut-and-thrust order. It is fearful of the obvious; Macaulay loves the obvious with impatient middle-class thoroughness. To take the surface-view, and exaggerate its glaring obviousness until to refuse the accepting of it is almost as difficult as to shut out a lightning flash—that is meat and drink to him. On the other hand, he has qualities as well as defect of qualities; and the critic should cultivate the habit of regarding a man chiefly for what he is. The man who is always croaking of his friends' shortcomings is not more hateful than the critic to whom a literary sun is spots set off by interspaces of light: for to every true critic the masters of literature should be friends. If he love literature, he should love the makers of literature. The creative artist may be forgiven, or, at least, palliated, if to him literature is largely a vehicle for the display of his own personality; but the critic is unendurable to whom the monuments of literature are what other monuments are to the British tourist—an opportunity for carving his own name on them.

And Macaulay's qualities are such as we should be specially thankful for in our day. If it is a delicate day, it is also a day given to languor; and Macaulay is always vital with energy—or, as the man in the street would say, "all there." It is a day in which there is a penn'orth of refined style to an intolerable deal of uttermost slovenliness; and Macaulay has always a conscience

of style. It is a day which shirks the labour of producing unified wholes, which dribbles away in snatches, mumbles and slathers the literary bone in its lazy jaws. Macaulay displays symmetry, proportion, unity, a sense of the balance of parts, in all his essays. Perhaps none of the principal masters of the essay are so exemplarily artistic in this point. De Quincey is apt to be fragmentary, at the best seldom maps out and proportions his work: he overflows on some points, draws in tantalisingly on others, and leaves the reader with a mingled impression of extreme thoroughness and scamped work. Landor is wandering and capricious. Hazlitt is a shower of sparks. Addison is by profession a pleasant meanderer; Stevenson's very method is whim. One might prolong the list. But Macaulay's essay is always built up soundly in the stocks. Deep it does not go, but proportion it always keeps; the thing is undeniably a miniature whole. Then, if the stimulant devices are too restlessly stimulant; if they are sometimes cheap; if balance, antithesis, point, artful abruptness, are carried to an extent which gives a savour of the accomplished literary showman calling attention to his wares: yet they are undeniably effective, touched in with a deft and rapid hand; the reader is lifted along unflaggingly. And it is literature; if he have nothing new to say, old things are newly said, with surpassing cunning in the presentment. The flow of instances with which an extraordinary memory enables him to support his points may be excessive at times, may be inexact at times (as the argument by parallel and analogy rarely fails to be, except in the most scrupulous hands), but it lends surprising life and picturesqueness to what with most men would have been dry discussion. For his much-vaunted lucidity we have less praise. He is lucid by being inexact, superficial, taking the obvious road in everything which is the easy road; and his arrangement is often the reverse of clear from the logical standpoint. But if he is no starter of original views, if he keeps to the surface of things, he must not be denied the merit of presenting that surface with a painter-like animation. Here is his power; it is on this that his fame must rest, if it is to be permanent. As a critic he is nought; as a biographer or historian he is nought so far as exactitude of treatment, novelty, or philosophy of view is concerned. But he can revivify a period, a person, or a society, with such brilliancy and conciseness as no other Englishman has done. It is not a new thing to say; but Macaulay, being the apotheosis of the obvious, is too easy food for critics that any one should utter novelty of him at this date.

In one respect alone have we any disposition to quarrel with the routine view of him. We are disposed to put in a good word for his ballads. Mr. Henley has truly remarked that *The Last Buccaneer* curiously anticipates some points in the methods of Mr. Kipling. And we do, indeed, think that here Macaulay knew exactly what he wanted, and did it. The sayings and doings of the personages in these ballads are obvious and garish, it is said. But the ballad is essentially a pro-

duct of a time in which people were dreadfully prone to do obvious things, and in no way concerned to be subtle. Fire, directness, energy of handling—these are the main necessities of the martial ballad, rather than any poetic subtlety; and all these were at Macaulay's command. "Remember thy swashing blow" is the Shakespearian advice which might be given to the writer of the ballad warlike. And Macaulay always remembers his swashing blow. He has none of the deep poetic quality which informs the best work of Mr. Kipling. But he does not aim at it. He keeps within a limit and a kind; and in that kind does very excellent pieces of work; quite honest, healthy work, which may well be allowed to stand, even though a stronger than he be come upon him. On the whole, in spite of modern æsthetic reaction, Macaulay, we think, will surely stand. If not an authentic god, he is at least a demigod, the most brilliant of Philistines, elevated to the Pantheon of literature by virtue of a quite supra-Philistine power. That the middle-class mind, the John Bull mind *par excellence*, with its superficiality, its love for facts and the practical, its energy, its cock-sureness, should have one representative in that Pantheon is surely reasonable. Macaulay is the Sauric deity of English letters, the artist of the obvious—but an artist none the less.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

SUBURBAN PANTOMIME.

On two occasions it has been given to me to vex or to astonish my most amiable of friends. He is a "collector," and I asked him, years ago, whether he collected "Battersea." He, a lover of the archaic, a student of the classical—how could he be concerned with the light grace of the eighteenth century, with Battersea enamel, which is not great at all, not ambitious, not instructive, but only exquisite! I asked him, yesterday, whether he had taken his seats for the pantomime. He received the question with inextinguishable laughter. The pantomime!—it was not his affair. Yet people not unknown for wisdom have been wont to delight in it. Mr. Thackeray, I believe, was accustomed to breakfast in bed, the morning after Boxing Day, that he might read, quite undisturbed, the account in the *Times* newspaper, and picture everything from the dark cavern to the realms of bliss, and from the fairy godmother to the tripping of Columbine before the footlights. Of course the pantomime of the present is no longer the pantomime of Mr. Thackeray's day. The story is less prominent, and at the same time less simple. The humour is less boisterous—shall I add, a little less real? The harlequinade—the very germ of pantomime, as we now know it, for all the rest was described as "the opening"—the harlequinade is a knockabout performance, which, brief as are its proportions, nobody remains to see. The scenery is more elaborate and surprising. No amount of ingenuity is deemed too much to bestow upon the *mise-en-scène*. For the principal parts, artists in song and comedy,

like Miss Decima Moore, and those who are at least the best exponents of music-hall humour, like Mr. Dan Leno, are engaged at, doubtless, reckless expense; while the stage is peopled and paraded on by an army of "supers," and dance succeeds dance, and procession follows procession.

For myself, I go but rarely to see this incomparable and gigantic show. I hold—with no disrespect whatever to those who may perform in it—that pantomime on this vast scale is pantomime marred; that pantomime on this vast scale provides us with surprise instead of pleasure. The true lover of the theatre is a *gourmet*, not a *gourmand*, in his tastes for entertainment. He wants quality, rather than mass. And the more experience has made him an expert—the more richly he is endowed with memories which are standards of taste—the more will he rely for his enjoyment upon the really salient and remarkable features of the smaller shows, where he can see them: the more will he recognise that in pantomime, though the *ensemble* may be much, he gets his real gratification from individual charm and individual talent. Accordingly, nothing is more probable than that the vast central exhibitions know him not at all. He recognises—he recognises, of course, long ago at the Olympic—Mr. Oscar Barrett's extraordinary faculty for artistic effect; but he thinks that in the biggest and newest of pantomime schemes that artistic faculty has had to be in some degree subdued or subordinated to meet the new conditions, and in deference to a standard that has already become conventional as well as exacting. Accordingly, he hies him to the suburbs—to a stage not so vast that most of it is necessarily remote, to a stage whose smaller yet not insignificant manoeuvres fall really and readily within the scope of his eye. He does not find roughness in the suburbs. He does not find vulgarity there. Everywhere, nowadays, the standard in these things is pretty much the same. And he has the interest of seeing, in the suburbs, along with some comic celebrity who really counts in the performance—who is not merely a name in a crowd—two or three less known people, interesting by present achievement, or yet more interesting for promise. At the great central places, specially known names have got to be secured, however small may be the parts assigned to their owners. In the suburbs the manager has a much freer hand, and we see behind his footlights the celebrities of to-morrow.

As a rule, all pantomimes other than central ones draw their support from people living in the district. In the stalls at Camberwell, I felt the other evening—well, I felt that it was Camberwell that I had got to. And I need say no more. At Stratford, last year, where I pilgrimaged to the old Theatre Royal—Stratford "at Bowe," I mean, and not "on Avon"—the lower middle classes filled the dress circle, and those who would have been the occupants of upper boxes in the West-end of London were there the occupants of stalls. But though the audience varied, and was of course socially inferior, I saw little inferiority in the entertainment. At Strat-

ford, the Messrs. Fredericks, whether as managers or actors, are extraordinarily enterprising and capable people. And this year, at their new playhouse—in which, I think, Mr. Beerbohm Tree was the first performer—they have, it would appear, surpassed themselves. The “female interest” is sustained by Miss Millie Hylton of “the halls,” and Miss Kate Fredericks, who I remember was capable and charming just a year ago. Of longer standing reputation among suburban houses are the Surrey “over the water,” and the Grand at Islington. Miss Soldene, whose reminiscences theatrical people have been reading, gave the Grand its first vogue: it was Miss Lottie Collins who made its pantomime famous. This year they play there “Cinderella”—so skilfully contrived altogether that it deserves a visit even from those who live far off. Harry Randall is excellently funny. The men generally, as much as the ladies, pluckily forego the advantage of vulgarity. And Cinderella, the title-part, dear to the heart of every “principal girl” in England, the ideal girl’s part in pantomime, is played by a young and very pretty person, Miss Nita Clavering, who not only “plays” the sympathetic rôle, but really fills it. I have seen great Cinderellas—Cinderellas for whom, at least, in my opinion, a more brilliant future was reserved than that even of marriage

“with a first-class earl that keeps his carriage.”

For when I was a boy, in the West of England, I have seen Cinderella played by that great mistress of her art—Mrs. Kendal. And, surely, to be mistress of your art is to be much more than a countess.

Two other theatres—two only, and one of them I have already just named—need be spoken of to show the better characteristics of some modern pantomime. They are the Métropole at Camberwell, and the Theatre Royal, Brighton. Brighton is not “suburban,” it may, of course, be said. No; not suburban in any sense that is disparaging; for it disputes not unsuccessfully with Chelsea the right to be accounted the only suburb in which it is convenient to live. But the Métropole first. Here there is Mr. King, an excellent comic actor, reticent, quaint, full of significance. Very tellingly he plays his part in “Aladdin.” Little Miss Godwynne Earle—a young thing who is sister of Miss Frances Earle, who is doing so well at Newcastle—wears a wig much too large for her, is sympathetically frank, and dances as gracefully as she did two months ago at the Tivoli. There is that about her that is refreshing. Then you have Miss Weston, very pretty and engaging, as the Princess Badroulbador. And as chief dancer you have Miss Topsy Sinden—who by herself justifies the expedition. Miss Topsy Sinden is an accomplished and exquisite dancer of the modern kind entirely, but who can afford to abjure the “Catherine Wheel” imported from the streets and “splits” imported from the Moulin Rouge. Hers is no crude and violent gymnastic, but a perfected art.

At Brighton they have got what they have got at the Surrey—an “electric ballet,” or “aerial ballet”; but really it is not so much

a ballet as a flight of *coryphées*, floating, poised in the high air. The show, which everyone in Brighton visits, and which Londoners rightly delight to go to, is good throughout, with not one trace of the vulgar. But I confess its main interest centres for those who would observe the stage with closeness and discern the favourites of the Future as much as of the Present—for these, I say, its interest centres in Miss Marie Dainton, who, out of the generally somewhat conventional material of a “principal girl’s” part, has somehow managed to make a quite remarkable performance. “Maid Marian,” in the story, has, like Alexander Pope’s woman in general, this for her characteristic—that she has “no character at all.” There is nothing you can take hold of. As Maid Marian Miss Dainton is simple and agreeable. But when she leaves Maid Marian proper, for mock tragedy and mimicry of her compeers, her success is more extraordinary. In a second she has the quaint *gaucherie* of Eugene Stratton—his walk, his trail rather, his singular holding of his head. Anon she warbles of the gay tom-tit, and Letty Lind is suddenly before you. And then—at once—it is Miss Marie Collins, possessed by the seven devils of her music-hall energy. Later, Miss Dainton gives you a little invention in imaginary tragedy, as spirited and as intense as it is possible to be. Endowed with ample physical qualities, with excellent training, with an obvious intelligence, fresh, vigorous—and I am not sure at all that there is not a touch of genius besides—Miss Marie Dainton, whom one saw a year ago at music-halls, will end, probably (if she does justice to her talent), in more exalted places.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE POET LAUREATE’S QUANTITIES.

London: Jan. 18.

Always verify your references. It is a good rule, and one which even Poets Laureate should remember. In his new poem, “The Conversion of Winkelmann,” Mr. Alfred Austin has only just saved himself at the last moment from what schoolboys call a “howler.” Mr. Austin has occasion to show off a certain amount of classical learning in this poem, and to introduce a certain number of classical names. To get them fairly into the metre is not always easy; but it is not allowable to alter the “quantities.” And Mr. Austin, who is determined (rather pedantically, since the vulgar pronunciation was good enough for Shakespeare) to scan Hyperion with the “i” long, is more especially debarred from taking liberties with his classical names. Yet in the printed page we get this line (page 11):

“They say it is Capaneus scaling Thebes.”

Unfortunately the man’s name was not Capaneus, but Capaneus. Mr. Austin (or his printer’s reader) apparently only discovered this after the volume had gone to press; and a slip was sent round to reviewers correcting the line to:

“They say ’tis Argive Capaneus scaling Thebes.”

Half a dozen lines later the same name occurred, obviously intended to scan in the same way:

“If it were
Capaneus, where the chlamys, helmet, spear,
And forward strain of battle on his face?”

Fortunately the line can still be scanned, though but clumsily, if the name is properly pronounced.

PROF. JASTROW’S PUZZLE.

London: Jan. 17.

If your contributor “H. C. M.” has quoted aright Prof. Joseph Jastrow, of the University of Wisconsin, he shows that the Professor has less than the most elementary and primitive notions on the subject of logic—notions, I should say, that probably belonged to the Stone Age. The absurd little problem to which he invites an answer is as old as Aristotle, and it probably never puzzled any reasonable being for more than five minutes. If all A is all B, B, of course, is A. If all A is part of B, or *vice versa*, the fallacy is rooted in that known as the fallacy of the Undistributed Middle. If the Professor does not know what that is, and has never read Aristotle, Aquinas, or (say) Liberatore, Jevons is a book within the easy reach of everybody.

VERNON BLACKBURN.

London: Jan. 18.

The syllogistic puzzle of Prof. Joseph Jastrow contained in your issue of last week seems to admit of a clear exposition of its fallacy. The fallacy arises from the ambiguous employment of the word “not.” The expression “not A” should be amended to “not-A”; for “B is not A” is really B belongs to the class not-A.

The figure used is the fourth (though Prof. Jastrow’s conclusion is erroneously expressed), and we may employ either of the moods—Bramantip or Dimaris. Adopting the former, the syllogism runs: All A is B; all B is not-A; ∴ Some not-A is A. Using the second mood we get: Some A is B; all B is not-A; ∴ Some not-A is A. If these syllogisms be expressed graphically by the usual method of circles, the conclusiveness of the reasonings will be obvious. But Prof. Jastrow’s conclusion does not result.

T. E. YOUNG.

Oxford: Jan. 18.

In response to the invitation of Prof. Joseph Jastrow, of the University of Wisconsin, I venture to send my solution of his ingenious problem. The reasoning is not correct. The law of excluded middle cannot be applied to so loose a form of statement as an indefinite proposition. The subject must first be quantified. “B is not A” may mean either “No B is A” or “Some B is not A.” If it means “No B is A” it contradicts “A is B” (which implies “Some B is A”), and therefore cannot be legitimately combined with it in reasoning. On the other hand, if it means “Some B is not A,” the “syllogism” has an undistributed middle, and can yield no conclusion. In neither case, therefore, can the absurdity be deduced that “A is not A.” It would be rising on a mere point of order to add that the so-called syllogism has only two terms. If “B is A” means “Some B is A,” no syllogism is needed to prove it, since it is an immediate inference; if it means “All B is A,” no syllogism can prove it, since it is not a formal inference of any kind, but only a statement which may contingently be true.

Perhaps I may be allowed in return to propound a sophism for the consideration of the Professor. In the unlikely event of his failing to solve it, he must be held responsible for the consequences to public morality.

An indifferent act is not-right,
An indifferent act is not-wrong,
∴ Not-wrong is not-right,
∴ (By contraposition) Right is wrong.
ST. GEORGE STOCK.

NOTES AND NEWS.

SINCE going to press last week five more replies have reached us to our question, asking for the names of the two books which most pleased and interested their readers in 1896. These are from Miss Ellen Terry, Father Ignatius, the Rev. John Watson (Ian Maclaren), Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, and Mr. W. T. Stead, and are as follows:

MISS ELLEN TERRY.

Weir of Hermiston.
Margaret Ogilvy.

REV. JOHN WATSON (Ian Maclaren).

Margaret Ogilvy (for its tenderness and art).
The Seven Seas (for its patriotism and strength).

FATHER IGNATIUS.

Dr. Grattan Guinness's *Creation Centred in Christ.*
The Mighty Atom.

MR. W. T. STEAD.

The Report of the Dublin Recess Committee.
Huysman's En Route, in Mr. Kegan Paul's translation.

MR. G. BERNARD SHAW drops as usual into a personal statement: "I only," he says, "read one book—Harold Frederic's *Illumination*—in 1896. It pleased and interested me to an extent that would have taken away my breath in the days when I used to read instead of write; but I suppose everybody could do that now. Anyhow, it was a very good novel."

MR. RICHARD R. HOLMES has not his first association with royalties as biographer to the Queen. He it was, if we mistake not, who drew the portrait of King Theodore of Abyssinia after death, photographs of which were familiar at the time in the shop windows. Mr. Holmes was a war correspondent before he was Librarian to the Queen.

In a little Franciscan magazine—likely to reach only a small portion of Mr. Coventry Patmore's admirers—appears a friar's estimate of him as a poet and as a man. Among other charming stories there told by Father Anselm is one of a visit which he himself, Mr. Patmore, and Mr. Francis Thompson together paid to the library of a very famous monastery. The clerical librarian was full of apologies for the space given to theology, and he was proceeding to direct the attention of his visitors to one after another of the works of modern secular writers—including some of their own. Mr. Coventry Patmore could suffer it no longer. With the twinkle that used to change his eye on the instant from blue to dark, he said: "Thompson and I don't care for literature. Show us your theology."

WE are officially informed that the legal representatives of Lord Byron and Lady Byron, for family reasons, acting in concert,

desire to make it known that they have decided to exercise their rights of controlling the publication of all letters and documents to which those rights extend. They therefore give notice that they will take such legal steps as may be necessary to prevent the unauthorised publication of any papers by or relating to George Gordon, Lord Byron, and his wife Lady Byron.

MISS KATHARINE DOUGLAS KING has just completed a new story, which will be published by Messrs. Hutchinson under the name of *Father Hilarion* later in the year. The story, which is a good deal longer than the same writer's *Scripture Reader of St. Mark's*, deals also with the conditions of life among the London poor. The hero of the book is "Father" only by nickname; he is a lay worker in the slums.

No news this week was more welcome than that assuring the safety of Mr. Stephen Crane. It seems that on the foundering of the *Commodore* some of those on board were successful in getting away in boats and reaching New Smyrna. Mr. Crane was among these. His new book, *The Little Regiment*, will be published by Mr. Heinemann very shortly.

HAD Mr. Shorter been at the annual meeting of the Brontë Society on Saturday, at Bradford, there would have been an interesting encounter between him and Dr. William Wright, who, in a paper he read, warmly resented Mr. Shorter's recent criticism on his book on the Brontës in Ireland. He considers that he has acted fairly, and been guided by the usual rules in dealing with traditional evidence. Even if Dr. Wright's contention is admitted, and the germ of some of the stories is found in the family traditions known to the gifted sisters, the explanation carries us little further in accounting for the wonderful genius of the family.

It has been proved that the Brontës' skill in storytelling was hereditary, and their residence in Yorkshire was but an accidental circumstance in their history. The sisters, and especially Charlotte, nevertheless succeeded in understanding and depicting the Yorkshire character, and the firmness with which the Society has taken root in the West Riding, shows how hearty is the respect paid to the memory of the family. The membership is now 260, and the museum is in a thriving financial condition. The views shown at Saturday's meeting, by Mr. J. J. Head, of Heckmondwike, were 148 in number, and most exhaustively illustrated the lives of the Brontës and their works. Mr. Head has been to Brussels, Bridlington, Hathersage, and many other places near and far, in his search for illustrations, and several of his views have a unique value.

CONTINUING his autobiographical chapters in the *Atlantic Monthly*, Colonel Higginson this month reaches the New England Transcendentals and Brook Farm. He tells incidentally one or two rather good stories, one

being of Prof. Dicey and Mr. Bryce, M.P., on their first visit to America. "One day," says the Colonel, "Dicey came in rubbing his hands, and saying with eagerness, 'Bryce is very happy; at the Ocean House he has just heard a man say European twice!'" Another refers to a college youth who was an ardent Fourierite, and "had upon his" door a blazing sun, with gilded rays emanating in all directions, and bearing the motto, 'Universal Unity.' Beneath this appeared a neat black-and-white inscription, thus worded: 'Please wipe your feet.'"

In an article in the *Chap Book* (which, though grouped by the *Critic* with the "Fad periodicals," where we grieve to find also our own cis-Atlantic *Yellow Book*, is about to become a considerable magazine) there is a pleasant essay on "The Rustic Muse," and in it we find this rather cruel thrust at Mr. Howells. The rustic man of letters, says the writer, "cannot see how Mr. Howells can carry Count Tolstoi on his back, and at the same time manage to write delicate little novels in which a bloodless young man and an egregiously anæmic young girl come very near doing something about which they hold long conversations and never mention it." Coming from an English critic this would pass—but from a fellow American!

THE obliging novelist flourishes—or at least exists—in Germany as he does, we trust, nowhere else. Herr A. Jahn's Literary Institute is ready to give him the fullest employment, and apparently very little in return; for it is able to offer to editors brand new romances at the rate of five shillings for as many thousand lines. Herr Jahn also publishes a *Feuilleton Journal* at five marks for thirteen numbers. "Every number contains one large romance (serial), one elegant novel (serial), one concise humorous piece or short story. Each number comprises five to seven pages, and contains from 800 to 1,050 lines of letterpress. Subscriptions may commence at any date. Each new subscriber immediately receives the beginning of the romance, &c. Subscriptions payable in advance, or will be raised after the first number. Each subscriber is entitled to reprint all the contents at any date he pleases. The publication is not sent simultaneously to competing journals." Painful and improper stories are, says Herr Jahn, excluded. Our contemporary *The Author*, in the interests of the craft, is intending to make some searching inquiries into this literary institute.

THOSE readers who, like Mr. "Punch," according to his own confession, have found it hard to come to those delightful books *A Cathedral Courtship* and *Timothy's Quest* because the name of the author is Kate Douglas Wiggin, may be glad to know that this lady has recently changed her name, and is now and henceforward Mrs. Riggs.

THE Boston Library, for which, by the way, our new R.A., Mr. John S. Sargent, designed the decorations, is a singularly fortunate establishment. At the end of the

current list of additions to the shelves we find a list of benefactions lately bestowed which would almost fill Mr. Passmore Edwards with envy. A Miss Auty, of Chicago, has given a sum of ten thousand dollars; the late Mr. Charles Mead has left twenty-five hundred dollars; Dr. W. N. Bullard has presented some early illuminated works; Mr. and Mrs. Codman have given a notable library of landscape architecture; and the late Mrs. Bessie S. Lockwood has bequeathed sixteen hundred and forty-three volumes of historical interest. This is a good record.

If Mr. Grant Allen, Sir Walter Besant, Miss Braddon, and Mr. Hall Caine are still unaware of some of their characteristics, they might do worse than consult an article in the *Phrenological Annual*. There they will find the conclusions to which a gentleman has come after studying their photographs. He finds, for example, that Mr. Grant Allen is "likely to get himself much misunderstood, because he has the courage of his convictions"; and that he is "not likely to dogmatise or lay down the law." Mr. Allen must, in this case, be thinking of materially altering his methods. "He would prize," we are told, "to succeed as a philosopher rather than a novelist." Sir Walter Besant, the phrenologist thinks, would have risen to eminence in any walk of life. He is "about as keen an observer as the late Charles Dickens, but cannot be regarded as a profound thinker." Mr. Hall Caine's mind is "prophetic," and generally we gather that he is very high-toned. He has "Sympathy and Spirituality and Wonder," all spelt with capital letters. It is amazing what a photograph will reveal!

A good story of Ruskin crops up in an illustrated interview with Sir Arthur Arnold in *The Young Man* for February. Sir Arthur recalled his feeling of discouragement when in the course of a lecture on architecture and art Mr. Ruskin took a piece of chalk and drew some vine leaves for the capital of a column, saying: "A man who cannot draw like that, at all events, should not think of being an architect." A lady who was present, wishing to bring herself under Ruskin's notice, thereupon asked him how long it would take her to paint a plum like one of William Hunt's. Mr. Ruskin's reply was memorable: "About eight hours a day for forty years, madam."

THE relative popularity of British novelists in America is a subject on which statistics are still comparatively dumb. Our most ardent admirers of Mr. Marion Crawford's novels may be surprised to learn how many people there are in America who are of the same mind as themselves about this agreeable writer's books. Some figures which come in the current New York *Critic* show that upwards of half-a-million copies of Mr. Crawford's works have been sold in the States. Mr. Crawford's first success, *Mr. Isaacs*, is there in its fifty-third thousand, while *Saracinesca* has actually found more than 110,000 purchasers across the Atlantic. Mr. Crawford's other works have been

appreciated by American readers in the following order: *Sant' Ilario*, *Don Orsino*, *Dr. Claudius*, *Katherine Lauderdale*, *The Three Fates*, *The Ralstons*, *Casa Braccio*, *Pietro Ghisleri*. We are surprised that *A Roman Singer* does not stand higher.

By a printer's error, the title of Mr. H. G. Wells's latest novel appeared in Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co's advertisement as "The Wheels of Change." The *Wheels of Change* would not make a bad title for a story, but everyone knows that Mr. Wells wrote of the wheels of *Chance*.

A CORRESPONDENT draws our attention to the omission in the article on Leigh Hunt in last week's ACADEMY of his sonnet on the Nile; which, he says, "more than anything else he did entitles its author to the sacred name of poet." The sonnet is well known, but in deference to our correspondent we reproduce it here:

"It flows through old hushed Egypt and its sands
Like some grave mighty thought threading
a dream,
And times and things, as in that vision
seem
Keeping along it their eternal stands—
Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd bands
That roamed through the young world, the
glory extreme
Of high Sesostriis, and that southern beam,
The laughing queen that caught the world's
great hands.
"Then comes a mightier silence, stern and
strong,
As of a world left empty of its throng,
And the void weighs on us; and then we
wake,
And hear the fruitful stream lapsing along
'Twixt villages, and think how we shall
take
Our own calm journey on for human sake."

It may not be generally known that this sonnet was the outcome of a competition in sonnet making between Hunt, Shelley, and Keats. Hunt's sonnet was the best.

A WRITER in *The Philistine* has been inquiring into the statistics of births and deaths in fiction. He finds the proportion of annual births to deaths is as one to 796. At this rate, he says, the story-tellers will depopulate the earth in eleven years, figured out mathematically. Dickens, he continues, is the only author that ever lived who tried to hold the balance true. For every undertaker that he brings on the scene he introduces a midwife. Mr. Lang should note this point, if he has not already done so, for the "Gadshill" edition!

DUNDEE is associated in song with bonnets rather than books, but books hold sway there to-day. An exhibition of literary relics of Shakespeare, Burns, and Scott from the collection of Mr. A. C. Lamb, the well-known antiquarian of that town, has been opened, and it appears to be rich in interesting books. Among these are three of the Shakespeare folios—the second of 1632, the third of 1684, and the fourth of 1685. There are also early copies of single plays:

"The Merchant of Venice" (1637), "Pericles, Prince of Tyre" (1630), and others. A snuff-box made from Shakespeare's mulberry-tree, and once the property of Garrick, is also shown; while Dundee is connected with Shakespeare by the exhibition of three volumes of the works of Hector Boece, who was born in Dundee in the middle of the fifteenth century, and wrote books with which Shakespeare is known to have studied. The Burns and Scott exhibits are numerous and interesting, the former including a unique partially uncut copy of the Kilmarnock edition of 1786 in its original paper covers.

LORD ROBERTS's book, *Forty-one Years in India*, has entered its eighth edition.

MRS. H. M. STANLEY will contribute an article to the February number of *The Art Journal* on "Bastien Lepage in London," with reproductions of some sketches made by the French peasant artist during a visit. The number will also contain an etching by Mr. David Law, after Corot's "Souvenir d'Italie."

MESSRS. W. BLACKWOOD & SONS will publish on Monday *The Land of the Dollar*, by George W. Steevens, who has collected under this title the series of articles which he wrote as special correspondent of the *Daily Mail* during the Presidential election.

IN *Blackwood's Magazine* for February will be found an article from the pen of Miss Beatrice Harraden, entitled "Some Impressions of Southern California."

It is not surprising that Miss Marie Corelli is the envy of some of her fellow novelists. Of her forthcoming romance, *Ziska*, although it is not due till the 15th of next month, 35,000 copies have been already bespoken. Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith is the publisher.

PROF. WALTER RALEIGH will contribute to the forthcoming number of *Cosmopolis* an essay entitled "The Battle of the Books." M. Edouard Rod will write on "The Intellectual Movements in France."

THE author of *Uncle Remus* has been engaged for some time on a story in a very different genre. The title is *Sister Jane*, and Mr. Harris is reported to be despondent about it. Those who have seen the MS. are, however, most enthusiastic. Authors are notoriously such bad judges of their work that we expect something very good.

JUDGE O'CONNOR MORRIS's work on *Hannibal* will soon appear in Messrs. Putnam's "Heroes Series." It will be a companion volume to the author's *Napoleon* in the same series.

MR. S. R. CROCKETT's new novel, *Lad's Love*, is to be published by Bliss, Sands & Co. Less than one-third of it has appeared in the serial form. For the first time one of Mr. Crockett's novels will be issued illustrated, *Lad's Love* containing sixteen wash-drawings by Mr. Warwick Goble.

THE BOOK MARKET.

EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING.

IT is doubtful whether any one man in London is in a position to realise the magnitude of the educational publishing trade. Educational books flow out to their users by special channels. Though they are published by the firms that issue ordinary literature, they do not, like general books, go in bulk to the distributing houses and to the booksellers. Vast quantities are sent direct from the publisher's to the school-room. Yet it is hardly to the publishers that one can go to obtain a wide view of the educational output. Each publisher is immersed in his own publications, while competition assumes a new meaning and intensity in the educational trade. For whereas when a publisher brings out a standard work in general literature he monopolises the book, and to some extent the book monopolises its subject; it is different when he publishes a French dictionary, or a manual of physics, or an atlas. He then brings out a book which must compete with a dozen other books prepared and floated with precisely the same object as his own publication. That object is to give the best educational treatment to the subject in question, and thus win the support of the largest number of schoolmasters. Yet the plain man will want to know why in the majority of cases one manual is not as good as another. The text of Horace, for instance, is for ever the text of Horace, and there is no royal road to understanding it. One might suppose that the necessary aids had long ago been formulated, that the best scholarship had been tapped, and that a single standard text of Horace had run out of its copyright, and was everywhere published with the same gloss and everywhere in use. But the game of education is a keen one, none keener; and hence we find that a large number of "Horaces" are competing for school use. Five publishers' catalogues now lie before us, each of which offers Horace's Odes, or some portion of them, edited by a different hand, to the British schoolboy. The British schoolboy being million-headed can consume them all. But the lion's share goes to the lion publisher; and that is where the battle grows hot. Horace, who stole away from competition, and wrote in his large leisure, is hustled when he enters the educational hurly-burly.

Ab uno disce omnes. Consider all the other Latin classics, the Greek classics, the grammars, the modern languages, the mathematics, the sciences. Over six hundred new books classifiable as Philological, Classical, and Educational were published during last year—two per working day. It is an axiom of publishing that an established school book is a fine property. The demand for copies may become enormous. Cassell's French Dictionary is in its four-hundred-and-ninetieth thousand.

As a cause of production it should be observed, too, that the mortality among school books is very great; so many are used as missiles, and so many as drawing-books,

and so many as blotters. Traddles, it will be remembered, made his books a picture gallery of skeletons, and every school has several Traddles whose ravages must be repaired.

But the most potent factor in multiplying school books is, simply, the vigour of the educational movement, which is ever extending curricula, or uniting learning to taste. Books are now thumbed in our schools which a quarter of a century ago were only found in the libraries of gentlemen and scholars. Our schoolboys read—with vastly more care than many of them ever will in their after lives—Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Cowper, and Burke. They find time to read Thomson's *Seasons*; and they snatch an early and correct delight—too early and correct one doubts—from Elia. Only the other day we received a selection of Matthew Arnold's poems edited and annotated for school use. Or take the domain of geography. Compare the text-books and atlases of to-day with those of twenty-five years ago. Look at the physical and political maps which are now included in every atlas. Some of us seem to remember a time when physical geography was not invented—yet we are young—and when politics dictated "sides" in a tug-of-war or a snow-ball fight, but were otherwise unappreciated. And whereas a geography book then included in its survey the world from China to Peru, now patriotism and prudence assign a separate and bulky manual to the British Isles, and another to our Colonies, and others to the great areas of the world. Many of the school atlases of Messrs. George Philip & Sons are now supplied with maps of European capitals, and the day may be near when a handy geographical text-book on London may be adopted by the London School Board for use in its schools.

THE BOOK SALES OF 1896.

It would be idle for me to attempt, in the columns of the ACADEMY, even a partial survey of the "book sales" of the past year. In the first place, I should require a whole issue; and, in the second place, it would serve little or no good purpose. It will be better if I state the results of my own study, and illustrate them with a few examples from the more important libraries which were dispersed.

So far as the collections sold are concerned, the past year is not specially distinguished. Still, there were four or five which deserve singling out for more particular mention. These are: the Frere Library (February 14, 15, 16, 17, and 18); a collection of "various properties," sold in the same month; Mr. Farmer Atkinson's Biblical and liturgical collection (March); Mr. A. Crampon's library (June); the "library of a gentleman" (November), and the collection from the libraries of Arthur Young, Howell Wills, and Sir T. N. Dick-Lauder (December). Of these the Frere Library has undoubted historic interest. The Bunbury sale and the sale of duplicates from Earl Crawford's library are also interesting. Lord Coleridge's library (May) and the

collection made by the late Mr. Alexander Macmillan furnish material for study of an important character.

From an examination of these and all the other sales which have occurred I have come to the following conclusions:

(1) An increasing interest, and a consequent increase in price, of first editions of books which may be classed as "English literature."

(2) A revival of the mania for extra-illustrated books.

(3) A continued interest in "Americana."

(4) A continued interest in illustrated sporting books.

(5) A demand for first editions of Kipling and Stevenson.

(6) A passing away of the fashion for books by Richard Jefferies, and for large-paper copies of modern works.

Other points occur to me, but to illustrate them would take up more space than is desirable. I can only briefly touch upon them. Topographical books are still in demand, but the prices paid for the rarer works are not of so high an average as in past years. Blake's illustrated books are in great demand. Collectors of fine bindings are not wanting. The craze for Dickens and Thackeray is losing hold of collectors; and the Cruikshank miser is going the way of all flesh.

And now let me illustrate my six points:

(1) Ben Jonson's "Masque of Queenes" (1609), £20; Dr. Donne's "Sermons" (1640, Walton's copy), £17; Donne's "Poems" (1635), £8 5s. [O'Flahertie's Sale, Jan.].

Ben Jonson's "His Case Altered," and "The Alchemist" (1609-12), £31; Shakespeare's "Pericles" (1609), £171; Spenser's "Faerie Queene" and "Colin Clout" (1596), £24 [The Frere Sale, Feb.].

Burns's "Poems" (Kilmarnock, 1786), £121; Goldsmith's "Traveller" (1764), £96; Hayward's "The Sanctuarie of a Troubled Soule" (1616), £19; Dr. Johnson's "The Idler" (1761, L.P.), £14 15s.; Shirley's "Poems" (1646), £10 10s.; Chaucer's "Tales" (Caxton, 1478?), £1,020 ["Various Properties" Feb. and March].

Milton's "Paradise Lost," £85; Florio's "Montaigne" (1603), £23 10s.; Nash's "First Parte of Pasquill's Apologie" (1590), £15 10s.; Sterne's "Sentimental Journey" (1768, L.P.), £22 10s. [A Collector's Library, March].

Shelton's "Don Quixote" (1612-20), £35; "Shakespeare" (fourth folio, £55; Wycherley's "Miscellany Poems" (1704), £46 [Duke of Leeds, April].

Browning's "Pauline" (1833), £145; Byron's "Poems" (1807, L.P.), £45; Byron's "Hours of Idleness" (1807, L.P.), £20; "English Bards" (fourth edition) £29; Byron's "Waltz" (1813), £55; Coleridge's "Poems" (1796, with his receipt for copyright), £20; Cowper's "Poems" and "Task" (1782-85), £16 15s.; Daniel's "Civille Warres" (1609), £11 15s.; De Witt's "Robinson Crusoe" (1719-20), £55; Defoe's "Moll Flanders" (1721), £10 15s.; Drayton's "Battaile of Agincourt" (1562), £11 5s.; Fielding's "Tom Jones" (1749), £11 10s.; Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" (1766), £65; "Deserted Village"

(1770), £25; Hallam's "Poems" (1830), £36; Herrick's "Hesperides" (1648), £38; Keats's "Poems" (1817), £21 10s.; Keats's "Lamia" (1820), £11 10s.; Lamb and Lloyd's "Blank Verse" (1798), £10 10s.; "Tales from Shakespeare" (1807), £13 13s.; "Mrs. Leicester's School" (1809), £12 10s.; Landor's "Poems" (1795), £19 15s.; Landor's "Poems" (1798), £16 16s.; Marlowe's "All Ovid's Elegies" (1596), £18 10s.; Milton's "Lycidas" (1638), £87; Milton's "Poems" (1641), £51; "Paradise Lost" (1667), £90; Poe's "Raven" (1845), £51; Quarles' "Argalus," &c. (1636), £30; Shelley's "Address to the Irish People" (1812), £42; "Œdipus Tyrannus" (1820), £130; "Adonais" (1821), £42; Spenser's "Faerie Queene" (1590-96), £85; Spenser's "Complaints" (1591), £27; "Colin Clout" (1595), £21 10s.; "Tristram Shandy" (1700-67), £20; Suckling's "Fragmenta Aurea" (1646), £14; Tennyson's "The Window" (1867), £52; Tennyson's "The Victim" (1867), £75; Wordsworth's "Grace Darling" (1838), £32 [A. Crampon's Sale, June].

Burns's "Poems" (Kilmarnock, 1786), £70; Chaucer's "Tales" (Caxton, 1478?), £1,880; Shakespeare's "Works," second folio, £75; third folio, £43, and fourth folio, £34 [Sale of various properties, June].

Holinshed's "Chronicle" (1577), £106; Shelton's "Don Quixote" (1612-20), £35; Walton's "Angler" (1653), £415 [Wills & Lauder Sale, Dec.].

(2) Crowe and Cavalcaselle's "Painting in Italy" (1864-71), £15 10s.; Waagen's "Treasures of Art" (1854-57), £40 [Scharf Sale, Feb.].

Ames's "Typographical Antiquities" (Fenn's copy), £248 [Frere Sale, Feb.]. Foster's "Life of Dickens," £252 [Feb.]. Gillray's "Caricatures," £59 [J. C. Smith, Jan.].

(3) De la Garde's "Simple Cobbler of Aggawam" (1647), £5 5s. [O'Flahertie, Jan.].

Eliot's "Indian Bible" (imperfect), £20 [American Books Sale, Jan.].

Cieza de Leon's "Chronica del Peru" (1553), £12 12s.; Morton's "New England's Memorials," £50 [Feb.].

Pynchon's "Price of Man's Redemption" (1655), £15 10s. [March].

Eliot's "Indian Bible," £82; Hubbard's "Troubles with the Indians" (1677), £111 [June].

Raleigh's "Discoverie of Guiana" (1596), with Harcourt's "Voyage to Guiana" (1626), £51; Smith's "Virginia" (1625), £204 [Bunbury Sale, July].

Vespuccio's Letter on "Mundus Novus" (1504), £176 [Dec.].

(4) Apperley's "Hunters" (1831), £4 10s.; Dobson's "Kunopædia" (1814), £7 10s.; Apperley's "Life of a Sportsman" (1857), £6; Alken's "Hunting Field" (1846), £6; Surtees' "Handley Cross" (1854), £6 15s.; Markham's "Pleasures of Princes" (1635), £7 10s.; Markham's "Country Contentments" (1631), £11; Egan's "Book of Sports" (1832), £15 15s. ["Various Properties," Feb.].

Fulke's "Philosopher's Game" (1563), with Rowbotham's "Cheastes" (1569), £27 10s. [Bunbury Sale, July].

Walton's "Angler" (Third Edition, 1661), £37; Walton's "Angler" (First Edition, 1653), £415 [Dec.].

Several copies of Surtees' novels, in the original parts, brought good prices.

(5) A set of Stevenson's works brought £67; the same author's "Charity Bazaar," £15; Kipling's first publications, those in Wheeler's "Indian Railway Library," are bringing as much as £1 each. The rare Anglo-Indian *Civil and Military Gazette*, to which Kipling, his father, mother, and sister contributed, sold in December for £15. This is the first recorded appearance of this work in a sale-room.

(6) I need only point out that "The Story of my Heart," which used to bring £1 10s. and £2, sold in Messrs. Puttick & Simpson's rooms, in January, for 3s. But most of Mr. Jefferies' books are bringing such small prices that I have been compelled to omit them from my volume on the "Book Sales of 1896."

With regard to "Large Paper" editions, a comparison of their published prices with those they realise at sales must be a heart-breaking task to their possessors. The fates seem to be dealing very unkindly in this matter, with Mr. Andrew Lang's works in particular. Again and again these bring but a few shillings.

TEMPLE SCOTT.

BOOKSELLING REPORTS.

We have received the following reports of books most in demand at various centres:

LONDON (OXFORD-STREET).

FICTION.

Rodney Stone. By Conan Doyle.
On the Face of the Waters. By Mrs. Steel.
Emma. By Jane Austen. (Illustrated by Hugh Thomson.)
The Man in Grey. By S. R. Crockett.
The Herb Moon. By John Oliver Hobbes.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Queen Elisabeth. By Mandell Creighton.
Forty-one Years in India. By Lord Roberts.

POETRY.

Browning's Works. 2 vols. (New edition.)
The Seven Seas. By Rudyard Kipling.

ART.

The Decorative Illustration of Books. By Walter Crane.

GLASGOW.

FICTION.

Sentimental Tommy. By J. M. Barrie.
Dr. Nikola. By Guy Boothby.
On the Face of the Waters. By Mrs. F. A. Steel.
The Land o' the Leal. By David Lyall.

BIOGRAPHY.

Margaret Ogilvy. By J. M. Barrie.
Life of Joseph Thomson. By Rev. J. B. Thomson.

THEOLOGY.

The Upper Room. By Dr. John Watson.
With Open Face. By A. B. Bruce, D.D.
Modern Reader's Bible.

EASTBOURNE.

FICTION.

Rodney Stone. By Conan Doyle.
Kate Carnegie. By Ian Maclaren.
The Sign of the Cross. By Wilson Barrett.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Margaret Ogilvy. By J. M. Barrie.
Sunshine and Storm in Rhodesia. By F. C. Selous.
The Black Watch. By Archibald Forbes.

POETRY.

The Seven Seas. By Rudyard Kipling.
Chaurafancharika. By Sir Edwin Arnold.

THEOLOGY.

The Cure of Souls. By Dr. John Watson.
Dr. J. R. Miller's Books.

DUBLIN.

FICTION.

The Man in Grey. By S. R. Crockett.
On the Face of the Waters. By Mrs. F. A. Steel.
Rodney Stone. By Conan Doyle.
Mrs. Cliff's Yacht. By Frank R. Stockton.
Emma. By Jane Austen. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Forty-one Years in India. By Lord Roberts.
Archbishop Benson in Ireland. Edited by J. H. Bernard.
Margaret Ogilvy. By J. M. Barrie.
Boswell's Johnson. 6 vols. By Augustine Birrell.

POETRY.

The Seven Seas. By Rudyard Kipling.
Christina Rossetti's Poems.
The Temple Dramatists.
Mrs. Alexander's Poems.

THEOLOGY.

Dr. J. R. Miller's Works.
Carmichael's Responsibilities of God.
The Old Testament and Modern Life. Stopford A. Brooke.

ART AND BELLES LETTRES.

The Alhambra. By Washington Irving. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell.
NOTE.—The sale of Fiction, chiefly in the 6s. form, has been larger this season than ever. The sales of Biographical and Fine Art books have also been brisk.

BRISTOL.

FICTION.

On the Face of the Waters. By Mrs. Steel.
The Sowars. By H. S. Merriman.
The Sign of the Cross. By Wilson Barrett.
Sentimental Tommy. J. M. Barrie.

BIOGRAPHY.

Margaret Ogilvy. By J. M. Barrie.

POETRY.

The Seven Seas. By Rudyard Kipling.
The Temple Dramatists and Shakespeare.

THEOLOGY.

Introduction to the History of the Church of England. By O. Wakeman.
The Sermon on the Mount. By Charles Gore.

BELLES LETTRES.

In the West Country. By F. A. Knight.
The Children. By Alice Meynell.

CAMBRIDGE.

FICTION.

Sentimental Tommy. By J. M. Barrie.
Sir George Tressady. By Mrs. Humphry Ward.
Pride and Prejudice. By Jane Austen.
Tom Sawyer. By Mark Twain.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

The Life and Miracles of St. William of Norwich.
Edited by Augustus Jessop.
Margaret Ogilvy. By J. M. Barrie.
Life of Archbishop Magee.

POETRY.

The Year of Shame. By William Watson.
The Seven Seas. By Rudyard Kipling.
The Temple Dramatists.

THEOLOGY.

The Sermon on the Mount. By Charles Gore.
A New Massoretico-Critical Text of the Hebrew Bible.
Sermons on Special Occasions. By Dr. Liddon.
Sandhay and Headlam's Romans.

BELLES LETTRES.

The Temple Classics.
The Poetry of Sport. (Badminton Library.)
The Alhambra. By Washington Irving. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

VERY few works appear in our list this week under "Theology," or "Biography," or "History." Perhaps the most notable section is "Travel," which gives us Mr. Arthur P. Harper's *Pioneer Work in the Alps of New Zealand* (Fisher Unwin); Miss Mary H. Kingsley's record of her *Travels in West Africa* (Macmillans), and Mr. G. W. Steevens's *The Land of the Dollar*, which will be issued to the public on Monday. Mr. Steevens's book consists of a reprint of his recent remarkable letters to the *Daily Mail*. Under "Miscellaneous" will be found such diverse works as *Famous British Warships and their Commanders*, by Walter Wood (Hurst & Blackett); Mr. J. H. Slater's *Book Prices Current* (Elliot Stock); *Armenia and Europe*, by Dr. J. Lepsius (Hodder & Stoughton); and *The Sacred Tree*, by Mrs. J. H. Philpot (Macmillans). The last-named work deals with the part which the tree has played in primitive religion. Mrs. Philpot writes that "no other form of Pagan ritual has been so widely distributed, has left behind it such persistent traces, or appeals so closely to modern sympathies, as the worship of the tree."

THEOLOGY.

VILLAGE SERMONS. By the late F. J. A. Hort, D.D. Macmillan & Co. 6s.

BIOGRAPHY.

FERDINAND LASSALE AND HELENE VON DÖNNIGES. By Elisabeth E. Evans. Swan, Sonnenschein & Co.
AN INQUIRY INTO THE LIFE AND LEGEND OF MICHAEL SCOT. By Rev. J. W. Brown, M.A. David Douglas (Edinburgh). 10s. 6d.

HISTORY.

THE HISTORY OF ARMENIA. By N. Ter Gregor. John Heywood.

ART, POETRY, AND BELLES LETTRES.

CHOIR STALLS AND THEIR CARVINGS. Sketched by Emma Simpson.
EPIGRAMS. By Arthur J. Stringer. T. H. Warren (London, Ontario).
A HANDBOOK OF GREEK SCULPTURE. By Ernest A. Gardner, M.A. Macmillan & Co.
THE WATCH SONG OF HEBANE THE WITNESS. Anonymous. John Murray. 10s. 6d.
A HISTORY OF GREEK ART. By F. B. Tarbell. Macmillan & Co. 6s.

TRAVEL.

PIONEER WORK IN THE ALPS OF NEW ZEALAND. By Arthur P. Harper. T. Fisher Unwin. 21s.
TRAVELS IN WEST AFRICA. By Mary H. Kingsley. Macmillan & Co. 21s.
THE LAND OF THE DOLLAR. By G. W. Steevens. William Blackwood & Sons.
GRANT ALLEN'S HISTORICAL GUIDES: PARIS AND FLORENCE. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.

EDUCATIONAL.

POPE'S ESSAY ON CRITICISM. Edited by John Churton Collins. Macmillan & Co. 1s. 9d.
PITT PRESS SERIES: L'AVARE. Edited by E. G. W. Braunholtz, M.A. Cambridge University Press. 2s. 6d.
PITT PRESS SERIES: XENOPHON, ANANIAS. Book II. Edited by G. M. Edwards, M.A. Cambridge University Press. 1s. 6d.
ITALIAN DIALOGUES. By Pietro Motti. David Nutt.
GEOGRAPHY OF AFRICA. By Edward Heawood. Macmillan & Co. 2s. 6d.

FICTION.

THE STRANGE SCHEMES OF RANDOLPH MASON. By Melville Davison Post. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 3s. 6d.
A COMEDY OF THREE. By Newton Sanders. T. Fisher Unwin. 1s.
A SLIGHT INDISCRETION. By Mrs. Edward Cartwright. T. Fisher Unwin. 1s.
WITH THE RED EAGLE. By William Westall. Chatto & Windus. 6s.
THE BARE, B.A. By Edward F. Benson. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 6s.

AN ANXIOUS MOMENT. By Mrs. Hungerford. Chatto & Windus.
EQUAL SHARES. By David Worthington. Digby, Long & Co. 6s.
THE DOWAGER'S DETERMINATION. By Florence Severne. Digby, Long & Co. 6s.
THE SPORT OF THE GODS. By Esther Miller. A. D. Innes & Co. 6s.
LADY JEAN'S SON. By Sarah Tytler. Jarrold & Sons. 6s.
THE FINGER AND THE RING. By Charles James. Ward & Downey. 6s.
DAVID COPPERFIELD AND LITTLE DORRIT. (Shilling edition.) Chapman & Hall.
THE HAUNTED LOOKING-GLASS. By Gratiana Darrell. Digby, Long & Co.
FRANCESCA HALSTEAD. By Reginald St. Barbe. Digby, Long & Co. 6s.

SCIENCE.

DISEASES OF PLANTS INDUCED BY CRYPTOGAMIC PARASITES. By Dr. Karl Freiherr von Tubenl. Longmans, Green & Co. 18s.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A HANDBOOK TO THE ORDER LEPIDOPTERA. By W. F. Kirby, F.L.S. Vol. III. W. H. Allen & Co.

ORIENTAL.

THE SACRED BOOKS OF THE EAST. Translated by various Oriental Scholars, and edited by F. Max Müller. Vol. XLVI. Clarendon Press. 14s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FAMOUS BRITISH WAR-SHIPS AND THEIR COMMANDERS. By Walter Wood. Hurst & Blackett.
THE PHYSIOCRATS. By Henry Higgs. Macmillan & Co.
A CHRONOLOGICAL CYCLOPEDIA OF MUSICIANS AND MUSICAL EVENTS. By C. Egerton Lowe. Weekes & Co.
BOOK PRICES CURRENT. Vol. X. Edited by J. H. Slater. Elliot Stock.
THE THEORY OF CONTRACT IN ITS SOCIAL LIGHT. By W. A. Watt. T. & T. Clark. 3s.
ARMENIA AND EUROPE. By J. Lepsius, Ph.D. Edited by Bendel Harris, M.A. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.
ENGLAND'S WEALTH IN ISLAND'S POVERTY. By Thomas Lough, M.P. Downey & Co. 1s.
THE HORSE IN ART AND NATURE. Part II. Chapman & Hall. 2s. 6d.
THE LAW OF WAR. By John Shuckburgh Biale, M.A., B.C.L. A. D. Innes & Co. 12s.
DEBENT'S HOUSE OF COMMONS AND THE JUDICIAL BENCH. Dean & Son.
BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS DURING THE MIDDLE AGES. Vol. II. By Geo. Haven Putnam. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
THE MECHANICS OF PUMPING MACHINERY. By Dr. Julius Weisbach and Prof. Gustav Hermann. Macmillan & Co.
THE SACRED TREE. By Mrs. J. H. Philpot. Macmillan & Co. 6s. 6d.
KIDNAPPED IN LONDON. By Sun Yat Sen. J. W. Arrow-smith. 1s.
THE DICKENS DICTIONARY. By Gilbert A. Pierce and William A. Wheeler. New edition. Chapman & Hall.
THE YEAR'S MUSIC, 1897. J. S. Virtue & Co. 2s. 6d.

PERIODICALS, PAMPHLETS, &c.

THE ISLAMIC WORLD, THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, THE ENGLISH HISTORICAL REVIEW, THE FORUM, LITERARY DIGEST (New York), STUDIO, LIBRARY REVIEW, CHURCH QUARTERLY REVIEW, ANNALES DE GÉOGRAPHIE (Paris), PRÉSÉNTATION AND REFORMED REVIEW, PHRENOLOGICAL ANNUAL, ARTIST, AMERICAN JOURNAL OF MATHEMATICS (Baltimore), THE DAVY-FARADAY RESEARCH LIBRARY—DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT. ANNALS OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF POLITICAL AND SOCIAL SCIENCE (Philadelphia), CRITICAL REVIEW, ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE, PALL MALL MAGAZINE.

FOREIGN.

DEUTSCHE ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR GESCHICHTSWISSENSCHAFT (Leipzig).
ALT-CELTISCHER SPRACHSCHATZ. Von Alfred Holder (Leipzig).
REISEN IN SÜD-ARABIE, MAHRA-LAND UND HADRAMUT (Leiden).
DAS WESEN DER ELEKTRICITÄT UND DES MAGNETISMUS. Von J. G. Vogt (Leipzig).
PETRIA DE DACIA, UITA-CHRISTINUM STUMBELENSIS. Editio Johannes Paulson (Göteborg).
DE ECTYPSI QUIDAM AENEIS QUAE FALSO VOCANTUR "ARGIVO-CORINTHIACA." PAR A. de Ridder (Paris).
DE L'IDÉE DE LA MORT EN GRÈCE À L'EPOQUE CLASSIQUE. PAR A. de Ridder (Paris).
L'ISLANDE AVANT LE CHRISTIANISME. PAR A. Geffroy (Paris).
ÉLÉMENTS DE GRAMMAIRE COMPARÉE DU GREC ET DU LATIN. Pt. II.: Morphologie.

ART.

THE Landscape Exhibition at the Dudley Gallery this winter is the welcome second of a series to which we wish all success. An average of a dozen or more of landscapes by each of a group of six painters, who have manifestly not come together by chance, presents landscape painting in an unusually peaceful aspect. The first glance at twilights, tree-tops, and winged skies prepares us to be pleased, and we have a grateful former association of thoughts with the names of McLachlan, Hill, Peppercorn, Allan, Waterlow, and Leslie Thomson. We do not forget, particularly, that some years ago, when there was no other—nearly no other—"execution" in the whole of the Royal Academy, no other grace of touch in the texture of foliage or foreground grass, there was yet Mr. Leslie Thomson's. When Mr. Vicat Cole's brush seemed to yield all the delicacy, all the elegance, for which there was any demand, a little green picture here and there, signed by the not popular name, gave assurance that the art of beautiful painting—as distinguished from a general resolve to paint a beautiful picture—had not entirely lapsed. Mr. Leslie Thomson was really more conspicuous than people who passed his work over, with others they thought it resembled, at all suspected!

MR. T. HOPE MCLACHLAN has movement and vapour in the skies of "Storm at Sundown" and "The Pool"; and in the latter are tenderly and slenderly drawn tree-stems and a fine horizon. "Quiet Night" shows a flock of sheep with the light of a beautifully mingled sky upon their many fleeces. Even with good will towards the long-forgotten idea of imaginative landscape, one may hesitate about "Isles of the Sea." But "Backwater near the Trossachs" is literal enough, and very fresh and emphatic. In "The Wave" Mr. McLachlan has given graceful expression to a little nature-fancy which is simple enough to have occurred to a painter before, but which is all his own; this is that the wave, at the highest of its crest, is an Undine figure erect, upreared, "steadying" on, as the Ancient Mariner says, straight from head to foot. The movement, well suggested, is that of a tall wave, and the water delicately painted.

THERE is, perhaps, nothing better in the work of Mr. R. W. Allan, R.W.S., than his peculiarly intelligent drawing of poplars. He has the spirit of those trees so well that if you have forgotten the look, the air, of them in France (though you know their shapes), Mr. Allan will give you back the very person of the poplar. Good white sunshine fills the scene "On the Loing," but "Chelsea" does not please us so well. Mr. James S. Hill makes his skies interesting, but hardly seems to give them that difference from the landscape, which is, after all, the most conspicuous and patent of all the patent facts of nature. He follows in this some of the French *Romantiques*, who en-

tangled their vivid shattered skies in the very substance of their forests. A little lack of light seems somewhat to spoil our pleasure in "Christchurch," but this, "Under Repair," "Filey Beach," and the large picture, "Across the Sand Dunes," are all notable works. So are the peculiarly brilliant flower-studies; "Double Tulips" and "Peonies and Daffodils" are wonderfully free (without insolence) in execution, and in illumination and colour radiant and fresh.

WITH "Golden Autumn" Mr. E. A. Waterlow, A.R.A., won the gold medal at Berlin last year. It is a work of great unity and glow, with the autumn privilege of gold in the sunshine made quite the most of; but, because of what seems to a sky-lover a certain poverty and indecision in the sky, we prefer to this important picture such secondary works as "A Forest Path, Barbizon," "A Forest Glade, Fontainebleau," "A Little Farm, Tintagel," and "A Wet Day"—the last two especially, for their great grace of touch. Mr. Leslie Thomson, R.I., seems to us to be at his best in the spacious and simple "Holyhead Mountain," with its fleeting and atmospheric sky, and in "Wareham," which has a full river—the painter makes us feel the brimmingness. The criticism against "St. Vaast-de-la-Hogue" might be that the sunshine is presented rather "sensationally"; for, however all-intense a natural noon may be, it is surely never that. The tendency to great emphasis is evident also in "Ardfern."

It is to Mr. Peppercorn that attaches the interest of this little collection. His work grows in beauty and in power, and "A Cornfield" marks the highest point. Mystery in darkened trees and fugitive clouds is obvious; but in this beautiful work there is a more essential mystery of tone and light. Exceedingly powerful is "The Pool," with its threatening lights of broken sky. But here again is one of the *Romantic* skies; it is full, various, and brilliant; but you greatly admire it, as you would a fine *plaque* of metal, for its splendid incidents of surface. Less celestial still is the sky of the simply and very completely painted little picture, "A Tranquil Sea." Seldom has a grey rock on a grey day been painted with so much truth, power, and sobriety; it is at once a study and a picture. "The Lane" has the less unusual qualities of this admirable painter in great perfection; and everywhere he proves the possession of artistic sincerity, which means sincerity worth having. The whole exhibition, finally, shows artistic love of nature (which is a love worth showing), and generally temperate ambitions—but for a suggestion from Mr. Hope McLachlan.

THE six artists have taken for the motto of their gallery a saying of Mr. Ruskin's: "No good work whatever can be perfect; and the demand for perfection is always a sign of a misunderstanding of the ends of Art." True as this is, it is rather an unnecessary truth for all those who have ever confessed the limitations of the material wherewith all

artists, in all arts, do their work. This once granted—this inevitable "imperfection" once recognised—it is perfection *within the powers of the material*, rather than general imperfection, that should be proposed to the student. He ought to hope for perfection according to the capacity of the thing he is working with. The "fine dissatisfaction" with his own work, which is popularly and conventionally expected from a true artist, is surely the result not so much of honourable striving and humility as of hopes too vaguely broadcast, and of the aiming at ends too scattered and too far apart. Such vagueness and such scattering do not fall to the lot of him who knows that he can do all possible things by observing one rule—direction—and that if he never tries to go further than his material, he will go far.

THE "25" is a little exhibition in Soho-square of pencil-drawings, tintings, etchings, lithographs, and other light things, reproduced or reproducible. There is a somewhat significant comparison to be made between eccentric and prankish art in these forms by French hands in this collection, and its late notorious imitations in young English illustrated quarterlies. There is a foundation of drawing in the work of Louis Legrand, F. Rops, C. Maurin, Henri de Toulouse Lautrec, in their degree, and, in fact, of all the company, which must make certain illustrations and caricatures, given to London during the last two or three years, look, to all eyes, as puerile as they have always appeared to eyes well educated. The drawings of Adolf Menzel vouch for an old and European reputation by their excellent draughtsmanship and by the rare dramatic attitude, the living action, of his groups, as in "The Child Jesus in the Synagogue," with half a dozen of the studies of old Jews full of familiar expression. "Two London-street Hebrews" of Mr. Raven Hill, by the way, are also excellent in expressiveness.

MR. E. A. WALTON is successful with an impression of a "Flower Girl" at Kensington, inspired from Japan, and coloured with the very red, soft, and a little golden of a Japanese picture; also with a like quality in his blue in "Lamp-light." A series of Mr. Phil May's studies in black and white prove again his grotesque faithfulness to the truth of London character. The "Two Little Fisher Maids" of M. E. Delatre, fishing in a tank within a *grille*, make what some people choose to call a pretty pattern, with sun and simplicity besides. M. F. Rops frightens three exquisite cupids, fluttering wings of the most vivid spirit and grace of drawing, by the appearance of a model of revolting physique led by a pig in leash.

A WORD of praise should be said also for Mr. A. S. Hartrick's illustrations of a prize-fight; for the sunned daisies and hawthorn of "Moulin Huet Bay," by Mr. W. H. Byles; and for the greater part of M. L. Legrand's work, and M. C. Maurin's.

A. M.

MUSIC.

TSCHAIKOWSKY'S Symphony in B minor was the special item in Mr. Henschel's third concert last Thursday week. In selecting that work Mr. Henschel not only challenged direct comparison with Dr. Richter, but with the German conductor at his very best. The latter created a profound impression when he first gave that Symphony, and in each subsequent performance fully maintained his reputation. Mr. Henschel's reading, though not equal in breadth and *vis viva*, was in many respects praiseworthy, especially that of the second and fourth movements. He has carefully studied and pondered over the meaning of the music. His conception of the work may be every whit as good as that of Dr. Richter, yet he cannot, apparently, transmit his thoughts and feelings with the same directness and intensity.

MISS ILONA EIBENSCHÜTZ gave a clever rendering of Grieg's characteristic pianoforte Concerto in A minor. Her reading of the music was clear and brilliant, though she did not, perhaps, fully realise the composer's intentions. The Concerto is one of those works in which almost everything depends upon the style of interpretation; it ought really to be studied under the guidance of the composer himself. In some works the thoughts are so deep, the developments so interesting, that the music *per se* attracts. In Grieg's Concerto, which is characteristic, is not in the highest sense of the term great, composer and performer seem almost of equal importance.

BETHOVEN'S "Elegiac Ode" for four voices and strings (Op. 118) was repeated by desire. Though not one of the composer's great works, it charms by its expressiveness and simplicity. It was written in memory of Eleonora Pasqualati. The vocalists, Mrs. Henschel, Miss Gondar, Messrs. W. Ford and G. Holmes, sang carefully, but their voices were not well balanced.

THE programme included Schumann's "Genoveva" Overture and Wagner's Overture to "Tannhäuser," two works very different in kind, yet each in its own way great. Mr. Henschel was more successful with the first.

TSCHAIKOWSKY is all the fashion just now, and Mr. Chappell on Monday introduced into the *répertoire* of the Popular Concerts the composer's Quartet for strings in D (Op. 11), which was originally produced in London, I believe, by Mr. Gompertz, a season or two back. Why does Mr. Chappell move so cautiously? Musicians would readily forgive a mistake now and then in the choice of work if he were always trying to find attractive novelties, or even to revivify many old works unjustly neglected. Much could be done in either direction, and with gain, not loss, to the enterprise itself. The two middle movements of the Quartet—the graceful, but intensely plaintive, Andante, and the sprightly Scherzo—were exceedingly well rendered by Lady Hallé and

MM. Ries, Gibson, and Piatti; the same, however, can scarcely be said of the opening and closing sections. The artists did not then play as if they cared much for the music.

M. SLIVINSKI was the pianist, and his solo, Schumann's "Carneval." Mme. Schumann's rendering of that tone-poem has naturally been held up as a model: no one better felt the varying moods, or better understood the meaning of the music, than she; and then there was living sympathy with the composer which gave special intensity to her playing. So long as I am able to remember her performance of the *Carneval*, and that remembrance is still vivid, I do not expect to grow enthusiastic over any other reading. With that feeling I try to be as generous as possible, to overlook any little slip; to accept as a sign of individuality, rather than as a fault, any deviation from the *tempi* and phrasing of Schumann's widow. And yet, with extenuating circumstances raised to their highest power, I must confess that I did not like M. Slivinski's rendering. It lacked tenderness and poetry, and, moreover, was not always note-perfect. A pianist cannot always be in the right vein. M. Slivinski is a talented player, and can, I feel sure, render more justice to himself.

I STAYED to hear the first movement of Rubinstein's pianoforte Trio in B flat, and I was again disappointed. The playing seemed unusually tame. And thus my impression was confirmed that M. Slivinski was not at his best on that particular evening.

MISS THUDICHUM sang in an intelligent manner songs by Gounod, Alfred May, and Massenet. Gounod's "Répénitir," however, is scarcely suitable for a concert of this kind.

MR. FREDERICK LAMOND commenced a series of pianoforte recitals at St. James's Hall on Tuesday afternoon. His programme opened with the *two* sets of "Paganini" Variations by Brahms, which offer to a pianist full, indeed over-full, opportunity of showing how swiftly and how deftly his fingers can move up and down the keyboard. And Mr. Lamond passed most creditably through the trying ordeal. As yet he has neither the boldness nor the brilliancy of a Rosenthal; time and practice, however, may work wonders. An interesting feature of the performance was the serious and satisfactory attempt to render the element of virtuosity subservient, so far as is possible, to the sentiment of the music. In his rendering of Beethoven's "Appassionata" Sonata the pianist displayed finished technique, intellect, and feeling: it was classical, and yet not cold. The Allegro was the best of the three movements; in the other two, in spite of many good points, there were weak moments.

LISZT's "Erlkönig" transcription proved a highly respectable failure. The technique was good, but the tone not always pleasant; and the tender melodies were left at times almost entirely to the imagination. This

transcription is, I think, one of the most masterly ever written; but technical difficulties must sink into the background if the music is to produce its due effect.

MR. LAMOND was not successful with Chopin's Nocturne in C minor. I think I may say that he was most unsuccessful. The reading was cold, hesitating, at times even hard; the *grande passion* was altogether lacking. Besides the Nocturne he played the Sonata in B flat minor. I heard only the first movement, and came away under the impression that either the pianist does not possess the secret of interpreting Chopin, or else that on this occasion he was in bad form. It may be the former; the number of players who can read between the notes of the Polish composer's music is infinitely small; the gift must be a natural, not an acquired one.

THE programme included two pieces which ought to be put on the *index expurgatorius*. Strauss-Tausig's Valse-Caprice, "Man lebt nur einmal," seems to me extremely dull even as a *bravura* piece. It is just possible that Liszt in one of his exalted moods may have rendered his "Don Juan" Fantasia acceptable; but wonderful as have been some performances of that work—those, for instance, of Rubinstein, Menter, and Rosenthal—I always felt the end come as a welcome relief.

MR. A. SCHULZ-CURTJUS announces a series of five concerts to commence at the Queen's Hall on Tuesday evening, March 16. Herr Felix Mottl will be the conductor, and that, of course, means that the orchestral performances will be good. Beethoven's Choral Symphony is down for the third concert with a select chorus from Leeds, consisting of nearly two hundred voices; the second part of the programme will be devoted to Wagner. Every seat in the hall is pretty sure to be occupied on that evening. At the fourth concert the second part of Act II., and at the fifth the whole of the third Act of "Parsifal," will be given.

THE programme of the first concert bears the superscription, "The Development of the Overture," and actually consists of ten overtures, commencing with Handel's "Agrippina," and concluding with Wagner's "Meistersinger." Programmes dealing with a certain period, or, it may be, composer, are undoubtedly of great value, yet, almost without exception, they are more fitted for the class than for the concert room. With Herr Mottl's "development" scheme *per se* I have little fault to find, only I fear that so many "openings" may somewhat weary the public. The Overtures not followed by the works to which they belong—Berlioz' "King Lear" and Mendelssohn's "Hebrides" are, of course, exceptions—lose something of their effect; they are to prepare the audience for the drama which comes after, to place them in the right mood. Anyhow, there will be plenty of variety; and seeing that the pill is not gilded, many will swallow it in the right spirit, and accept the programme as one for profit rather than pleasure. J. S. S.

SCIENCE.

THE Institution of Electrical Engineers, which holds its meetings in Great George-street, is, as a body, rather overshadowed by its august parent the "Civil." Nevertheless important papers are not infrequently read at the Thursday sessions of the Institution of Electrical Engineers, and one of them was Sir Henry Mance's inaugural address last week upon the problems of submarine telegraphy. The question at present agitating telegraphists is how to extend the system on which Atlantic cables are worked so as to apply to the long northern stretch of the Pacific. Even on the Atlantic cables signalling is reduced to an average rate of thirty words per minute, owing to the electrification of the inner surface of the dielectric, which retards the action of the current. The longer the line the greater is the capacity of the cable to retain this charge, and on a Pacific cable it is computed that not more than twelve or thirteen words per minute could be transmitted.

So far, all that invention could do in the way of elaboration has been applied to the signalling ends of the cables, Lord Kelvin's instruments in particular having brought the Atlantic rate up from about eight words a minute to the figure mentioned. Another device which has contributed to the same result is a resistance bridge between the cable end and the earth, which acts as a sort of relief valve to the surface charge. This improvement is due to the late Mr. Varley, and is a step in the right direction, but its action only extends a short way, and on a cable reaching from Vancouver to the Sandwich Islands would be practically nugatory. The fact is, as Sir Henry Mance admitted, that in face of this greatly extended distance an entire revolution will have to be made in the form of cable used. At present it is customary to use what is known as a "single-core" cable—one insulated wire wound round with brass and iron armouring—and to employ the earth itself as a return wire completing the circuit. In this way the retardation effect is at any rate only half what it would be if two insulated cables were employed. Various schemes have been proposed as a solution of the question. Mr. Preece, the Government telegraph engineer, advocates a split wire with the halves separated by brown paper inside the usual insulation wrappings and armouring. The notion of brown paper inside a submarine cable betokens a hardy fearlessness, but will not entirely commend itself to an old cable hand; nor, indeed, is it entirely obvious how, without leakage between the wires—which, if it exist at all, may be so great as to produce a short circuit—the difficulty of surface charge is going to be eliminated.

A MORE ingenious and original method of tackling the question was also referred to by Sir Henry Mance, and in terms which sounded distinctly like approval. This is to use two wires, both well insulated and

enclosed within the same cable, but here and there to interpose stretches of a three-wire cable, the additional wire being a high-resistance one serving merely as a bridge or "leak" between the two conductors, which are of course continuous. In this way the effect aimed at by Varley could be extended to the whole length of the cable, and the surface charges generated by the passage of the current along the two conductors would neutralise themselves at intervals the frequency of which is only a question of expense in manufacture. The usefulness of a leak in improving the speed of signalling is well known to cable operators, and is occasionally resorted to in moments of emergency; but the objections to a real leak of even the pin-hole character are that it opens the way to corrosion, and eventually means hauling up the cable for repair. An artificial leak, the extent of which can be regulated, and which is entirely enclosed within the protective wrappings, is one that at first sight commends itself, and at any rate deserves a very careful and thorough trial.

THE compliments which from time to time are lavished on the German Government for its generous behaviour towards science seem to have stimulated it to fresh efforts. The latest news is that in this year's estimates for the Kingdom of Prussia a sum of 50,000 marks has been set aside for assisting institutions and private persons to develop the practical usefulness of the Röntgen rays. In this connexion it is interesting to note that M. Bouchard in *Comptes Rendus* has declared that the fluorescent screen will discriminate between a tuberculous and a non-tuberculous lung; also that the action of the heart can be detected with sufficient plainness to enable diagnosis to be made. The heavy bones and general solidity of the abdominal region make it difficult at present to distinguish between appearances there; but that an improved form of tube or greater concentration of the rays will shortly render this region also permeable anyone can judge for himself by looking at the large full-length Röntgen photograph of a boy in an optician's window near Charing Cross.

THE question of patents has been vexing the souls of many who are dissatisfied with the present system under which inventors are protected. A lengthy letter which recently appeared in a technical contemporary suggested a number of sweeping reforms as a means of getting rid of the abuses which undoubtedly exist. It was proposed, for instance, that an authority should be constituted to examine into and certify the practical usefulness of an invention before a patent should be granted; in other words, that usefulness as well as novelty should be a vital requirement. The writer's apology for this demand is that the public, in awarding a profitable protection to the man who asks for it, is entitled to a *quid pro quo* in the shape of an assurance that the thing protected is likely to be of public service.

THAT something of this sort might be introduced with advantage is very possibly

true. No one who works at the stuffy little library in the Patent Office can avoid the conclusion that much Government stationery and many Government leather-bottomed chairs are wasted on people who will never produce a sensible invention in their lives, and whose hopeless condition might just as well be borne in upon them once for all by a committee of certification. On the other hand, I suppose it is not to be denied that these unfortunates contribute largely to the Exchequer, and, therefore, are likely to be encouraged.

THERE is another view of the matter still, however, which I feel very strongly myself. The inventions that spring, Athene-like, ready made and perfect from the brains of their originators are relatively few. Most of the great inventions of to-day out of which large industries have arisen were built up during a long course of years, in steps, by men whose only hope in experimenting was the fact that their back stages, so to speak, were protected. But for this who would dare to try and work out a complicated idea—the incandescent lamp, for instance—knowing that each partial success could be used by fresh and unscrupulous rivals as a starting-point for their own work? Even as it is the history of many well-known inventions is not untarnished by "jockeying." I could name three or four cases outright in which advantage has been taken of too generous confidence to rush off to the Patent Office and anticipate the real inventor. There is a good deal yet to be said on both sides; but while the experts are clamouring icily for reforms which shall exclude the frivolous, I venture to put in a plea for maintaining the interests of the virtuous inventor.

THE comparison between England and Germany in the matter of skilled industries goes on apace, and has recently called forth a supplementary report signed by some of the members of the old Royal Commission on Technical Education. In this it is shown that as regards certain industries, notably the manufacture of aniline dyes and colour-printing, Germany has made very great strides at the expense of this country, which might, by proper measures taken at the right time, have kept the trade in its own hands. On the other hand, it has been pointed out sensibly enough that Germany is behind us in industrial civilisation. She is only beginning to make up the lee-way caused by the wars of this century, and has the advantage of finding machinery all ready perfected. We had to do the perfecting for ourselves, so that it is no wonder if Germany's increase seems rapid in comparison with our own. Moreover, before we complain, it would be well to note that one secret of Germany's success is the way she adapts her technical education to the requirements of those who ask for it. We spend ever so much more on technical education than does Germany, but we waste half that we spend on a futile attempt to educate everybody—workers and overseers—alike.

H. C. M.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

Ibsen's "John Gabriel Borkman." (H. Heinemann.) "For undiluted gloom, for unrelieved misery," says the *Daily News*, John Gabriel Borkman need yield the palm to no other of Ibsen's tragedies. . . . But in all this gloom there is nothing of that overmastering sense of fate, or even of that play of passions on a great scale, which gives its grandeur to antique tragedy and forms its purifying element. . . . What Ibsen shows in his tragedy is the play of poor and paltry vices, and above all the vice of selfishness. "Nor is there anything out of which even those who can see farthest into mill-stones can construct allegories." "Ibsen has returned," says Mr. A. B. Walker in the *Chronicle*, "to another aspect of a problem which has already haunted him: the impassable gulf fixed between one generation and another. . . . Surely it is the most piteous and poignant tragedy of grey hairs since *Lea*. . . . And it is 'in the grand style.' . . . To make three such characters . . . and to set these three in a 'fable' so harrowing, so abominably true! What other man than Ibsen could do it?" Erhart, Borkman's son—the bone of contention between his father, mother, and aunt—is in Hamlet's case, but instead of accepting the burden, and being crushed under it, he answers: "I cannot give myself up to this business of yours; I have my own life to live . . . and—in short, Ophelia is waiting for me round the corner—good night!" "A Philistine," in the *Westminster Gazette*, sees in Erhart Little Eyolf come to life again, and solving the knot after the time-honoured formula: "I must live my life." But for "internal evidence that Dr. Ibsen is devoid of the sense of mirth, I should have concluded at once that this play was a master-stroke of sardonic humour at the expense of the great law of indivisibility" proclaimed in "Little Eyolf." "I am uncertain," he writes, whether Borkman "is to be regarded as a real figure or a piece of 'symbolism.' . . . There is great dramatic force in the sketch of this man." But the playwright "has created an egoistic stage hero (or villain) every bit as conventional after his kind as the more familiar hero or heroine of a common melodrama." The *Saturday Review* discovers a close analogy with *The Pillars of Society*. "It is, however, a far more coherent and concentrated example of dramatic construction, and aims at a higher psychology; it is coloured by that symbolism which has become part of the bones and marrow of Ibsen." In general, the play is summed up as "a tragedy of the imaginative spirit concentrated on commercial speculation." "On the character of Borkman, the gigantic swindler, foiled, humiliated, but not wholly cast down, and in the passage of his brain through brooding disappointment to potent insanity, Ibsen has expended his highest efforts." "There are no passages . . . which can be construed into having been introduced for the purpose of exciting controversy by their paradoxical effect." It is "one of the least 'difficult' plays he has ever written."

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cences; its fourth (life at Freshwater) is by his daughter, Miss Rosalind Pritchard, and the next three chapters are the work of another daughter, Miss Ada Pritchard. To them succeed some forty pages on his theological work by the Bishop of Worcester, while the book is completed with five chapters (or 100 pages) by Prof. H. H. Turner, F.R.A.S., on his astronomical work.

A tolerably complete account of Pritchard's career can be gathered from these sources, but it may perhaps be regretted that such near relatives have not given a more complete and continuous account of his domestic life.

Born at Brixton on February 28, 1808 (the youngest of four sons and two daughters), he was of Welsh origin on his mother's side (who was a Lloyd), though paternally he was a Salopian. He lost his mother when a lad of twelve, and suffered under the rule of an irritable father soured by pecuniary misfortunes which preceded his departure from Shrewsbury.

A studious and industrious boy, making the utmost of such opportunities as came in his way, his father's want of means compelled him to leave school at sixteen, and thus by a brother's counsel he was left to his own devices to prepare for a University life. When seventeen, a publisher (Piper, of Ipswich) brought out his first work, *An Introduction to Arithmetic*. Of this work, fifty years later, its author says (p. 34):

"Looking at the little book in the light of the present hour, I feel no shame at the contemplation; even now it is far ahead of most of the arithmetics of the present day, inasmuch as every page of it teems with the attempt to encourage thought. The elementary principles of numbers are explained, and are demonstrated on the simplest principles, and no arithmetical process is presented to the tyro without the detail of the reason thereof. But, alas! these are just the very points that are useless in the modern form of suicidal competition; the reasons of things do not in general pay in the 'competitives.' I remember well how, a few years ago, when I was examining the candidates for certain valuable appointments, I put the rudimentary question as to what numbers are divisible by eight? The fact may seem astounding, but it is true, that out of sixty candidates I did not get the question answered. It was too simple, too practical, too much entering into the reasons and roots of things to have been ever pointed out by the 'teachers' or to have been elicited by the curiosity of the students."

It is interesting to read this protest, made by one so eminently capable and successful in the great art of education, against the modern system of "coaching" and "cramming" for success with examiners who, unhappily, have never been made to go through an examination in examining: a system which too often becomes rather a premium on mediocrity than on depth and thoroughness in knowledge.

By the help of relatives and friends, who lent him money to be repaid—as it soon was, when funds came in—he went to Cambridge as a sizar, selecting St. John's as his College, and going up after Easter, 1826. Having entered so late, he was not expected to be examined in every part of the first year's subjects; yet, as the result of his first college examination, he had the delight

of seeing posted up in the College hall: "Pritchard highly distinguished himself in all those parts of the examination which he attended."

His future became at once certain. He had made it clear to the authorities that he might do his college credit, and at each biennial examination he retained the second place. Prizes of books and an accumulation of exhibitions set him at ease about expenses; and when, in 1830, the final trial came, he was Fourth Wrangler. A Fellowship was thus assured, and was attained in 1832, after which he was invited to share in the public tuition of his college. He, however, declined to pursue so inviting a career, and left Cambridge to become a schoolmaster, first at Stockwell and subsequently at Clapham Grammar School, which latter was established in August, 1834. Both of these institutions belonged to a group of new suburban schools which were then being started in connexion with King's College, London.

It was some six or seven years later that, as a small boy, I first made acquaintance with Charles Pritchard—an acquaintance of much importance to me, as was also the case with many of my contemporaries. His first appearance was by no means attractive (as the frontispiece of the volume now noticed may suffice to make easily credible), nor had he an agreeable voice. He was very irritable, and when enraged became terrible to lads of a nervous temperament like his own.

Yet he was really kind and gentle, and I think the boys all felt that in what he did he was governed by a hearty desire for their real good and to do his own duty.

His assertion that in his teaching his object was to make lads think, is one which my recollection strongly confirms. The answer to his question, "What is Euclid?"—an answer, of course, he never had given him—was: "A thing not to be learned by heart." He was never satisfied if lads did not appear to see clearly in their own minds the force of a demonstration. He was exceedingly fond of geometry, and I recollect that on some school feast, ending with a display of fireworks, the climax was not a bouquet of rockets, but a pyrotechnic representation of the figure of the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid's First Book. He could make even arithmetic really attractive, and I shall never forget the interest excited by his exposition of the results of taking 2 or 12 as the radix, instead of 10. It might be expected that a distinguished Fourth Wrangler's teaching of mathematics would be good. But it was much more than that, and excited, in some minds, quite a love for that science.

His teaching of classics was also most painstaking, and accompanied by explanations and illustrations helping to bring home to young minds graphic images of scenes and actions referred to, which lent a charm to the Odyssey and to Homer's Fourth Georgic which time does not obliterate.

The great interest and novelty about Charles Pritchard's system consisted in his having been a precursor, and a very efficient precursor, of those who of late years have

advocated teaching physical science to boys. I am not sure that such a practice is generally desirable. It seems to me that a *real* study of classics and mathematics exclusively, is better calculated than a greater variety of subjects to make the mind a first-rate instrument for dealing with whatever it may have to turn to in later life. Still, I must confess my Clapham Grammar School teaching has been of the greatest service to me, and for that, as well as for other things, I shall, while life lasts, look back with affectionate gratitude to the influence of Charles Pritchard. He taught us something of chemistry, mechanics, electricity, and optics, and erected a well-furnished laboratory and afterwards an observatory, and though it may be true that we may have had imparted to us the fruits of knowledge without all the drudgery which some think to be a necessary preliminary for their acquisition, yet hardly otherwise, in those days, would it have been possible to communicate to youths a love for physical science and desire to really understand it.

But Pritchard's greatest innovation was the teaching of botany, not by books and diagrams alone, but by the careful examination of freshly-culled specimens.

One of the delights of those school-days was our rambles about the "Battersea Fields" (now for the most part an unsavoury wilderness of brick and mortar) to search for wild flowers, with the prospects of a general half-holiday as soon as six boys could bring home specimens belonging to twelve natural orders and point out their distinctive characters.

One very important matter with respect to the teaching of these natural sciences was that he always taught them himself. They were thus well taught, for he loved them, and they also gained a greater esteem in the eyes of the boys because taught by "Old Pritchard" himself.

And it was not only our brains he cared for. Very soon a gymnasium with skilled teachers and a swimming bath were added to the school, cricket and hockey were strongly favoured by him, and football, which then, however, had not its modern popularity so far as remembrance serves.

Whoever reads through the life just published will see how earnest and religious a man Charles Pritchard always was. It will then naturally be supposed he was careful as to the moral and religious training of the lads, and such was most certainly the case. He was a clergyman of rather Low Church views and with nothing ascetic about him; but he was extremely earnest, and some years later built a chapel for the school which seems in every way to have answered the expectations of its founder and zealous builder, and to have served as a model to the neighbourhood. But of course, masters, after all, can have but an imperfect knowledge of the real results of their best-intended efforts. Before the chapel existed, the school attended a very unadorned church, where the senior lads duly took the Sacrament at stated periods. The evening before they had to walk from school to Mr. Pritchard's somewhat distant house, there to be very earnestly addressed and to join in prayer, preparatory to next day's Communion. The

good master little suspected the flirtations whereof those nocturnal devotions were sometimes the occasion. Nevertheless, as a rule, a sense of honour and being trusted was a generally sufficient guarantee for good conduct out of bounds.

Of nothing was our master so intolerant as of any breach of morality, concerning which his notions were rigid. The most severe flogging the school ever witnessed in my time was when a lad had been convicted of some rather profane swearing. Another case was when a boy, who had an exceptional facility for extracting cube roots, was found to have taken money in payment for extracting those which a lad had been set to do as a punishment. Charles Pritchard, to the end of his life, was an advocate for corporal chastisement. He was irritable (as before said), and sometimes his anger was excessive. But the lads respected him, and many were sincerely attached to him, as was shown on July 5, 1886, when, in response to our invitation, he dined with us at the Albion Tavern, Aldersgate-street. He was the guest of nearly a hundred "Old Boys," while 113 more expressed their warm sympathy with an act in which circumstances did not allow them to take part.

At that dinner Dean Bradley presided. The old "Roll Call" was re-enacted, and each "Old Boy," as his name was pronounced, cried "Here, Sir," and raised his right hand. Then the set of grizzly-bearded, grey, or bald-headed "boys" separated, never in this life to meet again.

Mr. Pritchard married early a beautiful young lady, Miss Emily Newton, mother of the boy we knew as "Charley Pritchard"; now Sir Charles Pritchard, K.C.I.E., C.S.I. She hardly attained middle-age, and was deeply mourned by her husband, who remained a widower for several years. In 1859 he married again, and in 1862 resigned his school to other hands, and went to live at Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, till 1870.

There he took the keenest delight in his garden, and zealously studied astronomy, having become Secretary to the Astronomical Society the year before he left Clapham.

On one of his visits to London (in 1868) he was a guest, with Tennyson, of Mr. James Knowles, and then the thought occurred of forming a society for formal discussion, which led to the foundation of the Metaphysical Society. Relieved from scholastic cares, the essential kindness of his nature was clearly apparent. His daughter, Rosalind, tells us:

"We children always looked forward to the return from London. We were never forgotten. The remembrance sometimes took the form of some new mechanical toy, or small trinket, but sweetmeats were more usual. Astonished, indeed, would those only acquainted with the graver side of his character have been, could they have witnessed the performances which marked the bestowal of these dainties. Competitions of the most varied nature, but always grotesque or fantastic, marked the occasion, and I have seen tears of mirth roll down my father's cheeks as he awarded the prizes to the eager little competitors. When he gave himself up to our amusement, no better playfellow was to be found."

In 1870 he was elected Savilian Professor, and therefore left the Isle of Wight for Oxford, where he resided till his death, with occasional sojourns abroad. The scientific eminence and the excellent work he did is shown by the Royal Society Medal and Prof. Huxley's speech already noted. His last journey to London was to receive that medal, after which infirmity grew rapidly upon him. He was, however, really ill but for a single week, and on Trinity Sunday, 1893, he passed peacefully away at the age of eighty-five.

Of his theological opinions and work little will here be said. He was, as already remarked, rather Low Church, and Tractarianism and Ritualism were repellent to him. He disliked Pusey and was intolerant of Newman, regarding him as over-subtle and essentially sceptical. Yet, strange to say, he was more or less sympathetic with the present Pope, and writing to Father Denza, of the Vatican Observatory, he enclosed a copy of the negative of the Pleiades and photographic proofs of the chart of the heavens, saying:

"It would be for me a real pleasure, and more than a pleasure, if his Holiness the Pope would deign to bestow a glance upon this wonderful achievement of modern astronomy. . . . It might serve to divert the mind of the Venerable Pontiff, even if only a few moments, from his multitudinous cares. And if that personage of great heart and goodness should be pleased to send his good wishes to our Observatory, they would certainly be welcomed with gratitude."

The Pope's secretary replied:

"Vatican, Rome: March, 1892.

"I am pleased to announce, honoured Sir, that conformably with your desire Father Denza has presented your fine work on the Pleiades to the Holy Father Leo XIII. He has admired and studied it with great satisfaction and delight. At the same time he heard with great pleasure of the feelings that you entertain towards his person, and of the praiseworthy desire that you show to help Rome from Oxford. Whilst his Holiness returns your feelings with a sense of sincere goodwill and merited esteem, he hopes from his heart that the Observatory of Oxford may continue to be useful, as it has been hitherto, to the progress of astronomical science, especially under your intelligent care.

"In manifesting to you these feelings and wishes of the Holy Father, I embrace, with pleasure, the opportunity of signifying to you my own most distinguished esteem."

To be thus praised both by the Pope and Prof. Huxley is certainly a very exceptional distinction.

With the sincere love for science and deep personal piety which characterised him, Charles Pritchard was naturally much moved by the controversies which arose respecting the views of Bishop Colenso and Charles Darwin. The Bishop of Worcester tells us that his attitude "was anything but sympathetic" towards the "Higher Criticism"—a circumstance surely to be expected in a man of his age and antecedents. He was also a strong opponent of Darwinism, but he was none the less disposed to acquiesce in evolution.

He was a loyal man of science, and could no more endure pious anti-scientific narrowness and prejudice than its opposite. When an astronomical error as to the sun's dis-

tance from the earth had been recently detected, and a certain journal was singing "Jubilate" over it, he at once wrote, asking Sir John Herschel to say a word and do away with such nonsense, adding, "I have measured the thickness of one of my hairs, and find that the correction now made in the angle means one hair at a distance of 125 feet."

Charles Pritchard was an honest man whom it was good to know, and from whom it was good to learn. I am very thankful to have been able to give my humble testimony concerning that which I know of him as he lived.

ST. GEORGE MIVART.

PASCAL.

Les Pensées de Pascal: Texte Critique, etc.
Par G. Michaud. (Fribourg: à la Librairie de l'Université; London: Williams & Norgate.)

PASCAL, says Sainte-Beuve, "is at the heart of Christianity itself": Pascal, says Hume, is a Christian Diogenes, the great example of artificial life. Assuredly, he is nothing by halves, be it worldling or convert, sceptic or believer, physicist or Jansenist. Pascal "the stern and sick," as Goethe calls him, was not made for golden mediocrities, but for passions and ardours in their fullest vehemence. His sister and biographer notes well his *humeur bouillante*. Of most men in notable extremes it is commonly not hard to give an exact account, but Pascal must always abide in a twilight. For though Port-Royal be intimately known to us through countless sources, and though portions of Pascal's life be plain enough, yet the work, from which we try to fashion the true image of his soul, remains a thing of shreds and patches. Our especial gratitude is due to M. Michaud for letting us see to how great a degree that is the case. Other editors of the *Pensées*, such as Havet, Faugère, and Molinier, have given us those wonderful, strange thoughts, arranged upon some plan of their own, which may, but also may not, be that of Pascal. But this is conjecture; we want the *disjecta membra* set before us as Pascal left them. At last we have them. The sixth *fasciculus* of the *Collectanea Friburgensia* gives us—

"Les Pensées de Pascal, disposées suivant l'ordre du cahier autographe: Texte Critique, établi d'après le manuscrit original et les deux copies de la Bibliothèque Nationale, avec les variantes des principales éditions, précédé d'une introduction, d'un tableau chronologique, et de notes bibliographiques."

The scholarship and scholarly thoroughness of M. Michaud are admirable; thanks to him, here is Pascal himself, not a Pascal garbled by the theological or other preposessions of his editors: Pascal in his loneliness, agony, ardour, recording the cries of his heart, the subtleties of his brain, with painful haste and zeal, sometimes with an incoherence not wholly sane. St. Augustine and Rousseau leave us their Confessions in perfect form: the passion is in orderly display. But Pascal's thoughts are like snatches of sudden prayer, like a

dream's broken talk, like Hamlet's soliloquies, interspersed with wide passages of methodical reasoning.

His scientific glory crowned him upon the summit of the Puy de Dôme, the scene of his experiments in atmospheric pressure: fame was there, pride and ambition, in the free, exhilarating air. But when he wrote the *Pensées* he saw ever beside him a deep pit opening its unfathomed glooms and fears. An hallucination, doubtless, bred of his miraculous escape, as he held it to be, from the accident at the Pont de Neuilly; but the delusion had its intensity of true meaning. Jansenism, that sombre and harsh way of thought, a would-be Catholic Calvinism or Montanism, warped and darkened the world to his eyes. Yet, Jansenism apart, Pascal was one of those Christians who have no possibility of being happy, except through the joy of sorrow and the delight of abnegation. To Théophile Gautier Christianity was odious, as the cause of melancholy, mysticism, and self-denial; because it humiliated the natural man and poisoned pleasure, and induced an infinite longing. Those were its glories and charms for Pascal, who came perilously near to voluptuousness in the rapture of self-torture, the ecstasies of asceticism. One Good Friday, Dr. Johnson, not to be interrupted in his devotions by Boswell, gave him the *Pensées*. That dear and ridiculous gentleman found in them "a truly divine unction." But unction is not the word; Fénelon, Francis of Sales, have unction; Pascal has a prostrate self-abasement magnificently complete, in which "imbecile nature" is bidden to keep silence, and "impotent reason" to humble itself. All of which is simple, logical, orthodox Christianity; the necessary attitude of man in the presence of the ultimate mysteries, in the ante-chamber of realities. But Pascal, brooding over his *Deus absconditus*, cannot conclude with a complacent expression of man's limited faculties, and a few pious words about doing our best with what light we have. He waxes exultant and sonorous, terrible and savage, lyrical and mournful, as he dwells upon the estate of "man the admirable, the pitiable." But never a word of whining pessimism, petulant reproach: only a splendid self-contempt, a scourging of the "hateful I." Nothing, says St. Ambrose, is loftier than humility, which cannot be exalted, being the superior state: and Pascal's self-abjection is his tribute to man's marred greatness and high destiny. The *Pensées* keep up a perpetual harping upon the greatness and littleness of man, as revealed in their greatness by Christianity. "His very infirmities prove man's greatness: they are the infirmities of a great lord, of a disrowned king." Upon every page we think of Pascal as a baptized Lucretius, whose rolling thunders and swift lightnings come from Sinai and Calvary: he is one of the elect sad souls whose profound severity is heartening.

We cannot judge of what value would have been his "Defence of Christianity," for which most of the *Pensées* are suggestions and notes; probably, it would have been the supreme masterpiece of French prose, if not of all modern prose, but unconvincing to the unbelieving, and perilous to the

faithful. Pyrrhonism, in Pascal's sense a kind of Christian Agnosticism, is a philosophic necessary of life; but Pascal was no metaphysician or theologian, and his reasoned treatise would assuredly have crossed forbidden boundaries. Like his favourite Montaigne, he had no method in the observation of life; his proficiency in mathematics, that precise study, led him to distrust and to deary less narrowly-exacting principles of thought. "Il faut avoir ces trois qualités—pyrrhonien, géomètre, Chrétien soumis." There is no heresy in that, but it does not augur well for a work of professed apologetics: Not his reasoning, but his temperament; not his arguments, but his ideas are what enrich the *Pensées*, making them one of the world's great books. Those to whom the Olympian serenity of Goethe, his "classic equability," seems an intolerable imposture, take instinctively to Pascal; he humbles them and exalts, inspires and saddens; his irony scathes, his compassion salves. His "profondeur de tristesse et d'éloquence," to use Villemain's phrase, sends forth doctrines more commanding and more possible than exhortations to live in "the Whole, the Good, the Beautiful": the straitest sect of the Manichees seems more plausible than that. "La maladie est l'état naturel des Chrétiens" is Pascal's teaching; and, really, we have read much of the same sort in the Gospels. It is for insisting upon this side of Christianity that Mr. Cotter Morison, a strenuous anti-Christian, calls Catholicism "more Scriptural" than Protestantism. Not that a Christian life, says Pascal, is "une vie de tristesse"; because Christian sorrow is more delightful than all worldly joy. Pascal, author of the *Provincial Letters*, was no dusky, dreary penitent, soured and selfish; he had been an accomplished man of this world, and he became an accomplished man of the next, whose "conversation in heaven" had its gracious dignities. "Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!" has been quoted of Pascal. "Society" in Jerusalem may have said the same of Paul after that deplorable delusion upon the way to Damascus. Passion, indeed, is the note of the *Pensées*, an intense, devouring energy of soul and spirit; but there is no sign of any mental degradation. His bodily pains were not those of the crazed fanatic; his style is still trenchant and pure: even what seem to be lapses from perfect sanity may very well be but the hasty phrases of a man in pain, jotting down rough notes, single words, mere indications of a meaning intelligible to himself. The world has not forgiven its deserter. What the world would pardon in an illiterate friar it does not pardon in Pascal the scientific and polite. With Bayle, it calls him a "paradox of the human race." Volumes have been written to prove that he was, and was not, Catholic, Protestant, sceptic, believer: his brain and his MSS. have been examined and forced to yield evidence. Verily, it is dangerous to be a very passionate Christian, trampling on the world's pride—with a greater. "Mediocrity alone is good!" says Pascal in his contempt.

"The heart has its reasons unknown to reason" is one of his familiar, famous say-

ings; his finer *Pensées* are of that intimate kind. True, he argues much, even to the verge of naked cynicism, about the "chances" of religion being true—the celebrated argument of the wager. But he speaks far more of Christianity as in itself desirable and delightful, as ennobling and dignifying its receiver. We fight inch by inch against conviction if told that a friend has played us false; but we have an immediate longing to believe the truth of some honourable report. Pascal falls in Platonic love—to use the term correctly for once—with Christianity; he cannot do otherwise. "Who can withhold credence and adoration from so divine a light?" And it was for the honour, as he held, of Christianity in its pure grandeur that he fought his jealous fight with the Jesuit casuistry and for the Jansenist heresy, and became more casuistical than any Jesuit in the process. He was untainted by the sometimes worldly motives which were mixed with the acts of Port-Royal; his pride and scorn and stubbornness were for the sake of a Christianity about, as he thought, to be watered down and made cheap and given over to "the crowd, incapable of perfectness." He lacked that mark of the saints—pitilessness for himself, but boundless charity for others; his Puritanism was averse from all softness and indulgence towards the world in little things, that it might be won to the greater things. In that he was absolutely outside the whole tradition of the historical Church, and allied with a goodly number of heretics, perfectionists of many kinds, who have sought to lay burdens not to be borne by the multitude. He professes a full and firm obedience to the divine authority of Rome; and yet, "If my Letters are condemned in Rome, still what I condemn in my Letters is condemned in heaven!" It smacks of Lucifer and Luther; there is some "hateful I" about that. The fervent passion of the man, jealous for the cause he believes divine, drives him into inconsistency; he was not, indeed, a Lamennais, but much of a Savonarola or a Sarpi, in fighting for his convictions against his superiors. Reasons of the heart account for the worst in him, as for the best: he would hardly have been pleased to learn that Gibbon read the *Provincial Letters* once a year as a model of theological argument. Not the controversies of his day, but his thoughts on eternal things preserve his glory. Like Wordsworth, but with a more personal and fiery passion, he contemplates the tragedy of life, its "fierce confederate storm" of sorrows, its heights and deeps; turning the light of a restless imagination upon the secular scene, and noting the poignancies of the play. He has made his "renunciation totale et douce" but the burning renunciant sends his thoughts far over the world and its history, appraising the value of things, letting escape him no trace of man's degradation or man's grandeur, eager to show what Christianity can do for both. A lover of superiorities, he has pity for their opposites, but mere contempt for the meagre and the middling; he is capable of making submission to evil, but not a compromise, and, if the heights of sanctity be

unattainable, he will still attempt them. France has no writer, certainly no lay writer, who resembles him in his superb austerity: "on mourra seul," he said, and in truth he both was and is a man of isolation, dwelling apart. "Pensée fait la grandeur de l'homme": profoundly, absolutely, is that true of Pascal. He is no phrasemonger—witty, light, clever; "an epigrammatist—a bad man" is one of his rough jottings. Nor is he the elegant and querulous keeper of a sentimental journal. He is one of the voices which at rare intervals come from the heart of a man, and go to the hearts of men: *cor ad cor loquitur*, and deep answers deep.

"A WISE AND GOOD BOOK."

Rich and Poor. By Mrs. Bernard Bosanquet. (Macmillans.)

MRS. BOSANQUET is one of those who have learnt the secret of the higher philanthropy. She realises that to help one's neighbours effectively requires not only a good heart, but a clear head, and that a scientific study of the facts and causes of poverty is the needed preliminary to any effort after its amelioration. For poverty upon the London scale becomes really a complex and baffling problem. In the village, like many other things, it is simple enough. There is plenty of money, and no person of ordinary enlightenment who knows the people need have much difficulty in distributing it to good purpose. But when it is a matter of dealing with the obscure and isolated millions of a huge city, then uninstructed benevolence is soon in perplexity whether any particular form of charity suggested to it will not, on the whole, do more harm than good. Merely to give is like thrusting an iron rod into some complicated piece of machinery; only the expert can tell what the result will be. Here, as elsewhere, the first need is "light, more light." Mrs. Bosanquet, then, writes as an expert for non-experts. The first part of her volume is a careful study—stimulated, one supposes, by Mr. Charles Booth's *Life and Labour of the London People*—of the actual conditions of a single typical London parish; of its industries and institutions, of the working of church and school in it, of the habits and opinions of its people, of their real needs and their effective standard of comfort. In the second part Mrs. Bosanquet makes some practical suggestions as to how charitably disposed persons, under the existing social and legal conditions, may at least be sure of not doing much harm. Questions of possible legislative reform do not come within her scheme.

The general impression which we carry away from this singularly instructive and illuminating book is one not so much of the ignorance and ineffectiveness of the poor, as of the ignorance and ineffectiveness of the rich. It is less money that is lacking for purposes of charity, in Mrs. Bosanquet's view, than brains. So much is given to the wrong people, at the wrong time, and in the wrong way.

"Money is flung in among us much as nuts are flung to boys to scramble for. Soup-kitchens, philanthropic societies, country holi-

day funds, Ragged School funds, funds from all the enterprising newspapers, and funds from all the political clubs in the districts; church funds and chapel funds, missions and mothers' meetings, all are engaged in pouring money into a slough of poverty, which swallows it up and leaves no trace of improvement. No one is the richer for all the thousands of pounds squandered in the parish, for it is given away in miserable little 'doles' which are incapable of helping any man to solid ground, and only help to 'keep him down.'"

The worst of these doles are those due to the pious benefactors of the past. They amount to an enormous sum.

"Let those who are interested in the question of old age pensions realise the fact that there is in England a sum of £1,025,000 per annum actually in their hands and available for the purpose, which is now to a large extent being frittered away in meaningless doles of bread and clothing and half-crowns, which serve no purpose but to create greedy expectations and discontent."

Of the spirit in which modern charity is too often administered, Mrs. Bosanquet says:

"I once showed an old lady, much given to good works of the Lady Bountiful order, how some *protégés* of hers who were constantly on the verge of starvation might be placed in possession of a small but regular and sufficient income. 'My dear,' she said, 'I don't think it is a good plan; they would get too independent. I like them to come to me when they are in difficulties, and ask for what they want.'"

And so we have a strongly unfavourable judgment from a thoroughly well-equipped observer as to the total effect of four-fifths of the benevolent agencies of the day. Enough, surely, to confirm the belief—which one always runs the danger of being treated as a cynic for expressing—that much of the evil in the world is due to the good heart. Doubtless Mrs. Bosanquet's book will have no immunity from criticisms. It will be said: "These are the rigid views of charity notoriously held by the Charity Organisation Society; and the obviously humane thing is none the less to relieve misery where it exists, without troubling too much about the possible after results." Or, as Mr. Kipling's Badalia Herodsfoot puts it, "You can't pauperise them as 'asn't things to begin with. They're bloomin' well pauped." Mrs. Bosanquet's sympathy with the Charity Organisation Society may be admitted. It may also be justified, on the ground that though the methods of the Charity Organisation Society may occasionally allow a deserving case to slip through the mesh, they do, at any rate, keep up a barrier between charity and the undeserving. Mrs. Bosanquet does not, nor do we, accept the standpoint of

"the commonplace Guardian . . . who will explain his 'policy' by saying that he would rather help ninety-nine impostors than neglect one deserving case; oblivious alike of all wider issues involved in helping impostors, and of the obvious fact that the proper course is to do neither the one nor the other."

And we are not sure that the really humane doctrine, hard though it may appear at first sight, is not Mrs. Bosanquet's, when she says: "It is often urged, 'We cannot let the family suffer for the father's faults.' It

is not quite clear to me that we cannot, if that is the shortest way to redemption for all alike." It must not, however, be supposed that Mrs. Bosanquet is a pessimist about her London. She is rather what we should call a meliorist; sceptical, indeed, about many vaunted panaceas and short cuts to social salvation, but yet with a warm hope in the heart of her.

"On the covers of a popular tract," she says, "... I find the quotation, 'Hell is a city much like London.' If this were so, I would cheerfully accept a sentence which should doom me to hell, and would play my part as a citizen to the best of my power; for it would be a city full of pathos and humour, where much that is bad is mingled with all that is lovable; where the very fiends who are represented as tormenting the lost are really engaged in works of mercy and brotherly love; a city, above all, where justice and straightforwardness and manly effort never fail to make their influences felt."

Of Mrs. Bosanquet's practical suggestions we have left ourselves little room to speak. They seem to come to this, "Work through local institutions: become guardians and Board school managers, and strengthen the hands of the Charity Organisation Society." We gather from some of her criticisms that she would add: "Keep your religion and your charity distinct"; and certainly it is no rosy view that she sets before us of the part played by the Churches in the attempt to solve the problem of poverty.

"For many years almsgiving has been regarded by the Church as a mere accessory to religion, and too often as a means of promoting attendance at its services and classes. Now time has worked out its revenge, and the people have come to regard services and classes—and, indeed, religion itself so far as they know it—as accessory to alms-giving and as a means of obtaining relief. It would sometimes seem as if the only hope for both lay in an entire divorce between the two."

Not only is this a wise and good book: it is an exceedingly well-written and even an entertaining one. Mrs. Bosanquet has a keen insight into character, and a gift of lucid exposition. She grasps her points firmly and drives them well home. She has the saving grace of humour. Only inordinate quotation could fairly appraise her practical hints and flashes of shrewd observation. It is a book to enlighten both heart and eyes, and to dust away many of the secular cobwebs of charitable commonplace.

EARLY CHRISTIAN LITERATURE.

Newly Discovered Early Christian Literature in Translations. Ante-Nicene Christian Library: Additional Volume, containing Early Christian Works discovered since the Completion of the Series, and Selections from the Commentaries of Origen. Edited by Allan Menzies, D.D. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.)

MESSES. T. & T. CLARK have made accessible to a wide circle of readers a mass of documents, some of which have been studied with intense interest by theological experts in the

hope that they might throw new light on that most momentous of historical problems, the growth of early Christianity. Among these may be mentioned the Gospel and Apocalypse of Peter, the Apology of Aristides, and the Diatessaron of Tatian. But one fails to see why the Didaché has been omitted; for, to judge by the advertisement, it does not appear in any former volume of the series.

At the time of the Reformation patristic literature was studied chiefly with a view to discovering arguments for or against the supremacy of Rome. The leaders of the Oxford Movement asked from it a wider basis for Anglican doctrine and discipline than the New Testament alone could supply. And now that the Apostolic origin of much in the New Testament itself has been denied not only by rationalistic, but by Christian critics, the Early Fathers are being ransacked with still greater zeal for the faintest references to our canonical Scriptures. It does not appear, however, that, so far, any new evidence has fallen with decisive weight on either side of the controversy. Granting all that has been claimed for Tatian's Diatessaron, it belongs at best to the second half of the second century, and, therefore, cannot be quoted in proof of the Johannine authorship of the Fourth Gospel, nor even of its having been written much earlier than 150 A.D. Still less can the so-called Gospel of Peter bear the scaffolding of destructive criticism reared on it by Dr. James Martineau. Before drawing any inference from such a mere fragment we must know when it was written, and that still remains a matter of dispute. Mr. Rutherford tells us that "the date of the work is variously fixed by different scholars; Harnack assigns it to the first quarter of the second century, while Mr. Armitage Robinson and other scholars place it later" (p. 5).

Nothing is more remarkable in New Testament literature than its extreme reticence with regard to the state of souls—especially lost souls—after death and judgment. Even the Apocalypse ascribed to St. John only lifts the veil a very little way. Perhaps the prospect of a reign of saints on earth helped to keep this remoter eventuality out of sight. But as the Millenarian vision faded away, men's imaginations busied themselves more and more with the details of a future life, viewed especially on its darker side. The present volume gives a regular series of Apocalypses due to this morbid tendency. They possess a certain interest as exhibiting a steady evolution of eschatological conceptions in a single direction. We find the terrors of hell more and more diverted from their original moral purpose to subserve the interests of the dominant ecclesiastical order. First comes the Revelation of Peter. According to Mr. Rutherford it "must have been written before the middle of the second century." He justly notes the "Judaic severity of its morality," and its kinship to the Vision of Er at the end of Plato's *Republic* (p. 146). With the single exception of idolaters, to whose fate only one verse is devoted, the lost souls in this vision are suffering penal torments for offences against morality, among which, as might be ex-

pected, breaches of charity and of chastity hold a conspicuous place. Next comes the "Vision of Paul," probably composed about 388 A.D. (p. 149). At that time the great Theodosius, who first gave the world a sample of Spanish intolerance, had long been reigning, and a spirit of persecution was abroad which finds an eloquent spokesman in the pseudo-Paul. The supposed Apostle is conducted through the infernal regions by an angel who shows him numerous categories of men and women punished, generally by burning, for crimes often by no means of the deepest dye. Among others, he observes some "clothed in bright garments, having their eyes blind, placed in a pit," and is told that "they are of the people who did alms, and knew not the Lord God, for which reason they unceasingly pay the proper penalties"—whatever those may be (p. 161). After a time Paul breaks out into lamentations, but is rebuked by the angel, who promises to show him punishments "seven times greater than these." And for whom are such extreme and awful penalties reserved? "They are whoever shall not confess that Christ has come in the flesh, and that the Virgin Mary brought Him forth, and whoever says that the bread and cup of the Eucharist of blessing are not this body and blood of Christ" (p. 162). Others are condemned to eternal frost for denying the resurrection of the flesh. Finally, thanks to Paul's intercession, all obtain a periodical respite of twenty-four hours from their pain, on the day of Christ's resurrection—whether once a week or once a year is not made clear. The Apocalypse of the Virgin, "conjecturally assigned to the ninth century," marks a fresh development. Here it is the Mother of God who visits the damned, and among those who meet her pitying gaze are not only heretics of various shades but quite orthodox Catholics who failed to treat the clergy with proper respect, "not rising up to the presbyter when they entered into the church of God." Their punishment is to sit for ever on burning benches of fire. Others suffer equally for sleeping too late on Sunday morning (p. 171). But the worst torments are reserved for the wives of presbyters who did not honour their husbands, i.e., "who after the death of the presbyter took husbands" (p. 172). The Mother of God implores mercy for Christian sinners, but carefully excludes the unbelieving Jews from her intercession. Her prayer is heard to the extent of granting them a respite on the day of Pentecost, "to glorify the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit" (p. 174).

Nearly half this volume is occupied by extracts from the voluminous commentaries of Origen on John and Matthew. A mere glance at them will suffice to justify the suspicion with which the Church has always regarded this great Father. For instance, he frankly admits that the Gospel narratives are irreconcilable with one another when read as simple records of historical events; and he will not condemn their authors "even if they sometimes dealt freely with things which to the eye of history happened differently, and changed them so as to

subserve the mystical aims they had in view," altering for theological purposes both what was said and done on various occasions (p. 383). He was also fully alive to the contradictions between Scripture and science—at least what passed for science in his time. But here the difficulty is more easily got over. Physicians, Origen tells us, do not believe in demoniacal possession. They treat temporary insanity as a bodily disorder, ascribing it to a certain sympathy between the moisture of the brain and the moist light of the moon. But this is a mere coincidence due to the cunning of the impure spirits, who carefully watch the phases of the moon, and regulate their attacks on human beings accordingly in order to bring that luminary into undeserved discredit (p. 478). A modern disciple of Origen might suggest that the demons were counterfeiting all the symptoms of epilepsy or hysteria in order to lay snares for the physiologists of the future.

It remains to congratulate the translators on their skilful performance of an arduous task. Their names are a guarantee for the fidelity of the versions, but these also contain many examples of clear, spirited, and idiomatic English, showing a command of literary expression not always combined with profound linguistic scholarship.

PLAUTI BACCHIDES.

Edited, with Introduction, Commentary, and Critical Notes, by J. M'Cosh, M.A. (Methuen & Co.)

Of the twenty-one plays accepted by Varro as the genuine productions of Plautus we still possess twenty. All of these belong to the class known as "*fabulæ palliatæ*," that is, plays derived from Greek sources with the scenes laid amid Greek surroundings. For his plots Plautus went to the writers of the "new comedy" or comedy of manners, of which Philemon, Menander, and Diphilus were the ablest exponents; but, whereas the refined wit, which characterises these writers, would scarcely have appealed to a Roman audience in the time of Plautus, he discarded this for what was simply farcical, and by means of broad humour, spirited dialogue, and a remarkable power of calling out all the resources of his native tongue, contrived to catch the popular taste in a way which no Roman writer before or after him ever approached. His aim was to amuse, not to educate or instruct; whatever conducted to this end was suitable for his purpose; serious meaning or depth of feeling would be out of place in a burlesque, and to look for them in the comedies of Plautus is an equally idle task; rapid action, amusing incident, plenty of broad jokes and buffoonery—such were the requirements of the Italian playgoer in the third century B.C., and such Plautus supplied.

That his plots suffered in artistic treatment in this process was only to be expected; but that he succeeded in his object is beyond dispute. So again, it is perhaps beside the mark to inquire whether the tendency of his plays is moral or the reverse. He

certainly recognised, though perhaps without attaching any great importance to it, a difference between right and wrong, as is clear from the moral appended to many of his plays—e.g., the "*Bacchides*":

"Hi senes nisi fuissent nihili iam inde ab adulescentia,
Non hodie hoc tantum flagitium facerent
canis capitis" (ll. 1209, 10).

Coarseness of language undoubtedly occurs in Plautus, but it is never introduced merely for its own sake, or to pander to the lowest instincts in human nature; his characters are made to speak and act as they would in real life, and a glance at the *dramatis persona* of any Roman comedy might warn us that among such mixed company we are likely to hear a language somewhat more robust and full-bodied than that which passes current in refined circles.

The truth is, Plautus was most at home with the lower and middle classes, and it is for them he mainly writes. A rough good-humour and cheerful sympathy with all leads him to laugh where more severe moralists would censure; but he was pre-eminently the poet to appeal to a nation longing for the return of mirth and merriment, which the long struggle with Hannibal had well-nigh stifled; and it is not a little significant that the first play of Plautus should have been produced in the memorable year of the Roman victory at the Metaurus, B.C. 207—a year which well might call forth every sentiment of national joy and exultation.

In the "*Bacchides*," a play which ranks high in the Plautine list, we are introduced to the usual characters of Roman comedy: two silly old men, each with a spendthrift son; a rascally slave, whose cleverness is only surpassed by his old master's folly; a swaggering fire-eating soldier; two *blandæ meretrices*, twins alike in name and fame; a parasite, who will demean himself to anything for a meal; and a *pedagogus*—this last being the only one with any real claim to respectability. The subject treated is a favourite one with Plautus; the machinations, namely, of a slave, devoted to his young master, to cheat the latter's father and squander his money in chambering and wantonness. Certain incidents in the play do not conform to the strict canons of modern taste, but, upon the whole, Plautus has exercised remarkable self-restraint. The interest is well sustained, and the *dénouement*, unedifying as it is, is brought about in such a natural way that we feel ourselves obliged to smile at the ridiculous position in which the two hoary old sinners eventually land themselves.

It is this play which Mr. M'Cosh has given English readers a chance of now reading for the first time in a convenient form, for which service he deserves their thanks. Troublesome duty as he confesses in his preface to have found the task of editing, it is obvious from the results that he has not shirked his work. English scholars had certainly neglected Plautine studies till some few years ago; and, though the numerous editions of single plays now annually pouring from the English press prove that the fascination of embarking on this wide and

only half-explored sea of research has at last proved too strong for them, it will be long before we shall have anything to compare with the labours of such as Ritschl, Usising, Brix, or Studemund. The present work, though hardly on a level with the best that English scholarship has produced on Plautus in recent years, yet possesses, apart from its value as the only English edition of the *Bacchides*, distinct merits of its own. Of these enthusiasm for Plautus is one; but this enthusiasm should not have led Mr. M'Cosh into indiscriminate abuse of Horace, because the latter has ventured to criticise the poets of the old Roman drama. If we may say so, without incurring Horace's fate, we think that Mr. M'Cosh has, from a partial misunderstanding of Horace's criticisms, regarded them as a sweeping condemnation, which is far from being the truth. But, in any case, to abuse Horace is not to help Plautus; and, both being so well able to stand on their own merits, we might have been spared this outburst.

Passing to more useful matter, in the introduction we find the life of Plautus, the views of the ancient world about him, an account of Plautine MSS. and editions, and the inevitable chapter on "Metres and Prosody"; this last strikes us as being needlessly long, and the conclusions therefore in danger of being obscured. The "*apparatus criticus*" at the foot of the text, enabling the student to balance the evidence in favour of conflicting readings or proposed conjectures, must have been an especially difficult task to fulfil, but it has been conscientiously performed; while the commentary will serve not merely to elucidate this particular play of Plautus but help also to an understanding of all; for the editor has made this a special object by means of minute comparison of words and phrases and a careful examination of Plautine peculiarities.

In conclusion, let us add that the play is printed in delightfully clear type, on good paper, and with generous margins. If an analysis of the plot could oust the page of "*corrigenda*," which now confronts us at the outset, we should welcome the exchange.

THE ART OF MR. BEARDSLEY.

A Book of Fifty Drawings. By Aubrey Beardsley. (Leonard Smithers.)

THIS book, bound in scarlet and gold, is a relic of the true Yellowness. Here, by simply turning over the pages, the curious are enabled to note the phases which Mr. Beardsley's art has passed through in the four or five years in which he has occupied a place in the public eye; to observe how he has progressed (or otherwise) from Malory treated with reverence to Wagner boisterously slapped on the back; how he has worked under the influence first of Sir Edward Burne-Jones alone, then of Sir Edward Burne-Jones and the Japanese combined; then, shaking off both, has sought inspiration in an artificiality found partly in Pope and partly in Watteau; then, has thought to try his hand in the manner now of Mr. Whistler, now of the

Little Masters; and latterly he has laboriously clowned it for the delectation of persons who have no sense of fun. At last one lays aside the book in amazement at the artist's cleverness in adopting and adapting the style of others and his perversity in refusing to be himself for more than a fleeting moment. For an artist who persistently expresses other persons, though he may be interesting, cannot enchain. Mr. Beardsley has so dispersed and frittered away his individuality that he never enchains, although few draughtsmen stimulate curiosity more than he. The fascination of forbidden fruit is over his work; he appeals very cleverly to the idle mind's interest in what is darkly naughty, and what to practical busy people is very silly and superfluous. He is continually saying explicitly the things which wiser men and women take for granted; and that, we may remark, was the secret of the modern *Décadents*. This criticism does not, however, apply to all of Mr. Beardsley's fifty drawings in the book before us. Now and then, when he is at his best, he has qualities not to be found in any of his contemporaries or exemplars. The previously unpublished drawing of "Ali Baba in the Wood" (on p. 146), for instance, suggests that Mr. Beardsley might make an ideal illustrator of certain tales in the *Arabian Nights*; for in this picture he catches much of the mystery of the book. The "Ave atque vale" (on p. 151) has a dignity which Mr. Beardsley has led us not to expect in his work. "The Coiffing" (on p. 173), a line drawing, is a piece of masterly composition, and the same may be said of the remarkable design in masses of black and white on p. 120. Another surprise is offered on p. 70, where we find a vignette made for the *Morte d'Arthur*, which positively has life and movement and open air. "Ah, but the artist that was lost," we are tempted to say, with Mr. Dobson, on looking at this beautiful fragment; but in his *Morte d'Arthur* days, four years and more ago, Mr. Beardsley was frequently almost debonnaire, and always sincere. He has not often been sincere since. Some of the Malory drawings are exquisite, and we are glad that they fill so large a portion of the book.

MISS SOLDENE'S REMINISCENCES.

My Theatrical and Musical Recollections. By Emily Soldene. (Downey & Co.)

MR. KIPLING has assured us—and it were impious to doubt anything proceeding from such an august authority—that "there are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays." There are, certainly, many methods of putting together theatrical reminiscences. Whatever be the method, however, which is adopted, the book, in order to justify its existence, should be brightly written and readable. Much more than this it may be; it should certainly not be less. Miss Soldene's theatrical and musical reminiscences are, we hasten to add, eminently readable, and possess that gay Bohemian colouring which invariably attracts those

who live outside Bohemia; while it serves to arouse pleasant recollections among the elect themselves. Miss Soldene showed her versatility—to say nothing of her catholicity—by making her first prolonged acquaintance with the public at the "Oxford" and at Exeter Hall. At Exeter Hall she sang in the "Elijah" and the "Messiah," in company with Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley. Mr. Santley endeavoured to assuage her nervousness by the following remark: "Nervous!" said he, "what for? You see that crowd of people in front; well, little as you know, they know less." Possibly Mr. Santley considered that there was "no sich person" as a musical critic. After Exeter Hall came a long engagement at the Oxford (1866-7), and then Miss Soldene obtained an opportunity of showing her special abilities in the comic opera line, and commenced what proved to be a lengthy series of successes (in the "Grand Duchess" and "Chilperic," and "Genevieve de Brabant"), which she won, not only in England, but in America, Australia and New Zealand. Miss Soldene's sparkling exuberance and overflowing animal spirits seem scarcely to have ever deserted her—except on sea voyages. In fact, there is something Pickwickian in the rosy coloured picture of her doings, although we fear that many of the incidental touches would have deeply shocked that proper old gentleman in gaiters.

Some of the stories are amusing enough in their way, though the humour is of a decidedly broad character; and these scarcely bear translating from the free and easy atmosphere of Bohemia into the more conventional atmosphere of the region outside. So we may confidently leave them to receive their proper meed of praise when the Eminent Person and the Mere Boy discuss them in the smoking-room. Miss Soldene briefly alludes to the ill-success of "H.M.S. Pinafore" when first performed at the Opera Comique in 1878; but we do not know why she invariably spells Mr. D'Oyly Carte's name as "D'Oyley." At times, we must confess, Miss Soldene's gossip rather palled upon us. It is impossible to feel more than a faint interest in the fact that Mr. A— entertained a great partiality for pretty girls (a characteristic by no means confined to Mr. A—); or that Lord B— would occasionally have tea, more occasionally something stronger, with a few chorus ladies; and even the remark that Lord Rosebery once appeared behind the scenes at the Gaiety only mildly thrilled us. Still, although this volume is not brilliantly entertaining, yet, like the curate's egg, it is excellent in parts.

ROYAL ACADEMY ARCHITECTURE.

The "Builder" Album of Royal Academy Architecture, 1896. (Catherine Street, Strand.)

To the enterprise of the *Builder* we owe this spacious volume. On one page is the reproduced drawing of a building; on the other is the explanatory letterpress. Eighty-one plates of buildings, of decorative designs

and of sculpture, represent the selection made almost entirely from the walls of the little parlour dedicated to architecture at the Royal Academy. This well-got-up Album forms a pleasant reminiscence of the summer-house which through last year, as through many others, gave rest to the picture-weary and to the lovers of one another. The monochrome tinted wall veilings and the central sofa afford repose to the colour-haunted eyes of note-taking critics, and to the bodies of those who have had a good collation. It is a small heaven where the learned cease from troubling and the Philistines merely rest.

It would seem that designers who have in hand important and realisable work are coming more and more to feel that the pictured paper is either a false or an inadequate representation of the actual walls: thus, we have increases of competition drawings which have been futile, and of designs ordained by fancy and not by clients. The men who are big—in the conventional sense at least—send fewer and fewer of these perspective phantoms of accomplished work. The Academy grows more justified in the niggard lines of the space allotted to the most important art of which it takes official notice. The enthusiastic beginner, the man who only builds with coloured water on Whatman's paper, the firms who deal in decorations, fill the spaces prepared for the past masters who do not come. If the authors of buildings, both good and great, could be induced to send a well-done plan, section and elevation, made to a moderate scale, of each or some of them, there might be a successful architectural room. In the meantime we endeavour to be content with the things of which this album is the outcome. Neither the public, nor the experts, nor those neuters the critics, can be excited by a show which has neither *ad captandum*, nor technical, nor allusive quality to recommend it. The end, however, is peace; there is nothing to quarrel about; neither the outsider, the expert, nor the critic find a bone to pick; thus the room is rather an asylum for painless extinction than a home for the dogs of war.

In the meantime we have in the *Builder Album* a record of the state of things that exists. It would seem that the men who foresee that their drawings will be reproduced should use a pen and Indian or common ink; brush-work, especially in colours, does not come out well in process, and loses the lineality and clearness which belongs to pen-work when applied to a subject where form is first. This is an *obiter dictum*; the drawings themselves, whether in wash or line, have in the reproduction been most carefully treated. The designs have been discussed long since by the professional journals; those which have been carried out have living commentaries every day, those which have not have joined the "lost causes." We are glad that the *Builder* perseveres with these annual volumes; for even the imperfect history which is thus being formed of our architectural progress teaches us what courage we may gain from hope, what resolution from despair.

POETRY.

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN'S NEW
POEMS.

The Conversion of Winckelmann, and Other Poems. By Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate. (Macmillan & Co.)

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN is a modern Apollo, whose Daphne is the Muse, and from whom Peneius, living again in Lord Salisbury, has rescued the flying nymph by transforming her into a laurel:

"And in his triumph the victor confounded,
Clasped at a woman and kissed but a bough."

He has the laurel at any rate. He wears it on his title-page, and yet is not content. Through one hundred and fifty pages he chases the vanished Muse with even feet. Mr. Austin is not a writer from whom we expect surprises, nor does he give us any in the course of the new volume, unless it be by the omission of *Dr. Jameson's Ride*, verses which had at least the merit of catching the spirit of their theme, for the raid succeeded as ill in rhyme as it had done in life. No doubt the contents of the new book are designed to take a range as widely popular and as domestic as befits the lays of a Laureate. All the same, the *Conversion of Winckelmann* will convert nobody to Mr. Austin who was not converted already. As a poet he stands where he did, as everyone who knows anything knew he would. The Muse may be a wondrous faithful wife; but the espousals must be when the poet is young. We speak, of course, of those writers, few and far between, who contract marriages with the Muse. There are others who merely follow in her train. To these last Mr. Austin belongs; and though we, too, suffer from the shock of seeing some critics rating rhyme as poetry for no other reason than that it appears in print, we refuse to throw, by way of reaction, cheap jibes at a man because he is not in the front ranks of his calling. "Do not shoot the organist—he is doing his best," ought to be an unnecessary monition to an audience of reviewers. That the laurel, seeing who had worn it, should be made prostitute to politics was a grief—we use no lighter word—to the lovers of poetical poetry. But the thing is done; and even if it were shown that Mr. Austin not only accepted the honour, but sought it, we have enough compassion for the kindred weaknesses of human nature to let that, too, pass, and to judge of his book without any prejudice against it for the post he holds.

The Conversion of Winckelmann tells—or rather suggests, for there is no frank history in it—the story of the conversion of a Lutheran German to Catholicism in order to pursue the better his antiquarian studies. Dickens once complained of the unreasonable grounds on which, as an editor, he was asked to accept contributions—because, for instance, the editor once "lent an alpenstock in Switzerland to the writer's wife's nephew, when that interesting stranger had broken his own"; and perhaps only a convert to Roman Catholicism can appreciate the profoundly unreasonable explanations which

others offer for his conduct. Unable to appreciate his real motives, they have twenty improbabilities at hand for quotation. That Winckelmann was the victim among his German friends of this natural selection of motives for his change of religion we have no doubt. But the supposition of his insincerity rests on an absolute ignorance of the ethics and habits of the Roman Court at the period, and it has not a phrase, a wink even, of Winckelmann in its support. It is, therefore, an unsatisfactory subject for treatment such as Mr. Austin's, where Winckelmann is made out of his own mouth to utter his own condemnation. If Mr. Austin had a dramatic situation to give, if he felt he could betray in very truth the soul of a man in a false position, well and good; but where was the need to pin these tatters of a moral reputation to the body of Winckelmann? He had not even a name, one imagines, to recommend him to the reader of modern verse. However, whether of Winckelmann or another, no matter now. The story is told by Mr. Austin in blank verse, of which it is no shame to say that it has its constant derivations from Tennyson and Browning, poets whom Mr. Austin, as a critic of old, has not otherwise flattered. The poem opens with a soliloquy by the antiquarian, who thus counts the cost of his lie:

"One sudden, solitary, sterile lie,
With no false brood to follow, haply born
Of feebleness, surprise, forbearing fear
Lest the hard fact should hurt, were base
enough;

"Look this colossal lie full in the face!
It is not sudden, solitary, barren,
Feeble, surprised, a gift to tenderness,
But a deliberate, procreative lie,
Teeming with perjured progeny, swarm on
swarm
Of profitable falsehood, each fresh fraud
Begetting a new litter: lie on lie,
With lies, and ever yet more lies to follow,
A labyrinth of lying! Winckelmann!"

Mr. Austin can always plainly express himself—he has not graduated as a journalist for nothing. And sometimes the expression has the beauty of the following lines:

"Battoni's lovely daughters, voice with voice,
Like two waves wantoning to be one, awhile
Eluding each the other, near, apart,
Till merged at length in one smooth melody."

At its medium it is this:

"There Hermes, not yet dwarfed to Mercury,
Winged at the head and sandalled at the heel,
Heaven's messenger alert, whose stolen strings,
Stretched deftly o'er the sluggish tortoise'
shell,
Make instant music: Virgin Artemis,
Kept chaste by action and the brisk embrace
Of Morning, bright and chilly as her spear,
Her bare feet diamonded with meadow dew,
And twin-leashed boar-hounds baying at her
side,
Beating Arcadian covert."

To return to the story, Winckelmann crying out at last:

"There's nothing under heaven I won't believe,
I'd sooner be a priest of Cybele
Than bide imbruted here,"

makes his submission to the shadowy Car-

dinal, and so attains "the grandeur that was Rome," and unlocks for himself the doors of the Vatican Library, which, you are to suppose, is "enclosure" against non-believers. In the Villa Albani the second section of the poem finds him the prey of scruples; and in the third section his lying on a couch at Trieste, after he had been mortally wounded under circumstances that are well known. A Capuchin friar is at hand, and an old Bible—which you are supposed "the Cardinal" would not approve—is of course an accessory of this last scene. "You are very kind," he says to the Capuchin,

"And so is the Madonna, and" [so is, *sic*,] "the
saints,
But if you'll read to me from out the book
My mother gave me when I was a boy,
In the old Mark, I think I should prefer it."

The poor "preference" notwithstanding, the Capuchin ends the poem by declaring:

"The homing soul goes quiet on the wing
Unto its nest in heaven."

Mr. Austin is said to be most at home in the garden, no doubt truly; he is a garden poet; but it is just there that the reader of poetry, too, is most besieged by memories of the exquisite imagery which flowers have afforded to the bards, and is, in consequence, most exacting. Such poems as "Another Spring Carol," with its "cowslip tapers," recalling Mr. de Vere, and its pretty though not new-born—

"And the sod is uplifted
By crocus spears;

and "A Florilegium" show us Mr. Austin as we can read him best:

"All the seasons of the year
Have flowers for you, dear.
When the ploughland's flecked with snow,
And the blue-eyed scyllas blow,
Gazing, through the wintry gale,
Like your eyes when you are pale;
When in many a cloistered walk
Droop upon their modest stalk
Vestal snowdrops, one by one,
White as is a wimpled nun;

These and more, to you I bring,
Bold outriders of the spring."

The verses on "John Everett Millais" are surely unworthy of publication by a serious writer addressing serious readers; and the curious determination to sit up to Tennyson in Tennyson's chair is strangely shown by Mr. Austin in his "Who would not die for England?" and "The Point of Honour." Why, we could have dispensed with Alfred the Greater himself in the moods that produced "The Grandmother," and some of his addresses to Royalty. Then, Mr. Austin, failing recognition of his boundaries, which in poetry is as great a transgression as in the law of the land is the failure to recognise your neighbour's land-marks, insists on being philosophical, and tries *A Reply to a Pessimist*, not of course without some well-turned stanzas:

"Is Love less sweet because men loved of yore?
No, sweeter, stronger, with the ages' growth.
Love's long descent ennobles loving more,
And Helen's falsehood fortifies one's troth."

Bridging Time's stream with its commanding span,
We stand upon the Present, and we scan
Future and Past, and seem to live along them both."

"Love's long descent ennobles loving more" is the striking and memorable line of the volume; but Mr. Austin made havoc of his own good fortune by going on to the *banal* end. He proceeds to admonish us:

"Yet fear not lest that knowledge should deflower

The awe that veils the inviolable Power,
Or that we e'er shall learn what, whence, and why we are—"

which is a concession to the pessimist as tremendous as the pessimist could have desired.

By loose language and a failure of grasp, Mr. Austin gives the optimistic case away again and again:

"What if there were no Heaven? there is the Earth.

What if there were no goal? there is the race."

In fact, the happiness of life is in seeking happiness, even though there be no happiness to seek. If these are Mr. Austin's metaphysics, we prefer his metres.

Under Quicken Boughs. By Nora Hopper. (John Lane.)

THE Celtic movement in literature is an accomplished fact, and it would ill beseem, therefore, even a brutal Saxon, with the English respect for facts, to sneer at it. In truth, there is no occasion to sneer at it. It has produced much good literature, at the head of which is the work of Mrs. Hinkson and of Mr. W. B. Yeats. Miss Hopper's *Under Quicken Boughs*, too, is permeated with the characteristics of the school in poetry. Mrs. Hinkson has evidently been studied by Miss Hopper; but, for all that, the younger poet's note is in a manner her own; and those who are fascinated by this endeavour to infuse new blood into English literature will give to Miss Nora Hopper's poems a favourite place on their shelves. We take Miss Hopper at her average in our quotation:

IRISH IVY.

"Ivy of Ireland in my garden grows
Beside the foxglove that the wild bee knows,
More dear to me than lavender or rose.

"Grey moths about me flit, and gold wasps hum:

The bees salute it softly as they come:
The east wind loiters by it, and is dumb—

"Or whispers very lightly of green rings,
The hollow raths, the fairy-people springs,
And buried days when Boholaun had wings,

"And rode amid the unforgotten Shee.
Or the west wind comes, laughing from the sea,
And tells the youngest leaves of days to be,

"When Eri's grievous wound is healed, and she
Shall lift her gracious head, and, smiling, see
Her children coming crowned about her knee.

"Ivy of Ireland, is the promise clear?
You climb towards the light 'twixt hope and fear.
But would to God the day we wait were here!"

FICTION.

Animal Episodes and Studies in Sensation.
By G. H. Powell. (George Redway.)

IT is an adroit title. The word "studies" conveys a gentle suggestion as of one who has stepped down from a higher plane to inquire into the sensational "in a spirit of truth." Mr. Powell would have us know that his mind is philosophic though his pen may dabble in gore. He may be reassured. No one who dips into the *Studies in Sensation* and has the eye for a "style" can doubt that the author will be quite as effective in low tones as he is with the primary hues of the tragic and the supernatural. Indeed, the first story—of Mops the Terrier and his interference in the Irish question—is so studiously placid as to convince one of Mr. Powell's intention in assigning its position. The debased reader, however, who desires to feel his flesh creep should omit the opening story and get at once into the thick of Mr. Powell's "sensations." He will read of people in fearful peril on burning roofs, who escape by cutting down telephone posts and walking along them to the next block; of dire combats between men and eagles, cats and deadly snakes; of runaway horses that career down streets "up" for mending; of Lucrezia Borgia poisons picked up in old bookstalls; of thrilling adventures in the Alps; of scaly monsters, haunted houses, and mysterious moats. Clearly Mr. Powell has "studied" sensation to some purpose. It may be granted that some of his excursions into the awful are quite models of their kind, their kind being the short magazine story. It is worth someone's while to look rather closely into the influence which the rise and progress of monthly magazines has had on fiction. Such tales as Mr. Powell's did not exist fifty years ago, when ideas, if not fewer, were more rigidly economised. The strange case of Sharon Fulksey would then have occupied as many pages as it does lines; and nothing less than the regulation three volumes could have done justice to "The Reresby Mote Ghost." One could almost wish that Mr. Powell himself had been a little more generous with details in this story. Nothing is easier than to mystify by omitting to supply explanations; and the Reresby Ghost is too much of a cryptogram to suit the taste of an experienced student of the ghosts of fiction. It recalls Mrs. Carlyle's saying about "Sordello," for at the end one is still uncertain whether the ghost is a shark, or a crocodile, or a man in armour. It rings bells, which seems inconsistent with aquatic habits. On the other hand, it devours swimming dogs and ungrateful secretaries, to whom ancestors in coats of mail are not as a rule so partial. If Mr. Powell meant the gaps to be filled in by the imagination, we fear he will have many disappointments. If he wilfully withholds the clue, or has not one, that is mere wantonness. The reader finds himself in the position of the Reresby Mote boy who prepared stout fishing tackle with much labour, and dropped it into the water from his bedroom window, but of whose fortunes in the gentle art we hear not another word.

The Babe, B.A. By E. F. Benson. (Putnam's.)

STRICTLY speaking, Mr. Benson's book is not a novel. It is of the family of *Verdant Green*, but with this difference: that whereas Cuthbert Bede's college joke to cure the dumps kept its savour for several generations of undergraduates, Mr. Benson's pages will in a year or so mystify his readers. To-day it should be relished at Cambridge by third and fourth year men, especially at King's. *The Babe* is, indeed, a King's book, as all who recognise the original of Mr. Stewart will agree, and King's will laugh over it a little; and here and there, no doubt, a Freshman will model his life on that of Mr. Benson's heroes, so powerful is literature or so plastic are Freshmen. On p. 217 we find a passage which seems to give a clue to the book: "The Babe murmured something inaudible about there being no reason to listen; but, when pressed, confessed that he had been reading the *Green Carnation* and it had affected his brains." Mr. Benson's style suggests that he also has been reading the *Green Carnation*, and it had affected his brains. Mr. Stewart talks precisely in the manner of Esmé Amaranth in Mr. R. S. Hichens's squib, though perhaps less humorously, and there is the same atmosphere of gilt-edged paganism. By the Babe himself we are reminded both of Ouida and *Dodo*: his name and his prowess (he is a Rugby blue, and drinks Chartreuse out of a tea-cup) suggest the manner of the enchantress of the seventies; his speech is the speech of Mr. Benson's first heroine. Thus, if the remarks of *Dodo* concerning kidneys may still abide in some readers' minds, they will be glad to know that the Babe pursues the fascinating subject:

"Kidneys are not attractive to the eye, but the proof of them is in the eating. I eat them because they are so comfortable, as the Psalmist says. By the way, has Sir John Lubbock put the eating of kidneys among his *Pleasures of Life*?"

The book hardly calls for serious criticism. It clearly was written in high spirits, with the aim simply to amuse. We have found it amusing here and there, although never to the point of laughter, and the one serious chapter is, we think, quite the best thing.

Mr. Benson, with questionable taste, introduces living persons into the dialogue, and we notice a few inaccuracies—the Babe would not be likely to value Miss Cissie Loftus for her dancing and, Ranjitsinhji should be spelled correctly in a Cambridge book. The photographs of King's College Chapel, the Backs, and other places seem rather out of place, especially as the Babe somewhere says, "Hymns and photographs are so much alike. . . . They are both like Sunday evening."

Marm Liza. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. (Gay & Bird.)

It is a pleasant gift that Mrs. Wiggin has of sympathy with the helpless and the weak, and of engaging for them the interest of her readers. *Marm Liza* belongs to the class of congenital idiots, though her case is a

very mild one. In the hands of Mrs. Grubb, a lecturing faddist, a prophet of all the Anti-'s, she is growing up in body while her mind remains undeveloped. By good luck she and the tempestuous twins, the charge of whom is her daily responsibility, attract the notice of Mistress Mary, a charming young woman, the head of a sort of community devoted to the care of such cases. The story of Liza's mental growth under the intelligent and loving care of these maidens, which culminates in an act of heroism for the salvation of the tempestuous twins, is told with power, taste, and finish. The treatment of Mrs. Grubb is very effective but goodnatured satire, and the story throughout is accompanied by a ripple of quiet laughter.

Le Selvo. By Ouida. (Fisher Unwin.)

ANOTHER variation upon the eternal theme of the Crucified; this time in Italian setting, a setting of gloom almost without relief. It is the picture of a peasantry degraded and insensible; lost to mirth, lost to religion, lost to love; cruel, ignorant, mercenary. Ouida writes of a woodland district, the property of the Gandolpho family, over which was set an Agent "from the North," one who had been cashiered from the Russian army for complicity in a Nihilist intrigue. His predecessors had been thieves and hypocrites, and therefore he, who "wished to make them less poor, but strove to make them more honest," was hated and went about his business in constant expectation of a bullet from behind the next tree. Muriella, the niece of two peasant rogues, alone had some inkling of Cyrille's righteousness, some sympathy with his endeavours. She had learned something of the lady from whom he was divided; and having learned to love him, she forgot to love herself.

"'Holy ones . . . I give you all I have. Grant him his heart's desire.' And she loosened from her throat a little agate heart. It had been her mother's . . . She laid it down under the silver lamp upon the altar; it was her only treasure."

So at the last, when he was making his final stand, alone in the deserted house, against the mob of ruffians which surrounded it, Muriella brought aid, and perished: the sacrifice was accepted. The tale is told with directness and simplicity; for the most part the author holds herself well in hand, and selects the essential with the unfailing instinct of the true craftswoman she undoubtedly is.

Mr. Spinks and his Hounds. By F. M. Lutyens. (Vinton & Co.)

MR. SPINKS is a young man of more wealth than blood or brains, the son of an enriched hairdresser. Being blessed with sporting ambitions, he falls into the hands of some aristocratic blacklegs, and is variously fleeced. Among other things he is induced to become a M.F.H. Much of the interest of the story consists in the ingenious devices by which a dismissed

huntsman, whenever a meet takes place, manages to draw the hounds away out of sight of the master and the hunt. Ultimately Mr. Spinks's eyes are opened to the rascality of his mentors, the old huntsman is taken back into favour, and the story ends with a wedding. Mr. Lutyens is not quite as happy as the inimitable and racy author of *Sponge's Sporting Tour*, Mr. Surtees, whom he makes his model; but we see no reason why this book should not be popular in the smoking-rooms of clubs, and in country-houses, where, we suppose, sporting novels are read.

Irralie's Bushranger. By E. W. Hornung. "The New Vagabond Library." (Neville Beeman.)

MR. HORNUNG always writes well of Australian life, which he knows thoroughly; and bushrangers are his specialty. In this story the question is, whether a certain seedy visitor to a distant sheep-station is in reality a bushranger or, as he gives out, the expected owner of the property; and the mystery is kept up well to the end. The girl Irralie, with her alternate suspicions of and confidence in the stranger, is capably done. But is it not a little improbable that a man who had knocked about most corners of the world would run the risk of being shot, and would leave a girl at the mercy of a desperate villain, merely out of fear of confessing that he had been "stuck up" on the road and of getting laughed at as a "new chum." But for this unreality, the story is exciting and attractive. But we wish that Mr. Hornung would give us less adventure and more of that serious study of character for which he has shown himself abundantly qualified.

Good Luck. By L. T. Meade. (J. Nisbet & Co.)

AT her best, Mrs. Meade can reveal something of the infinite pathos, the triumphant joys of which life is composed; at her worst, she is long-winded, and belabours the commonplace. In *Good Luck*, one of three recently-published novels by her, there is some strength and much weakness; a great deal that is merely pleasant, little, if anything, that is distinctive. The scene of the story is laid in the East-end of London, and though the author's insight into the joys and sorrows, the strange vicissitudes of the workers' lot is not profound, a happy touch here and there gives a sense of actuality. The figure of old Grannie Reed stands out from those of her companions. For many years she had earned a scant livelihood by fine needlework, chiefly by the wonderful feather-stitch which, as she proudly averred, had been in the family for generations. When trouble came, and her right arm lost its power, the hospital doctor told her she had writer's cramp. "Ef there is a mischievous, awful thing in the world it's hand-writing. I only do it twice a year, and it has finished me, my lad," she says pathetically. As to the plot, it is somewhat slender, and the end is foreseen from the beginning. Greater reticence and a more rigid economy in the use of words

would strengthen the book. Phrases such as "Alison's low reply was scarcely discernible" suggest careless revision.

Catalina, Art Student. By L. T. Meade. (W. & R. Chambers.)

If it is impossible to accept the dictum of a well-known critic that love is a delusion, introduced by dramatists and novelists to satisfy the taste of an emotional public, yet a book such as Mrs. Meade's, where love—in its restricted sense—plays no part, is refreshing. The story of the brave little art student is told simply and directly. A child in years, Catalina's swift intuitions, her dauntlessness, her power to act aright in an emergency, made her influence dominant in her father's house, where mother and sisters were of little use. The relationship between the old scholar and the young girl is admirably indicated; and the narrative of Catalina's successful struggles is told with spirit and insight.

A Woman's Cross. By Alice M. Diehl. (Digby, Long & Co.)

THE title of Mrs. Diehl's book is inadequate. It is not a single cross which poor Joan Burney is called upon to bear, but a thousand crosses, each one more terrible than the last, until, finally, the reader can scarcely credit the continued existence of a life so wounded, so mercilessly stricken. In her effort to write an intense narrative the author has defeated her own object. Sunshine is necessary to shadow; intensity ceases to arrest where all is meant to be intense. From the time, early in the book, when the hurricane breaks forth, the reader is borne along on tempestuous waves of emotion; if weariness does not come to his aid, if he follow with interest the hundred and one painful complications of the heroine's career, he is a fit object for pity. The characters themselves seem to be exhausted by the hurry and turmoil of events. Despite a resemblance to other stories of its kind, *A Woman's Cross* is cleverly conceived, but the author might have been satisfied to omit the Raymond-Douglas tragedy, resulting from "a certain delicacy in the use of their loved one's name," a delicacy in which, by the way, we cannot believe. To those who desire an incessant torrent of emotion, the book can be recommended with confidence.

Philippa. By Mrs. Molesworth. (W. & R. Chambers.)

MRS. MOLESWORTH takes small account of modern phases of thought; the storm and stress born of the fight for freedom, the thirst for new experience, do not come within her scope. In *Philippa* she concerns herself with an essentially domestic drama whose incidents, to say the least, are not fraught with large significance; indeed, the story turns on nothing more momentous than the heroine's well-intentioned freak to act as maid to her sister, when that sister goes on a first visit to some rich relatives. A thoughtful girl such as Philippa, moreover, would not permit the memory of ten days'

sham servitude to become an obsession; the situation is inconsistent, and as the motif of a book almost ridiculous. If she had poisoned her mother, the recollection could hardly have dogged her with greater persistence. No, we cannot believe in Philippa's life being blighted, well-nigh ruined, because, in order to be of use to her sister, she lived in the servants' hall for a brief time. There is much careful work in the volume which might well have been expended on a worthier theme.

A Study of Sex. By Paul Herbert (Lamley & Co.)

THE heroine of Mr. Herbert's story is a young lady "with no settled beliefs," who boldly discusses morality in the presence of men, and extorts a confession from one of her lovers by threatening him with the "physical magnetism" of his rival. *A Study of Sex* is not a study at all, but a chain of episodes vaguely related, and linked together by a series of feeble and irrelevant dialogues. Mr. Herbert has no idea of the unity and compactness which should distinguish a work of art: his characters work out their fates independently of one another—indeed the only one of substance, the tenor Wieland, after taking up half the book, dies without in any way affecting the ultimate issue.

Alida Craig. By Pauline King. (Elkin Mathews.)

Alida Craig is a healthy and pleasantly written story of a fast-vanishing type. Miss King has put her plot together rather carelessly, and she occasionally anticipates herself; but she makes no attempt to eke out her talent with the would-be clevernesses of the short-story school; her characters are amiable without being angelic, and her style is characterised by a simplicity sometimes rising to distinction. The "girl-bachelor" who gives her name to the volume is a charming creation.

Indian Gup: Untold Stories of the Indian Mutiny. By the Rev. J. R. Baldwin. (Neville Beeman.)

"WHY don't you write a book?" demanded Mr. Baldwin's friends. He has followed their advice, and has set the result afloat under the name of *Gup*, which is handy Indian for "gossip." Quite pleasant gossip it is, of a strictly correct kind; but with the sub-title before our eyes, it may be well to warn the reader that it has almost nothing to do with the Mutiny. Nor did the writer encounter any danger, unless from rough roads and half-broken horses (the memory of which adventures makes him terribly sorry for himself), and from a small pox epidemic, which he showed considerable presence of mind in eluding. It was not for this that he won the Victoria Cross—in fact, in spite of the heading of chapter vi., Mr. Baldwin is not a V.C. There is always a certain pleasure in reading a book that the author enjoyed writing, and Mr. Baldwin would seem to have enjoyed himself a lot.

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

The Sense of Beauty: Being the Outlines of Aesthetic Theory. By George Santayana. (A. & C. Black.)

THE scientific study of aesthetics has lagged rather notably behind that of ethics. The reason is probably that whereas ethical theory has, indirectly at least, a not inconsiderable influence upon ethical practice, æsthetic theory has, on the other hand, very little to say to æsthetic production. Inspiration comes most readily to the artist in other ways than that of speculation upon the essential nature of beauty. Prof. Santayana's book, which is based upon a course of lectures delivered at Harvard College, is therefore a welcome addition to a scanty literature. He describes it as an "attempt to put together the scattered commonplaces of criticism into a system, under the inspiration of a naturalistic psychology." Prof. Santayana might, we think, be called upon at the outset to meet many metaphysical difficulties. A doubt might be raised whether the conception of "æsthetic value" is consistent with a naturalistic psychology at all, whether it is not rather one of the points from which an assault on naturalistic psychologies must take its start: and we are certainly unwilling to accept without protest the tendency shown throughout this book to treat the sensations or judgments of beauty as merely concomitants of more naturalistically explicable states of consciousness. But, granting Prof. Santayana his metaphysics, we fully recognise the value and acuteness of his analysis of the various elements of which our conception of the beautiful is made up. These he distributes under the three heads of "Materials of Beauty," "Form," and "Expression," and on each he has some penetrating and instructive criticism to offer. He stimulates us even where he does not convince.

Collectanea: Third Series. Edited by Prof. Montagu Burrows. (Oxford Historical Society.)

AMONG all our learned academies there is none more meritorious, either for the essential interest of its publications or for the scholarly care and accuracy with which they are put before the world, than the Oxford Historical Society. To it we owe Prof. Fowler's *History of Corpus*, Mr. Andrew Clark's *Register of the University*, and the same editor's admirable reprints of Anthony Wood's *Life and Times* and *History of Oxford*. May we breathe a hope that Mr. Clark will see his way to tackling the *Athenæ Oxonienses*! Almost more delightful are the occasional volumes of miscellaneous tracts which the Society has from time to time issued. One of these is now before us; it contains seven papers, of which four deal with mediæval subjects. Mr. H. E. D. Blakiston prints a number of documents connected with Durham College, an offshoot of the great Benedictine monastery of Durham, which once occupied the site of what is now Trinity College. Mr. Henry Furneaux edits some Latin poems referring to the famous "town and gown"

row of St. Scholastica's Day, 1355. Miss Toulmin Smith contributes a calendar of Oxford Petitions in the Record Office, and Mr. A. F. Leach a most valuable catalogue of the books given by William of Wykeham to New College. The remaining contents of the volume are more modern in their scope. Mr. C. E. Doble gives us some Clarendon letters from the library of the Earl of Derby. Mr. Horace Hart, the Controller of the Clarendon Press, details the curious experiments made by the third Earl Stanhope in the art and mystery of printing. And perhaps the most interesting contribution of all is that of Mr. S. G. Hamilton, who describes the solitary attempt at university reform during the eighteenth century—the foundation of the first Hertford College by Dr. Richard Newton. Newton was an enthusiast and a pungent pamphleteer. Unfortunately he over-legislated for his college and under-financed it; yet he had high aims, and his statutes and other writings contain much sound sense. The volume, which is edited by the Chichele Professor of Modern History, is enriched with some excellent illustrations.

The Indian Calendar. By Robert Sewell and Sankara Balkrishna Dikshit. (Sonnen-schein.)

IN this country the calendar is—or, rather, seems to be—a very simple matter. Being based upon the solar year, it merely requires the adjustment of an intercalary day for leap-year. But the complications that may be introduced by a lunar year will be familiar to those who have ever considered "the several days that Easter may possibly fall upon." India, on the other hand, has not one calendar, but several, which are all founded upon most elaborate astronomical calculations. For ordinary purposes this does not cause so much practical difficulty as might be supposed, though it affords a good opportunity for display to native mathematicians. There are, however, two occasions when accurate chronology is of the first importance: in determining the dates of ancient inscriptions and of modern legal documents, in which latter class we may include the age of candidates for examinations. It is for use in these inquiries that the present work has been compiled. Of the joint authors, Mr. Sewell is well-known, not only as an active member of the Civil Service, but also as the most devoted archæologist in Southern India; while Mr. Dikshit belongs to the gifted race of Mahratta Brahmans. Between them they have produced a work of painful research, which will be appreciated only by the small band of professed Indianists. The bulk of it consists of about 140 closely printed tables of figures, which exhibit the correspondence between Hindu, Muhammadan, and Christian dates in parallel columns. Prefixed to these tables is an introduction on the Hindu calendar, which is, unfortunately, written too much from the point of view of a Hindu. Incidentally, we may mention that the difference between "current" and "expired" years is precisely the same as that which has given rise to the question whether the twentieth century will begin on January 1, 1900, or 1901. Finally, we

should mention that the book also contains a table of all eclipses of the sun visible in India, from 301 to 1900 A.D., which has been prepared by Dr. Robert Schram, of Vienna.

German Social Democracy. By Bertrand Russell, B.A. (Longmans, Green & Co.) THIS is a which should command the attention of readers who wish to know something of a movement which is unquestionably gaining strength in Germany, and is acting forcibly, though indirectly, upon English political thought. The average Englishman still imagines that a Social Democrat is a rag-a-muffin who wants to blow him up with dynamite and steal his cash box in the ensuing confusion, whereas the Social Democrats already form one of the strongest among the numerous groups in the Reichstag; while Social Democracy itself is "not a mere political party, nor even a mere economic theory" (we quote the words of Mr. Russell); "it is a complete self-contained philosophy of the world and of human development, it is, in a word, a religion and an ethic." Mr. Russell's book is, in reality, a collection of six lectures delivered by him in the early part of last year at the London School of Economics and Political Science, and is both a history and a criticism of the movement from the manifesto issued by Karl Marx, in conjunction with his friend Engels, in 1847, down to the election of 1893, which gave the Social Democrats forty-four representatives in the Reichstag. As regards the history, Mr. Russell makes a strong point of the materialism and fatalism which run through Marx's philosophic system, the belief in the inevitable concentration of capital, which must finally burst the economic integument and result in Collectivism, together with the elimination of all but economic motives for human activity. The criticism of Mr. Russell is as clear and also as sympathetic as his history. For he shows how the doctrine of the concentration of capital, which lies at the root of all philosophic Social Democracy, breaks down when applied to agriculture, and holds good, if at all, only in regard to industrial enterprise. And even here we may trace a movement in the opposite direction. For few economic changes in the last few years have been more striking than the change of large firms into large companies, and the consequent admission of the small capitalist into huge commercial undertakings. Even though this tendency be not so apparent so far in Germany, its existence in England seems to strike a fatal blow at the cornerstone of Marx's philosophy. We may recommend this book as a clear presentation of the strength as well as the weakness of a system which no student of social economics can afford to neglect. Nor should we omit mention of an interesting appendix, by Alys Russell, B.A., on the "Woman Question in Germany."

Thomas Chalmers. By W. Garden Blaikie. "Famous Scots" Series. (Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier.)

THOMAS CHALMERS has impressed the imagination of his fellow countrymen. He was the foremost fighter in the great

struggle anent patronage which led up to the Disruption, and the engineer of the Free Church Sustentation Fund. His memory is therefore dear to the members of an important religious body, and his reputation has almost won its way to the mythical. His latest biographer compares him with St. Patrick, the apostle of Ireland, for whom a Scottish parentage is claimed. To a more sober judgment he appears a man of remarkable enthusiasm and energy, a shrewd organiser, and a powerful if not very cultivated orator. He was a leader rather than a teacher of men, and one regrets that he varied the conduct of campaigns with the occupation of academic chairs. His lectures on ethics seem from Mr. Blaikie's account to have been singularly infelicitous in conception; and what shall one think of a professor of divinity who "was just beginning to know something of German philosophy when he died"? We doubt whether the life of such a man as Chalmers is best written by a partisan. A certain measure of sympathy is of course desirable, but with such detachment as may distinguish the biographer from the mere eulogist. And this appears to be imperfectly secured in Mr. Blaikie, who belongs to Chalmers's communion, and holds one of his chairs. His memoir is interesting and well-informed, but he sees the subject of it throughout in the heroic light. It is, moreover, a little irritating to have the spiritual work of a minister constantly summed up in pounds, shillings and pence. Thus,

"On his way to Glasgow he took Perth, where he preached a missionary sermon on a week-day, the collection amounting to £81 8s. In Glasgow he . . . had the great satisfaction . . . of adding four hundred to the sittings let. . . . His six weeks in Glasgow benefited the chapel to the tune of £200. . . . At Stockton . . . the collection exceeded £400."

All this is from two short pages, and reminds one of nothing so much as the professional revivalists in Mr. Harold Frederic's *Illumination*.

The Cathedral Church of Canterbury and The Cathedral Church of Salisbury. Edited by Gleeson White. Bell's "Cathedral" Series. (Bell.)

GRATITUDE is due to Mr. Gleeson White for these neat little green volumes, for, in truth, satisfactory guide-books to our great cathedrals are few and far between; and the traveller has too often reason to curse the enterprise and the stupidity of the local bookseller. But here he will find the fruits of a wide knowledge of literature and the allied arts, as well as a careful survey of what is by now, in the case both of Canterbury and Salisbury, a very voluminous mass of antiquarian literature. Mr. Gleeson White's information is well arranged and his illustrations are admirably chosen. In each volume he gives, first an account of whatever is known or conjectured about the history of the building, then a full and not too technical description of both exterior and interior, and finally a sketch of the fortunes of the see and of the bishops who have adorned it. The only fault we have to find is that there is no index—always a serious omission in a book, and especially so in

one the usefulness of which depends largely upon the possibility of ready reference. In all other respects these guide-books are as practical as they are well-informed. Mr. Gleeson White has been at the pains to study the best authorities, and has made judicious use of them. We say Mr. Gleeson White, but as a matter of fact we do not feel quite sure whether he has written the text himself or merely given a general superintendence to the series. No name appears upon the title-pages. We may add that the lettering outside runs "The Cathedral and the City," and is misleading, for as a matter of fact no account of the city is given in either volume.

Lessing's Minna von Barnhelm. Edited by Charles Merk. (Macmillans.)

As the English mind seems to have reached perfection in the sixteenth century, and the French in the seventeenth, so did that of Germany in the eighteenth; and the three giants of the age were Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller. Frederick the Great organised victory for Germany's arms, and Lessing, beyond question the first critic of his time, did so for her literature. His keen, restless, unsparing intellect represents much that is best in, and most characteristic of, his countrymen. While *Laocoon* embodies the highest criticism, *Nathan the Wise* and *Minna von Barnhelm* take high rank as plays. Mr. Merk's edition of the latter is a piece of careful and thorough work. It is pleasant to come across a scholar who joins intimate knowledge of German literature to a fair English style, and uses both to give us an excellent school book. The Introduction treats clearly and with sound insight of Lessing's life and amazing mental activity. Mr. Merk has consulted the latest and best authorities, and is careful to acknowledge his debts to them. His analysis of the play is full and good, and does justice to brave, generous, lovable Tellheim, who is not unlike Thackeray's Colonel Newcome. The notes leave no difficulty unexplained, and, indeed, seem at times too full. We must laugh a little at Mr. Merk for his "penny and a half," for his incomprehensible "fall into his sword" (p. 16), and for a few other quaintnesses; and his English is occasionally ponderous. The book is, of course, got up in first-rate style, but we do not like the type used. It is less easy to read than, for instance, that of Mr. Colbeck's delightful *Selections from Heine's Prose*, an earlier volume of this series, and we think the change is for the worse.

Bishop Doyle. By Michael Macdonagh. "New Irish Library." (Fisher Unwin.)

JAMES WARREN DOYLE, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, is a remarkable figure in modern Irish history. By turns the associate and the opponent of O'Connell, he played a prominent and attractive part in the struggle for Catholic emancipation, and became the first of a long line of political bishops in Ireland. Personally he appears to have been a genuine patriot, high-minded and scrupulous, with certain quaint streaks of idealism that led him from time to time into unusual and, to the eyes of the

outer world, unintelligible courses. Thus it was as an interlude between his vigorous onslaughts on the Protestant propaganda of 1823-4 that he issued his famous letter urging the re-union of the warring Churches. This was no doubt the act of a visionary; but for the most part his political attitude, though uncompromising where needful, was that of the accomplished man of affairs. One may doubt whether Ireland has ever had a more straightforward or a more sagacious leader in her troublous times. And he preached reform at home as ardently as he claimed justice from abroad. He was a stern denouncer of outrage, a vigorous purifier of ecclesiastical remissness. His short way with lazy and slovenly clerics has in it something of the Celtic turbulence and the Celtic raciness.

"He frequently tore into ribbons, on the very altar, in front of the congregation, dirty or threadbare altar-coverings and vestments, and destroyed in like manner thumb-worn missals. On one occasion he smashed to atoms with a paving-stone a cracked silver chalice, from which the sacred elements were in danger of oozing away; and on another he stripped the straw-thatch from a mean chapel and prohibited Mass from being said there till it was put into a proper condition. . . . A curate once sought to extenuate his conduct in omitting to attend a sick call by declaring that he had no horse. 'Horse, sir!' exclaimed the angry bishop, 'and a poor soul at stake; you should have mounted a cow if no other mode of conveyance had presented itself.'"

Mr. Macdonagh's book is an admirable sketch of an interesting personality, and forms a noteworthy addition to the *New Irish Library*.

"THE LEPIDOPTERA OF THE BRITISH ISLANDS."
—Vol. III.: *Bombyces and Noctua*. By Charles G. Barrett, F.E.S. (Reeve & Co.)

MR. BARRETT'S monumental work makes but slow progress. One could almost wish that he had begun at once with those families of Micro-Lepidoptera on which a reliable treatise is so much needed, and which no one is more thoroughly competent to handle than he is. But at the present rate years must intervene between us and the *Tortrices*. For the minute care of Mr. Barrett's descriptions, and for the valuable information he provides, not only on structure and markings but also on habits, we have nothing but praise. Mr. Barrett wisely avoids any such revolutionary rearrangement of the accepted classification as that attempted by Mr. Meyrick in his recent ingenious treatise. Such a rearrangement can only be tentative in our present state of knowledge, and in any case ought to be done by a committee. On the other hand we should have been grateful to Mr. Barrett for a dichotomy such as Mr. Meyrick, and even in some measure Stainton, give us. Dichotomies are not perhaps highly scientific, but they are an incalculable boon to the field naturalist.

Undine: a Tale by Friedrich Baron de la Motte Fouqué. Translated by Edmund Gosse. With Illustrations by F. M. Rudland. (Lawrence & Bullen.)

This is an entirely new version of Fouqué's popular and interesting romance. Mr.

Gosse's skill as a translator is well known, and the amiable sentimentality of the German suits his style admirably. He has prefixed a brief sketch of Fouqué's life and a good critical summary of his place in letters. But the chief charm of the volume is in the drawings, by F. M. Rudland, which it contains. One knows not whether most to admire the command of technical resources which they display, or the essential beauty and decorative qualities of the design, or the sympathy with which the feeling and spirit of the story is interpreted. Without being in the least imitative, they just suggest, as is most suitable, the manner of the old German wood-engravers. If we must criticise at all, the figures are in two or three places out of drawing, and the subaqueous pictures please us less than the rest. But taken as a whole, the book is a most notable contribution to the achievement of the growing English school of illustrators.

"GRANT ALLEN'S HISTORICAL GUIDES."—*Paris and Florence.* (Grant Richards.)

MR. GRANT ALLEN'S variousness and industry are amazing. We have known him as biologist, as evolutionist, as poet, as translator, as philosopher, as essayist, as satirist, as journalist, and pre-eminently as novelist. In filling so many rôles one would have thought that his time was sufficiently occupied; and yet we now learn from the preface prefixed to each of these books that for the past thirty-five years Mr. Allen has been accumulating material on the spot for the series of Historical Guides, the first two volumes of which lie before us. By calling them historical Mr. Allen in part indicates their plan, which is to supplement rather than supplant the existing handbooks. In his own words,

"I desire to supply the tourist who wishes to use his travel as a means of culture with such historical and antiquarian information as will enable him to understand, and therefore to enjoy, the architecture, sculpture, painting, and minor arts of the towns he visits."

Looking through the volumes casually we notice the most commendable decision and charity of style, a helpful brevity, and considerable vigour of opinion. The reader must be willing to abide trustingly in Mr. Allen's hands. The publisher has furnished the guides with limp covers and markers, thus suiting them for pocket companions.

Fables and Fabulists. By Thomas Newbigging. (Elliot Stock.)

THIS is a cheap edition of Mr. Newbigging's essay. It has no claim to exact erudition or original research, but it gives a fair general outline of its subject in a popular fashion. The range covered is wide, from Æsop to Krilof. There is a fine want of historical perspective in the following sentence: "The 'Gesta' is a rich storehouse from which many poets, including Gower, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Parnell, and others have borrowed." Mr. Newbigging's indebtedness to the various writings of Mr. Joseph Jacobs is acknowledged on most of the pages, and is obvious on all.

The Dickens Dictionary. By Gilbert A. Pierce and William A. Wheeler. (Chapman & Hall.)

No novelist needs a dictionary (directory would perhaps be the better word) more than Dickens, for no novelist is so well known by patches. There are many persons, for example, who would never again go through *Martin Chuzzlewit* from first page to last, yet who yield to no Dickensian in enthusiasm. Of these, one will prize the book for Mrs. Gamp, another for Mr. Bailey, another for Mr. Pecksniff, another for Tom Pinch, another for Mark Tapley, and so on. The *Dickens Dictionary* directs the reader, though not perhaps with sufficient particularity, to the places where these favourites may be found—hence its value. At the same time there is still room for a complete Dickens Concordance based on a standard edition; say, the new "Gadshill" edition—for the authors of this work which seems to be of American origin, are not too thorough. For instance, they omit to mention Mrs. Harris! and their references, though not confined to characters only, are in other respects very meagre. The illustrative passages make the book interesting in itself.

Kidnapped in London. By Sun Yat Sen. (Arrowsmith.)

MR. SUN YAT SEN states in his preface that he feels he would be failing in his duty if he did not place on public record all the circumstances connected with that "historical event"—his detention at the Chinese Legation. This is a serious view to take, especially at a time when we groan beneath the burden of superfluous books; it is, we are disposed to think, too serious. But to those who are not yet sated with the Chinaman's experiences and the evening papers' elaborations thereof, this book may be interesting. To us it is not. Had Sun Yat Sen written it himself we might have found it so, but told in another's journalese it is not stimulating.

The Year's Art. Compiled by A. C. R. Carter. (Virtue.)

THIS is the eighteenth annual issue of a very useful work. After leading off with a retrospect of the art of 1896 by Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson and its architecture by Mr. H. Heathcote Statham, the book becomes strictly authoritative and business-like. The full-page portraits of artists have been well-chosen, many of them representing just those men in whom students of the art of last year are particularly interested.

The Year's Music: a Record of British and Foreign Musical Events. (Virtue.)

THIS record of musical performances, publications, and occurrences during 1896 is issued by the same firm whose *Year's Art*, noticed above, is so admirable a work of reference. We cannot yet extend quite the same praise to *The Year's Music*, but there is every sign that it may in time develop as satisfactorily.

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THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH LITERATURE IN SCHOOLS.

A FEW years ago English literature as a subject of teaching had no place, or at all events no certain place, in our scholastic system. It is now very properly not only a recognised but an essential part of the instruction given in almost every school. And yet it is, I think, generally admitted that its teaching has somehow not been a success, that we have not made of it what we might have been expected to make of it. With other subjects we know where we are and what we can do, but here it is complained everything seems to be uncertain. The reasons for this are not far to seek. No one who has had extended experience as an examiner in this subject, and who has thus been brought into contact with the various methods and, by implication, various theories of teaching, can fail to be struck with the want of uniformity among them. In one school he finds himself requested to set a paper on the general history of English literature during a particular century or period; in another, a paper on Chaucer and Langland, including Middle English, or, it may be, on particular plays of Shakespeare, essays of Bacon, or books of Spenser; in another, a paper not on a portion of the work, but on the works generally of some English classic. And the diversity in the quality and character of the answers given is not less remarkable. In some they are obviously the result of instruction mechanically imparted and mechanically acquired—pure cram-work; in others, as obviously the result of superior teaching which has been far over the heads of the pupils, of an attempt to erect a superstructure where there has been no foundation. In others, again, the teacher's aim has obviously been to vitalise his subject by presenting it

sympathetically and eloquently, and the failure here is in solidity and thoroughness. Now in education all moves from above. What I have described has resulted to a very great extent, on the one hand, from that conception of the aims and methods of literary instruction which has found its embodiment in our academic system, and on the other from the reaction against that conception which is now happily setting in. I happen to have before me the regulations for the Pass and Honours degree in English literature of the London University for 1893. It is this:

"(1) History of English Literature from 1815—1833. Extracts from Sweet's Primer and Alfred's 'Orosius.' 'Sir Bevis of Northampton' (parts i., ii.). Scott: Essays on 'Chivalry' and 'Romance.' Wordsworth: 'White Doe of Rylstone.'"

"(2) History of English Literature from 1833—1850. 'Beowulf,' Cantos xxxiii. to xliii. Specimens of Early English, ed. Morris (part i.): 'The Owl and Nightingale,' extract and moral ode. Tennyson: 'In Memoriam.' Carlyle: 'Heroes, Hero-worship, and the Heroic in History'; the first three lectures. Macaulay: Essays on 'Addison,' and 'Madame D'Arblay.'"

In this extraordinary farrago the first thing that strikes us is the impossibility of forming even the faintest conjecture as to the principle underlying its constitution. Why the history of English literature between 1815 and 1833, or again between 1833 and 1850, when these periods, so far from marking epochs, intersect them? With what purpose are the particular works prescribed for special study selected? For their importance, historically, as illustrating the evolution of our literature? For the importance of their relation to the literature contemporary with them? For their intrinsic interest and value because they represent what is best, what is classical in the eras to which they belong? Let any person of common sense ask himself how such a course as this could possibly lead to anything but to confusion and smattering. Whether it be regarded as designed to encourage and secure a knowledge of the history of literature, or an intelligent acquaintance with its masterpieces, to serve the ends of positive instruction or to serve the ends of liberal culture it is equally absurd. To slice off a few inches of the human body taken casually, and to require a minute knowledge of their anatomical structure, and as the result of that knowledge to grant a diploma in anatomy, would not be more ridiculous than the principle on which the general history of literature is here treated. How far the careful study of the extracts in Mr. Sweet's Primer, of the "Beowulf," of Alfred's "Orosius," of "Sir Bevis," of the "Owl and Nightingale," and of the slovenly composition of Scott's essays on "Chivalry" and "Romance" is likely to conduce to the sort of discipline which we look to the study of literature to supply, is a question which these legislators have probably not considered. It is possible that their compromise with "culture" is represented by the introduction of Tennyson's "In Memoriam," Macaulay's "Addison" and "Madame D'Arblay," and, to complete this grotesque conglomeration, Words-

worth's "White Doe." And what is the result of these regulations? Precisely the result which they are calculated to produce, and the result which such regulations always will and always must produce. Their appearance each year is followed by a series of cram-books. The period of English literature lying between the prescribed dates is mapped out in divisions and sub-divisions. The principal authors, with their chief works lead-lined, and with the scope and purport of each of these works condensed into a few words, are arranged in groups: two or three paragraphs epitomise their biographies, two or three paragraphs their "essential characteristics." The minor writers of any importance are enumerated and treated, though on a less extended scale, in the same way. By methods not less expeditious, and educationally speaking not less unprofitable, what is required of Anglo-Saxon and Middle English is made equally easy of attainment. It would be no exaggeration to say that a curriculum more adapted to defeat all the true aims of literary instruction could not possibly be devised. The connecting link between this system and the schools is afforded by the Oxford and Cambridge Higher Local Examinations, which, modified by the elimination of philology, are marked by the same features and conduce to the same end. A reaction against all this is now setting in, the effect of which is in some schools sheer perplexity, finding expression in timid compromise, in others the determined rejection of a bad system for no system at all. But how is all this to be remedied? It seems to me that the great mistake we make in the teaching of English literature in schools is that we do not teach it systematically; that we leave undefined and unconnected the natural stages in its progressive study, as well as its relation to discipline and culture and its relation to positive knowledge. The first would be obviated by dividing the period of school-life, averaging from the ages of ten to seventeen, into three stages—the elementary, the middle, the advanced—and by assigning to each period the instruction proper to it. In the elementary stage the sole object should be to get the pupil interested in such parts of the subject as can be rendered attractively intelligible, and to require nothing further in the way of serious effort than learning simple poetry by heart. During the next stage should be laid the foundation of the historical study of the subject—that is, of a knowledge of its evolution and of its relation to history, as well as of its appreciation as a means of discipline and culture. But what relates to its historical study should certainly be confined to the broad outlines, not extending to particulars and minutiae. If the teacher contented himself with showing that the development of literature is an unbroken process of evolution, that its division into epochs is justifiable only for purposes of convenience for study, explained what an epoch meant, divided our literature into the various eras into which it is susceptible of division, assigning the reasons for the boundary dates, as much would be done as is desirable. These eras and the

reasons for their assignation should certainly be committed to memory. What should represent the foundation of moral æsthetic and critical culture should be the getting by heart passages both from prose and verse which are sublime and noble in sentiment, or which exemplify most perfectly supreme excellence in the various phases assumed in composition; and to this should be added elocution. Not that odious theatrical falsetto which so often usurps its name, but good reading in the proper sense of the term—reading with sympathy and intelligence. Repetition is, of course, a prominent feature in school discipline, but it now seems designed only to strengthen the memory; how little is made of it compared with what might be made, how unsystematic, how injudicious often is the choice of the passages prescribed. To have by heart the gems of classical literature, whether in our own or in other languages, is to possess what may pass insensibly, or be developed by subsequent study, into critical standards and touchstones. At this stage it would also be proper to begin the study of some of the simpler masterpieces of our literature as well as to have instruction about the passages already learnt by heart. Here, too, would naturally begin grammar, syntax, and etymology, which should certainly include the elements of Anglo-Saxon. On these foundations the pupil passes from the middle to the advanced stage, and would now be past or bordering upon fifteen. Now might profitably be read some lively and pleasantly written history of English literature, such as, in the case of girls, Miss Anna Buckland's *Story of English Literature*; in the case of boys, Shaw's *Students' Manual*, Chambers's excellent *Cyclopædia*, or, under a competent teacher, Mr. Stopford Brooke's Primer. This would fill in the sketches commenced in the second stage. Every endeavour should be made to associate the study of literature with that of history, the pupils being taught to understand their intimate, their essential connexion—that they are indeed different manifestations of the same energies: the one being their translation into action, the other their translation into words—one of those obvious truths that seems never to be recognised. The pupil would now, or during this stage, be advanced in French, probably in German, and, if belonging to a classical school, in Greek and Latin. All these bear, or might be made to bear, on his English studies. Side by side with historical study would come the study of the works of particular authors, which though linked indissolubly with historical study may be regarded chiefly as the medium of moral, æsthetic, and critical discipline and culture.

The advantages of a system of instruction thus defined and graduated are surely as obvious as the fact that from a total disregard of such definition and graduation have sprung the unsatisfactoriness and inefficiency of so much of the teaching in this subject. The course of a particular study should proceed on the same principle as education as a whole proceeds. What is learned between the age of ten and twelve is preliminary to

what is learned between twelve and fourteen, while the instruction received at that age prepares the way for the age that follows. Suddenly to plunge a boy or girl into a play of Shakespeare, a book of Spenser, or a chapter of Mr. Stopford Brooke's Primer, without much preliminary instruction, is as absurd as it would be to plunge a child into logarithms before it had learned the multiplication table. It is by no means uncommon for teachers to proceed on the assumption—nay, to be obliged to do so—that knowledge which should have been acquired at earlier stages has been acquired, while it has not. It is of great moment that one of the chief ends of literary instruction should be kept steadily in view, and that is its relation to moral and æsthetic discipline and culture. To the Greeks the great poets were what the Bible is to us. But this side of poetry is in our teaching very generally ignored. How much, in the hands of a competent teacher, might, for instance, be made out of the *Faery Queen*, the tragedies of Shakespeare, Milton's *Comus*, select poems from Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning. With the study of poetry might be associated with advantage the study of Sidney's fine and inspiring little treatise, the *Apology for Poetry*. And this leads me to speak of criticism, as an element in a curriculum of literature. No critical works should be admitted into it except such as are of classical authority or such as have received the imprimatur of unimpeachable judges.

In classical schools the study of the Greek and Roman authors should, as far as possible, be connected with that of the study of our own; for each would vitalise the other. Why with the Greek tragedies should not the class be reading in the English lesson Milton's *Samson Agonistes*, or Matthew Arnold's *Merope*, or Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*; with Homer and Virgil, Tennyson's *Idylls*; with Horace and Juvenal, Pope's and Johnson's *Imitations*; with Pindar, Gray and Collins; with Horace's *Ars Poetica*, Pope's *Essay on Criticism*. The same correlation might, in schools where Greek and Latin is not taught, be arranged with the works usually read in French and German.

If in what I have said about the definition and graduation of the study of our literature it be objected that I have simply urged a counsel of perfection, I can only reply that what I have suggested is susceptible of easily practicable modification. The point of importance is the eduction of system out of confusion, and the application of right theories and methods for what not only the most competent judges, but ordinary experience itself, have pronounced to be palpably wrong ones.

J. CHURTON COLLINS.

"BALLOW" TO "BLARE."

WHEN a publication contains—as this, the second part of the *English Dialect Dictionary*, does—2,695 simple and compound words, and 267 phrases, illustrated by 13,295 references, criticism becomes a little difficult. On the other hand, quotation becomes rather easy; and we therefore propose to lay Dr.

Joseph Wright's colossal work under contribution, saying nothing more critical than that Part II. covers the ground from "Ballow" to "Blare"; that it is a monument of patience and pains; and that we are as much distressed by the number of inverted "e's" in the text as the editor and Mrs. Henry Frowde themselves must be.

To the ordinary reader, not an etymologist, the great value of such a dictionary is its raciness. Every word is from the soil, direct, before literature has had time to intervene. Every word was coined by some man or woman (quite as likely to have been a woman as a man) who wanted before all things to give expression to a thought or feeling. Hence they are always forcible and picturesque, and frequently onomatopoeic. The unlettered rustic, inclined to be censorious or descriptive, gets his words as he wants them the first time,—unlike the literary man, who must seek laboriously. Indeed, for the literary man who is weary of eternally ringing the changes on the old, old words common to all writers (for how few there are who essay neologism! and the revival of archaisms is perilous) Dr. Wright's columns are a boon and a blessing. Here is so little artifice, so much nature. Here the tired writer may rest and recuperate, as a City clerk rests and recuperates on the Margate sands. Glancing quite casually at these pages, he will find words so rich in quality that his conversation is likely to resolve itself into a mere device for their introduction.

For a teasing child what could be a better word than "belter-werrits"? "O deary me," says the Lincolnshire mother, "what a belter-werrits thoo art, bairn!" In Yorkshire the whimperings of a spoilt child are called "bessy-babishness"; and in Durham a woman of slatternly appearance is a "bessy-fruggam." In Kent they say "ban" instead of "swear": "He bann'd him to the pit of hell." In Nottinghamshire the willow-wren is called the "banky-feather-poke"; we find also "bash," for to hit; "barnish," for to grow fat; "baum-rappit," for an appearance or ghost (how the Society for Psychical Research would score if it changed its name to the Baum-Rappit Community!); "beggugled," for destroyed by mud or slime; "begrumped," for displeased; "belly-vengeance," for bad liquor, and so on. These are good, resonant, straightforward words, better far than the tame and faded locutions of the drawing-room. It is fortunate for the student of dialects that human beings are prone to threats and censure, for the best words seem to carry abuse with them. And hence, possibly, the exceptional richness of the letter "B," for our lips are always ready to begin a word with "B"; and when one is enraged and speech unpremeditated, the labials have fullest play. In Yorkshire, particularly, is the letter "B" esteemed, and there are few of the thousands of words collected by Dr. Wright for the "B" section which are not heard in their glory on the Dales.

Out of the total number of 13,295 references in this second part alone many are records of actual remarks made by villagers

and copied down by Dr. Wright's assistants; and these are the most interesting. The illustrations quoted from books never seem to have quite such freshness. Take, for instance, this use of "bang," a great word truly, in its sense as a verb meaning to beat, to surpass, to outdo—A Lincolnshire squire having asked a farmer some questions concerning the cultivation of land, received the reply, "Well, sir, God's seasons bangs all manigement." The same word is illustrated rather artfully by a Lancashire correspondent: "This dickshonary bangs Sam Johnson's o to pieces." Under "barber" (to shave) we get this sententious pronouncement from North Lincolnshire: "I alus barber mysen o' Setterda' neet ready for Sunda'. No real Christian iver barber'd hissen o' a Sunda', thoo knows that, thoo reprobate." The correspondent caps this with the following tale of iniquity:

"About forty years ago, Thomas Carr, a poor man, living at Kirton-in-Lindsey, called on the Rev. Robert Ousby, the curate, and said: 'Sir, I've heard a straange, bad taale aboot you. I know it isn't trew, but I want to hear you contradict it fra yer awn mooth. A man tohd me last neet 'at you alus barber'd yersen on a Sunda' mornin'."

Alas, it was true! In Cumberland to "bark at t' heck" is to wait outside the door, usually for a girl. Thus: "Jwhon Simpton goes efter Mary Wilson, and barks at t' heck, but she willent hev him." Another meaning of "bark" (the skin) elicits this fragment from Worcester-shire: "'The doctor says I've got no bark to my inside,' said a woman, who had been told that the coating of the stomach was destroyed." "Bellowses," the double plural of bellows, is common to most blacksmiths wherever they dwell, but the only poet who has used the word is probably the Exeter cobbler who advertised: "Here lives a man what don't refuse To mend umbrellases, bellowses, boots and shoes." In Somerset, "belong" has the inverted meaning of to own, to possess. A correspondent writes:

"For the question, 'To whom do these houses belong?' we should say, 'Who do belong to these houses?'—'Be you the gnilmun, make so bold, that do belong to this here house?' At any fair or market it is very common to hear, 'Who do belong to these here bullicks?'"

Connoisseurs of tea who think they are acquainted with all possible brands may like to know of an old woman in Cumberland who said she had made her husband "mint tea, and baum-tea and Rob-run-by-the-dyke tea, but he wad hae nought but the real thing!"

Here and there Dr. Wright touches on ground covered by Messrs. Henley and Farmer in their *Slang and its Analogues*, now in preparation. Thus we find that that picturesque idiom of the streets and Halls of Variety—"Barmy on the Crumpet,"—which most people take to be a piece of pure Cockney slang, is really an adaptation of the word "barmy," signifying silly, weak-minded, half-witted, common in Yorkshire and several other counties. Barm, of course, is yeast. Elsewhere, Dr. Wright, by the way, supplies cricketers with three words not too well known except in certain districts. In East Yorkshire, according to "J. N.,"

it was the custom to say "bamboozle" where we ordinarily say "slog" or "swipe." Thus:

"If a bowler sent up a careless ball, the batsman was counselled 'Ti bamboozle it well'; and if he succeeded in driving it far away, whereby several runs were obtained, he was rewarded by cries of 'Weel bamboozled!'"

Again, in Ireland, and possibly Cheshire, a challenge to play a match is a "banter"; and at Winchester (but this is better known) a half volley is a "barter," and to hit one hard is to "barter" it. This word, however, is slang, finding its origin in one Barter, famous for his drives.

ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

XII.—ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE fact that Southey's *Life of Nelson* has just been included in a popular series of English classics is not a proof that the public is interested in Southey. It is merely a reminder that there has been what is called a naval boom. As a matter of fact, no one at this moment is the least interested in Southey. It would be as though he never were, save that at school little boys and girls are still committing to memory "It was a summer evening, Old Kaspar's work was done," and are still being languidly amused by the "Well of St. Keyne," and languidly impressed by the fate of Bishop Hatto; and, in the British Museum, needy journalists in search of some gem of erudition with which to deck out a threadbare article are still aware of no better place to seek it than Southey's *Commonplace Book*. For the rest Southey does not count, except for the Nelson book, which is great; and for the fact that here and there one comes upon an adherent of the old school who will affirm, with much feeling, that for real salty humour there is nothing to touch *The Doctor*. *The Doctor*!—if Southey had but found time earlier to do more in the manner of that tremendous book how much wider his influence might be! But he was as hard-worked as any man of letters ever was, and his mind relaxed rarely. But *The Doctor* had geniality and blood, and was much more the work of a good man (such as Southey notably was) in a good humour than a zealous bookworm. A spice of the true Shandyan wit, which it strove after in vain, would have made it a living thing to this hour, instead of a splendid mummy. Southey's performances were never, alas! quite equal to his promise. No one has left behind so interesting a list of projected works.

Probably no poet of this century, once so considerable and popular as Southey, is now less read. His works are to be found in all representative libraries, but they are not taken down except to dust. *Thalaba*, *Roderick*, *The Curse of Kehama*—these no longer exercise their old spell; their day is past. Even *Madoc* has died—*Madoc*, "the best English poem," according to its author, "since *Paradise Lost*." Once, however, they sold in their thousands; and very properly, since the appointment added greatly to the vivacity of Lord Byron's muse,

Southey was made Laureate. His true work, however, lay not in poetry, but in study. The world probably has known no finer reader, not even Gibbon. Southey read the best of everything and remembered it: his store of learning was tremendous: he was bookman to the marrow. In his own words:

"My days among the dead are passed;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never failing friends are they,
With whom I converse night and day."

The *Commonplace Books* and *The Doctor* grew out of this omnivorous reading, and Southey's *Quarterly* articles are wealthy in a way hardly to be understood to-day. He knew something of everything, and everything of the literature of Spain. In 1840 Wordsworth called and found him in the library, patting his books affectionately with both hands like a child. It was the beginning of the end. Southey died, worn out with study, in 1843. No man ever tried harder to use his powers to the fullest with benefit to his fellow men.

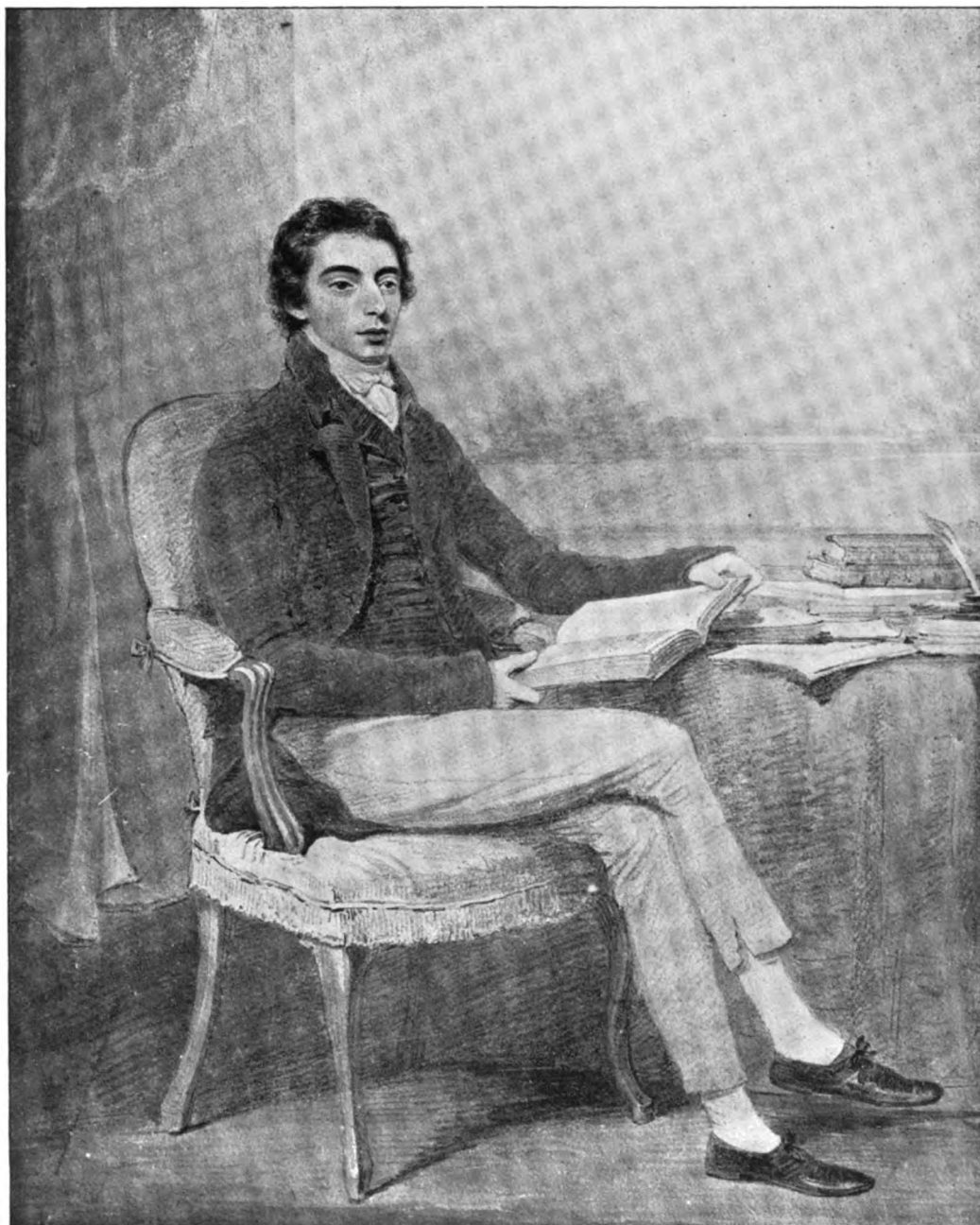
Our portrait is from a pencil sketch in the National Portrait Gallery, very little larger than the reproduction. Southey was thirty when it was made.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL PRODUCT.

A REJOINDER REVIEWED.

To those who perused Mr. Ready's article on "The Public School Product" in a recent number of the *New Review*, we may commend Mr. Almond's "Rejoinder" in the January issue. Mr. Almond has perhaps delivered his soul somewhat copiously, and has bestowed upon us a disquisition *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis* in education. Still what he says is worth reading; for, on the whole, what he says most schoolmasters think. But before proceeding further we must hasten to clear away a singular delusion with which Mr. Almond seems to be possessed. Judging from a remark on p. 85, he appears to be under the misguided impression that the term "public school" is confined to a certain class of boarding-schools, his words being "I know of no public school where the average stay exceeds four years." We have always understood that any school which is under the management of a governing body, and of which the headmaster is not the proprietor, but is an elected official, is a public school.

The evidence collected by the writer of the "Rejoinder" concerning over-pressure in Army-classes tallies with the report quoted at the recent Conference at Rugby as having been sent to parents by the master of one of these classes, in which he stated that he was preparing their sons for Woolwich or for Hanwell. On the other hand, Mr. Bowen, of Harrow, whose opinion on the question is of great weight, expressed himself in the *Times* of December 25 last as perfectly satisfied with both the quantity and the quality of the work prescribed for entrance to Woolwich and Sandhurst. Whether Mr. Bowen or the



ROBERT SOUTHEY (AT 30)

From the Picture by Henry Edridge, A.R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery

coach for Hanwell be right it is hard to say; but however this may be, it is notorious that under the present system of selection, in which there is no real physical or personal trial, the Army does not get for its commissions anything like so serviceable or so good a stamp of lad as it might. It is likely that in the place of every boy who has been passed into the military colleges the headmaster of his school could have chosen another, who, with probably equal, if slightly different, mental powers, possessed far higher qualifications in regard to physique, energy, common sense, and talent for organisation. It may be admitted that it would be difficult, and it might be dangerous, to accept the principle of recommendation, and it is manifest that most of the above valuable qualities do not readily lend themselves to examination; but bodily vigour does. The Indian Forest Service exacts from applicants for admission a thirty-mile walk, and much noise is made over this trifling test. Most "crocks" could manage to struggle through one such tramp without revealing their "crockerly"; but why not begin by making every candidate for the Army walk twenty-five or thirty miles a day for a week, and then by all means examine the knowledge and the intelligence (which are not the same thing) of the survivors? It is not easy to believe that we should lose many embryo Marlboroughs or Wellingtons by the application of this extra preliminary sieve; surely even the modern "scientific soldier" to be of any use must be a man in the completest sense of the word, and therefore, *inter alia*, must be of proved grit and endurance. Mr. Almond, like every good schoolmaster, is severe upon "lines" and "detention." It was the sentimentalist and the humanitarian who, with theoretically the best intentions, but with practically the most senseless cruelty, flouted the wisdom of Solomon and procured the substitution of these fiendish yet ineffective punishments for the natural and time-honoured birch and cane. Certainly neither master, nor boy, nor parent, owes them one pennyworth of thanks. That the rod was flourished rather too freely in former generations is no argument for its virtual abolition. We need not be either teetotallers or toppers: *manet sors tertia*, let us be "moderate drunkards." With the dictum that "from two to three hours is the average minimum which every boy or girl should spend in open-air exercise" we are in thorough agreement, and would add that in this country no weather is ever sufficiently bad to justify its being pleaded as an excuse for the reduction of that minimum.

The writer winds up with a vindication of the old classical training, and with a tilt at the tuck-shop. Doubtless both these institutions are safe enough; the classics stand in little need of Mr. Almond's defence, and the tuck-shop will suffer little from his defiance. The well-known medical officer of a great school has informed us that the constitutions of schoolboys and ladies require an amount of stimulation by saccharine matter that would be disastrous to the internal economy of the adult male. With the tenacity of her sex Dame Nature will

have her way; and, even though "tucker" be expelled with the proverbial pitchfork, Jones minor will get his brandy-balls from some inferior source, to the detriment of his digestion, and to the depletion of the revenues of his school—but get them he will. And, if the lollipop is strong in the consciousness of right, so, too, is the old classical training. Its enemies, moreover, are too unorganised, too mutually jealous, and too obviously second-rate to wreak it much harm. The chances are that it will stoutly hold its own for a very long time yet against the motley and internecine rabble of "modern subjects" that clamour around it. When the two Universities have been absorbed by the Extension colleges, and have been forced to bring their Schools and Triposes "up-to-date," and to grant their degrees for shorthand, book-keeping, and type-writing, then, and not till then, will the languages of Greece and Rome become defunct, and with them that higher culture which they alone can give.

NOTES AND NEWS.

WE have received from Mr. G. F. Russell Barker a lengthy correspondence relating to an article by him on "Prosperity" Robinson in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and his quarrel with his editor concerning an interpolation. This correspondence, which is too long to print, we have carefully read, and we cannot come to any other conclusion than that Mr. Barker, though unfortunate, is wrong. The facts are simple. Mr. Barker wrote on Robinson and corrected the proof. The editor, finding what he thought an ambiguous passage, inserted a sentence. The sentence contained two mistakes, which a *Times* reviewer fastened upon. Mr. Barker was naturally disturbed and sought the editor, Mr. Sidney Lee. Mr. Lee was out of town for a few days. Instead of waiting for his return, and calling again and settling the matter in square talk, Mr. Barker made what we are bound to consider a serious mistake: he wrote to Mr. Smith, of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., the publishers of the *Dictionary*, disclaiming responsibility. This step was contrary to all sound journalistic etiquette. A contributor has to do only with his editor.

On the same day, unwitting of this letter to the publisher, Mr. Lee, within a few minutes of his return to town, wrote to Mr. Barker expressing regret for the error in the article, but pointing out that the responsibility should be shared by both. Mr. Barker replied by enclosing his letter to Mr. Smith, and Mr. Lee replied to that by the statement that owing to Mr. Barker having pursued so irregular a course as that of approaching Mr. Smith, he was compelled to remove Mr. Barker's name from the list of contributors, although Mr. Barker was at liberty to complete all articles already arranged for. Other letters followed, including one from Mr. Lee to the *Times* exonerating Mr. Barker; but the case was virtually closed at this point. We are sorry for Mr. Barker, but Mr. Lee, we think, has

acted as he was bound to. Mistakes occurred on both sides, but Mr. Barker's mistake was the more serious.

MR. BARKER, in submitting to us these letters, writes as follows: "I send you the enclosed correspondence between the editor and publisher of the *Dictionary of National Biography* and myself, thinking that it may be of some interest to those who contribute signed articles to dictionaries, reviews, and other works. In the letter which he was obliged at last to write to the *Times*, Mr. Lee, wisely abandoning his former contention that I was in part responsible for the blunder, says, 'In the course of editorial revision an error was accidentally introduced here into the article.' The word 'accidentally' seems a curious one to use, for nobody would suppose that Mr. Lee would purposely insert a blunder in an article for the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Yet he cannot mean that the sentence was 'accidentally' interpolated in my article, for I have good reason to believe that an elementary text-book on English history was gravely consulted by the learned staff before the sentence was inserted. What I really wish, however, to point out is, that the contributor never had an opportunity of seeing this 'editorial revision.' It was done after the proof of the article had been corrected and returned by the contributor to the editor. For my own part, I cannot see what possible right an editor has to alter a signed article without first obtaining the consent of the contributor, under whose name the article is to appear in print. But this is a point which Mr. Lee discreetly shirks in his letter to the *Times*."

THERE is a "dome in air" other than that which Coleridge would have built under contingencies readers of *Kubla Khan* will remember. *The Dome* now in air is a quarterly magazine of high aspirations, the first number of which will be published in March.

THE death of Mrs. Hungerford, the author of *Molly Bawn* and a large number of similar novels, will be regretted by the very extensive company of readers whom her stories have beguiled. *Molly Bawn* was as good as any of those that followed it; they had all the same vivacity of style and described very similar persons, and all were good-humoured and productive of good humour. Mrs. Hungerford was one of Mr. James Payn's discoveries. In America *Molly Bawn* gives place to *The Duchess* as first favourite. Two new stories from this busy pen will appear in the spring.

OUIDA's contribution to the *Westminster Gazette's* symposium on reviewing is very pleasing. She writes: "As there are not more than two out of every hundred books issued in England worth the paper they are printed on, it would be well if the Press gave more attention to the two, and none at all to the other ninety-eight." And she adds: "I think, too, that there should be no anonymous expressions of opinion. Anonymity lends a fictitious importance to journalists, as the wig and gown to an advocate."

MR. G. W. STEEVENS cannot be accused of any lack of thoroughness. He was sent to America in the interests of the *Daily Mail* to write descriptive letters of the country and the election. He wrote them, and wrote them exceedingly well too, and the articles appeared in the *Daily Mail*. Now they have been collected in a book called *The Land of the Dollar*, and Mr. Steevens reviews it himself, also in the *Daily Mail*. There is something pleasantly symmetrical about this proceeding. Mr. Steevens seems both to like the book and to dislike it, which is the right attitude for a conscientious author. In the end, he advises Mr. Balfour to give the writer a pension, and declares his opinion that a copy should be in every home and cottage, if only negatively to instruct the nation in literary style.

COPENHAGEN is just now being entertained by a quarrel raging between Ibsen and Björnson. Although Ibsen's son is married to Björnson's daughter, the relations between the two fathers have long been strained, and the publication of *John Gabriel Borkman* has brought the difference to a head. Björnson, it seems, believes the play to contain covertly a series of attacks upon himself, and he has publicly accused Ibsen of the same. There are passages in his life known, he affirms, probably only to Ibsen, which have been reproduced. A man does not often fit a cap upon himself with such pains. Björnson, it is expected, will reply in kind before long.

MEANWHILE the Scandinavia Press Bureau has sent the following emphatic message to this country: "We are authorised by Dr. Ibsen most positively to contradict the statement that he has aimed at Björnson in the play of *John Gabriel Borkman*. Dr. Ibsen further says that he never aims at real personages in his plays."

WE hear of the formation of a Dürer Society, for the purpose of publishing in a convenient and accessible form the rarer or more desirable works of the Nuremberg master, and of his German and Italian contemporaries. Dürer's drawings, as most know, have been published in Berlin by Dr. Lippmann, but his volumes cost many guineas, and the reproductions by Amand Durand and others are hardly more easy of access. On this ground alone there should be a field for the new society, which has already succeeded in obtaining special concessions from the authorities of the Louvre and other continental galleries, as well as from private owners of Dürer originals.

AN initial portfolio of Dürer reproductions is even now in course of preparation, although so far no attempt has been made to extend the privileges of the society beyond the narrow bounds of a small circle of artists and enthusiasts among whom the idea arose. We gather that among the special advantages enjoyed by the society is the fact that it can command practically all the best modern processes of reproduction, instead of being at the mercy of alien engravers and reproducers. It will be

interesting to see how a society constituted on these lines will thrive. The secretary, to whom communications should be addressed, is Mr. S. M. Peartree, 12, Chalcot gardens, Haverstock Hill.

SOME entertaining pages about literary beggars in Paris occur in *The Beggars of Paris*, a translation by Lady Herschell of the *Paris qui Mendie* of M. Louis Paulian. (Edward Arnold.) The complimentary poet is a recognised character in the gay, compliment-loving city. This is how he acts: "He leaves an envelope with the *concierge*, and says he will call for the answer in the evening. The envelope contains a letter and a piece of poetry—some verses which are, in truth, far from bad. In the letter the poet complains that he is hungry, and begs you to leave with your *concierge* 'a simple piece of bread, which will be received with gratitude and devoured with delight.'" The verses are always the same, and so is the result. "Men of letters," M. Paulian reminds us, "have hearts . . . ; every one of them will give money instead of bread."

M. PAULIAN knows one complimentary poet who stocks acrostics with the method and completeness of a large homœopathic chemist: "'You see, sir,' the beggar said to me one day, 'in our trade unforeseen things happen, one must always be ready beforehand. No doubt there are names, such as Mary, Margaret, which come more often than others. But every name is wanted sooner or later, and if I had not some Cunégonde, Perpétin, Monique, and Pétronille, written out beforehand, I should in a busy time, such as a Saturday, risk losing my gains.' By taking care to keep his stock of acrostics always complete, our man never misses his fee."

IN the belief that *Westward Ho!* cannot be too accessible, we extend a welcome to the new editions of the book which Messrs. Macmillan have just published. At the same time, it is a little bewildering to have three editions of Kingsley's romance in two months. First came the two-volume illustrated edition at a guinea; and now, with fewer of the same illustrations, comes a three-and-sixpenny edition in the "Peacock" series; and with it a shilling copy with eight of the same pictures. The artist is Mr. C. E. Brock, and we should think that few men's drawings have gone so far.

A FACSIMILE of a translation made in 1544, by the Princess Elizabeth, of *Le Miroir de l'âme Pécheresse*, Margaret of Navarre's poem, is to be published by Messrs. Asher & Co. The presentation volume, now in the Bodleian, from which the facsimile is made, was written and bound by the little princess, who was then only eleven. The binding of the original consists of ornamental filigree work of gold and silver wire on a ground of blue corded silk, with the initials K. P. in the middle of each cover. The dedication states, "therefore have i . . . translated this lytell boke out of frenche ryme into englishe prose: coynng the sentences together as

well as the capacite of my symple witte and small lerning coulede extende themselves. The wich booke is intytled or named the miroir or glasse of the synnefull soule." The dedication is headed, "To our moste noble and vertuous queene Katherin, Elizabeth her humble daughter wisheth perpetuall felicitie and everlasting ioye"; and ends, "From asherige the laste daye of the yeare of our lorde god, 1544." The editor is Mr. Percy W. Ames.

THE London Reform Union has just issued a penny reprint (and a shilling *édition de luxe*) of the address on "London: Mediæval and Elizabethan," which Sir Walter Besant delivered to the Union about six weeks ago. In his prefatory remarks, dated a week ago, Sir Walter gently replies to the strictures of his chairman, Lord Rosebery, who, it will be remembered, declined to endorse the adjective "beautiful" as applied by the lecturer to London. Sir Walter says: "I intended this word to apply to her in right of her qualities of enterprise, courage, and tenacity, which she still possesses, I believe, as strongly as ever. . . . I was not thinking at all about the buildings of modern London." This is, of course, an answer. But the outward beauty of London is considerable; sometimes it is intoxicating. It resides not, indeed, in single buildings, but in their aggregation and irregularity, their broken sky lines, their multiplicity of details; above all, in the haze which hides and softens and dignifies masses.

IN a few days Messrs. Methuen will issue Capt. Sidney L. Hinde's work entitled *The Fall of the Congo Arabs*. The book deals with the recent Belgian Expedition to the Upper Congo, which developed into a war with the State forces and the Arab slave raiders in Central Africa. Two white men only returned alive from the three years' war—Commander Dhanis and Capt. Hinde.

The Edge of the Orient is the title of a book of travel in the East, which Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. will publish in the course of the next few days. The author is Mr. Robert Howard Russell, who has penetrated into many romantic spots not easily accessible to the tourist. The volume is illustrated from photographs, and contains views of the private surroundings of the Sultan of Turkey.

THE *Antiquary* for February will contain illustrated articles on "The Proposed Peterborough Cathedral Restoration"; "Ramblings of an Antiquary at Hardwick," by Mr. George Bailey; and "Gleanings from French Churches," by Miss Sophia Beale.

FOR the edition of Carlyle's *Past and Present*, which will be included in the "Nineteenth Century Classics," Mr. Frederic Harrison has written an introduction.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE & Co. are preparing a new edition of Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Spencer Wilkinson's *Imperial Defence*.

THE BOOK MARKET.

DR. NANSEN'S BOOK.

THE imminent publication of Dr. Nansen's book *Farthest North*, in which the explorer relates in full his adventures during his late expedition in the *Fram*, is exciting great interest. The sensational sum which Messrs. Constable are understood to have paid for the copyright has contributed to this, and there is the interesting prospect of the work being published on the day, February 6, when Dr. Nansen makes his bow to the Royal Geographical Society. Nevertheless, the public has scarcely gained a complete notion of the magnitude of the undertaking. The thirty-five thousand two-volume copies of the book which will form the first English edition, and which will be sold at two guineas net, are only a small proportion of the total output of the book. There are to be editions for Norway, Germany, France, Italy, Holland, Sweden, Bohemia, and, of course, America. These, together with the English edition, will probably bring the total number of copies to 100,000, and this takes no account of any supplementary demand.

THE work is divisible into three sections, of which the first is taken up with Dr. Nansen's departure and the life of the whole party on the *Fram* previous to the great sledge journey; the second portion relates the adventures met with by Dr. Nansen in the fifteen months of toil and darkness during which he conducted his sledge party across the trackless and obstructed ice-fields. A single picturesque fact will indicate the interest of this section. Travelling at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles per day, the doctor and his little party were never sure that the vast ice-field over which they progressed with so much pain was not itself moving at the same rate *backwards*, thus nullifying the grand object of getting nearer to the Pole. The third section of the book is mainly occupied by the story of the *Fram* in the absence of the sledge party, for which the diaries of Captain Sverdrup furnished the material.

THE book will be thoroughly indexed. The illustrations, numbering about 250, have been selected from over 1,000 photographs taken on the expedition; some of these being reproduced from the negative and others requiring the attention of artists. There will also be sixteen original coloured illustrations from chalk drawings by Dr. Nansen. We understand that these most interesting drawings were in danger of being lost to the world owing to the small artistic value modestly set on them by Dr. Nansen. But having been permitted to see the reproductions we have no hesitation in pronouncing them highly interesting and instructive. They carry one more than any of the other illustrations to those desolate ice-fields, the home of the walrus, with their boreal lights and few sunsets. The maps will be five in number, and of these three

have been made by Dr. Nansen. A fourth is Herr Julius Payer's map of Franz Josef Land of twenty years ago, which Dr. Nansen naturally wishes should be compared with his own, and the fifth is a map of the entire known polar region, made, we understand, with remarkable dispatch by Messrs. Bartholomew.

THE story of the actual writing of the book and its translation into English is interesting. Dr. Nansen has written his work at high pressure, amid every conceivable interruption from his friends and admirers, and from learned societies the world over; he has written it in Norwegian, and for the English edition six translators are responsible. Their renderings of Dr. Nansen's MS. have been revised by a well-known and accomplished student of Norwegian working in London. Dr. Nansen, we believe, found his sledge journey the most difficult part of his story to tell. His notes had necessarily to be carried continually on his person, with no advantage to their ultimate legibility. However, all these labours are now drawing to a close, and within a fortnight the two volumes will be in the booksellers' windows.

"BOUND BY ZAEHNSDORF."

A FEW days ago an interesting ceremony was carried out in the Jews' Free School, Spitalfields, under the chairmanship of Lord Rothschild. This was the presentation of an address in book form to Mr. Frederic D. Mocatta on the occasion of his seventieth birthday. The entire document, containing 8,000 signatures, was entrusted to Mr. Zaehnsdorf to bind. Many weeks of labour were expended on the volume, which is sumptuous to the last degree. It is in connexion with such events that the reading public hears or reads the name of Zaehnsdorf. "Bound by Zaehnsdorf" is one of the shibboleths of wealth.

Yet there is a delusion abroad which may be usefully knocked on the head. First, however, let it be remarked, in fairness, that the moral of this article may be, and doubtless is, applicable to other great firms of bookbinders. But the name of Zaehnsdorf heads the list of the craft in the estimation of all who are not over precious—for these the "Dove's Bindery"—and it was to Zaehnsdorf's that I went the other day to clear my ideas on *inexpensive* bookbinding.

For two hours of his precious time Mr. Zaehnsdorf pitted himself against my ignorance. What I have forgotten of all he told me and showed me would fill a book; what I remember will be sufficient for my purpose—which is to draw attention to the fact that great bookbinders who bind for rich men are also the best binders for comparatively poor men. Mr. Zaehnsdorf beamed when he saw my drift.

"It is my great difficulty," he said, "to get people to believe that we can and do bind books inexpensively."

"You mean, of course, in cloth?" I said, turning a doubtful gaze on the morocco and gold around.

"Yes; in cloth, in linen, or in buckram."

"And in what respects does your cloth-binding differ from the cloth-binding of books as ordinarily issued?"

"In this: ordinarily cloth-binding is *case-binding*. That we never touch. In case-binding the cover, or case, of a book, as you know, is made separately and then attached to the book merely by paper and glue. We re-bind thousands of such books in cloth, applying to them precisely the same constructive treatment as we do to our costliest leather-bound books. In this method the boards are laid upon the book itself and laced to it with hempen cord. The cloth covering is then passed round the whole, a leather label is fixed to the back, and you have a book which is as solid and, for practical lifetime purposes, as enduring as if it were in leather."

"And the cost?"

"The cost is small. Here is a complete set of Balzac's novels in octavo. We are binding them for a customer in Irish linen at two shillings a volume."

"Then a man who finds his favourite books getting infirm can bring them to you, choose his cloth according to his whim, and have them bound as solidly as the house of Zaehnsdorf knows how to bind a book, and at the price of two or three shillings a volume?"

"That is so, and we welcome such business."

I left the prince of bookbinders vowing that my Boswell, my Hazlitts, and my Jane Austens should renew their youth under his hands. They also shall be "bound by Zaehnsdorf."

SOME BOOKSELLERS' CATALOGUES.

OUR morning delivery of letters owes not a little of its bulk to secondhand booksellers' lists. It owes not a little of its interest to the same circumstances; and we shall occasionally jot down a few notes on the best catalogues which reach us. We comment on the following, selected from many that lie on our table:

MESSRS. EDWIN PARSONS & SONS (Brompton-road, S.W.).

MESSRS. PARSONS & SONS' catalogues are always distinguished by a number of important entries under the heads of Etchings, Engravings, and Drawings. In their present catalogue they offer a large collection of original sketches by J. M. W. Turner, Linnell, Hunt, Varley, &c.; including picturesque views on various parts of the Thames, with studies of the old wooden embankments, piers, landing-stages, coast scenes with shipping, rustic cottages, old sheds, studies of trees, old windmills, and a variety of other memoranda. Many of these sketches are named, and among them are to be found views of Bermondsey, Lambeth, Watford, Leatherhead, Millbank, Walworth, Edgeware-road, Brook-green, Chelsea, Twickenham, and Bayswater; in all there are sixty-eight original sketches from nature on grey and blue paper, mounted in a folio volume, and bound in half-russia. The price asked for this remarkable set of drawings is £200. Messrs. Parsons also offer the late Lord Leighton's copy (with his bookplate) of Goya's etchings, entitled "Los Desastres de la Guerra, coleccion de ochenta laminas inventadas y grabadas al agua fuerte." There are eighty etchings in the volume, depicting chiefly the horrors of civil war and revolution, executions, massacres,

murders, &c. The price of this folio is £4 4s. Ackermann's *Microcosm of London*, with Rowlandson's coloured plates (£12 12s.); Chippendale's *Gentleman's and Cabinet Maker's Director* (£13 13s.); Havell's *Views of the Thames*, with twelve copies of his water-colour drawings printed in colours (£4 16s.), and other sumptuous works are in the list. A separate catalogue of mezzotint portraits includes a fine proof impression of Sir Thomas Laurence's *Master Lambton*; this is priced 30 guineas. For a fine proof before letters of Constable's *Vale of Dedham*, Messrs. Parsons ask 100 guineas—a price which every connoisseur knows is not excessive.

MR. E. MENKEN (Great Russell-street, W.C.).

Mr. Menken, who does business close to the British Museum, in a neighbourhood where learned bookmen abound, sends us a catalogue which includes many interesting items. The most unusual of these is perhaps a collection of American bronzes and engravings in celebration of the settlement of the American War of Secession. It contains fine medallion portraits of Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Ulysses S. Grant, and others. The whole is described as the only specimen that has been put on the English market, and is priced at 15 guineas. Mr. Menken also offers a complete and perfect copy of the *Antiquities of Herculaneum and Pompeii* (Le Antichità di Ercolano), published in Naples at £250, for 10 guineas. Glancing through other pages we note a copy of Richard Brathwaite's "*The English Gentleman and Gentlewoman*," with a Ladies' Love Lecture and a Supplement lately annexed, and entitled "*The Turtle's Triumph*" (1641), 18s. 6d.; "*A Lyttel Parcel of Poems and Parodies in Prayers of Tobacco*," containing divers conceited Ballades and Pithy Sayings, all newly collected and emprinted by W. Hamilton" (1889), 7s. 6d.; Cotton Mather's "*Essays to Do Good*," addressed to all Christians whether in Public or Private Capacities" (1807), 5s. 6d. The list is specially strong in books on ancient guilds and on London, those under the latter head including a copy of the *Modern History of the City of London*, by Mr. Charles Welch (Librarian to the Corporation). This work, quite recently issued, is out of print, only sufficient copies having been printed to supply the subscribers.

MESSRS. JAGGARD & Co. (Liverpool).

This firm's catalogue, bearing as its motto the Shakespearian quotation, "Here's the book I sought for so," is naturally rather rich in Lancashire books. We note Butterworth's *History and Description of Ashton-under-Lyme* (15s.), Pilkington's *History of the Lancashire Family of Pilkington* (£2 2s.), Roby's *Traditions of Lancashire* (4s.), and other local works. Messrs. Jaggard also offer a number of works on Freemasonry, and a quantity of Ruskiniana and Thackerayana. A copy of the "Breeches" Bible "Imprinted by the Deputies of Christopher Barker, 1595," folio, with quaint woodcuts, is offered at 30s.; and there is additional attraction in the fact that this volume belonged to a branch of Sir Isaac Newton's family. For £3 3s. the collector is also offered early editions of some of Goldsmith's work, described as follows: "*The Deserted Village*," 1775; "*The Traveller*," or, a Prospect of Society," 1770; "*Retaliation*, including Epitaphs on Distinguished Wits," 1774; first edition, vignette portrait, together 3 vols. in 1, 4to, cloth boards, rare, £3 3s."

MR. FRANK MURRAY (Nottingham).

Mr. Murray's catalogue is leavened with musical, occult, and medical books. Under the first heading we find something like 200 books listed; among them occurs the following entry, interesting not only to musicians, but to Johnsonian and eighteenth century students: "Burney (Dr. Charles) *General History of Music, from the Earliest Ages to the Present Period*, 1789, 4 vols., 4to, with fine portrait (mounted) and illustrations by Bartolozzi, &c., vol. iii., a little stained, half-morocco, gilt, scarce, £3 3s." This copy was bought at Sir John Goss's sale. Under occult we

have a copy of Lilly's *Astrology*, 1647, small quarto, in old leather binding, offered at 12s. 6d. In the medical list occurs Gerard's *Herbal*, 1633, in folio, with many illustrations, in old rough calf binding, price £2 10s.

MR. GEORGE GREGORY (Bath).

Mr. Gregory's list is printed handsomely on quarto pages, and somehow suggests old Bath. We note "a unique set of Buffon" in 127 vols., in morocco binding, nearly contemporary with publication. This set is offered at £50. There is a fine old-world flavour about the following entry: "*Gambado's Academy for Grown Horsemen*," containing the completest instructions for walking, trotting, cantering, galloping, stumbling, and tumbling," with portrait and eleven other inimitable coloured caricature plates by Bunbury (London, Stockdale, 1812); also *The Annals of Horsemanship*, by Geoffrey Gambado, accidents and experimental accidents, successful and unsuccessful, communicated by his various correspondents, and now first published, with 17 splendid coloured caricatures by H. Bunbury, first edition, 1812, 4to, original paper boards, with printed labels on sides, on which the prices of each volume are stated as "plain, 21s.; coloured, 42s.," the 2 vols. in immaculate, clean, and perfect condition, price £10." Mr. Gregory offers a very large stock of bound volumes of magazines, reviews, and periodicals.

MESSRS. DRAYTON & SONS (Exeter).

This West country firm issues a neat catalogue of twenty pages containing not a few interesting items. Works on Devonshire and Cornwall fill one page, and include Gribble's *Memorials of Barnstaple* (7s. 6d.); Carew's *Survey of Cornwall and An Epistle Concerning the Excellences of the English Tongue*, quarto, 1732 (7s. 6d.); and Wright's *West Country Poets* (10s. 6d.). The general contents of this catalogue are very varied. We notice Howitt's *Rural Life of England and Rural and Domestic Life of Germany*, with some woodcuts by Bewick, in two 8vo vols., price 15s. A complete set of William Hume's works, comprising the *Every-Day Book* (2 vols.), *Year Book*, and *Table Book* are temptingly offered by Messrs. Drayton at 16s. The prices in this catalogue strike us as particularly low throughout.

MR. HORACE G. COMMEN (Bournemouth).

From sea-side, pine-scented Bournemouth comes a list in which standard works and library editions are conspicuous. The eight published volumes of Peppys's *Diary*, edited by Mr. Henry B. Wheatley, are offered, in the uncut library edition, at six guineas, this price including the ninth volume when it appears. For the same price Prescott's complete works are offered in sixteen volumes, with 192 full-page plates, of which many are on Japanese paper. Strickland's *Lives of the Queens of England*, in twelve volumes (1845); the *Letters of Mary, Queen of Scots*, in two volumes (1845); and the *Lives of the Queens of Scotland and the English Princesses* are offered by Mr. Commen at £4 7s. 6d. The high premium which is now placed on back numbers of *The Studio* is illustrated by the following entry: "*The Studio: An Illustrated Magazine of Fine and Applied Art*, from its commencement to September, 1896, fully illustrated throughout, 8 vols., imp. 8vo, in the original numbers as issued, with title-pages and indexes complete, very scarce, £6 15s. 1893-6." Here is an item with a fine old crusted flavour: "Reynolds (Richard). A Chronicle of all the Noble Emperours of the Romaines, from Julius Cæsar, orderly to this most victorious Emperour Maximilian, that now governeth, with the Great Warres of Julius Cæsar and Pompeius Magnus, setting forth the Great Power and Divine Providence of Almighty God in preserving the Godly Princes and Common wealthes." Black Letter, engraved title-page, and numerous rude woodcut portraits, small 4to, polished calf, gilt. Rare, £2 10s. "Imprinted at London, in Fletestreate, neare to Saint Dunstone's Church, by Thomas Marshe—Anno Domini, 1571." First and only edition of this curious and scarce book. The Townley copy sold for £4 14s. 6d.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

ONE of the most interesting books of the week is Messrs. George Bell & Sons' reprint of the Early Essays of John Stuart Mill. The editor, Mr. J. W. M. Gibbs, gives the history of the articles in a preface. Such of these essays as have appeared in book form before are out of print; others appear in a volume for the first time. Mr. Gibbs justly remarks that of all these essays "the two that will probably have most general interest are the reviews of Tennyson's *Poems* and Carlyle's *French Revolution*." Indeed, the middle section of the book containing, besides these essays, the two entitled "What is Poetry?" and "The Two Kinds of Poetry," may be considered the cream of the book on a first uncritical glance.

Another important arrival is the fourth, and final, volume of *The Life and Works of Robert Burns*, edited by Robert Chambers, and re-edited by William Wallace (W. & R. Chambers). The volume is larger than any one of its predecessors. Mr. Wallace makes his bow and tenders his thanks to all who have helped him in this enterprise. "No effort," Mr. Wallace says, "has been spared to make the Indexes at once exhaustive and convenient for purposes of reference."

In fiction we have a novel by Mr. G. S. Street, called *The Wise and the Wayward* (John Lane), and *Madge o' the Pool*, and *Other Tales*, by William Sharp (Constable). The "Pool" is the Thames Pool. Mr. Sharp may be presumed to have studied the Pool life at those close quarters which are demanded now of a story writer. Opening the book at a venture, we read: "Many of the Poolites haunt holes and corners in the neighbourhood of Horsleydown Stairs. Some have their lair in old boats, or among rotten sheds or wood piles; others are as homeless and as unpleasant and as fierce as dung-beetles."

Other books whose titles at once excite interest are *Essays*, by the late George John Romanes (George Bell & Sons); *History in Fact and Fiction*, by the Hon. Albert S. G. Canning (Smith, Elder); *On the Nile with a Camera*, by Anthony Watkin (T. Fisher Unwin); and *The Ruined Cities of Ceylon*, by Henry W. Cane (Sampson, Low).

THEOLOGY.

THE PROPHECIES OF JESUS CHRIST. By Dr. Paul Schwartzkopff. Translated by Rev. Neil Buchanan. T. & T. Clark.

THE STUDENT'S LIFE OF JESUS. By George Holley Gilbert, Ph.D. Chicago Theological Seminary.

HISTORY.

HISTORIC BUBBLES. By Frederic Leake. Suckling & Galloway.

TRAVELS AND EXPLORATIONS OF THE JESUIT MISSIONARIES IN NEW FRANCE, 1610-1791. Vol. II. Edited by R. G. Thwaites. The Burrows Brothers Company (Cleveland, U.S.A.).

EUROPE IN THE MIDDLE AGE. By Oliver J. Thatcher, Ph.D., and Ferdinand Schwill, Ph.D. John Murray. 9s.

HERODOTUS. The Text of Canon Rawlinson's Translation, with the Notes abridged. By A. J. Grant, M.A. 2 vols. John Murray. 12s.

HISTORY IN FACT AND FICTION. By the Hon. Albert S. G. Canning. Smith Elder. 6s.

BIOGRAPHY.

BENJAMIN JOWETT, MASTER OF BALLIOL. By the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache. Third Edition. Edward Arnold.

PIUS THE SEVENTH, 1800-1823. By Mary H. Allies. Burns & Oates, Ltd. 5s.

SCIENCE.

IS NATURAL SELECTION THE ORIGINATOR OF SPECIES? By Duncan Graham. Digby, Long & Co. 6s.

NATURAL HISTORY.

SUMMER DAYS FOR WINTER EVENINGS. By J. H. Crawford. John Macqueen.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

ON THE NILE WITH A CAMERA. By Anthony Wilkin. T. Fisher Unwin. 31s.

WITH THE JUNGLES FOLK. By E. D. Cunning. Osgood, McIlvane & Co. 10s. 6d.

THE RUINED CITIES OF ORYLON. By Henry W. Cane, M.A. Sampson Low.

FICTION.

MADGE O' THE POOL. By William Sharp. Archibald Constable & Co.

THE LAND OF THE LIVING DEAD. By Neale Fyne. Henry J. Drane. 3s. 6d.

GENTLEMAN GEORGE. By Mrs. Herbert Martin. Hurst & Blackett.

THE LAST RECRUIT OF CLARE'S. By S. R. Keightley. Hutchinson & Co. 6s.

THE WISE AND THE WAYWARD. By G. S. Street. John Lane.

DAYSPEING. By Emma Marshall. Home Words Publishing Office. 5s.

BY A WAY THEY KNEW NOT. By George Trobridge. James Spence.

THE SCHOLAR OF BYGATE. By Algernon Gissing. 3 vols. Hutchinson & Co.

SISTER JANE. By Joel Chandler Harris. Archibald Constable & Co.

GOD'S FAILURES. By J. S. Fletcher. John Lane.

THE LIVER LIBRARY: A TRAGEDY OF TEMPERAMENT. By E. Haslingden Russell. Cheshire & Co. (Liverpool).

THE BLACKGUARD. By R. Pocock. Neville Beeman.

WESTWARD HO! By Charles Kingsley. Illustrated by Charles E. Brock. Macmillan. 3s. 6d. The same with eight illustrations by Charles E. Brock. 1s.

UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES. By Archie Armstrong. Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.

ART, POETRY, AND BELLES LETTRES.

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS. Edited by Robert Chambers. Vol. IV. W. & R. Chambers, Ltd.

ESSAYS. By George John Romanes. Edited by C. Lloyd Morgan. Longmans, Green & Co.

A TREASURY OF MINOR BRITISH POETRY. By J. Churton Collins, M.A. Edward Arnold. 7s. 6d.

THE SENTIMENTAL VIKINGS. By R. V. Risley. John Lane. 2s. 6d.

MARTIN BELLS, AND SCARLET AND GOLD. By "F. Harald Williams." The Roxburghe Press. 5s.

THE WARWICK SHAKESPEARE: CYMBELINE. Edited by Alfred J. Wyatt, M.A.—THE TEMPEST. Edited by Frederick S. Boas, M.A. Blackie & Son.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EARLY ESSAYS BY JOHN STUART MILL. Edited by J. W. M. Gibbs. George Bell & Sons. 3s. 6d.

ADDRESSES AND PAPERS. By Edward L. Pierce. Edited by A. W. Stevens. Roberts Brothers (Boston).

CATALOGUE OF THE COINS OF THE INDIAN MUSEUM. Parts III. and IV. By Chas. J. Rodgers, M.R.A.S. Calcutta: Indian Museum.

THE BURGERS OF PARIS. Translated from the French of Louis Paulian. By Lady Herschell. Edward Arnold.

CATALOGUE OF WEST HAM PUBLIC LIBRARIES. COACH-BUILDING. By John Philipson. George Bell & Sons. 6s.

THE HIDDEN LIVES OF SHAKESPEARE AND BACON. By W. G. Thorpe, F.S.A. For the Author at the Chiswick Press.

FOREIGN.

GRUNDRISS DER INDO-ARISCHEN PHILOLOGIE UND ALTERTUMSKUNDE. Von Georg Bühler. Strassburg: Verlag von Karl J. Trübner.

GESCHICHTE DER ISLÄNDISCHEN GEOGRAPHIE. Autorisierte Uebersetzung von August Gebhardt. Leipzig: Druck und Verlag von B. G. Teubner.

DICTIONNAIRE ARGOT-FRANÇAIS ET FRANÇAIS-ARGOT. Par Georges Delesalle. Ollendorff, Editeur.

POLYBIBLION: REVUE BIBLIOGRAPHIQUE UNIVERSELLE. (Janvier.) Paris.

LE ROI DAVID. Par Marcel Dieulafoy. Paris: Hachette.

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA RIVISTA DI SCIENZE. Roma.

PERIODICALS, PAMPHLETS, &c.

THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE.

THE PORTFOLIO: ALBERT DÜRER'S PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS.

THE LOTUS.

THE HUMANITARIANS.

AN IMPRESSION.

LYME REGIS would hardly have lived in literature but that one of Miss Austen's heroines sprained her ankle there, jumping off the Cobb. They were not athletic, those young ladies who had the felicity to become our great-grandmothers. Yet you shall not pass through the streets of the little town, under its mimic Guildhall and along its toy harbour, without the authentic thrill of Elizabethan poetry. It is of that jolly seaboard where dwelt the buccaneers who whipped the Armada. To reach it you must pass Sherborne Castle, which Raleigh once held, and which became the booty of some court parasite at his disaster. At this day these coasts of Devon and of Dorset have a half foreign look about them, as if here for once England learned to be less insular, and held forth friendly hands to other countries across the main. Who was the boy with black eyes and olive skin who looked out just now from yonder cottage window? Was it that some three centuries ago a Spanish prisoner lost his heart to a maid beneath a hedge of Devon, wild-rose-hung. Or was it a Devon sailor who brought back the silent Spanish wife to share his home with green paroquets and ivory and quaint sea-spoils? And down in the market-place this morning there was a Breton peasant, in his blue blouse, and with his broken speech, trying to sell the strings of golden onions that dangled from his stick. What comings and goings these quiet inlets have seen, since first the strange prow of the Phoenician traders broke into the unknown seas. And whither shall we sail then, in what galleon and to what port? Yester-eve, just as the sun went down, a quite new world broke into sight, a mysterious headland, darkly outlined against the background of crimson flame. The fishermen told us it was Berry Head, away beyond Torquay. But I will swear it was the Hesperides.

PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

M. MARCEL PRÉVOST's new book, *Le Jardin Secret*, is not only poetically, but most felicitously named. Though the novel runs on the eternal theme, adultery, with its basenesses, its inevitable shocks and deceptions, the book is a strikingly original, pondered, and grave one. The objectionable flavour of M. Prévost's other novels is eliminated, and here he gives us a profound interior drama told in the first person, without shady scenes or suggestive details. It is at once closer and broader work than anything else the author has done. Certainly these modern Frenchmen, from M. Bourget down, have made the most astonishing, strenuous, and subtle study of feminine character, and that elusive organ the feminine Parisian heart. Just or untrue, M. Prévost in the line he has chosen is unsurpassed. What sorry dolls, what unintelligent, unrevealed entities, the women of our own English novelists, excepting those of George Eliot and Mr. Meredith, seem besides the least interesting, the least studied of these French women in modern fiction. It is impossible to name a single

recent novel in England that approaches such a book as *Le Jardin Secret* in intellectual and psychological value.

The style is clear and strong; without charm, however, but admirably adapted to the subject. The confession and self-revealings are those of a comfortable bourgeoisie, who, wearied of the colourless life of a teacher, and jilted by a pupil's cousin, marries for a home and a place in the social system. The diary which leads us into her soul's secret garden opens with the event of her husband's departure in quest of a provincial inheritance. The disquietude that follows a disturbed routine, and the fragmentary working of a brain long unused to solitude and thought, make a seizing start, and while painting the woman as she is, evoke the violent and ambitious young girl she has replaced with a surety of touch no less remarkable than real. It is ruthless, a little brutal, as might be expected from the author of *Demi-Vierges*.

In her husband's absence, through his keys forgotten in his drawers, she discovers his duplicity and infidelities, and this leads to her employment of the secret inquiry office and half-formed project of divorce. Here is the great point in a sober and masterly study of a complex character, and a vulgar situation dignified and enlarged by accurate and profound observation, by original and momentous analysis, by a fineness of perception, a subtlety, and an honesty, a directness of treatment that only a French artist seems capable of.

Consideration of so desperate a step as divorce for the bourgeoisie, who clings by temperament as well as taste to home and habits, forces Marthe to look deep down into her own conscience and bring up to light every tarnished memory, every unavowable impulse and desire. Such an examination of conscience as she so severely submits herself to requires an intelligence no less unusual than a deliberateness of purpose and mind. Remembrance is apt to be so fragmentary and inconclusive, and the most honest person in the world is scared by a positive confrontation with past error and small frailties. Not so this extremely intelligent and sincere bourgeoisie. The passionate crisis of her girlhood and the kisses of her betrothed, concealed from her husband, are evoked as attenuating evidences in favour of his duplicity. If he has his secret garden—more vulgarly planted than hers—she, too, has her secretive corner, into which he cannot penetrate. All his concealments and lies are duplicated by hers. Besides his epileptic uncle there is her father, charged with embezzlement, both facts scrupulously concealed on either side. Against his mistresses she places her flirtations; and M. Prévost makes no secret here, as well as elsewhere, of his violent prejudice against a form of amusement borrowed from foreign races. Flirtation he frankly calls a vice, comprised of coquetry, evil desire, and the need of a little inconsequent romance in daily life—"a sentimental intoxication"; and further on, more fiercely still, in an admirable untranslatable phrase one would wish all silly girls who regard flirtation as an innocent and genial pastime between the sexes to

study and fully understand: "Le frémissement de l'impur effleuré, respiré," so falsely decorated with pretty and sentimental names by our own more indulgent and less honest novelists.

Looking round her room, and picking out familiar objects, she ends her long and solid argument against divorce, which means disorder, broken home, and injured child:

"To a stranger it may be ugly and worthless, but for me it is priceless. I love it ardently, because I dreamed a moment of dispersing and destroying it. All that means home, and I will not break up my home. . . . I abandon retaliation, I accept destiny. I have touched the bottom of the abyss, conscience, and risen again to the surface. I have found therein, relatively, the same weaknesses and secrets that shocked me in my husband."

Beneath these daily lies of double life she finds something else besides selfishness: human mercifulness, a sort of humble charity. The ideal of marriage transcends the moral infirmity of mankind:

"Parasite herbs or poisonous plants, what wife, what husband has not a 'secret garden' into which the other never penetrates, into which he must not penetrate under pain of destroying the home?"

Such is the conclusion of this remarkable study, rather than novel. Not a noble one, perhaps, but founded on solid sense.

H. L.

FRENCH BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Le Jardin Secret. Marcel Prévost.

L'Orme du Mail. Anatole France.

Le Trésor d'Arlatan. Alphonse Daudet.

NEW YORK LETTER.

(From our American Correspondent.)

THE great boom of Marie Corelli is probably of more astounding proportions in America than in her native land, for her denunciations of the critical craft do not include our newspaper reviewers, who are on the whole an unexact and appreciative brood, and have welcomed Miss Corelli with serious praise or mild chaff. There are no satirical papers here to break an author's heart. The publishers have the most respectful regard for Miss Corelli, for she makes more than the fleeting fame of the season—she makes money. We must have had half-a-dozen novels from Miss Corelli during 1896.

A good deal of curiosity has been awakened in literary circles here over a little volume, entitled *Lyrics of the Lowly*, published by Dodd, Mead & Co. The author, Mr. Paul Lawrence Dunbar, is the pioneer poet of the African Americans. In his veins flows the purest and bluest of black blood. This is all the more surprising, as the complacent white race has always held to the theory that the negroes are degenerating in civilisation, and the only chance of any development of the higher faculties will come from the admixture of blood, which is so common a feature of life in the slums of the Northern cities; but Mr. Dunbar is

a full-blooded negro. His father and mother were both slaves, but were afterwards freed by the events of the Civil War. Although the poet himself was born free, he was born under all the disadvantages of his race, in poverty, and under the cloud of prejudice, which is almost as strong to-day in the North as before the war. The father had a strong love for reading and music, and his mother a passion for poetry, the germ of which she no doubt transmitted to her son. This fact alone is significant, and strengthens a belief in some latent powers and faculties in the negro race, hitherto only developed in the military qualities of such rare men as Touissant L'Ouverture. The development of the intellectual life of our dark-hued brethren might prove a distinct gain to American literature. Perhaps America's ultimate claims in literature will have to rest on the diversity of distinctive traits of the peculiar and varied peoples of the country, modified by a new social life, political life, and climate.

SOME of Mr. Dunbar's poems are written in dialect form. These are generally considered to be in his happiest vein. But I am somewhat more impressed by his more serious poems. These show that the poet possesses not only a pretty fancy and delicacy of sentiment, but also that he is capable of a certain depth and intensity of thought. Some of the lines are suggestive, and show much simple strength. A light spirit of optimism pervades his work. It is not offensively optimistic, however, as the lines mostly include a minor note of melancholy. At present Mr. Dunbar is barred out of all the higher occupations by reason of race prejudice; and he dreams his poems as he runs an elevator (lift, as you English call it) in an office-building in Atlanta, Ga. In some more congenial atmosphere he might sing the inner spiritual life of his race, which only wants utterance to arouse other dormant intellects among his own brethren.

MESSRS. COPELAND & DAY have done a commendable as well as unusual thing in this country, where anything not fiction is looked askance at by publishers, in the publishing of two dainty little volumes of essays. This is a form of literature completely out of vogue in America, unless the contemporary revival in England is to carry any influence here. The venture is made under the twin-title of *The Listener in Town* and *The Listener in the Country*. The writer of these essays is Mr. Joseph Edgar Chamberlin, and the papers first appeared under the title of "The Listener" in the Boston *Transcript* daily through a term of years. This column of light and distinctly literary essays and comments is one which is more literary and old-fashioned in its taste than anything appearing in the columns of papers in New York or the West. It is one of the literary institutions of Boston. Eugene Field in the Chicago *Record* was the only parallel. The fact that these airy essays first appeared in a newspaper in this country makes it all the more unusual, as only the most ephemeral and sensational

writing is generally admitted into the newspapers here. But the *Transcript* is one of the very few papers in America which have remained at all steadfast to the earlier traditions of English models, before sensational journalism broke into the excess of license. It is greatly respected in Boston, because it admits some measure of purely literary work to its columns, and is always dignified and judicious.

THE *Chap Book* has changed its form and character, to the astonishment of everybody interested in the tide of contemporary doings. It has given up the pamphlet size and form and takes on the proportions and the character of the English weekly reviews—it will be a compromise between the form of the ACADEMY and other contemporary reviews. The editor's aim is to establish, what has been long talked about and discussed, and has never yet seemed a feasible venture here, a review of the first class. It will give ample space to notices of all important publications in travel, history, and *belles-lettres*. In addition, it will print stories, poems, and essays as before, and the illustrations will be limited to portraits and pictures of literary interest and purely decorative designs. The intention is to subject contemporary writing to the highest literary standards. This is distinctly a new and important attitude in American criticism.

W. B. H.

SCIENCE.

I AM not one of those who consider that the British nation should solemnly sit down and take lessons from every country that is doing scientific work, but I admire—and I suppose most people who know anything about it admire—the organised Government institutions for the promotion of science in America. They are eminently practical in their scope. They deal with such things as agriculture, hydrography, navigation, fisheries, land surveys, fruit-culture, and so on, while even such departments as the geological, the zoological, and the entomological are directed not so much towards the formation of museums or the increase of knowledge, as towards the compiling of reports on the most suitable lands for certain crops, the areas within which useful beasts are found, and the means whereby every manner of noxious "bug" may be circumvented in its attacks upon vegetation. The origin, constitution, work, and more especially the shortcomings of this great organised system of "Bureaus," have recently been dealt with in an American journal, from which the following particulars are extracted.

It seems that the organisation under which this great series of investigations has been conducted is more apparent than real. The scientific work of the Government is carried on by a number of agencies scattered through the various departments, often

without much logical relation to the other work they perform. Thus the Coast Survey, the Navigation Commission, the Marine Hospital Service, and the Life Saving Service are under the direction of the Treasury, while the Navy Department controls the National Observatory (as is the case here) and the Hydrographic Office. Distributed in this haphazard fashion, organised under broad and often indefinite laws, it not infrequently happens that two or more scientific bodies clash in respect of their functions. As a specimen of excessive duplication, it may be mentioned that there are four hydrographic offices situated under the control of as many different departments. There are also three separate and distinct agencies for measuring land—or, as the patriarchal phraseology of the Republic puts it, attending to the survey, sale, classification, and protection of the lands of the national domain. In this connexion, also, we begin to understand how it happens that so many excellent reports have appeared on the lake and river formation, watersheds, and soundings of America, when we read that “four or five agencies (including the Fish Commission and the Army Engineer Corps) have been engaged in making measurements and studies in the navigable rivers and great lakes during the last few years.”

An explanation of this curious state of things is found in the system under which most of these active and intelligent organisations arose. “Some Government official became deeply interested in a certain line of work bearing upon the development of the country, and after agitating the matter for several years he finally secured an appropriation from Congress authorising the investigation to be made in the department with which he was connected. Either the originator or some other friend of the scheme was put in charge of the work, and if it proved beneficial it received increased appropriations from year to year.” The result is, that a network of agencies, employing over 5,000 persons exclusive of those occupied on the census, has grown up, and is annually dispensing some eight millions of dollars. The writer from whom I have been quoting (*Science*, January 15) unfolds an elaborate scheme for consolidating and unifying all these agencies under one scientific department. Could such a scheme be carried through, there is little reason to doubt that the Government scientific work would be even more efficiently performed, and that all countries, our own included, would be benefited by being able to obtain from one definite source a series of admirable reports on almost every subject dealing with the vast mineral resources, products, geographical formations, and climatic peculiarities of the North American continent.

The faculty of constructing generalisations out of imperfect data is not confined to France, though it flourishes there in a peculiarly healthy manner. An instance which has recently come under my notice is a paper on vegetarianism by a certain M. Verrier, read before the Société

d’Ethnographie. M. Verrier had a doubly gratifying task, for he not only undertook to prove on very inadequate grounds that vegetarianism corrupted the physical and moral qualities of nations, but was able as well to rub in a few Anglophobic sentiments to illustrate his theory. Thus the easy conquest of India by British arms he attributed to an unwholesome abstinence from meat diet on the part of religious Hindoos, and the suppression (?) of the Irish was put down no less to an exclusive affection for potatoes. As for the Japanese, who notoriously batted upon rice down to a comparatively recent date, their sudden activity in the East was a crowning proof of M. Verrier’s remarkable doctrine, for it coincided in point of date with the establishment of a meat trade in the Japanese archipelago.

SIR MARTIN CONWAY’S paper on “The First Crossing of Spitzbergen” met, as might be expected, with a warm reception at the Royal Geographical Society last Tuesday. Before leaving home, Sir Martin said, he had read everything he could find relating to the observation of previous explorers, and the only result was that he found the interior of the country to be utterly different from all the ideas he had formed. Instead of a series of boggy coast valleys with an icy interior, they were confronted by an intricate and much intersected mountain region. The paper was taken up with a detailed account of the adventures and wanderings undergone by the party, and by graphic descriptions of the scenery in Sir Martin Conway’s own masterly manner. Photographic slides by Mr. Garwood and other members of the expedition illustrated the lecture. The next big item on the Royal Geographical Society’s programme is, of course, the Nansen address, for which, as I believe I have previously mentioned, the Albert Hall has been secured. The last time the Society indulged in this expansion was when it welcomed Mr. Stanley back from the futile Emin expedition, but even then there was nothing like the rush for seats that there has been to hear Nansen.

THE celebration of M. Hervé Faye’s jubilee as member of the French Academy of Sciences was a pleasant tribute to a wonderful old man. M. Faye bears his eighty-three years very lightly, and does not give the impression of one whose astronomical training was gained under Arago. In 1843 he discovered the septennial comet which bears his name, and to which mainly he owed his early election into the great scientific body of France. An interesting story is told of his efforts to escape public life, until Marshal McMahon finally compelled him to become an official candidate for Passy, and shortly after his election forced upon him the portfolio of Public Instruction. This backsliding was the object of a hostile demonstration on the part of M. Faye’s students at the Ecole Polytechnique, who, however, altered their tone to uproarious applause when the new Minister naïvely assured them that it was his intention to

resign at the earliest opportunity. M. Faye was made a grand officer of the Legion of Honour in 1889, and now he has had the Grand Cross presented to him. He is the author of numerous astronomical works, including a treatise on the “Origin of the World.”

PROBABLY few people expected to hear much that was new on the subject of liquid oxygen at the first Friday evening discourse of this session at the Royal Institution. For the rest, Prof. Dewar contrived an agreeable disappointment. Among the more interesting additions made to our knowledge of this fascinating fluid are the facts that its temperature is so invariable as to afford a standard, and that its optical and magnetic properties remain unchanged in the gaseous, liquid, and, probably, also the solid condition. An ingenious proof of the exact temperature of its boiling point was afforded by inserting a thermo-electric couple into a liquid boiling at +182° C., and another into the oxygen boiling at a supposed temperature of -182° C. The balancing of the resulting currents shows that the latter figure is correct.

PROF. DEWAR performed a pretty experiment, which is worth recording here, to show what depth of liquid was represented by our gaseous atmosphere. The air, as we know, extends upwards all round the globe to a distance of about five miles. Prof. Dewar had a tube fifty-two feet long hanging from the top of the building, in which was ordinary air. This represented about one five-hundredth of the height of the atmosphere. When the air in the tube was liquefied it collected at the bottom to a depth of about four-fifths of an inch. This multiplied by 500 will give the depth of the sea of liquid air in which we should be immersed if the earth became suddenly reduced to the temperature of interstellar space.

PROF. DEWAR gave an interesting account of the optical properties of oxygen, and of its effect at sunset and sunrise upon the lines of the solar spectrum. In this connexion it is amusing to recall a famous speech of Lord Salisbury’s at the British Association meeting of 1894, wherein his lordship argued that the stellar bodies could not all have a common origin, as was asserted, because neither oxygen nor nitrogen was revealed by the spectroscope in the constituents of the sun. The point of the contention on the part of a Churchman of the old school is obvious; but unluckily there is a very simple reason for the absence of lines showing these bodies. When the mixed vapour of metals and non-metallic elements are examined together in the spectroscope, it is a known fact that the latter are always overcome by the former. Silicon and carbon are the only bodies of the metalloid class which are strong enough to assert themselves in the solar spectrum. I am partially indebted for this instance to somebody whose book I have recently read. Who it is, I have forgotten.

H. C. M.

MUSIC.

THE performance of "Die Meistersinger" at the Garrick Theatre last Friday week was an event of considerable importance. The Carl Rosa Company has given Wagner's opera in the provinces for some time, but a London performance is a kind of hall-mark. It is easy, and moreover true, to say that operas are heard to best advantage in the language in which they were set by composers—French in French, German in German, and so on—that is, if the audience understand whatever language is being sung; otherwise a fair translation will give far more satisfaction. Education and travel have certainly increased the number of English who read and understand German; but there are still thousands who have not enjoyed similar opportunities; and to these, such performances of Wagner in English are certainly welcome.

THE stage of the Garrick Theatre is not large enough for the trial-scene of the first act, the street fight of the second, or the processions of the third, or, as it is called, fourth act. David's order to the 'prentices to "make smaller the stage" for the "Trial" had indeed in it a touch of irony. The stage manager, however, deserves all possible praise for the display he was able to effect within such limited space. Then, again, the orchestra was not large enough to render proper justice to Wagner's music; but here, again, the conductor, Herr Eckhold, achieved excellent results with the means at his command. Every excuse had to be made for a man who entered thoroughly into the meaning of the music; and the spirit in which he worked made amends for whatever was lacking in the letter.

THERE were cuts which in a work of this kind are always of bad effect, for they interfere with the composer's intentions, which ought always to be respected. Even great composers, however, often merely followed custom, or yielded to wishes prompted by the vanity of vocalists; in such cases there were no proper intentions, and a cut here and there did no harm, sometimes, indeed, good. Wagner, by the length of his works, has sorely tried the patience of managers, especially here in England, where the hour of commencement is so late. In Germany they open much earlier, and the same will have to be done here if Wagner is ever to be properly understood and appreciated. His works do *not* appear long when given in full, and under proper conditions. Cuts in most cases make them actually appear longer; for they break the continuity of the story, and thereby the continuity of interest of attentive listeners.

THE motive for cutting, however mistaken, is now, as a rule, a good one. Years ago—in the so-called good olden times—it was otherwise. When Mozart's "Don Juan" was produced in London in 1817 it was announced that the opera would be "much abridged," to make room for the ballet, a necessary part of the evening's "entertainment." But it should be noted that in the book of

words printed for that production of Mozart's masterpiece the lines omitted were carefully marked with inverted commas. Modern managers, so long as they feel cutting to be necessary, might well imitate so excellent an example.

Of the performers in the "Mastersingers," to give it its English title, I would mention Mr. Hedmond (Walther), Mr. Ludwig (Sachs), Mr. H. Lind (Beckmesser), and Mr. F. Wood (David), who entered thoroughly into the spirit of their respective rôles. Miss A. Esty as Eva was fairly satisfactory; she was not able to realise all her good intentions. The rendering of the difficult Beckmesser part by Mr. H. Lind really deserves note. The pedant in the play is serious enough, serious in his love, in his vanity, and in his ambition, but he causes laughter in others. I will not say that the actor never exaggerated, never *tried* to raise a laugh, but there was very little indeed to complain of. The whole company—actors and chorus—deserve praise for the heartiness and ensemble of their acting; no one seemed to be working for his own glory, but for the total effect of the piece. That the Carl Rosa company attempted such a difficult and complex work at all redounds to their credit. They did not come to London to show us how Wagner's opera should be given, but how a travelling company could manage to give it in the provinces; and they deserved and have obtained a favourable verdict.

MME. TERESINA TUA (Comtesse de Franchi-Verney) gave a violin recital at St. James's Hall on Monday afternoon. As a girl she made her first appearance here in 1889, and showed good promise of becoming an accomplished artist; and that promise has been fulfilled. Her performance of the violin part of Brahms' Sonata in A (Op. 100) was most refined and artistic; the pianoforte part was sympathetically interpreted by Mrs. Fanny Davies. Mme. Tua also performed Mendelssohn's violin concerto in most able manner. Her playing showed the influence of Joachim, while in the speed at which she took the Finale, also in one or two little mannerisms, she reminded me of Sarasate. The programme included solos for violin and for pianoforte. It was altogether a most pleasant concert.

BEETHOVEN's pianoforte Sonata in B flat (Op. 106) is not often performed, and for this there are two good reasons: it is very long and very difficult. M. Eugen d'Albert certainly played it two seasons ago, but, to the best of my remembrance, it had not, until then, been heard in London for many years; the last performance at the Popular Concerts—according to Mr. Chappell's catalogue—was as far back as 1869. Mr. Frederic Lamond gave it at his second pianoforte recital on Tuesday afternoon. His technique was excellent, and in each movement he displayed intellectual gifts of a high order. The emotional element was not lacking; and yet there were moments in which more warmth and tenderness would have been acceptable. The reading of the wonderful *Adagio* was Mr. Lamond's finest effort. While he was

playing this long though never tedious movement, my thoughts turned back to another of the master's slow movements, namely the *Largo* in D minor of the Sonata in D (Op. 10, No. 3). Between the two there is deep affinity; they are both pre-eminently sad, though in each there are rays, however mild, of hope and consolation. But in the later music there is greater intensity and sublimity; and as in the thoughts and feelings, so is there a corresponding change in the mode by which they are expressed. In the *Largo* Beethoven confides his sorrows to the household instrument; in the *Adagio* the pianoforte seems to have almost the colour and life of an orchestra; and yet the writing is perfectly legitimate.

THE concluding Fugue, interpreted, by the way, with rare skill and vigour, is an extraordinary composition; it is bold, learned, and, to pianists, most interesting, though not on the same inspired level as the three preceding movements. When the Sonata first appeared in London it was published in two separate parts: the first ended with the Scherzo played *after* the *Adagio*; the second consisted of the short *Largo* followed by the Fugue. And this was done with Beethoven's consent. Why, then, should these parts not sometimes be played thus separately? The Sonata, as I have said, is very long. An attempt is occasionally made to shorten it—as on the present occasion—by omitting the repeat in the opening Allegro. This, however, in my opinion, is detrimental to the movement, and, after all, only about five minutes are saved.

MR. LAMOND played a group of short solos. Field's naïve and graceful Nocturne in A was delightfully rendered. Chopin's "Barcarolle" in F sharp and "Polonaise" in A flat were in many ways excellent, and yet the full poetry of the music was not revealed. As compared, however, with the C minor Nocturne at the first recital there was a great improvement.

THE present moment is one specially fitted to render honour to Schubert, and Mr. Lamond might well have included one of the Sonatas or the "Wanderer" Fantasia in his programmes. Instead of this he presents the master's music touched up—I ought to say spoilt—by Liszt and Tausig. On Tuesday he played the Schubert-Liszt *Mélodie Hongroise*, a lovely theme followed by vulgar virtuosic variations. Liszt seems to have been a genuine admirer of Schubert's music, but his way of showing his admiration for the master was, to put it mildly, peculiar. And not only Schubert, but Weber, Chopin, and, if Berlioz may be trusted, also Beethoven suffered at his hands. Liszt's good and great deeds atone, to some extent, for these transgressions, but why need pianists perpetuate them?

A FORTNIGHT ago I named Ferdinand Schubert as responsible for the orchestration of the Schubert's pianoforte part of the "Song of Miriam." I ought to have said Franz Lachner. J. S. S.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DISCOUNT v. NET SYSTEM.

London: Jan. 25.

I am glad to learn that Mr. Edward Arnold has decided to abandon the net-price system in the case of school-books. We should feel especially gratified at this step, for some of the best educational publications in the market are to be found among those issued by his house, notably the British Classics and Shakespeare Series, edited by Mr. Churton Collins. Several of the Shakespeare plays, indeed—the “Lear,” “Hamlet,” “Richard III.,” and “King John”—contain much fresh and original work. It is within my certain knowledge that a very large proportion of head masters practically boycott the publications of those firms which adhere to the recently instituted net-system, and as Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Longmans, Bell, and the two University Presses continue to recognise the claims of immemorial usage and to publish school-books on the time-honoured discount principle, it is easy enough to do so. The fact is, that in the great majority of schools the book supply is regarded as a regular, and by no means contemptible, source of income. Whether the custom is immoral or not is a delicate question in ethics which I do not feel disposed to discuss, because that is no concern of the publisher. For a few publishers to enter upon a crusade against the practice may be magnificent, but it is not business; and even though all existing publishers of educational works were to unite in such a movement, the only result would be that an excellent opening would be offered for new houses to start on the discount terms that have been so long recognised. The shame of the practice, if any shame there be, lies at the door, not of the school-master, but of the country which permits the financial position of a very large number of its schools to be so precarious that those who conduct them have to utilise every possible avenue of profit in order to make ends meet.

SCHOOLMASTER.

LEIGH HUNT.

Bebington: Jan. 19.

Probably I am not the only reader of the ACADEMY who regretted that your article on the “Academy Picture” last week was so serious a Depreciation of Leigh Hunt. The writer has surely done him less than justice. He calls him superficial. On a superficial acquaintance he may appear so, and there are one or two significant omissions from the article which lead me to think your contributor has not given him any close attention—probably not thinking he was worth it. For instance, the Leigh Hunt of the *Examiner*—who was imprisoned because he had the courage of his convictions—is not so much as named. Again, Hunt’s high-water mark as a poet is said to be indicated by a pretty bit of verse, which your contributor, justly enough, terms a “trifle,” while the one real poem Hunt wrote—“Abouben Adhem”—is not named. One of whom it can be said “his critical faculty was sound, and, although he could not make great and beautiful things himself, he was the first to point to the beautiful things of others,” could not have been utterly superficial. “The Religion of the Heart” is not only not superficial, but serves to refute the statement that he could not make beautiful things himself. Those who study Leigh Hunt and his writings find that, just as his light and airy manner covered a pure and sterling character, so his equally light and airy literary touch clothed solid wisdom. Leigh Hunt’s “capital,” says your contributor, consisted of “a sunny, optimistic temperament, a charming fancy, and

a quick discernment of excellence.” This is much, but if it were all, seeing his work was chiefly journalistic, however popular it might have been in its own day, it must have been forgotten before now. Yet Leigh Hunt’s fame as a man of letters grows rather than vanishes. His “capital” included not only an exquisite literary style, but what is more important—clear insight, scholarship, and truthfulness. I venture to say that, however trivial his subject, Leigh Hunt himself, in the way he treats it, is never utterly trivial. He refreshes the mind. He stimulates thought. He refines and ennobles. If his books were such as your contributor thinks, one reading of them would suffice; but they gain on re-reading. Carlyle, who was hard to please, saw in Leigh Hunt “a man of most indisputably superior worth; a man of genius in a very strict sense of that word, and in all the senses which it bears and implies; of brilliant, varied gifts, of clearness, lovingness, truthfulness; of child-like, open character.”

I am sorry the ACADEMY, at this late day, has renewed the cruel slander which links Leigh Hunt with Harold Skimpole. Dickens himself protested emphatically against the suggestion of their identity, and the exact truth of the case has been stated by John Forster. The whimsical manner of Skimpole was drawn from Leigh Hunt—nothing more. There the resemblance ends, absolutely and finally. It insults Dickens’s literary ability, as well as Hunt’s memory, to suggest anything else. The keeping of the diary was drawn from Haydon. Leigh Hunt was strenuous, hardworking, sincere, honourable. He was Dickens’s own intimate friend; and Dickens, of all men, could never have held friendship with such an ungrateful and treacherous hypocrite as Harold Skimpole. In these days persons of the Skimpole type are pleasantly forgiven because of the peculiarities of their “artistic temperament”; but Dickens was a man who always gave hypocrisy its true name.

The misfortune is, that no sufficient biography of Leigh Hunt has ever been produced. I always thought my friend, the late James Ashcroft Noble, should have written it. His temperament and gifts were akin in many ways to those of Hunt, and peculiarly fitted him for the task. More than once I urged it upon him, and believe he was disposed to attempt it. Alas! it had to be postponed to the urgent calls of the hour, and now it is too late. He has, however, left us, in *The Sonnet in England and Other Essays*, one of the best brief studies of Leigh Hunt which has yet appeared.

WALTER LEWIN.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

The Laureate’s
“Conversion of
Winckelmann,
and other
Poems.” (Mac-
millan.)

“A CLEVER piece of Brown-ingesque execution,” the *Spectator* pronounces, “but not a poem in which it is possible to take great pleasure . . . ; a clever *tour de force*, though it has but little of Mr. Browning’s curt and very rough-shod genius. . . . Mr. Austin is more himself in his rural studies. Some parts of the translation of the second Georgic are delicate and happy. . . . Perhaps the most taking poem in the volume is . . . ‘The Silent Muse.’” “Was ever versifier so vain as this one?” the *Pall Mall* passionately demands, apropos of this very poem. “. . . Really this attitude of regarding himself as ‘a serious poet’ . . . is too ridiculous to pass.” But “his Muse, if entirely pedestrian, is not always inept.” “Winckelmann

seems to the critic ‘unreal as a picture of a mental struggle, . . . but there is some appreciation of artistic or archaeological feeling in it. . . . With every wish to be polite, we cannot affect to regard the book as a serious contribution—even to contemporary poetry.” “The strength of the verse” in “Winckelmann,” says the *Daily News*, “is the more remarkable that it is unwonted. . . . It is impossible to affect ignorance as to the source of his new power.” But “in official verse Mr. Austin succeeds no better than those who have gone before him.” In the handling of the Winckelmann theme the *Standard* declares that the writer has displayed “the instinct of a perfect craftsman. . . . In the finer qualities of thought and feeling the volume will commend itself to the favour of lovers of English verse.”

“Monologues of
the Dead.” By
G. W. Stevens.
(Methuen.)

THE idea of taking a character from antiquity, such as Cicero or Caligula or Themistocles, and imagining

him to soliloquise, usually at the moment of his death or in some violent crisis, the *St. James’s Gazette* can imagine to have been possible “for Landor or Renan. But Mr. Stevens has approached a task wholly beyond his powers. . . . That he knows his classics is apparent, but learning is not sufficient to give vitality to a conception;” and, lest he should seem dull, “he seasons his pages with astounding vulgarisms. We are ready sometimes to fancy that we are reading Mr. Jerome K. Jerome turned pedant; but that is an injustice to Mr. Jerome, who would always contrive to be more entertaining than this. . . . We cannot congratulate Mr. Stevens on his attempt to edit Suetonius for the ‘Pink Un.’” To his “wide and vital scholarship,” according to the *Pall Mall*, “Mr. Stevens unites a vivid and intense dramatic feeling and a strong power of expression. . . . The effect is sometimes splendid, sometimes bizarre, but always amazingly clever.” “Irresponsible humour, buoyant vivacity, facile suggestiveness,” says the *National Observer*, “. . . are the qualities which make the charm of this fascinating book. . . . By far the greatest achievement is the account given by Ariaramnes of the march of Cyrus the Great against the Massagetae. . . . But this is an exception to the light play of fancy . . . that, with all its apposite allusiveness, is never weighted by . . . antiquarian pedantry.”

“Palladia.”
By Mrs. Hugh
Fraser.
(Macmillan.)

THE “case-hardened reviewer” of the *Daily Telegraph* declares that “this complicated but fascinating story of love and intrigue, cunning and malice . . . is even better than *The Brown Ambassador*”; the promise of which is in *Palladia* fulfilled, says the *National Observer*: “We have here a romance of thrilling interest, and if the plot be unconvincing, and the incidents improbable, they do but follow the good old traditions of romance.” These incidents are by the *Speaker* said to be “always striking and often novel.”

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REVIEWS.

LORD ROBERTS'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Forty-one Years in India: From Subaltern to Commander-in-Chief. By Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, V.C. (Bentley & Son.)

"I WAS one of the lucky few."

This brief sentence, in which Lord Roberts modestly dismisses his part in that famous storming of the Shah-najaf at Lucknow, where, in final challenge to success, the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Colin Campbell, himself led the attack, gives the keynote to this Symphony "Eroica" in two volumes; for from start to finish the record contained in them is one of unbroken, buoyant disregard of difficulty, of irresistible good fortune. To proclaim this as the most salient feature of this delightful autobiography is not in any way to discount the ability, the untiring energy which has, as it were, seized on success and held it hard; it is simply to show the wisdom of Tommy Atkins in his devotion to the leader whom he loves, in reverent familiarity, to call "little Bobs." For, as the fighting legions of Rome held, good fortune is the first qualification of a soldier; and here we have a record of forty-one years' service without a scratch, without a greater shadow of reverse than that which compelled the British force to dignified retreat within the walls of Shergur. And of that Lord Roberts can write, after eighteen years of fuller experience, that he has

"failed to discover that any disposition of my force different from what I made could have

had better results, or that what did occur could have been averted by greater forethought . . . two deviations from my programme (which probably at the time appeared unimportant to the commanders in question) were the principal factors in bringing about the unfortunate occurrence."

The above extract, however, does not only serve to show the most striking feature of the book—namely, the well-founded and vigorous self-confidence which constitutes a leader of men—it also sets clearly before us the kindly, generous consideration for others which keeps these thousand and odd pages free from an unkind word—free, even from merited blame—save, oddly enough, for one unhappy, and not altogether blame-worthy, civilian!

As an autobiography, then, Lord Roberts's book is a wholesome tonic, especially in these dismal winter days. As we follow the fortunes of a frank youngster to whom, ere he was five and twenty, the full confidence of such men as John Nicholson was apparently given; who bore a charmed life in the deadliest of campaigns; and who, when it was over, refused even to take the smallpox from which his room-fellow died, we feel that summer may come at any moment. We are in a world of miracles. Here is one:

"I descried in the distance two Sepoys making off with a standard, which I determined must be captured. So I rode after the rebels. . . . While wrenching the staff out of the hands of one of them, whom I cut down, the other put his musket close to my body and fired; fortunately for me it missed fire, and I carried off the standard."

And, of course, a well-deserved Victoria Cross also.

Here is another:

"My greyhound put up an antelope—so close that Watson with his sword gashed his quarter. Off he started, and we after him full speed."

Two reckless lads, briefly, after a wounded quarry in an enemy's country, until, after some miles,

"we beheld moving towards us from our front a body of the enemy's cavalry. We were in an awkward position."

Very; for their horses had to be retreated slowly to give them a chance of regaining breath before the mad ride for life which seemed imminent—inevitable, indeed, when the enemy was seen to open out and prepare to charge.

"We thought our last hour was come . . . we bade each other good-bye . . . agreeing that neither was to wait for the other, when lo! the horsemen vanished as though the ground had opened and swallowed them. . . . What we had seen was simply a mirage."

As one reads this, hey presto! the dulness which has invaded one's very brain becomes a mirage also. The world grows young, and we are young too. The dictionary on the writing-table holds no such word as fail. We put on our goloshes cheerfully, and go out to buy yet one more wreath of bay for a man who, after doing brave deeds for forty years, can sit down and write of

them with a pen almost as skilful as his sword.

So much for the book as a mere autobiography. It has, however, a much more serious side as an account, at first hand, of the two most important events of later Indian history—the Mutiny and the Kabul war. Of the former it may be said, briefly, that while Lord Roberts adds many graphic touches to the well-known picture, it remains, in composition and chiaro-oscuro, very much as we have been accustomed to see it—namely, a sharply contrasted duel between virtue and vice, murder and manliness. This is to be deplored, since Lord Roberts—in a summary which appears from internal evidence to have been added later—admits freely that the famous cartridges were, at first, actually coated with the defiling tallow, and that therefore the commanding officers by denying this (in natural ignorance and disbelief of almost incredible fact) did give the Sepoys ample grounds for the panic-stricken distrust of their rulers' honesty, which led to the Mutiny. Had this and his other admissions regarding our lamentable lack of comprehension been incorporated with his account of the outbreak at Meerut, there would have been no possibility of their being overlooked or underestimated.

The extreme difficulty, however, of justly estimating the inner bearings of outward facts in the turmoil of '57 may be shown once and for all by Lord Roberts's strictly accurate account of the circumstances of Col. Spottiswoode's suicide. This officer, we gather from the narrative, shot himself when it became palpably necessary to disarm the regiment he had trusted. He did. Yet he did not shoot himself from disappointment in it, or despair at his own credulity. There was another factor in the tragedy, which Lord Roberts omits. He had, rightly or wrongly, given a solemn promise to his men that they should not be disarmed; and when—with a brigade marching on them for the purpose—they came to their colonel and upbraided him, there seemed no other course whereby to vindicate his own truth, his own honour. In this incident it will be observed the bare facts remain the same, but the knowledge of motive changes mere personal despair and moral cowardice into, maybe, a last supreme effort to make men believe and remain loyal. And so, to the present writer, it seems in many another incident. The balance is held justly enough; but the weights are made in England.

In the majority of cases, and, of course, in the purely military problems, it is perhaps right that this should be so. For instance, the question as to whether Meerut could have helped Delhi on that fatal night of May 10 is one on which Lord Roberts's opinion must carry great weight, though such weight is due solely to his subsequent experience as a commander, since he speaks only from hearsay. Perhaps he is right in holding that the forty—or thirty-five—miles of straight white road between Delhi and Meerut was an impassable barrier; but what of that shorter one? What of the twenty-five feet or so of metallised mail which lay between the north side of the

Meerut cantonment where two thousand Englishmen were bivouacked, and the south side where roof-trees were blazing, and women and children screaming for help? Surely someone might have been spared to still these cries and restore order in Meerut itself? Lord Roberts does not touch on this question, and perhaps he is right. It is a sorry subject, though in the face of all the concentrated valour of these two volumes it is one no Englishman need fear to ask.

The *pros* and *cons* of the assault on Delhi are, again, as debatable now as they were when all India hung on the verdict, and men like Hodson, Medley, Baird-Smith, and many another, hungered for advance; but of the fact that on June 8, after Badli-ki Sarai, Delhi was absolutely unprepared for assault or resistance, and that the fugitive Sepoys were running into the city with their message of defeat and out of it again by the southern gates there can be *no possible doubt*.

There is, however, one much-disputed point in the last scene of the Delhi drama on which Lord Roberts speaks with a degree of certainty and authority which cannot be overlooked.

"A report," he says, "was circulated that a large number of men . . . were disgracefully drunk. . . . I did not see a single drunken man throughout the day of the assault, although, as I have related, I visited every position held by our troops within the walls of the city."

This is very strong evidence, coming as it does from one who—it has been inferred by some critics—was specially sent round by Sir Archdale Wilson to report on the matter. It directly contradicts the accounts given by Capt. Ireland and a score of other eye-witnesses, and seems incompatible with Major Hodson's remark, written five days after the assault, that

"the troops were utterly demoralised by hard work and hard drink."

The natural inference, reconciling these statements, would be that the drunkenness occurred after the assault, were it not that Major Hodson directly attributes Nicholson's death—and that of four other officers killed during the assault—to this demoralisation. Again, we have the official fact that whatever report *was* made resulted in an urgent general order, dated the very morning after, directing the destruction of all liquor to be found. And that—as the chaplain writes regretfully—despite the fact that wine and brandy were urgently needed for hospital work. So the truth must remain, like many another, with two sides to the shield.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the book, however, is that where Lord Roberts gives his views as to the prospect of another mutiny, and of the present causes of dissatisfaction among the natives. And here it is curious to find his shrewdness hitting on one cause without his apparently knowing the reason of the objection. This is our Forest law. The fact being that any interference with fruit trees has in India been for ages the touchstone of tyranny on the part of a ruler, so that their taxation has come to be considered a legitimate rag of

revolt. Not long ago, for instance, before the marking of trees which a few years back caused so much alarm, this doctrine was largely preached about Benares by religious mendicants, and it is quite possible that the subsequent smearing of mangoes was an effort to make the populace believe that the trees were being marked with a view to taxation.

In regard to the remedy for these dissatisfactions Lord Roberts has much of solid good sense to say; but, in effect, all suggestions are subservient to a calm acceptance of the fact that there must needs be dissatisfaction. India at present may be best likened to a nursery during the periodical invasions of Master Tommy from school. Emancipated Tommy, free of tuck-shops, rebellious against kindly despotism, clamorous for jam at tea, railing against autocratic nurse, who with an eye to the future digestions of her younger charges declines to allow unlimited brandy-balls and general freedom. The result to the babes (who look up to Tommy as a glorified self) being tears. To quit simile, it is inevitable that our highly educated native youth should feel itself unduly limited; inevitable that those still in tutelage should join in like outcry. So, to a certain extent, our safety lies in autocracy, in remembering that the one *raison d'être* of our existence in India is tutelage.

There are many other topics touched on in these volumes which deserve a careful survey. The mere account of the celebrated march from Kandahar to Kabul would in itself require pages for adequate review. Lord Roberts himself, we observe, agrees with those who, while applauding it to the uttermost as a masterly exposition of what a picked force can do, fails to think it by any means his greatest achievement. And in this he shows his usual judgment. For, after all, Sir Donald Stewart's previous march from Kandahar to Kabul was more difficult. It was over a then unknown road, on which supplies, instead of being plentiful, were scarce, and in the teeth of opposition which culminated at Ahmed Kheyl. The difference in time—twenty-four as against sixteen days—may seem considerable, but it dwindles actually before the remembrance that the march was made, not by picked battalions, but by a force burdened by unnecessary camp followings, defective transport, and an elephant battery. It was, indeed, the slow progress of the latter over the passes which prompted Tommy Atkins's well-known conundrum as to its title No. 5, 11, of which the answer runs: "Beco's it starts at five in the mornin' and don't get in till eleven at night!"

Still, if military exploits are to be judged less by their intrinsic difficulty than by their value to the nation at large, there can be no doubt that merit as well as good fortune makes the name on the title-page of this stirring book Lord Roberts of Kandahar. In closing it we are left with a vague wonder as to how, in the piping times of peace which arbitration is introducing to the civilised world, we shall replace that stern teaching of danger and death which trained the men of whom we have just read with so much admiration.

FLORA ANNIE STEEL.

SERIOUS SUBJECTS.

Common Thoughts on Serious Subjects: Addresses to Older Kumars of the Rajkumar College, Kathiawar. By the late Chester Macnaghten. (Murray.)

The Sermon on the Mount: a Practical Exposition. By Charles Gore, Canon of Westminster, &c. (Murray.)

It may not be at first sight evident why these two books should admit of being reviewed in one article. The late Mr. Chester Macnaghten, as principal of a college for the education of the sons of Rajput princes, delivered his addresses to an audience which did not profess the religion of himself and Canon Gore; he was severely debarred from the teaching of Christian doctrine: he could but appeal for the sanction of his moral precepts and counsels, urged upon young Hindus, to the name of "God," and to the higher meanings of that in their own faith. Canon Gore also is concerned solely with the moral law in wide practical application; but his purpose is to demonstrate the illumination and the potency given to the moral law through that dogmatic fact, Christ both human and divine. Mr. Macnaghten was restricted to a literary incidental use of Christian moral teaching; to quotation from Thomas à Kempis, or Robertson of Brighton, side by side with the sages and scriptures of ancient India, and from such indeterminate moralists of the West as Emerson, Carlyle, Arnold. Time and time again you feel his own longing to let his own definite Christianity break forth, and give its divine point to what he is saying; you see him comforting himself with the thought common to the nobler Christians of all ages, that God is nowhere and never without witness, even among idolatries and delusions of belief. Faith, Prayer, Duty, Gentleness, Truth, Courage, Friendship, Purity, Home, Time, Money, Manners—these and such like are his themes, treated with singular beauty and nobility of tone; they tend towards the formation of a chivalrous character in the descendants of proud and lawless princes: *noblesse oblige*, and Mr. Macnaghten expounds to the utmost the meaning of the words. The results of his long labours in the Rajkumar College of Kathiawar have been admirable: he has trained some of the truest gentlemen among the Rajput nobles of to-day not to be spurious Englishmen, but to be high-minded Hindus, public-spirited, refined, responsible. That Prince Ranjitsinhji was one of his pupils, in cricket as in other things, shows the wholesome and vigorous catholicity of his aims and powers. Reading this book, we think of Sir Alfred Lyall's *Rajput Chief of the Old School*:

"The English say I govern ill,
That laws must silence spear and gun,
So may my peaceful subjects till;
But peaceful subjects have I none.
I can but follow my father's rule;
I cannot learn in an English school;
Yet the hard world softens, and change is best,
My sons must leave the ancient ways,
The folk are weary, the land shall rest,
And the gods are kind, for I end my days."

These addresses are like the finest sermons, preached by the wisest masters, at any of the English public schools, in the strength and winningness of their morality, in knowledge of youth and of life, in the inspiration of the personality behind them: they are magnificent examples of "undenominational" religious teaching which leans upon the dogmatic facts of no creed, but upon the loftiest moral teaching of all creeds, in the universal name of God. And to Mr. Macnaghten himself, good as he saw his work to be, yet this inevitable vagueness or eclecticism was a sore grief: to take the best from the Vedas, the Bible, the Koran, the Stoics, the saints, the men of science and philosophy, the heroes and the poets, that he might establish a kind of ecumenical sanction and consensus for moral truths, which in Christianity alone found their plenary consecration—that troubled him. The moral sanctity of life, at home and abroad, the sense of personal and social responsibility, was what he chiefly impressed upon the young Kumars; and he could not, in honour, "rise to the height of that great argument" by appealing to the faith that was in him. He might speak of Christ, but only as he spoke of Socrates, Confucius, Mohammed, Buddha: he might call him godlike, but not God.

It is just here that Canon Gore has the unspeakable advantage over Mr. Macnaghten. There is not a clause in the Sermon on the Mount which cannot be paralleled from earlier sources: there is no teaching in it which Mr. Macnaghten has not pressed upon his Hindu pupils. And there are plenty of Christians who find in its "simple morality" the whole of Christianity. What matters, they say, *Homoisation* or *Homoisation*: the Sermon on the Mount is enough. They ignore the fact that the Sermon derives its unique significance and palmary distinction from the Personality of the Preacher: they are "the Mountites," so called by the artist Samuel Palmer, because they "use our blessed Lord's sermon as a wall behind which to skulk, while they are throwing stones at St. Paul"—i.e., at dogmatic faith. Mr. Gore, bit by bit, scrutinises the teaching of the Sermon "in the light of the Incarnation," and of all its consequences regarding the relations of God and man. He is not content to take the Beatitudes, the Lord's Prayer, the precepts of the Sermon as isolated utterances, disconnected from the whole province or kingdom of Christian belief; they must be interpreted according to the analogy of the faith, and made to yield their full contents in harmony with that. Mr. Gore is peculiarly successful in his reverent familiarising of Scripture, his treatment of it as the word of the Living Word, and therefore ever fresh, new, practical, applicable; he has none of that fatal slavery to the letter, which has turned oriental imagery and ancient custom into matter of literal observance for all time, whilst the inner soul and spirit are neglected. And it is upon social aspects of Christianity that he most dwells, since it is barely possible to conceive of any other; the Incarnation brought about a divine solidarity of mankind, as brother members of their Head, so that

what pantheism destroyed, while it desired—true union of God and man—has become operative and real in Christ. Here is the faith which Mr. Macnaghten held so firmly, yet could but adumbrate or suggest from afar to his Hindu listeners; a strength of personal union with the Divinity in a divine society, a fellowship in positive fact, neither metaphor nor a aspiration.

Mr. Gore's book, though richly suggestive, is slight in extent; and it prompts the wish that he would undertake a scientific study of Christian ethics and casuistry from his Anglican position. Anglican theology is poor, indeed, in this department: Taylor's *Ductor Dubitantium*, Saunderson's *De Conscientia*, with a few more, are works of note; but this poverty is in strange contrast with the wealth both of English moral philosophy and of Roman Catholic moral theology. Casuistry has a bad name, which, *teste Christo*, does not prove it a bad thing: but we are all casuists every day. Casuistry is but the codification of moral laws, grouping instances and exceptions and qualifications under various heads, with appeals to authority and to precedent, yet with an eye to possibilities and new necessities, to cases that might or may arise. Mr. Gore, in his applications of first principles and permanent commandments to the circumstances of the age, is constantly throwing out subtle suggestions and adding noteworthy instances, which would come with greater force were they parts of a systematic treatise. For ethics are not simple at all; the ethical sense, the royalty of conscience, have an august simplicity in their essence; but the multitude and multiplicity of particular occasions for their exercise are far from simple. We want definitions, distinctions, differentiating and discriminating decisions.

When, if ever, is a lie not a lie? Both these books contain a special note upon that vexed famous question, and neither Mr. Gore nor Mr. Macnaghten, in discussion with his pupils, finds a satisfactory answer. May we tell a lie to misguide an intending murderer? Mr. Jowett, so Mr. Gore tells us, used to say: "I suppose I should tell the lie, but I had rather not think about it beforehand or justify it afterwards." Newman, characteristically, calls that "the unscientific way of dealing with lies," and states it in words almost identical with Mr. Jowett's: "It is a necessary frailty, and had better not be thought about before it is incurred, and not thought of again after it is well over." This view, he says, "cannot for a moment be defended, but, I suppose, it is very common." An Indian authority, quoted by Mr. Macnaghten, lays down the law that a lie for just cause is permissible, but the liar must "ask pardon of God." Doubtless, this particular question is a somewhat unique *crux* in ethics: but almost all moral questions admit easily and often of like entanglements. Cases of dual and divided duty, as in collision between Church and State, conscience and law, society and the individual, must admit of logical solution, if ethical science or moral theology be more than an academic theorising or abstract speculation. Rough-and-ready maxims do not help us in special cases: "The distressed general," says Mr. Stevenson,

"the baited divine, the hesitating author, decide severally to do what Napoleon, what St. Paul, what Shakespeare would have done; and there remains only the minor question, *What is that?*"

Broadly, we know the right thing to do; but it is hard to discern what allowances to make for the particular, peculiar, especial circumstances of the case in the form of it that confronts us. For in every instance of a moral problem there is some exceptional and individual element of uncertainty, which may be the most trifling of scruples, yet may also be the very core and kernel of the whole matter. Mr. Jowett, in his disheartening "Essay on Casuistry," writes: "A tender conscience is a conscience unequal to the duties of life." But a robust conscience is often one which rides rudely over half the delicacies and refinements of morality, declining to be "bothered with scruples." Modern commercial life, to say nothing of political, abounds in such convenient consciences. The complexity of life, which is ever increasing, requires an equivalent complexity or thorough catholicity of ethical doctrine. Mr. Gore gives us plenty of illustrations, and an excellent brief analysis of what the "new commandments" of Christianity entail upon us, what is the distinctive Christian character, habit of mind and soul, practical attitude towards the world and its circumstances: but we should greatly welcome something more detailed. Not, indeed, such a work as was done by the much maligned Jesuit Fathers of the seventeenth century, who wrote mainly in *usum confessorum*; yet a treatise of Christian ethics methodically, even dryly, handled. Sermons, and essays upon moral matters, are wont to be rather formative in tendency than informative: they quicken the conscience into a desire to do right, but they cannot help in the actual cases and necessities of action that severally present themselves. No doubt there are those who rely upon systematic ethical helps, as a traveller upon his guide-book, with no initiative of their own; but even that extreme is better than the extreme of indifference. It is significant that the First Council met to decide not a point of dogmatic faith, but of moral discipline: a point affecting "tender consciences." And no one can say that our times show any tendency to the sin of scrupulosity: rather, we are apt to trust in that vague thing, a progressive sense of moral obligation, a widening recognition of social responsibility in which a general good feeling, based upon sentiment, takes the place of a definite and authoritative Christian law. Christianity did not invent morality, but gave it a vivifying interpretation and expansion through the person and office of Christ. This, upon which Canon Gore insists, and which Mr. Macnaghten felt to be the salt and sustenance of moral training, is endangered by sole reliance upon the diffusion of philanthropic impulse. The realities which Canon Gore has, to use an old word, so well "expiscated" from the *Sermon on the Mount*, supply pith and sap to our wills: he lays them before us, not as mere beautiful sublimities or counsels of perfection, but as perdurable principles

which *must* have a meaning and a message for our day and its accidents. And for all the world as well as for those whose characters were so finely influenced by the strong and gentle character of Mr. Macnaghten.

A LADY-TRAVELLER IN AFRICA.

Travels in West Africa—Congo Français, Corisco, and Cameroons. By Mary H. Kingsley. Illustrated. (Macmillans.)

THIS is more than an ordinary book of travel. In the first place, Miss Kingsley's personal achievements are considerably above the average both in point of novelty and endurance; and in the second, the information which she conveys is a genuine and important contribution to our knowledge of the regions with which she deals.

In brief, Miss Kingsley has navigated without any European escort or attendant the dangerous course of the Upper Ogowé River; crossed the country between the Ogowé and the Rembwé, traversing forest and swamp and penetrating the villages of the cannibal Fans, where no white man, and not even a coloured trader, had set foot before her; and ascended the great Peak of Cameroons which rises for 13,760 feet above sea level. In this latter exploit she had been anticipated by twenty-seven persons, of whom two were of English blood. The more solid results of Miss Kingsley's excursions and investigations are conveyed partly in the form of appendices and partly in the form of the "subject" chapters with which her narrative is interspersed. The specimens of reptiles, fish, insects, plants and grasses, which she brought home with her, are duly classified and arranged in appendices by Dr. Günther and Mr. W. F. Kirby, both of the British Museum. She herself contributes appendices on "Trade and Labour," and "Disease," in West Africa. Within the 627 pages of the text are included her own observations of the manners, industries, language, and religious beliefs of the native tribes—especially the Fans—chiefly grouped in the chapters on "Fetish"; and an interesting account of the achievements of Du Chaillu and De Brazza, and of French administration and French ambitions in West Africa, is given in the chapter headed "Congo Français." The Cameroons, and other West Coast settlements, although they are not treated so fully, are not neglected.

It is impossible to do more than thus indicate in outline the ground covered by Miss Kingsley's volume; but it is both possible and desirable to add that the information which she gives is drawn from her own personal observation, and that she has twice visited the West Coast of Africa for considerable periods. In all cases she frankly states the evidence upon which she bases her conclusions; and, as a result of this frankness, the reader can benefit by her observations even when he is not disposed to adopt the conclusions which she suggests.

Miss Kingsley's central achievements were the navigation of the Ogowé rapids from Talagouga, and her subsequent expedition

by river and land from Kangwe through the Fan country to Agonjo, and thence down the Rembwé to Glass Gaboon on the coast. On both of these achievements we propose to say a word. The Ogowé river is the largest stream between the Niger and the Congo; and, according to the French, it is the largest "strictly equatorial" river in the world. Miss Kingsley tells us that it stretches for about 700 miles fairly neatly along the line, thus draining the central regions of the Congo Français. It is navigable for 200 miles from the coast by steamboats; but at this point—just above Njole—its course is traversed by the Sierra del Cristal range, and, owing to this circumstance, becomes for 500 miles a succession of perilous rapids barely navigable for canoes.

Up this region of the Ogowé rapids Miss Kingsley laboriously proceeded (from the French Mission at Talagouga) in a canoe with a crew of eight Igalwas, of whom two only could speak English. With this slender equipment she made her way up to the Kondo Kondo Island, and gazed upon the great Alemba rapid which rushes past its northern shore. Of this she writes:

"Its face was like nothing I have seen before. Its voice was like nothing I have heard. Those other rapids are not to be compared to it; they are wild, headstrong, and malignant enough, but the Alemba is not as they. It does not struggle, and writhe, and brawl among the rocks, but comes in a majestic springing dance, a stretch of waltzing foam, triumphant.

"The beauty of the night on Kondo Kondo was superb; the sun went down and the after glow flashed across the sky in crimson, purple, and gold, leaving it a deep violet-purple, with the great stars hanging in it like moons, until the moon herself rose, lighting the sky long before she sent her beams down on us in this valley. As she rose, the mountains hiding her face grew harder and harder in outline, and deeper and deeper black, while those opposite were just enough illumined to let one see the wefts and floating veils of blue-white mist upon them, and when at last, and for a short time only, she shone full down on the savage foam of the Alemba, she turned it into a soft silver mist. Around, on all sides flickered the fire-flies, who had come to see if our fire was not a big relation of their own, and they were the sole representatives, with ourselves, of animal life. When the moon had gone, the sky, still lit by the stars, seeming indeed to be in itself lambent, was very lovely, but it shared none of its light with us, and we sat round our fire surrounded by an utter darkness. Cold, clammy drifts of almost tangible mist encircled us; ever and again came cold faint puffs of wandering wind, weird and grim beyond description."

The return journey was still more dangerous. M'bo, Miss Kingsley's head man, prophesied evil, and although the canoe eventually reached Talagouga without mishap, he does not appear to have been unduly pessimistic.

"Twice," she writes, "we had a near call by being shut in between two pinnacle rocks, within half an inch of being fatally close to each other for us; but after some alarming scrunching sounds and creaks from the canoe, we were shot ignominiously out down river. Several times we got on to partially submerged table rocks, and were unceremoniously bundled off them by the Ogowé, irritated at the hindrance we were occasioning."

But Miss Kingsley appears to have enjoyed the boisterous conduct of the Ogowé; indeed, she seems to have enjoyed everything in West Africa—nature, the natives, and the wild beasts. She continues:

"The grandest part of the whole time was coming down, below the Alemba, where the whole great Ogowé takes a tiger-like spring for about half a mile before it strikes a rock reef below."

But here she allows that a little carefulness is desirable.

"All you have got to do is to keep your canoe-head straight—quite straight, you understand—for any failure to do so will land you the other side of the tomb, instead of in a cheerful no-end-of-a-row with the lower rapid's rocks."

In her expedition across the Fan country, Miss Kingsley started from Kangwe, a place on the north bank of the Ogowé, below Talagouga, and about 130 miles from the mouth of the river. She set off in a canoe rowed by four Ajumbas, and, making her way by various rivers, soon found herself among the homes of these unsophisticated savages. But by this time she had enlisted some of them in her service, and, in general, she appears to have got on excellently with them, staying in their villages, where the chiefs placed their dwellings at her disposal. Of the character of the Fans in these parts, she writes that their colour is light bronze, and their average height from five-feet six to five-feet eight.

"The Fan is full of fire, temper, intelligence and go; very teachable, rather difficult to manage, quick to take offence, and utterly indifferent to human life. I ought to say that other people who should know him better than I say he is a treacherous, thievish, murderous cannibal."

As it is plain from Miss Kingsley's narrative that she did run very considerable risks in placing herself entirely at the mercy of these people, it is interesting to trace the reasons of her success. Apparently she owed her safety to her coolness, her tact, and her refusal to show any sign of fear, even when she had excellent reasons for feeling alarm. This in the first place; and, secondly, she was careful to make herself a *persona grata* to these undisciplined savages by the exercise of a discreet generosity; by the custom of "shedding things," to use her own phrase. Speaking of the natives, she says:

"It is their custom to hang round one in their native wilds in the hope something will be shed, either intentionally or unintentionally. Not, I fancy, for the bald sake of the article itself, but from a sort of sporting interest in what the next thing shed will be. I know it is my chief charm to them, and they hang round wondering whether it will be matches, leaf-tobacco, pocket-handkerchiefs, or fish-hooks; and when the phenomena flag they bring me various articles for sale to try to get me into working order again."

In addition to her adventures with the Fans, Miss Kingsley passed through a dense tropical forest, and a still more embarrassing tropical swamp (where all the company had to wade neck-high in slimy water), before she eventually emerged at the factory at Agonjo, on the Rembwé, which formed the objective of her march. *En route*, it is

scarcely necessary to add, she had opportunities of studying crocodiles, elephants, hippopotami, and gorillas in their native haunts. After such experiences as these, dropping down the Rembwé to the coast was pleasant work; and it was now that Miss Kingsley had her most delightful bit of tropical travel:

"Much as I have enjoyed life in Africa," she writes, "I do not think I ever enjoyed it to the full as I did on those nights dropping down the Rembwé. The great, black, winding river with a pathway in its midst of frosted silver where the moonlight struck it: on each side the ink-black mangrove-walls, and above them the band of star and moonlit heavens that the walls of mangrove allowed one to see. Forward rose the form of our sail, idealised from bedsheetdom to glory; and the little red glow of our cooking fire gave a single note of warm colour to the cold light of the moon."

Before concluding this brief account of a very interesting and singularly instructive book, it is necessary to say a word or two on Miss Kingsley's literary manner. The passages quoted above show that her descriptive writing often reaches a very high standard of merit. At the same time, in recording her personal experiences and sensations, she frequently adopts a style which is frankly colloquial. Here she exhibits a keen sense of humour, and a considerable aptitude for the dramatic presentation of incident; and it is these passages, in which she allows her personal characteristics to appear most clearly, which will give the book its special charm for the average man or woman. In respect of production, the book is well supplied with useful illustrations, but it lacks a map. This is a serious oversight, as the Congo Français is practically an unknown land in British atlases.

THE AMERICAN AT HOME.

The Land of the Dollar. By G. W. Steevens. (Blackwood.)

"If Africa begins at the Pyrenees and Asia at Budapest, then America begins on the departure platform at Euston. There, at least, it began on the blazing 29th of August, when, an obscure and perplexed Columbus, I started on a voyage of discovery to America."

It is thus Mr. Steevens begins his book, and we cannot do better by way of an opening than add something to his insufficient description of himself. Perplexed he may have been, this Columbus, but also he was clear-sighted in an unusual degree, well instructed in affairs, keen-witted, humorous, devoid of superstitions, and gifted with a singularly trenchant style. Moreover, however obscure Columbus might have been in August, he is so no longer; he takes his place in the first rank of descriptive writers and social observers. This book grew from the circumstance that the proprietor of the *Daily Mail*, with an enterprise that hitherto has been more associated with the penny than the halfpenny, dispatched Mr. Steevens to America to watch the recent election, and record his impressions generally. Mr. Steevens, though an experienced journalist, had not, we believe, done similar work

before; indeed, we have a notion that his most brilliant efforts previously had been a series of high-spirited paragraphs concerning passages in the life of Jane Cakebread, and a collection of witty and penetrating *Monologues of the Dead*, whilst he bore a reputation for scholarship and political sagacity. Mr. Harmsworth, however, selected his correspondent wisely. *The Land of the Dollar* more than justifies his action: it is always the best journalism, and now and again very good literature.

The keynote of the American character, Mr. Steevens says somewhere, is its irresistible impulse to impress all its sentiments externally by the most obvious medium; and Mr. Steevens has caught the habit. As an observer he takes always the line of least resistance, and, having instinct, his illustrations are impregnable. Here, for example, is a passage which conveys more meaning than would a whole chapter of description. In a train at Pittsburgh Mr. Steevens met Mr. McKinley's brother:

"Of his discourse it is not needful to speak; it was shrewd and good-humoured rather than grammatical. He was not unmindful of the spittoon. He talked quite freely about his celebrated brother, and he talked to everybody who liked to talk with him. The waiters in the dining-car chaffed him, and the conductor slapped him on the back. This morning I met him again in a Canton newspaper office; he was diverting his mind with a little larking among the reporters. Now, do try to imagine it. When you can conceive the brother of the man who has more than an even chance of becoming the first citizen among sixty millions larking with provincial newspaper reporters and slapped on the back by the conductor of a railway train—why, then you will be a good step on towards the comprehension of the United States of America."

Such concrete illustrations are exactly what the reader needs.

Mr. Steevens saw something of everything; but he does not fall into that common error of "G. T.'s": the confusion of fact and personal impression. He is careful to remind the reader that *The Land of the Dollar* describes America merely as Mr. Steevens saw it. And he used his eyes well both for large things and small. He describes Chicago and table fish; naval resource and dairy farms; the case for silver and the case for gold; Mormonism and domestic servants; Boston and the Chinese quarter; Mr. McKinley and Mr. Bryan; Niagara and Mr. Wanamaker's store. His mind is always made up. On the negro problem he speaks with decision; and this is his opinion concerning the strained relations between America and this country:

"I think the question we ought to ask ourselves is this, Are we prepared to fight the United States immediately, or are we prepared to take such steps as shall prevent us from fighting them ever? These are the alternatives. . . . It may be asking too much, but if statesmanship could kindly arrange it, I confess I should like to see before I die a war in which Britain and the United States in a just quarrel might tackle the world. After that we should have no more difficulty about America. For if the Americans never forget an injury, they would ever remember a service."

A representative example of Mr. Steevens's lighter descriptive manner is found in this note of an adventure in a Prohibition State, where, after witnessing a disappointing election,

"the only diversion left was to break the Maine Liquor Law. It was put into my head by the genial salutation of a gentleman who could only just keep on his legs. In Maine, as you know, the buying and selling of alcoholic liquor is unconditionally forbidden under I do not quite know what penalty. I thought I would try to incur that unknown penalty. Bethinking me that the barber is the friend of man, I went in and was shaved. 'You can't buy a drink here, I'm told,' I began. 'No,' said the barber, stolidly. 'I suppose people do, though.' 'I don't know much about it. I fancy there's a druggist or two —.' Then, as if by a powerful effort of memory, 'There's a bar right here where you can get it,' he said."

If Mr. Steevens's book reminds us of any one it is Mark Twain, in the *Innocents at Home*, where he describes the Sandwich Islands, and in parts of the *Innocents Abroad*. There is the same shrewd common sense and absence of that embroidered egoism which made some of the late Mr. Sala's descriptive journalism such trying reading. Mr. Steevens, however, is a more responsible observer than Mark Twain has ever permitted himself to be. The only kindred work quite comparable with *The Land of the Dollar* is the series of letters on America contributed by Mr. Kipling to the *Times*, which, by the way (since Mr. Kipling seems to have left that country for good), might now very well be published in book-form. Mr. Steevens's point of view is more literary and academic than Mr. Kipling's; although one could hardly ask for a more human examination of a country than *The Land of the Dollar* gives us.

We conclude by quoting the following preamble to the chapter devoted to Chicago:

"Chicago! Chicago, queen and guttersnipe of cities, cynosure and cesspool of the world! Not if I had a hundred tongues, everyone shouting a different language in a different key, could I do justice to her splendid chaos. The most beautiful and the most squalid, girdled with a two-fold zone of parks and slums; where the keen air from lake and prairie is ever in the nostrils, and the stench of foul smoke is never out of the throat; the great port a thousand miles from the sea; the great mart which gathers up with one hand the corn and cattle of the West, and deals out with the other the merchandise of the East; widely and generously planned with streets of twenty miles, where it is not safe to walk at night; where women ride straddlewise, and millionaires dine at mid-day on the Sabbath; the chosen seat of public spirit and municipal boodle, of cut-throat commerce and munificent patronage of art; the most American of American cities, and yet the most mongrel; the second American city of the globe, the fifth German city, the third Swedish, the second Polish, the first and only veritable Babel of the age; all of which twenty-five years ago . . . was a heap of smoking ashes. Where in all the world can words be found for this miracle of paradox and incongruity?"

Whether Mr. Steevens's reader knows America, or whether he does not, no page of *The Land of the Dollar* can fail to interest him.

PICKLE THE SPY.

Pickle the Spy; or, the Incognito of Prince Charles. By Andrew Lang. (Longmans & Co.)

THIS "woeful history," as Mr. Lang calls it, is the fruit of the study of the Pelham Papers. It contains curious and interesting revelations on two points. First, it brings strong proof (and it is so strong that we confess it seems to us difficult to suppose it can be overthrown) that the spy who calls himself "Pickle," "Alexander Jeanson," &c., Henry Pelham's correspondent, the young chevalier's confidant, is none other than young Glengarry himself—Alastair Ruadh Macdonnell, sometime captain in the Scots Brigade in French service—who died, unmarried, December 23, 1761. It is a horrid thing that "a gentleman of ancient, loyal, and honourable family" should have been capable of descending to such vile treachery simply for lack of spending-money, and in hopes of such rewards as a Government in the Georgian period could give to a useful tool. Poor James Mór, a broken man with ruin to look to and grave dangers about him, might sink to play a double game, but this unutterable scoundrel was not at all in the same hopeless position. Exactly how it was, what was the precise bait that could seem fair enough to make him sully his mean soul in so disgusting a way, we know not. We can only suspect that it was no sudden fall. He begins by what is uncommonly like stealing, "conveying," at the least, it was, and conveying by means of forgery. He is alleged to have "felt the folly of any further concern with the ungrateful family of Stuart, to whom he and his family had been too long attached, to the absolute ruin of themselves and country"; but it is a long way from this defensible position to the degradation of daily betrayal of a man whose misfortunes at least deserved pity, and whose generous confidence was ill-repaid by such cold treason. That there it a Ganelon for every Roland, a Mordred for every Gawain, is an old idea, drawn probably from the observation of the heights of devotion and the depths of treachery that were to be found in feudal times, sometimes even in the same family. But even with a knowledge of the recent revelations of Mr. FitzGerald, one was hardly prepared to find that the heir-apparent of a great Highland clan could bring himself to a lower level than "the man that betrayed Lord Edward."

Mr. Lang has worked out his evidence in an entertaining way, and succeeds in making one follow a somewhat intricate story with swift and shuddering interest. It is in tracking out Glengarry's devious career that our author came upon the true secret history of the obscurest part of Charles Edward's life—the great Prussian intrigue, which was preparing in 1752, when Archibald Cameron went on his last mission to Scotland to concert measures for a third attempt to overthrow the Hanoverian family in favour of the elder branch. But Samuel Cameron and Pickle had made the English Government privy to all that went on in the counsels of the "young Ascanius," and it was evident more and more that Charles's own

character and powers were deteriorating, through drink, ill friends, bad advice, and the continual deferring of hope. France and Prussia were ready to use him or cast him off as it suited their shifty politics. His last chance came in 1759, and that was but a poor one, and Hawke swept it away. He was in England for the last time in disguise in 1763. He had overtures from America in 1778. He had stray gleams of hope to the last, but his "reign" was passed in all the misery exile brings, and in a squalid, shabby, physical degradation one hardly likes to dwell on, so sad were all the circumstances that combined against a man who had been endowed with all the gifts of nature except wisdom, and had undergone all the evil misfortune sends but dishonour. One more feeble, gracious, futile life, and the last flower of the White Rose fell.

Pickle seems to have played traitor to the last; a bad chief, a greedy landlord, a character with scarce a redeeming point save animal courage, as far as we can see, in which the chief traits are vanity, greed, and deceit. Yet this man

"in the government of the world," as Mr. Lang puts it, "served England well. But for him there might have been another Highland rising, and more fire and bloodshed. But for him the Royal Family might have perished in a nocturnal brawl. Only one man, Archibald Cameron, died through Pickle's treasons. The Prince, with whom he drank and whom he betrayed, had become hopeless and worthless. The world knows little of its greatest benefactors, and Pickle did good by stealth. Now his shade may or may not 'blush to find it fame,' and to be placed above Murray of Broughton, beside Menteith and Assyt, legendary Ganelons of Scotland."

There is, of course, much else of pleasant reading and revelation of character in this volume. We are presented to Madame de Talmond and her friends Madame de Vassé and Mlle. de Ferrand in the convent of St. Joseph, and our poor prince's hiding-places; to the Walkinshaw, whose influence does not seem to have been good from a political point of view. Mr. Lang himself has rarely written a more enticing book for anyone who cares about the scenes and characters that Scott and Thackeray have gilded with romance. We may place this volume, indeed, beside *Catriona*, which it completes and justifies in an amazing way. There must have been a temptation to make a novel out of this mass of new and startling material, but it was rightly resisted, and, after all, there are few novels so interesting and suggestive as this true story.

We would urge upon Mr. Lang the task he would fain commit to others—the life of the Old Chevalier: he could do it so well that we hope he will, sometime, undertake it. Lost causes have a pathos of their own, and this of the Stuarts has special claims upon a poet and a Scot. The story is pitiful, and it has been "mellowed by the stealing hours of time" till one can listen to it undisturbed by the jarring notes that have now ceased to vex its sad harmony. Mr. Lang has told part of it—why does he not complete it by the history of the "15, the 45, and of those long weary deserts of exile of which these were the sole bright but unfruitful oases"?

SOME SCIENCE TEXT-BOOKS.

This Wonderful Universe. By Agnes Giberne. (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.)—This little book has been written with the intention of awakening a greater interest in popular astronomy. With this end in view the authoress has mentioned only the most important facts, and has avoided crowding her pages with statistics. The work has little pretension to style, its sole aim being to make the subject interesting and easily intelligible. In this direction success has been achieved.

The Story of Forest and Stream. By James Rodway. (George Newnes.)—This volume contains a short description of a tropical forest, together with some elementary lessons which can be learned by studying the incessant struggle for existence of its varied flora. Mr. Rodway's opinions on the development of alkaloids and kindred substances are more advanced than the evidence appears to warrant. These and similar ideas, however, serve rather to increase than diminish the interest of a book, the reader of which must be very languid if he fail to catch some of the author's enthusiasm.

Mensuration for Beginners. By F. H. Stevens, M.A. (Macmillans.)—This book can be thoroughly recommended to the beginner, as its contents, which are based upon the requirements of the "Code," are both simple and concise. The rules are stated verbally as well as algebraically, and the rudiments of geometrical drawing are also explained, so that a knowledge of arithmetic is the only necessary preliminary. A good feature is the inclusion among the examples of questions for graphic solution.

Experimental Science. By Arthur Hubble. (Chapman & Hall.)—The author of this book is a Science Demonstrator under the London School Board, and a teacher of Technology in connexion with the City and Guilds Institute. His first aim has been, therefore, to produce a text-book which should assure a competent training in experimental methods for pupils in the elementary schools. We have looked through several chapters, such as those on weights and measures, relative densities, heat, and mechanical principles, and have no fault to find with the simple yet thorough way in which the experiments are described. Following each section are easy exercises bearing upon the subject matter.

A New Course of Experimental Chemistry. (Revised edition.) By J. Castell-Evans. (Thomas Murby.)—This book contains much that is suggestive to the teacher, but to junior students it will be of little use, though doubtless its difficulties are somewhat lessened by the publication of a key. The carefully arranged experiments would be greatly improved by a fuller description, and this would also prevent the necessity of referring the pupil to an (?) Appendix ("App."), which is apparently another publication. This practice is the more to be deprecated as the book seems designed for the poorer class of students.

FICTION.

The Red Scur. By P. Anderson Graham.
(Longmans.)

MR. GRAHAM calls his story "a novel of manners," and so it is in so far as he depicts manners and men belonging to an order of things which is rapidly passing away. Strictly speaking, there is very little plot in it, and some of the characters are but faintly realised. When this is said fault-finding is exhausted, and we have nothing but praise for the book, which does for Northumberland something of what Mr. Barrie has done for Forfarshire. It is written by one who has evidently a fervent love of nature. The bits of natural description scattered through the volume are delightful reading. There is nothing so easy, and yet nothing so difficult, as this kind of writing; but Mr. Graham is an easy master of it. Of the characters in the story one stands out beyond all the others inviting admiration. This is Billy White, the thriftless, reckless, jovial, self-satisfied yeoman. He is a splendid figure, and Mr. Graham is to be congratulated on having given the world a picture of a man not unworthy of Fielding. Once you get to know Billy White you can't forget him. He is full of vital energy; he fills your eye, his voice is in your ear, you can almost feel his hand upon your shoulder. Some of his exploits are on a big scale, and although he is sometimes vanquished, as in his great bout with the landlord of the "Talbots," yet, like all great men, he is not on that account unduly cast down. There is not another character in the book to compare with him, because it would be impossible to have two Billy Whites in the same book, they would destroy each other. But some of the other characters are drawn with no less skill. The brothers Harbottle are extreme types of character, but you are convinced of the truthfulness of the portraiture. The younger people are not so satisfactory. Lil, Billy White's daughter, begins well, and you expect the author is going to make something fine of her, but she falls off when she begins to do up her hair, and it is not easy to understand her exact relations with the three young men who are all in love with her. And we are far from being pleased with her final choice. Mark Harbottle was hardly the young man to become son-in-law to Billy White, as that worthy fully recognised. Yet of him you must say what you feel is true of all Mr. Graham's characters, that he is drawn from life. There is always the danger, of course, that in being true to nature you may miss being true to art. With the exception of Billy White, Mr. Graham has not idealised any of his characters. *The Red Scur* is a novel of manners with one full-drawn, artistically realised character. The manners are admirably depicted, the book has style, and Billy White is a great character.

The Story of Hannah. By W. J. Dawson.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

WHAT is one to say of a book of which chapters i., iii., and xxii. are autobio-

graphical, while the rest are mainly impersonal narrative? The fact is, it is better to judge *The Story of Hannah* as a series of sketches on the Thrums model than as a novel. By this means you avoid the necessity of ransacking Mr. Dawson's agglomeration of incidents in search of a plot, and can devote yourself to the more agreeable task of studying the fine gallery of portraits which he has drawn. The characterisation is as good as the construction is faulty. An acquaintance to be cherished is the Rev. William Romilly, who ministers to the spiritual necessities of South Barton in a red-brick chapel, which stands "with an air of obstinacy" at the end of a narrow lane. What the Scotch would call a "dour" man, he tones down the pretentiousness of "Georgiana" to "Hannah"; he won't have his house corrupted by "Adam Bede"; he is so excessively perverse that his daughter knows the only way to get him in to tea from the garden is *not* to send for him; he forbids his wife and daughter to go up to the attic and cry over the dead baby's toys, and yet does so himself. Then there is the Rev. Mr. Scaley, who preaches that Madagascar is off the coast of India, and excuses himself on the ground that "it doesn't matter so long as the spirit is right"; Pugh, the grocer, prone to conspiracies in his back parlour; and the pathetic figure of the overworked, faithful, uncomplaining wife—all of them are drawn with a pen which illumines and a sympathy which touches. Not the least characteristic passage in the book is the description in the first chapter of the childish apprehension aroused by the "selling-up" of a local grocer:

"We remembered that neither of us had received our pocket money that week, in which circumstance we discerned the indubitable shadow of our fate. 'We are bankrupt,' cried Mary. 'We banrap,' echoed Philip. The horrid word beat upon the brain night and day. We watched the meals with an anxiety not born of appetite, and compared notes in the woodshed after dinner, keen to observe if there had been any falling off in quantity. The vision of an undiminished Saturday joint excited us to ecstasy; a piece of bread and butter less than usual plunged us into despair. We crept into one bed at night and lay close together, in the miserable conviction that we should not long have a bed to lie on."

Wide Asunder as the Poles. By Arthur Crump. (Longmans.)

If this is Mr. Crump's first book, it must be pronounced a very promising one indeed. It is too full of material, and accordingly lacks symmetry; there is also a great deal too much moralising in it on the part of the author, and his remarks are not always so original as he may imagine. But the book is interesting from first to last, the characters are well drawn and consistent with themselves, and the story is new. The author takes a very long time to get under weigh, but when he is at last fairly started the action is rapid enough. The first part of the book contains a very full, rather too full, account of Sweden and the Swedes. The greater portion of this part

of the story is quite inessential; for after the hero has married his Swedish wife we hear no more of Sweden. The treatment she received in England at the hands of her husband was very bad, but in the end she was able to pay him back in full. One regrets that she did not err on the side of mercy. Mr. Crump does not explain how in the final scene Miss Muriel Wilcox manages to be present, yet we imagine that few things were impossible to that energetic young woman. There are little blanks in the story and some mistakes, but it has many good qualities.

A Tangled Garden. By Mrs. Fred Reynolds.
(Hutchinson & Co.)

If you are prepared to admit that a child of five will say to his father, "Tum on; zoo and I is men and must det to work," or "Farzer, if I lose zoo I lose my heart"; or that he will cry at the discovery that he has no mother, never having heard the word before, you will have one obstacle the less to the appreciation of Mrs. Fred Reynolds's story. The hero, too, grows a little tiresome. He is a man with a Past; and little Robin is its legacy. Pasts seem to spoil heroes as well as heroines. Dennis Ackroyd speaks much against Fate. But when a man has betrayed another man's wife, and is deliberately breaking a girl's heart, he has no right to complain if he finds the latter process a little irksome. He has still less right to lecture a better man than he on the errors of atheism. The story of the child's life and death is told with a simplicity which has its reward in an occasional pathos.

The Men of Harlech. By Wirt Gerrare.
(Ward & Downey.)

THE average novel reader taking up this book will probably lay it down in dismay after ten minutes. He will find it difficult to be interested in persons who spell their names Gwylm and Siancyn and Dafydd ap Evan ap Einion, and live at places like Gyffiliog and Cors-y-Gedol. He cannot easily transport himself to an epoch so unfamiliar as Wales during the Wars of the Roses. He will feel, and quite rightly, that the first part of the story is tedious beyond the necessary tediousness of explanations. All this is a pity, because there is a wholesome breeziness about Mr. Gerrare's tale of the old world. The reader who has patience till the beginning of the Siege of Harlech will certainly not lay down the book till the end. Whose pulse will not beat quicker as he reads of the first cannon which woke the echoes of Harlech, and the terror which it spread within the castle walls? And that flight under the escort of the uncanny Myfanwy, through bog and shifting sand, along underground passages and frightful caverns, on magic stones which no arrow can reach, down the river with a galley in close pursuit, is developed with an intensity worthy of Charles Reade. Everything that bloodshed and adventure and mystery can do to make our flesh creep Mr. Gerrare does. Next time he should remember we are not all Welsh.

Fortune's Fingers. By A. E. Wickham. (Hutchinson & Co.)

THIS book sets one thinking of what Charlotte Brontë might have done if she had lived in these days and been bred on shilling shockers. Divide *Fortune's Fingers* into two equal parts and you will find that the first is concerned with a friendless girl cast among strangers. She dwells in a vast lonely house with a master quite as eccentric as Mr. Rochester, but much less considerate. He extinguishes two candles because the third is enough to light the room, he deprives her of lunch because she looks "sulky," and he knocks her down because her spelling is defective. She is subject to nocturnal alarms just like Jane Eyre; and, like her, she is confronted with a mystery in the shape of her tyrant's wife, who has been tortured into imbecility. All that is interesting, but, one might say, old-fashioned. The gibe cannot apply to the second half of the volume. One morning Mr. Soleston, the monster, is found shot through the head. Suspicion falls on the heroine, who denies nothing, is tried, sentenced to death, and reprieved. Meanwhile Mrs. Soleston, the invalid, lies unconscious, but in a lucid interval before her death confesses that it was she, and not the girl, who killed her husband. There is a strong element of romance in the volume, which is exciting enough to win the thumb-mark of popular appreciation.

Lying Prophets. By Eden Phillpotts. (A. D. Innes & Co.)

IT is the centuries-old story that Mr. Eden Phillpotts tells: the man of the world, in this instance a painter, thirsting for a new experience; the shy, innocent girl, affianced to a rough sailor, who drinks in his honeyed words, and, trusting him implicitly, is robbed of her good name on the strength of a promise which it is never the intention of the artist to fulfil. Yet out of the old story the author has wrung a new significance, has revealed afresh the dignity of a woman's love, the misplaced loyalty, in face of the world, of which a woman's heart is capable. Joan Tregenza is a creditable if not a great creation. Half Celt, half Briton, speaking the dialect of the Newlyn fisher-folk and voicing their superstitions, her character is in harmony with her surroundings, and her figure stands out boldly against the wide stretch of sea whose waves beat upon the shores of her home. She is a child of nature, and to nature she turns in her great sorrow:

"Kind mother o' the flowers, doan't 'e forget a poor maiden what loves 'e so dear. I be sad an' sore-hearted, 'cause things is bad wi' me now Mister Jan's gone; an' I knaws as I've lied an' bin wicked 'bout Joe (her sailor lover); but, kind mother, I awnly done what Mister Jan, as was wise an' loved me, bid."

With relentless persistence Mr. Phillpotts traces the story of that nine months' tragedy to the end, an end involving the death of the artist who painted Joan, of Joan herself, and the mental wreckage of her father, an arch-puritan belonging to a strict sect of Methodists, who turned her from his door

with curses. The book has many merits—scenes well described, conversations in a fascinating dialect naturally carried on, interesting legends interpolated; but it has an outstanding fault—its length. Cut down by nearly one half, *Lying Prophets* would be stronger and more enjoyable.

With Fortune Made. By Victor Cherbuliez. Translated by M. E. Simkins. (Hutchinson & Co.)

THE scene of M. Victor Cherbuliez' story is laid in Provence, the land where still linger fragments of old-world romance, superstition, and folk-wisdom, guarded, it may be, by the old Provençal tongue which remains on the lips of the peasantry. But in this uncompromisingly mundane novel there is no suggestion of these things: a less picturesque, perhaps a more ordinary, side of life is depicted. Briefly, the purpose of the book is to reveal the essential poverty of a man possessed only of much money. Riches cannot make rich; he only who has a rich nature and shares it with others can be accounted rich. These truths are brought home to Christopher Trayaz when, in old age, he says, pathetically, "I have toiled and toiled, I have sacrificed body and soul to heap up money, and my heart is breaking of melancholy and *ennui*." This picture of a large family settling upon a wealthy relative, as do flies on a dish of honey, treats of an infinitely small side of human nature, one despicably mean and sordid. Plot, counter-plot, calumny, back-biting, and an unending array of petty jealousies, flourish in the house of the multi-millionaire, but nothing more. Meanwhile, the central figure, before whom all cringe, laughs at the efforts of each one to undermine the influence of his fellow, and takes genuine interest only in an independent nephew who will have none of his patronage. Less ably presented, the mass of detail would be wearisome; even as it is, despite the skilful marshalling of facts, the reader asks where the elaboration of family genealogy is to stop. *With Fortune Made* is very creditably translated by M. E. Simkins. The characterisation is not profound, but Christopher Trayaz, his nephew, and the Uriah Heap-like steward, are faithful studies so far as they go.

The Queen's Cup. By G. A. Henty. In 3 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

MR. HENTY takes some little time to get his craft under weigh for *The Queen's Cup*: the boat has to be built, so to say, her spars and rigging arranged, and she has to be manned. But once launched, she is borne swiftly along before a fair wind. Those who have read much fiction, it is true, gain a good idea of what will chance when they see her on the hulks: yet, if slightly built, she is a gallant little craft and sails well. Of variety the book has ample. The hero, Captain Mallett, takes part in the Indian Mutiny, and as a recompense for his noble deeds in the East the old friendship of Bertha Carew, after one false start, rounds the point of Love. At this stage, however, the villain begins his machinations in earnest, with the result that the gallant captain has to chase

the rascal half round the world in order to regain possession of his coveted prize. There is much adventure, just enough love-making, and the story, admirable in its kind, is told breezily and in a straightforward way. The hero, a 'Varsity man, is not scrupulous as to grammar, and many of his phrases are annoyingly redundant, as, for instance, when he says, "It is years since our paths crossed each other." But these are faults easily forgiven.

A New Faust. By Alfred Smythe. (Digby, Long & Co.)

THE Devil is once more the favourite of fiction. He is popping up all over the place. Whether it is the example of Miss Marie Corelli, or the prevalence of esoteric "Satanism" on the Continent, or whether it is simply a new shudder, we forbear to inquire. At any rate, the poor deuce was not absolutely necessary for Mr. Smythe's purposes in his book, *A New Faust*, which turns rather on the magical properties to be discovered by an extension of modern science than on any moral conflict between good and evil. Dr. Jan van Hoff, who seeks and finds a form of electricity which, when materialised and injected into the blood, makes a man grow younger instead of older, brings in his Evil Spirit not so much by any necessity of the story as with a laudable desire to begin and end it in fireworks. Diabolus, like the "deus" of old, is brought in "ex machina" to raise Mr. Smythe's modern science just a step of weirdness above Mr. Grant Allen's natural magic.

The plot is the thing in Mr. Smythe's story. There is nothing particularly noticeable or new in the characters. Dr. Jan van Hoff, the specialist, discovers in his old age the modern counterpart of the Philosopher's Stone, an electric solution restoring youth to the blood. His discovery makes his old servant think him mad. His friend, Dr. Schloss, the scientist, tries to get him quietly into a handy asylum; and Van Hoff, very inconsiderately, gives himself away by attacking Schloss and hitting him over the head with a chair. That settles it, and Van Hoff becomes a prisoner in the Vaarlem Lunatic Asylum for twenty years, having, however, previously inoculated himself so that he grows younger every year. At the end of this time the scientist's young and lovely niece becomes a "visitor" at the asylum, and falls in love with the handsome lunatic, "Dr. Jenner," as Van Hoff had come to be called by the staff, to whom the only sign of madness he showed was his extraordinary medical skill. We need not follow the adventures associated with "Jenner's" escape by Stephanie's help, and the strange doings in Paris and Homburg when Van Hoff marries Stephanie, and makes use of his wonderful "electra." The interest in the story is well kept up, and the author has made the most of his idea. But his Faust is quite a moral man of science, and there is no Marguerite. It is not a tragedy, but a melodrama; and when Van Hoff at last breaks the spell and falls dead under the burden of the real years that he has lived, his young wife happily marries again.

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

Hopkin's Pond, and Other Sketches. By Robert T. Morris. (Putnam.)

AS contributions to *Forest and Stream* we can imagine these papers to have been very welcome indeed. In such a journal one looks for something bright and interesting without too curiously examining the diction or style. But many an essay that looks attractive enough in a newspaper seems to lose charm when presented in a book, and one cannot help doubting whether these were worth collecting and republishing. At any rate, a more rigid test than the author's would have rejected a great number. "The Number Nine," for example, is merely trivial, and very little is to be said for the essay which gives the book its title. On the other hand, there are some slight sketches admirably done. That called "One Deer," when you take it to pieces, seems to contain nothing more than an unexciting story of the shooting of a buck. Yet, though it is done simply, the author manages in very few pages to reproduce the atmosphere—the very smoke of the camp-fire—from that lake at the Adirondacks. Mr. Morris has the gift—very rare in sporting writers—of reproducing the pleasures of the chase. English shooters, again, will be glad to read the three papers which he has devoted to as many aspects of the natural history of that most interesting game-bird the ruffed grouse. The fishing sketches are also, without exception, good; but the lucubration on "Wing Shooting v. Ground Shooting" only sets forth principles that are the A B C of English sportsmen. But it is the style that alarms. We accept with resignation the American spelling and the Yankee locutions, which, nevertheless, grate on the ear and offend the eye, but carelessness and inaccuracy are not so easily forgiven. In the fourth line and very first sentence of the preface you have to substitute "has" for "think" to make sense and grammar. When a little lower down the author congratulates himself thus, "I could turn to an old paper and find that I really had thought of nice things once," one wishes he had thought of a nicer way of expressing them. His hopeful feeling that "the pappus of the pen might float a tiny bit of germ to some barren office desk" is to be respected, but a use of simpler language would have rendered fulfilment more probable. For when Mr. Morris would be clever, thus he writes: "That rock's awash aswash. Tighter draws the mussel on his byssus. The seeping barnacles make merry and clap their valves. . . . The lolling pilage of wrack lifts up a sign for help." At times, too, he talks of "cyclefuls of generations"; and is not this "the terrific diction" applied to scenery?—"A quiet spring . . . pours heaps of canorous water pell-mell through a forty-mile chute, straight into diaphanic Lake Superior." This is certainly not the style in which Thoreau wrote his *Walden*, or that in which Mr. Burroughs has won distinction. As a final word, let us beg of the author, should he write a second volume, not to drop into any more poetry—his appendix of verses calls for no other

comment. We point out these faults the more frankly because our author is full of matter interesting alike to the naturalist and the sportsman.

* * *

The Yellow Book: January. (John Lane.) THIS fantastic quarterly does not grow in strength or beauty. It lacks a policy, a central idea, and has become merely an agglomeration of pictures and stories, all of which might appear with equal propriety elsewhere; whereas once—once things were not so; once *The Yellow Book* was a fighter in a definite, meritorious cause, and contributors were proud to believe that their work was unlikely to be accepted by Mr. Harland's fellow editors. These remarks, it is true, have been applicable to more than one of the recent issues of *The Yellow Book*, but they fit the present January volume with peculiar ease; for not only is there this striking want of a controlling scheme, but the level of excellence of both literature and art is very low. With the exception of Mr. Henry James's study of George Sand's bewildering temperament and Dr. Garnett's experiment in grotesque (which, however, is not in his best manner: not equal to "The Demon Pope," for example, or "The Poet of Panopolis"), there is nothing of the first class; and certain pieces, such as "The Unka," and "Natalie," and "A Little Holiday," have hardly enough merit upon which to base any defence of their inclusion. As for the pictures, they are too poor to be noticed seriously at all, with the exception of Mr. Walton's portrait of Miss Evelyn Sharp. Mr. Henry James is pre-eminently the critic in whose hands may be left the final word as to the suitability of making public the whole story of the relations of George Sand and Alfred de Musset. Mr. James has already written of both the actors in this tragi-comedy; he knows their work through and through; he is a master of subtle analysis; he understands tolerance. From so closely reasoned an article it is difficult to quote, but these sentences may be extracted: "The matter with them [George Sand and Musset], to the perception of the stupefied spectator, is that they entertained for each other every feeling in life but the feeling of respect." . . . "To feel as Mme. Sand felt, however, one had to be, like Mme. Sand, a man; which poor Musset was far from being." For the rest, there are poems by Mr. William Watson, Mr. Stephen Phillips, and Mr. Bernard Miall; a story, deft but wanting, we think, in sincerity, by Mr. Harland; a fairy tale, in the manner of *Wynns*, by Miss Evelyn Sharp; and a sombre study of a death-bed by Mr. John Buchan. The first of Mr. Le Gallienne's prose fancies reads like a travesty of himself.

* * *

A Hero of the Dark Continent: Memoir of Rev. W. A. Scott, Church of Scotland Missionary at Blantyre, B.C.A. By W. Henry Rankine, B.D., Minister at St. Boswells. (Blackwoods.)

THE Rev. W. Affleck Scott was a hero rather in the Sunday-school sense than in the wider acceptance of the word; and we

mean this neither as flout nor as jibe. He was quite frankly a religious lad and young man, who yet was fond of games and "larks," as every young man should be, however religious. He very creditably passed through his course of study at school and college, and thereafter took both theology and medicine in order to qualify as "a medical missionary." He went to British Central Africa, to Blantyre in the Shiré Highlands, and, after six years or so of hard, unselfish, and admirable work for the Church of Scotland and the natives of British Central Africa, he died. His story is not of wide interest, though his memory may quite properly be cherished by his friends and by the kirk, nor has the presentation of it any claim to be regarded as literature. The minister of St. Boswells has little or no knack that way. This is the kind of sentence that the Rev. Mr. Rankine perpetrates: ". . . a band of from fifteen to twenty members, composed to all appearance of what are termed ragamuffins when the souls of men are valued by the bodily appearance." Are we not permitted to call a drove of ragged lads "ragamuffins," whatever test of value we may apply to the souls of men? Mr. W. A. Scott was by way of being something of a draughtsman, and two or three of his drawings are reproduced; also, he had a vein of facetiousness of the variety known in the North as "wut," sundry specimens of which his biographer cruelly quotes. His letters have a kind of fierce vivacity, but otherwise are singularly uninteresting save to the few who may care about his religious opinions. His best letter is that which he proposed to call "Fourteen Days on the Kwakwa in an Arab Dhow"; it is distinctly amusing, though the joke of it comes to be laboured and over-wrought. To the end Mr. W. A. Scott, with many admirable and some charming qualities, was remarkably boyish and quite wonderfully raw.

* * *

Letters Historical and Archæological on the Isle of Wight. By the Rev. E. Boucher James. (Henry Frowde.)

THE Isle of Wight would at first sight appear to be a delightful hunting-ground for the antiquary and the historian, lying as it does midway along our southern coast, and favoured by climate and conformation for invasion and colonisation. But this notwithstanding, its history is singularly devoid of incident, and its surface poor in archæological remains, as compared with neighbouring counties. It is not surprising, therefore, that its historians have served up again and again the same material, only slightly disguised by their own flavouring. It was, consequently, with no great expectancy that one took up the two volumes, extending to some 1,400 pages of letters, historical and archæological, on the Island, from the pen of the late Vicar of Carisbrooke, the Rev. E. Boucher James, letters which had previously done duty in a local paper. The advantages of erudition, social position, a fluent pen, and residence in the most interesting spot in the island, have not produced much that is novel. The author has been too much attracted by the fascination of the

remote past, and too little by an interesting present, concerning which he might have been a worthy historian. Until within very recent years the islanders have been a most stay-at-home race, and among the older inhabitants there must be information respecting a mass of interesting folklore and customs, which will soon be a matter of tradition now that railways have everywhere seamed the Island's surface. Then, again, we have the country life of the late Poet Laureate, with whom the author was on terms of intimacy, and which would have been of more than ephemeral interest. As it is, the volumes have reached their present bulk by the insertion of papers on events which have often only a slight, and sometimes no local interest, and others where nine-tenths have nothing to do with the Island. For instance, the incident of the Dutch Fleet under William of Orange slackening sail off the island for Divine service in 1687, an incident which in itself occupies but half a page, is utilised for two papers extending to close on a score pages. So again Fielding's having to put into Ryde from stress of weather on his voyage to Lisbon is material for papers on "The Island a Century Ago" and "A Voyage in Search of Health." Again, papers on the "Scene of Charles I.'s Execution and his Exhumation" have nothing to do with the Island. A point is made in the preface that the volumes have been edited by more than one competent person. How, then, do we account for the insertion of an account of the Isle of Wight Transit Company? a lamentable failure a dozen years ago, but which is entitled "a venture to which great hopes of success are attached." Compressed into one volume the work would have been a valuable one; as it is, its expansiveness has seriously affected its value.

Book Prices Current. Edited by J. H. Slater. Vol. X. (Elliot Stock.)

THE editor of this useful work is alive to the need of making it an easy one to consult in the shop or the saleroom. To this end a subject-index is now added, and the general index is fuller and better displayed than hitherto. The latter shows, by means of asterisks, what entries have been annotated by the editor. It appears, from Mr. Slater's interesting Introduction, that from December, 1895, to November, 1896—the period covered by this volume—47,000 lots of books have changed hands at the average price of £1 13s. 10d. per lot. In 1893 the average price was £1 6s. 7d., and Mr. Slater attributes the steady rise to improvement in trade generally and also in the quality of the books offered. At the same time it is to be considered that the generous average for 1896 is partly due to a small and special leaven of extremely valuable books fetching sensational prices. Thus two copies of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, printed by Caxton about 1478, brought between them nearly three thousand pounds. We note, without poignant regret, that large-paper and limited editions of contemporary writers have declined in value—in fact, have "totally vanished."

Famous British Warships and their Commanders. By Walter Wood. (Hurst & Blackett.)

THERE are stories which can hardly be marred in the telling, and this book is full of such; it is not the less to the author's credit that he has told them well. His aim has been to relate the stories of England's great naval victories in terms of ships and men. We are always on shipboard. "The *Revenge* and Sir Richard Grenville," "The *Centurion* and Lord Anson," "The *Triumph* and Admiral Blake," "The *Formidable* and Lord Rodney"—such is the pattern of Mr. Wood's fourteen chapter-titles. But he says it was no easy task to collect details of men-of-war. A ship of war does not, like a regiment, blazon her past honours on a flag of her own; and Mr. Wood endorses Commander Robinson's suggestion that this privilege should be extended to the navy. However, the author has done very well with his materials. His narratives stir the blood. Here is one concerning Lord Howe's action on the First of June. The French thought there would be no fight—

"When, between seven and eight o'clock on that memorable Sunday morning, the fleets being about four miles apart and going parallel in line of battle, Howe hove to and gave the men their breakfasts, Captain Troubridge, an English prisoner on the French *Sans Pareil*, was taunted with the remark that 'there will be no fight to-day, your admiral will not venture down.' The Englishman told his captors to wait a bit: 'English sailors never like to fight on empty stomachs,' he said. 'I see the signal flying for all hands to breakfast, after which, take my word for it, they will pay you a visit.' The visit was paid, and the *Sans Pareil* was towed off to England."

There are dozens of such anecdotes that one would fain transcribe for sheer delight in them.

Tobacco Talk and Smoker's Gossip. (George Redway.)

THIS collection of tobacco stories reaches its seventh thousand in the pocket edition (printed in green ink, and bound in scarlet) which lies before us. We turn with special interest to those which combine the flavours of tobacco and literature—how well these have always combined! The editor reminds us on p. 38 of the disconcerting fact that Shakespeare—he, the myriad-minded—never once mentions tobacco. Nothing can console the smoker for this. One thanks Spenser, who called tobacco "divine," and Ben Jonson, who declared it "the most sovereign and precious weed that ever the earth tendered to the use of man." But one remains angry and regretful at the great omission. True it is that Shakespeare could not have made any of his characters smoke without an anachronism; but we have forgiven him worse—and Polonius cries for a pipe. Milton, be it remembered, smoked his pipe and drank a glass of water with it before retiring. Lamb's pipe, Thackeray's cigar, Tennyson's churchwarden are here, and many another mighty instrument of thought and fancy; but the editor wisely sautes his book with some stories against smokers. We had not met

before with the one about Mr. Swinburne, who, finding every room at the Arts Club filled with smokers, delivered himself aloud as follows: "James I. was a knave, a tyrant, a fool, a liar, a coward; but I love him, I worship him, because he slit the throat of that blackguard Raleigh, who invented this filthy smoking."

The Persuasive Hand, and Other Sayings and Essayings. By the Author of *Times and Days*. (Chiswick Press.)

THIS is a feeble attempt in *pensée* writing. A successful *pensée* suggests that its author has given us the wisdom of fifty thoughts in one. Its perfect style should seem to come from the heat of that fusion. But here the thoughts are mere single thoughts, commendable but loose. Many are the mere commonplaces of talk: "You must go abroad to know the taste of home"; "Luxury is a poor equivalent for comfort"; "How a joke flouts you if you tell it to some one who does not appreciate it." Others are ambitiously futile: "There is more sadness in the world than children know of"; "Love at first sight is only the heart bursting its dam." We like the "only." In other of his thoughts the author expresses a grudge against success; but even his bitterness is not convincing. Best we like the following: "There is a close affinity between minds. Every book seems to me to be little more than a plagiarism from my unwritten MS. When it is not, it is not worth reading."

Poems by Matthew Arnold. Selected and Edited by G. C. Macaulay. (Macmillans.)

THIS, a new volume of "Macmillans' English Classics," is, we believe, the first collection of the poems of Matthew Arnold which has been prepared for the use of schoolboys. Granted that nothing can be too good to assist the young mind to excellence, we have little but praise for this book; yet we are by no means assured that it is prudent to lay such an exquisite poem as, say, "The Forsaken Merman" before a scholar whose sense of poetical beauty was but recently awakened. This sense being one that only time and age can rightly develop, it follows that to offer to children poems of such maturity of thought and perfection of style as many of Arnold's is to overtax their comprehension in a way that may mean disappointment in the future. And Matthew Arnold, it must be remembered, was weary and disillusioned, and he wrote for men in like plight; schoolboys are not weary or disillusioned. Mr. Macaulay, however, has chosen poems less of a reflective character than narrative and descriptive; although "Dover Beach," "A Southern Night" and "Rugby Chapel" are among the inclusions. He explains the omission of "Sohrab and Rustum," which we should have thought would have been his first choice. The notes are interesting: boys who are intending to proceed from school to Oxford will never regret the fulness with which "Thyrsis" and "The Scholar-Gipsy" are treated.



SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (AT 23)

From the Picture by Peter Vandyke in the National Portrait Gallery

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1897.

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ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

XIII.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

COLERIDGE is (with the exception of Pope) perhaps the only poet who was a genius to his schoolfellows—and, more wonderful still, to his schoolmaster. At Christ's Hospital his Greek and philosophy were things sensational to all. How he afterwards left Oxford and enlisted, how he made an indifferent trooper and was bought out, how he came in contact with Southey and later with Wordsworth; of the Pantisocratic scheme and its failure; of the "Lyrical Ballads" and their failure, Macaulay's schoolboy would think it trite to speak. Those were the golden days of the "Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel"; the days when even women like Dorothy Wordsworth sat entranced while the young man eloquent poured out talk the report of which is immortal. Of that Coleridge one could wish a Sargent or Watts to have left us a portrait, which would have settled, for one thing, whether his eyes were brown, as one observer says, or gray as others declare—though it is by a curious error that even De Quincey attaches to him the famous line of Wordsworth about the "noticeable man with large gray eyes." Then came ill-health and opium. Laudanum by the wineglassful and half-pint at a time soon reduced him to the journalist lecturer and philosopher who projected all things, executed nothing; only the eloquent tongue left. So he perished—the mightiest intellect of his day; and great was the fall thereof. There remain of him his poems, and a quantity of letters painful to read. They show him wordy, full of weak lamentation, deplorably feminine and strengthless.

* As De Quincey himself shows elsewhere, the passage in question refers probably to Sir Humphry Davy—certainly not to Coleridge.

No other poet, perhaps, except Spenser, has been an initial influence, a generative influence, on so many poets. Having with that mild Elizabethan much affinity, it is natural that he also should be "a poets' poet" in the rarer sense—the sense of fecundating other poets. As with Spenser, it is not that other poets have made him their model, have reproduced essentials of his style (accidents no great poet will consciously perpetuate). The progeny are sufficiently unlike the parent. It is that he has incited the very sprouting in them of the laurel-bough, has been to them a fostering sun of song. Such a primary influence he was to Rossetti—Rossetti, whose model was far more Keats than Coleridge. Such he was to Coventry Patmore, in whose work one might trace many masters rather than Coleridge. "I did not try to imitate his style," said that great singer who has but just passed from us.

"I can hardly explain how he influenced me: he was rather an ideal of perfect style than a model to imitate; but in some indescribable way he did influence my development more than any other poet."

No poet, indeed, has been senseless enough to imitate the inimitable. One might as well try to paint air as to catch a style so void of all manner that it is visible, like air, only in its results. All other poets have not only a style, but a manner; not only style, but features of style. The style of Coleridge is bare of manner, without feature, not "distinguishable in member, joint, and limb"; it is, in the Roman sense of *merum*, mere style; style unalloyed and integral. Imitation has no foothold; it would tread on glass. Therefore poets, diverse beyond other men in their appreciation of poets, have agreed with a single mind in their estimate of this poet; no artist could refrain his homage to the miracle of such utterance. To the critic has been left the peculiar and purblind shame of finding eccentricity in this speech unflawed. It seems beyond belief; yet we could point to an edition of Coleridge, published during his lifetime, and preceded by a would-be friendly memoir, which justifies our saying: "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." The admiring critic complains of Mr. Coleridge's affectations and wilful fantasticalness of style; and he dares to cite as example that wonderfully perfect union of language and metre:

"The night is chill, the forest bare;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek—
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky."

Critics, wrapped in "cock-sureness," to warn, not to discourage you; poets, branded with affectation, to give you heart, not recklessness; we recall the fact that this lovely passage was once thought affected and fantastic. There is not one great poet who has escaped the charge of obscurity, fan-

tasticalness, or affectation of utterance. It was hurled, at the outset of their careers, against Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Browning. Wordsworth wrote simple diction, and his simplicity was termed affected; Shelley gorgeous diction, and his gorgeousness was affected; Keats rich diction, and his richness was affected; Tennyson cunning diction, and his cunning was affected; Browning rugged diction, and his ruggedness was affected. Why Coleridge was called affected passes the wit of man, except it be that he did not write like Pope or the elegant Mr. Rogers—or, indeed, that all critical tradition would be outraged if a mere recent poet were not labelled with the epithet made and provided for him by wise critical precedent. If this old shoe were not thrown at the wedding of every poet with the Muse, what would become of our ancient English customs?

But critic and poet, lion and lamb, have now lain down together in their judgment of Coleridge; and abundance of the most excellent appreciation has left no new word about him possible. The critic, it is to be supposed, feels much the same delicacy in praising a live poet as in eulogising a man to his face: when the poet goes out of the room, so to speak, and the door of the tomb closes behind him, the too sensitive critic breathes freely, and finds vent for his suppressed admiration. For the last thirty years criticism has unburdened its suppressed feelings about Coleridge, which it considerably spared him while he was alive; and his position is clear, unquestioned; his reputation beyond the power of wax or wane. Alone of modern poets, his fame sits above the power of fluctuation. Wordsworth has fluctuated; Tennyson stands not exactly as he did; there is reaction in some quarters against the worship of Shelley; though all are agreed Keats is a great poet, not all are agreed as to his place. But around Coleridge the clamour of partisans is silent: none attacks, none has need to defend. "The Ancient Mariner," "Christabel," "Kubla Khan," "Genevieve" are recognised as perfectly unique masterpieces of triumphant utterance, and triumphant imagination of a certain kind. They bring down magic to the earth. Shelley has followed it to the skies; but not all can companion him in that rarefied ether and breathe. Coleridge brings it in to us, floods us round with it, makes it native and apprehensible as the air of our own earth. To do so he seeks no remote splendours of language, uses no brazier of fuming imagery. He waves his wand, and the miracle is accomplished before our eyes in the open light of day; he takes words which have had the life used out of them by the common cry of poets, puts them into relation, and they rise up like his own dead mariners, wonderful with a supernatural animation. The poems take the reason prisoner, and the spell is renewed as often as they are read. The only question on which critics differ is the respective places of the two longer poems. "The Ancient Mariner" has the advantage of completion, and its necromancy is performed, so to speak, more in the sight of the reader,

with a more absolutely simple diction, and a simpler metre. The apparatus—if we may use such a degrading image—is less. “Christabel” is not only a fragment, but incapable of being anything else. Not even Coleridge, we do believe, could have maintained through the intricacies of plot and in *dénouement* the expectations aroused by the opening. The second part, as has been said, declines its level in portions. Yet, in opposition to the general opinion, we think that a more subtle magic is effected in the first part than in the “Ancient Mariner”—marvellous though that be. The “Ancient Mariner” passes in a region of the supernatural; “Christabel” brings the supernatural into the regions of everyday. Nor can we see, as some critics have seen, any flaw in the success with which this is done. Yet, perhaps, there are a few—chiefly poetic—readers to whom the most unique and enthralling achievement of all is “Kubla Khan.” The words, the music—one and indivisible—come through the gates of dream as never has poem come before or since. This, we believe, might have been completed, so far as a dream is ever completed; that is to say, there might have been more of it. Obviously, the thing has no plot, difficult sustainedly to execute. It is pure lyricism; and the tapestry of shifting vision might unroll indefinitely to the point at which the dream melted. For, unlike many, we have no difficulty in believing Coleridge’s account of how the poem arose. We should feel it difficult to believe any other origin. We could no more see a shower without postulating a cloud than we could doubt this poem to have been rained out of dream. If there were a day of judgment against the preventers of poetry, heavy would be the account of that unnamed visitor who interrupted Coleridge in the transcription of his dream-music, and lost to the world for ever the remainder of “Kubla Khan.” In the other world, we trust, this wretched individual will be condemned eternally to go out of ear-shot when the angels prelude on their harps; together with all those who by choice enter concert-rooms during the divinest passage of a symphony.

The minor poems of this great poet are minor indeed. “Youth and Age,” “Frost at Midnight,” passages of “The Nightingale,” and one or two more which might be named, in spite of a real measure of quiet beauty, could never support a great reputation. The “Ode to Dejection” has unquestionably fine passages, but hardly aims at sustained power. The Odes “To France” and “The Departing Year” are terrible bombast, though here again occur fine lines. The fingers of one hand number the poems on which Coleridge’s fame is adamantly based; and they were all written in about two years of his youth.

The portrait which accompanies this notice shows the Coleridge of those younger days, with the poet not yet burned out in him; when we are told his face had beauty in the eyes of many women. It is of the later Coleridge that we possess the most luminous descriptions. A slack, shambling man, flabby in face and form and character, redeemed by noble brow and dim yet luminous eyes; womanly and unstayed of

nature, torrentuous of golden talk, the poet submerged and feebly struggling in opium-darkened oceans of German philosophy, amid which he finally foundered, striving to the last to fish up gigantic projects from the bottom of a daily half-pint of laudanum. And over that wreck, most piteous and terrible in all our literary history, shines, and will shine for ever, the five-pointed star of his glorious youth; those poor five resplendent poems, for which he paid the devil’s price of a desolated life and unthinkably blasted powers. Other poets may have done greater things; none a thing more perfect and unaccompanied. Other poets belong to this class or that; he to the class of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

EXQUISITE French, perfect style, an indescribable delicacy of touch and subtlety of irony—in a word, every distinct and elusive quality that go to make up that supreme word “charm.” And having said so much of M. Anatole France’s new book, *L’Orme du Mail*, how far away one is from having said enough! M. France is an enchanter. His style, like Renan’s, has the aroma, the mellowness that long pondering gives to thought when it reaches expression, and which can only be compared with the full-toned flavour of old wine. It has nothing in common with the poetic prose of great *prosateurs* like Rousseau, Bernadon de St. Pierre, Sand, de Staël, or our Ruskin. Rarer still, more precious, more quaint, of the most elegant and limpid simplicity, it is luminous with the mild and tempered tones of late afternoon sunshine: nothing garish, nothing sublime, impassioned, or resplendent. But for a charm so penetrative, an irony so delicious, a perfection so incomparable, all the eloquence of the century might be bartered.

A smile, transparently ingenuous and human, runs through the book, from cover to cover, softening the natural asperities of satire, winning pardon for the little inoffensive touches of rakishness, effacing all deformities of vice and perfidy. From the Puritan point of view, such a book, it must be confessed, is decidedly immoral, because of the glamour and fascination it can cast over any character or scene, however perverse or shady. To begin with, M. France dots no *i*’s. He suggests with delicately playful gravity. So inimitable is his art, that we delight in the frailty and imperfection of humanity, for the charming occasions for wit and subtlety frailty and imperfection furnish him with. What could be more engaging than his exposure of insincerity in the Cardinal-Archbishop in the opening chapter? All his little flatteries and devices to ward off the inevitable accusation, which is the object of the Abbé Lantaigne’s visit, obtain our sympathy through the road of humour and skill. When the fatal name is introduced, he asks, with assumed levity, if M. l’Abbé Guitrel is a candidate for a bishopric, and the austere Abbé Lantaigne indignantly exclaims

that such a nomination would be as great a scandal as that of Cautinus, who so unworthily filled the chair of St. Martin. “Cautinus,” said the good-natured Cardinal-Archbishop (who heard the name for the first time)—“Cautinus, that occupied St. Martin’s seat! Are you quite sure that the conduct of this Cautinus was as bad as they say?” and thereupon the innocent abbé is dragged away from his project. But he returns to it, and this time accuses his rival of buying church objects for the benefit of a Jewess, the prefect’s wife, who covers “seats they tell me are called puffs” with brocaded copes.

“Puffs,” muses the Cardinal; “but if the appropriation of these ornaments, no longer in use, was lawfully made, I cannot see that the Bishop Cautinus—I mean the Abbé Guitrel—did any wrong in taking part in this legitimate transaction. There is no reason to venerate the copes of pious curates as relics of the saints. It is no sacrilege to sell their cast-off vestments to make puffs.”

And when he has got rid of the discontented abbé, he says to his secretary:

“M. Lantaigne is sincerity itself. I esteem his frankness and his honesty. With him you know where you are going, and,” he added, “where you will go.”

Inimitable the abbé’s letter of accusation against his enemy. Here is the fourth charge:

“M. Guitrel is in the habit of going every day, at five o’clock in the afternoon, to Dame Magloire’s confectionery shop, Place Saint Exupère, and there, leaning over the counters, the sideboards and tables, he examines the dainties massed on the plates and in the dishes with a deep interest and a laborious assiduity. Then stopping at the spot where those sorts of cakes, which, I am informed, are called *éclairs* and *babas*, are piled, he touches one of these confections with his finger’s edge, then another, and orders these trifles to be wrapped in a sheet of paper. Far from me be it to accuse him of sensuality because of this minute and absurd choice of a few cream cakes and sweets. But if we consider that he goes to Dame Magloire’s at the very hour when the fashionable class of both sexes crowds there, and that he offers himself for public laughter, we may ask ourselves if the Professor of Eloquence of the great seminary does not leave some of his dignity at the confectioner’s. As a fact, the choice of two cakes has not escaped ill-natured attention, and, rightly or wrongly, they say that M. Guitrel keeps one for himself and gives the other to his servant. Assuredly he may, without incurring blame, share dainties with a person attached to his service, above all if this person has attained the canonical age.”

The relations between the prefect and his wife, both Jews, and the Abbé Guitrel are suggested with finished and delicious irony. Too subtle and perfect an artist to weigh upon a stroke, or punctuate a delicate idea, M. France’s satire is as good-humoured as it is polished. It is the perfection of the high urbane French manner. If it scratches, to the tip of the nails, with their sharpness of point and certainty of tear, the hand is sheathed in soft and perfumed velvet. There is neither sneer nor brilliancy in the mild, false smile, no obvious claim in the charming grace of attitude. He seeks no more elaborate effect upon his reader than a pervasive glow, a delicate feeling of con-

tentment, and this by an equable radiance and a temperate fluency. When the cardinal stoops to a practical joke, it is an eminently austere and erudite one, and when he has fooled the unfortunate abbé to the top of his learned bent he says grandly, "You have rendered me an inappreciable service, M. Lantaigne; know that I greatly esteem your sciences and receive my pastoral blessing." And the abbé, learning of the trick, cries, lifting his sombre and ardent glance to heaven: "The archbishop deceived me! Will that man, then, never tell the truth except at the altar steps when holding the sacred host he pronounces the words 'Domine non sum dignus!'"

But it is not in two columns that such an enchanting book as *L'Orme du Mail* can be adequately treated, nor the tenth part of its beauties, its ineffable grace and quiet unanalysable charm revealed. It is a book to make us thankful for our times.

H. L.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Divagations. Stephane Mallarmé.
Sur les Mines. Maurice Paléologue.
Pour Un. Louis Esnault.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE third volume of *The Centenary Burns*, edited by Messrs. Henley and Henderson, will be published immediately. The Notes, extending to over 200 pages, will contain much novel information about the origin of Burns's songs, from authentic and hitherto unknown MSS. (in the possession of the Earl of Rosebery, the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, and others), and various important sources wholly unutilised by earlier editors.

THE proposal to erect a gas-lamp to the memory of the late Mr. Stevenson, because in *Virginibus Puerisque* and *The Child's Garden of Verse* he wrote on lamps and lamp-posts, affords one a beautiful glimpse into the mind of the man who made it. It is evidently a nice mind; but this Stevenson gas-lamp would be extinguished by the laughter of all whose *naïveté* is not unlimited. Better far proclaim that every lamp-post is henceforth a monument to Stevenson. This would save us from seeing a chimney erected to Charles Lamb, because he wrote of chimney-sweepers.

In the *Contemporary Review* Mr. Edmund Gosse tells the inner history of the late Coventry Patmore's mystical work, *Sponsa Dei*. It was written between 1881 and 1883, and Mr. Patmore had arranged with Mr. Gosse to publish the book at a certain time after his death. But an extraordinary incident put an end to this plan. "On January 30, 1888," says Mr. Gosse, "when I had been staying a day or two with Patmore at Hastings he said to me at breakfast, abruptly, almost hysterically, 'You won't have much to do as my literary executor!' and then proceeded to announce that he had burned the entire MS. of *Sponsa Dei* on the

previous Christmas Day. His family knew nothing of this holocaust, and the ladies immediately cried, 'O papa, that is why you have been so dreadfully depressed since Christmas!'"

"He had come to the conclusion that, although wholly orthodox, and proceeding no further than the Bible and the Breviary permitted, the world was not ready for so mystical an interpretation of the significance of physical love in religion, and that some parts of the book were too daring to be safely placed in all hands. . . . The subject of it was certainly surprising. It was not more nor less than an interpretation of the love between the soul and God by an analogy of the love between a woman and a man; it was, indeed, a transcendental treatise on Divine desire seen through the veil of human desire. The purity and crystalline passion of the writer carried him safely over the most astounding difficulties, but perhaps, on the whole, he was right in considering that it should not be thrown to the vulgar. Yet the scruple which destroyed it was simply deplorable; the burning of *Sponsa Dei* involved a distinct loss to literature."

THE theory of the American Shakespearean scholar, Mr. Locke Richardson, that when Falstaff "babbled o' green fields," he was recalling the "green pastures" of the twenty-third Psalm, has moved J. G. A. to address to Falstaff the following lines, which are published in the *Critic*. So much interest is shown in this country in this new reading of Shakespeare that we quote the poem:

"FALSTAFF DYING.

"They say that Falstaff, dying, turned his eyes
From life's buffooneries and dreary mirth—
Knowing he went the way of all the earth,—
And babbled—mark his comrade's dazed surprise!—
Of pastures green, within the land that lies
Beyond the utmost bound of old World's
girth.
Didst rave, old Knight? Didst seek, amid
the dearth
Of earthly comfort, one that never dies?
O tender thought! O sweet solution rare!
His groping spirit sprung from God's good
seed—
Might he not turn, in this, his last, dread need,
To childhood's teaching of that Country fair
Which seemed so strangely near, now life
was done?
E'en let us grant him this, his race being
run!"

In the current *Century Magazine* is an interesting biographical sketch of Samuel Lover, by his daughter, Mrs. Fanny Schmid. Lover died just about a generation ago, so that it is neither too soon nor too late to revive the memory of his very various talents. By a great many people he is remembered only as the author of *Handy Andy*, a book which shares with *Valentine Vox* the honour of having made thousands of readers laugh for the first time over print. But Lover was a very all round man. As a miniaturist he might have taken high rank. He was overwhelmed with orders for portraits when he ex-

changed Dublin for London, and it is interesting to learn that among the famous and beautiful faces he portrayed was that of the venerable Mrs. Gwynne, the "Jessamy Bride" of Goldsmith.

LOVER also wrote songs which sold well; he played several musical instruments; and in society "Sam Lover," or "little Lover," was a prime favourite. Yet at home he was everything to his wife and daughter; in short, says Mrs. Schmid, he lived up to his own verse:

"Oh! thus I'd play th' enchanter's part,
Thus scatter bliss around,
And not a tear nor aching heart
Should in the world be found!"

Later in life his eyes suffered by his painting and etching, and he undertook entertainments which he called "Lover's Irish Evenings." They were excellent fun. Royalties from his works flowed in pleasantly, and a Royal pension for his literary achievements capped all. "On the last morning of his life," says his daughter, "he rose as usual." He who would be happy though an author should learn of Lover.

THOSE who know their De Quincey and remember his wonderful account of the great snowstorm at the beginning of the century, will be interested in learning that Mrs. Hall, of Grasmere, the youngest of those children whose parents perished in that storm, died at Grasmere last week, at the age of 92.

SOME readers are far too inquisitive. In the current number of *Nature Notes*, the organ of the Selborne Society, an inquirer writes to ask: "What is the poison-flower mentioned in the *Sorrows of Satan*, chap. xxvi., 'the poison-flower which, brilliant in colour and perfect in shape, exhales death to those who pluck it from its stem'?" To this the editor dryly replies: "We do not know the 'poison-flower,' and former attempts to obtain enlightenment as to the plants described in Miss Corelli's books have proved unsuccessful (see *N.N.* 1896, p. 213). We presume, however, that the flower in question belongs to the same class as the 'bog-oak' of Miss Corelli's *Mighty Atom*."

In the second part of his penny *Poems for the Schoolroom and the Scholar* the influence of his journalistic training is strong upon Mr. Stead, or more properly, upon his assistant, Mr. R. S. Wood. Indeed, never was poetry so be-journalised as it is here. One would have thought, for instance, that if there was one piece of writing in the world which would never be subjected to the indignity of "cross-headings," it was Matthew Arnold's "Forsaken Merman." But to think so is to reckon without the colossal enterprise of Mr. Stead. Mr. Stead can put cross-headings to anything; he puts eight to this particular poem, in the following order: "The Children call for their Mother"—"But no Response is made by Her"—"They have Heard the Bell Call"—"Why the Mother left Them"—"They go to the Church in Search of their Mother"—"They

hear the Mother Singing: She heeds Them Not"—"The Mother never Returns"—"How Lonely are the Kings of the Sea."

"JOHN GILPIN" is treated similarly, although the child who cannot follow Cowper's story unadorned cannot comprehend Mr. Stead's aids to intelligence. But when it comes to Browning's "Pied Piper of Hamelin" there is real occasion for an editor, for only a portion of the poem is given, and the title is altered to the "Pied Piper's Revenge." We gather that this is so because Mr. Stead could not gain the permission of the publishers to print the piece intact. But if they could have foreseen, surely Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. would have granted him full permission, since anything is better than such mutilation. Mr. Stead seems destined to be a source of irritation in Waterloo-place.

MR. RUSKIN'S *Stones of Venice* has been translated into Hungarian. The translation will be published by the Hungarian Academy of Sciences. The first part has already appeared in print.

LADY PRESTWICH, who is collecting material for *A Life of the late Sir Joseph Prestwich*, will be grateful to friends if they will forward to her any letters, addressing them to Shoreham, near Sevenoaks. These will be at once copied and carefully returned.

THE writer of a good article on "Literature and Music" in the new *Macmillan* is amusingly severe on those writers who have shown by their mistakes that a little knowledge of music is a dangerous thing. Mr. Marion Crawford, it seems, has ascribed *La Favorita* to Verdi; Mr. Black has been found setting a lady down to a piano to play Beethoven's *Farewell*—"a composition unknown to that musician's many admirers"; while the late Charles Reade, after making Peg Woffington whistle a quick tune, tells how Mr. Cibber was astonished by "this sparkling *adagio*." In the opinion of the writer of the article few literary men have shown a more intelligent interest in music than De Quincey. Johnson failed on the flageolet; Goethe and Carlyle understood the value of music, but had no passion for it; Scott had neither voice nor ear, but some taste; Burns had an ear and even a fiddle; Lamb no ear; and Coleridge had no ear, but much taste—a position which he declared to be quite possible.

It is quite time that the fly-away Neo-Celtic movement in literature should be lassoed and put to a task. One is glad, therefore, that Mr. Andrew Lang thinks so, and that he writes as follows in the current *Blackwood*:

"If the Neo-Celts are in earnest, let them provide us with Celtic texts and literal translations of Celtic literature, or do for Ireland, Brittany, and Wales what Mr. Neil Munro has begun to do for the West Highlands. This is the path; to make large claims of the best things in English literature, or in French heroism, for 'the Celtic element' is not the path. Conscious modern imitation of poetry which the imitators, as a rule, cannot read in

the original languages, is not the path. These proceedings irritate the so-called Saxon, provoke his ridicule, and keep alive his prejudices. It is foolish to call Jeanne d'Arc or Walter Scott 'Celts'; foolish to say that a poet must have Celtic blood because, in fact, you like his poetry."

This is Saxon common-sense.

MR. HUGH PRICE HUGHES sends the following reply—a little belated—to the request which we sent out asking for the names of the two books he found most interesting and pleasing in 1896: "I find it exceedingly difficult to answer your question, as I have found much pleasure and happiness in various portions of the writings of Browning, Ruskin, and the completed *Philosophy of Herbert Spencer*. I have also been much interested in the very instructive *Biography of the late Cardinal Manning*; but, on the whole, the two works which have perhaps pleased and interested me most in 1896 are Dean Plumptre's *Dante*—my interest in Italy and Italian literature having been greatly quickened by a long visit to Italy two years ago; and, secondly, a small but extremely instructive and suggestive work recently published by Macmillan for the author of *The Social Horizon*, entitled *Evil and Evolution*. This book, like the *Thoughts on Religion*, by the late George Romanes, edited by Canon Gore, which I have also studied with much interest, is a striking illustration of the return to Scriptural orthodoxy on the part of those who are most saturated with the results of modern scientific learning."

AMERICA is becoming the golden land for the English magazine, as well as that of indigenous growth. *The Strand* circulates there to the extent of 60,000 to 70,000; the *Pall Mall Magazine* sells between 20,000 and 30,000; and the *English Illustrated Magazine*, called across the Atlantic the *New Illustrated Magazine*, is rapidly building up a reputation. Meanwhile, *Pearson's Monthly*, with a first-rate bait in the shape of Mr. Kipling's "Captains Courageous," is about to begin an American existence. The home magazines, however, completely distance any of ours in popularity.

"TWELFTH NIGHT" will be revived before the members of the Elizabethan Stage Society, in the Middle Temple Hall, on Friday evening, the 12th inst. The comedy will be acted at the day's end of the hall on a platform. Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch provides the music, and Capt. Hutton advises as to the sword-play. It is a few days more than 296 years ago since the play was recited in the same hall, then newly erected, before Queen Elizabeth and a distinguished company, the date of that representation being February 2, 1601. Mr. Inderwick, Q.C., in the introduction to his *Calendar of the Inner Temple Records*, says, in allusion to that event: "As it was the custom of the benchers of the two inns to be present at each other's performances, our benchers were probably present on this occasion. The account of this performance is gained from a MS. diary of John Manningham, a member of the Middle

Temple, who was present at the representation. The passage describing the play is quoted in *extenso* by Halliwell, who gives it in facsimile."

A REPRINT of Mr. Meredith's *Essay on Comedy* will be published in volume form by Messrs. Constable.

THE volume of the same publishers' "Illustrated Standard Novels" for February is Thomas Love Peacock's *Misfortunes of Elphin and Rhododaphne*, with forty full-page illustrations by Mr. F. H. Townsend. This completes the works of Peacock.

MESSRS. A. CONSTABLE & Co. announce a book on the recent Jameson Raid, by Mr. F. E. Garrett, the editor of the *Cape Times*. In order that his story of the Jameson Raid and Johannesburg Revolt should be thoroughly accurate, Mr. Garrett has secured the co-operation of all the chief actors in the drama, and has thus produced a highly valuable and authentic history of the stirring episodes which took place in the Transvaal at the beginning of the year 1896; but what will be looked for with the keenest curiosity is a special chapter, for which Mr. Garrett has come to England to complete the materials, dealing with the points on which the world has been led to expect startling disclosures in the near future.

A NEW novel by Olive Schreiner may be expected before long.

DURING her stay in England, Miss Beatrice Harraden will see through the press her Californian story, *Hilda Strafford*, which ran through *Blackwood's Magazine* last year. The volume will be issued at the end of this month by Messrs. Blackwood.

THE following work is now in the press, and will be published by Mr. Quaritch: *A Chinese Biographical Dictionary*, by Herbert A. Giles, late H.M. Consul at Ningpo. It will contain about 2,500 lives of the most eminent Chinese statesmen, warriors, philosophers, poets, painters, travellers, priests, rebels, beauties, &c., &c., from the earliest ages down to the present day. Biographical notices of the Emperors will also be included.

THE first edition of Dr. Jokai's new work, *The Green Book*, was exhausted on publication. A second edition is in preparation and will be ready shortly.

MR. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE, who accompanied the recent expedition to Dongola as a special correspondent, has written an account of his experiences, which will be published next week by Messrs. Innes & Co. under the title of *Towards Khartoum*. The book will be copiously illustrated from photographs taken by the author, and will have numerous sketch maps.

THE BOOK MARKET.

BOOKSELLING NOTES.

MR. HENNIKER-HEATON is the publishers' as well as the people's advocate in post-office matters. This week he asked the Secretary to the Treasury whether it is fair that publishers should have to pay postage on books which they forward under legal compulsion to the British Museum. Mr. Henniker-Heaton backed his question by asserting that publishers resent this obligation, and that many of them refuse to stamp parcels.

IN reply, Mr. Hanbury professed he could see no reason for relieving publishers of this expense. He said that the British Museum readily recovers the deficient postage. This only proves that the grievance is big enough to gall the publisher, though not big enough to make him fight. He said that the amount of such postage is very small. This only shows that publishers have had to find cheaper ways of delivering their books. It may be that large publishers would never use the post. But the smaller publishers stand differently; and that there is a real grievance is indicated by the fact that the matter has been brought forward sufficiently often to be, as Mr. Hanbury himself said, "repeatedly considered by various Governments." Moreover, the expense, as stated above, must, in many cases, be multiplied by five. Not only the British Museum, but also the Bodleian, the Cambridge Public Library, the Library of the Faculty of Advocates at Edinburgh, and that of Trinity College, Dublin, are empowered to say to the publisher: "Send us such a book," and he sends it.

IT is announced that among the most interesting literary items to be sold by public auction during the coming season is the entire autograph MS. of Keats's *Endymion*. This MS., which will be put up by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, comes direct from a descendant of the Mr. Taylor, of Taylor & Hessey, who first published Keats's little volume in the early part of the century, and it has never before appeared in the market. The MS., says the *Times*, comprises 181 leaves, and includes the four "Books" into which the poem was divided. The alterations in pencil and pen are exceedingly interesting, and, with the exception of one folio, the MS. is entirely in the beautifully clear and neat handwriting of the poet. In addition to *Endymion*, the same sale will include, also from the same source, the autograph MS. of *Lamia*, which covers twenty-six pages folio. Both MSS. bear the usual "instructions to the printer," and are consequently the actual "copy" from which the poems were set up in type.

OTHER autographs which are announced for early auction are some half-dozen letters of Burns. One is to his friend Ainslie, and another to "Clarinda." In the latter Burns writes, in that unhappy, stilted style

into which he so often dropped in his letter-writing:

"MY DEAREST CLARINDA,—You are ever present with me, and these hours that draw by among the fools and rascals of this world are only supportable in the idea [that] they are the forerunners of that happy hour that ushers me to the mistress of my soul."

IN the same sale will be offered (by Messrs. Sotheby) a complete series of sixteen original etchings on India paper, by R. C. Lucas, illustrating *Tam O' Shanter*. These are dated 1841, and it is believed that not a dozen sets were put into circulation.

AMONG interesting printed books shortly to come into the sale room are two well worth mention: a copy of *Childe Harold*, from the library of Sir Henry Parkes, bearing on the fly-leaf the autograph of Lady Bacon, to whom Byron dedicated the poem—calling her "Lanthe"; and a first edition of *Paradise Lost*, inscribed by Milton himself, as a gift to "my loving friend, Mr. Francis Rea, bookbinder in Worcestershire."

THE prices obtained at the sale of book-plates which Messrs. Puttick & Simpson held a week ago (the first of its kind) quite dismayed some old collectors. One, writing to the *Daily Chronicle*, throws up his hands in despair, and says that if the hobby is to become, through the influence of dealers, "a rich man's expensive folly," he can no longer pursue it. But he should be more philosophical. Every fad has its stages, and the stage at which it attracts the wealthy ignoramus is not entirely without compensations to the indigent connoisseur. It engenders activity; activity engenders new facts and discoveries. The preservation of the objects of his love is at least ensured, and often he has but to play a waiting game to triumph.

CERTAINLY the prices given in the above sale must have disconcerted those who had been used to buy book-plates with their loose coppers. The 278 lots catalogued by Messrs. Puttick & Simpson produced about £300. Here are a few of the more interesting results: An armorial plate of Charles Lennox, Duke of Richmond, £1 4s.; a plate of the Honourable Mistris Primerose, a member of the Rosebery family, 15s.; a scarce example of Philip Sydney, Earl of Leicester, dated 1704, £1 3s.; a fine armorial plate of Thomas Penn, of Stoke Pogis, in the county of Bucks, son of the founder of Pennsylvania, £6; a pictorial plate of Andrew Lumisden, private secretary of the Stuart Princes, engraved and signed by Sir Richard Strange, the eminent picture collector and engraver, £1 10s.; the Chippendale plate of David Garrick, with bust of Shakespeare, £1 10s.; one of the earliest specimens of the style known as "book-pile" plates, Dr. A. Charlton, about 1699, £1 18s.; the portrait bookplate of Jacob Gibbs, the architect of the Church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, dated 1736, £1; the emblematic plate with arms of Sir F. Cunliffe, engraved by Bartolozzi, £1 6s.; a set of seven plates of the Walpole family, £3 12s.; and Hogarth's finely engraved plate, £1 10s.

MR. KARSLAKE's window exhibitions in the Charing Cross-road are attracting the attention they deserve. This week the display consists of a collection of rare and early portraits of the Royal Family. One of the nine items offered by Mr. Karslake is a framed proof impression of the engraving by Samuel Cousins of Winterhalter's portrait group of Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, the Princess Royal, Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, Princess Alice, and others. The other items are royal portraits and groups and a framed autograph of Her Majesty the Queen.

MR. CEDRIC CHIVERS, of Bloomsbury, whose monthly lists of newly published books are known to most booksellers, has issued his twelve lists for 1896 as a new yearly volume, forming a record of the publications of the year. The books are arranged in numerical sequence month by month under their authors' names. The full title, the price, and the publisher are given, and many of the books have been annotated in a practical way. An index of subjects and titles, and another of authors, complete a very useful, as it is certainly a well printed, publication. We shall consult it frequently.

As showing the continued popularity of C. H. Spurgeon's sermons, it is stated that Messrs. Passmore received the other day a single order for a million sermons by the late pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

SOME BOOKSELLERS' CATALOGUES.

WE continue, below, our brief comments on catalogues of books which have reached us from second-hand booksellers in various parts of the country:

MR. THOMAS SIMMONS (Charing Cross-road, W.C.):

MR. SIMMONS's list opens with an item of considerable interest to readers of antiquarian tastes. This is a complete set of the *Archæologia* of the Society of Antiquaries of London, from the beginning in 1770 down to 1895 inclusive; also the Royal Charter, statutes, and orders and regulations of the Society; in all, seventy-eight volumes. The illustrations in these are very numerous, many being in colour, and the contributors include such antiquarians as Dr. Stukeley, Sir W. Hamilton, Captain Grose, Samuel Lysons, Sir John Lubbock, and Dean Stanley. Mr. Simmons's price is thirty guineas. On another page we note a copy of vol. ii. of *Ben Jonson*, belonging to the edition of 1640, concerning which Mr. Simmons states: "It is Charles II.'s copy when Prince of Wales, having the 'C.P.' with the 'Feathers' and motto 'Ich Dien' stamped in gold on the sides. Books from the library of the Merry Monarch are of extreme rarity. The above is a particularly interesting example; the father and mother of Charles appearing in the 'Names of the Masquers.'" This volume is priced at five guineas. Among less expensive volumes catalogued by Mr. Simmons is Mr. Robert Buchanan's essay on *The Fleshly School of Poetry and other Phenomena of the Day*. The withdrawal of this book early in its career has made it rare, and for this copy, which is bound by Rivière in crushed levant, the price is £1.

HENRY YOUNG & SONS (Liverpool):

The list just issued by this firm is a very good specimen of what a second-hand bookseller's list

should be. It is full and various and well classified. A copy of the first edition of Sir John Denham's *Poems and Translations*, with *The Sophy* in its original calf binding, is listed at £1 10s. It contains the separate title-page to *The Sophy*, which is so often missing. A large-paper copy of Captain Gronow's *Reminiscences and Recollections*, that storehouse of anecdotes of camps, courts, and clubs, is offered here for £3 3s. It should be added that the two volumes contain a double set of plates, one set being proofs before letters, and the other proofs coloured by hand. This copy is one of a small edition issued in this manner to subscribers. A number of the finest productions of the Kelmscott Press are catalogued by Messrs. Young & Sons, including *The Golden Legend*, *The Life and Death of Jason*, Chaucer's *The Flower and the Leaf*, &c., at moderate prices. A scarce item in this catalogue is a facsimile of the Map of the World which Richard de Bello made in the year 1800. The original is now at Hereford, and concerning it there is this interesting note. "It is," next to Ptolemy's, "the oldest map of the world extant, and a very interesting account of it will be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1813. The world is represented as a sphere surrounded by the ocean; Jerusalem is in the centre, the south is at the top, and the north at the bottom; and illustrations of mythical men, animals, fishes, &c., thought to be indigenous to the various foreign countries abound. At the bottom right-hand corner of the map is a drawing of the author, Richard de Bello, on horseback, accompanied by his page and hound; and in the left-hand corner the Pope of that day is represented holding a document, on which is the seal of Cæsar Augustus, intimating that the whole world is to be taxed. At the top is represented Christ and the angels admitting some spirits into heaven and condemning others to hell. The map measures 71 by 61 inches when open, but when closed only 16 by 12½ inches." Messrs. Young's price for the facsimile is £1 5s.

Messrs. DOUGLAS & FOULIS (Edinburgh):

This Edinburgh firm's catalogues are usually rich in learned and antiquarian works. In a list filling forty-two double-column pages, we note the following entries: *The Boks of Saint Albans*, reproduced in facsimile from the edition of 1486, with an introduction by William Blades; quarto, £1 1s. *National MSS. of Scotland*, being facsimiles photo-zincographed by Colonel Sir H. James, in 8 vols., atlas folio, \$8 10s. *M.S. Collections for the Poetical Works of Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount*, by George Chalmers, with glossary and a letter in the handwriting of Archibald Constable, respecting the publication, quarto, half-calf, £3. The list includes family histories of Dundas of Fingask, the Gordons, the Mackenzies, the Macdonalds of Clauranald, and others. We espay also Leigh Hunt's *A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla*, with twenty-five illustrations by Richard Doyle, the first edition, £1 12s.

Messrs. DEIGHTON & BELL (Cambridge):

A Cambridge bookseller's list is sure to express Cambridge, and this is the case with the list before us. The youth and vigour of the University are reflected in this catalogue of standard works mainly in modern, well-edited editions. A complete set of Mr. A. H. Bullen's editions of *Elizabethan Poetry and Drama* in nine volumes, of which some have become very scarce, is offered at £12. The *British Essayists*, as collected by Chalmers in thirty-eight duodecimo volumes, with portraits, and including the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, *Guardian*, *Rambler*, *Idler*, &c., cannot be dear at £2 15s. From these it is a sharp transition to a set of the works of that delightful literary flaneur, Octave Uzanne, whose exquisite *The Fan and The Sunshade*, *the Glove*, and *the Muff* are priced at £1 7s. 6d. each. Messrs. Deighton & Bell have numerous entries under Shakespeare, Tennyson, R. L. Stevenson, Swinburne, the Shelley Society, Ruskin, and the Kelmscott Press. The late Mr. John Addington Symonds's *Life of Michelangelo Buonarroti*, the first edition, with fifty reproductions, is priced £3 8s., and the late Mr. P. G. Hamerton's *Graphic Arts*, in Roxburghe binding, £5 5s.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

OUR list of new books to hand is this week fairly long and various. Under Theology we have Dr. George S. Keith's new work, *A Plea for a Simpler Faith* (Kegan Paul). It will doubtless attract many of the readers who have lately called for six editions of his similarly entitled work, *A Plea for a Simpler Life*. The issue of *The Modern Reader's Bible* (Macmillans) has reached *The Chronicles* in the chronological order of books adopted by the editor. As in the other volumes, the Revised Version is used. Under Philosophy the translation of Zeller's works on *Aristotle and the Earlier Peripatetics*, issued by Messrs. Longmans, should be noted.

History is represented by four books, of which two are histories of Canada and France. The "Famous Scots" Series (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier) is continued in Mr. W. Keith Leask's *James Boswell*. A military biography of considerable interest is a Life of "Redan Windham," being the Crimean Diary and Letters of Lieut.-General Sir Charles Ash Windham. The book is written by Captain Charles Windham, son of General Windham, and has an introduction by Sir William Howard Russell.

Politics in 1896, a new year-book, issued by Mr. Grant Richards, and edited by Mr. Frederick Whelen, has been very fully announced, and now arrives as a well-printed and handy volume in red cloth. A diary and an index are appended to the five articles of which the book is composed, treating of Home and Foreign Affairs, the Services, the United States, and London.

A new and important work on the British Navy, published by Mr. Murray, is *The Navy and the Nation; or, Naval Warfare and Imperial Defence*, by Lieut.-Col. Sir George S. Clarke and James R. Thursfield.

THEOLOGY.

STUDIES IN THEOLOGY. By Guy Silvester. John Heywood (Mansel). 1s. 6d.

GOD, THE CREATOR AND LORD OF ALL. By Samuel Harris, D.D. T. & T. Clark (Edinburgh). 2 vols. 16s.

THE MAGDALEN PSALTER. Twelfth edition. Mowbray & Co.

QUESTIONS ON THE CHURCH CATECHISM. By W. Fraser Handcock, M.A. Home Words Office. 2s. 6d.

THE MODERN READER'S BIBLE: THE CHRONICLES. Macmillan.

A PLEA FOR A SIMPLER FAITH. By George S. Keith. Kegan Paul.

CHRIST NO PRODUCT OF EVOLUTION. By Rev. George Henslow. George Stoneman.

PHILOSOPHY.

ARISTOTLE AND THE EARLIER PERIPATETICS. Translated from Zeller by B. F. C. Costelloe, M.A., and J. H. Muirhead, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co. 2 vols. 24s.

HISTORY.

THE STORY OF THE NATIONS: CANADA. By J. G. Bourinot, C.M.G. T. Fisher Unwin. 5s.

HISTORY OF THE ARMENIANS IN INDIA. By Mesrobian J. Seth. Luzac & Co.

THE GROWTH OF THE FRENCH NATION. By George Burton Adams. Macmillan & Co. 6s.

THE FALL OF THE CONGO ARABS. By Sidney Langford Hinde. Methuen & Co. 12s.

BIOGRAPHY.

FAMOUS SCOTS SERIES: JAMES BOSWELL. By W. Keith Leask. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 1s. 6d.

THE CRIMEAN DIARY AND LETTERS OF LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR CHARLES ASH WINDHAM, K.C.B. Edited by Major Hugh Pearse. Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d.

SELECTIONS FROM THE LETTERS OF DE BROSSES. Translated by Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower. Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.

HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF FÉNELON. By Andrew Michael Ramsay. J. & E. Parlane (Paisley).

SCIENCE.

MAGNETIC FIELDS OF FORCE. By H. Ebert. Translated by C. V. Burton, D.Sc. Part I. Longmans, Green & Co.

SOCIOLOGY.

THE SAXON AND THE ORL. By J. Mackinnon Robertson. London University Press Ltd.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

SUTHERLAND AND THE REAY COUNTRY. Edited by Rev. Adam Gunn and John Mackay. Celtic Monthly Office (Glasgow).

VISITS TO MONASTERIES OF THE LEVANT. By the Hon. Robert Curzon. Republished by George Newnes, Ltd.

NATURAL HISTORY.

LIVE HISTORIES OF NORTH AMERICAN BIRDS. Government Printing Office (Washington).

ANTIQUITIES.

THE PUBLICATIONS OF THE SUTHERS SOCIETY: VOL. XCV. Andrews & Co. (Durham).

ART, POETRY, AND BELLES LETTRES.

MUSA MEDICA. By J. Johnston, M.D. The Savoy Press.

CHRIST AND THE COURTSEAN. By R. H. Fitzpatrick. W. Stewart & Co.

ODDS AND ENDS. By an Odd Fellow. Digby, Long & Co. 1s. 6d.

THE SOURCES OF SPENCER'S MYTHOLOGY. By Alice Elizabeth Sawtelle. Silver, Burdett & Co. (Boston).

FICTION.

BEYOND THE PALM. By B. M. Croker. Chatto & Windus.

THE THREE DAUGHTERS OF NIGHT. By Derek Vane Hutchinson & Co. 3s. 6d.

AN OAK OF CHIVALRY. By Mrs. John Procter. Digby Long & Co. 6s.

JOHN LITTLEJOHN OF J. By George Morgan. J. B. Lippincott Company (Philadelphia).

FOR THE WHITE ROSE OF ARRO. By Owen Rhoscomyl. Longmans, Green & Co. 6s.

MERE SENTIMENT. By A. J. Dawson. John Lane. 3s. 6d.

MARGARET MOORE, SPINSTER. By A. W. Buckland. Ward & Downey. 6s.

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE. By Harry Lander. John Lane. 4s. 6d.

THE MYSTERY OF DUDLEY HORNE. By Florence Warden. F. V. White & Co. 6s.

ARRESTED. By Esme Stuart. F. V. White & Co. 6s.

THE SWAMPERS. By Hume Nisbet. F. V. White & Co. 6s.

THE GREEN BOOK; OR, FREEDOM UNDER THE SNOW. By Marius Jókai. Jarrold & Sons.

TATTERLEY. By Tom Gallon. Hutchinson & Co. 6s.

THE VILLAGE AND THE DOCTOR. By James Gordon. Methuen & Co. 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

POLITICS IN 1896. Edited by Frederick Whelen Grant Richards. 3s.

EVERYBODY'S GUIDE TO PHOTOGRAPHY. Saxon & Co. 6d.

EVERYBODY'S ENGLISH SONG-BOOK, WITH MELODIES. By Basso. 6d.

THE MYSTERIES OF MAGIC. Edited by Arthur Edward Waite. Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.

THE STORY OF THE WEATHER. By George F. Chambers, F.R.A.S. George Newnes, Ltd.

MY FAVOURITE RECIPES. (Anon.) Mawson, Swan & Morgan (Newcastle-on-Tyne).

CONTINENTAL CHIT-CHAT. By Mabel Humbert. F. V. White & Co.

MUSICAL PITCH AND THE MEASUREMENT OF INTERVALS AMONG THE ANCIENT GREEKS. By Charles W. L. Johnson, Ph.D. (Baltimore).

THE NAVY AND THE NATION. By Lieut.-Col. Sir George S. Clarke and James R. Thursfield. John Murray. 14s.

GOLF IN THEORY AND PRACTICE. By H. S. C. Everard. George Bell & Sons. 3s. 6d.

INEBRIETY. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 2s. 6d.

BULLETIN OF THE PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY OF WASHINGTON. Vol. XII. 1892-94. Judd & Detweiler (Washington).

CASA GRANDE RUIN. By Cosmo M'ndeleff. Government Printing Office (Washington).

ABORIGINAL REMAINS IN VERDE VALLEY, ARIZONA. Government Printing Office (Washington).

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

THE Council of King's College are to be congratulated on having successfully arranged to remove the school to a site where it will be possible for it to obtain elbow-room, and to a neighbourhood in other respects better suited to scholastic purposes than the vicinity of the Strand. Owing chiefly to the unsatisfactory nature of its accommodation and its environment, King's College School has been languishing of late years, and had it possessed the necessary means, doubtless the above step would have been taken before. Funds have, however, now been raised by debentures which have been taken up by friends of the school, and the South Hayes estate at Wimbledon has been bought. The property includes buildings which are said to be capable of adaptation to school purposes and to lend themselves readily to future enlargement; while, as there are six acres of land, King's College School will at last possess a playground. The removal will take place at Easter.

THE ratepayers of Islington, voting under the Free Library Act, have by a majority of 3,075 rejected Mr. Passmore Edwards's offer of £10,000 towards the cost of erecting three public libraries in the parish. The refusal of this generous proposal throws a lurid light on the strange changes that take place in the class and the character of the populations of the suburbs, or rather what once were the suburbs, of our ever absorbent capital. The time was when Islington might have been termed a literary, almost a learned, settlement, and could boast a fairly long roll of celebrities in the world of letters. Some fifty or sixty years ago, too, with a population of about 40,000, it founded and supported its own public school, which for many years was a flourishing and highly respectable establishment; reckoning among its head masters the late Dr. Jackson, Bishop of London, turning out among its *alumni* (to name specimens) such men as Mr. Justice Pearson, Mr. Grignon (fifth classic in 1846), and the evilly-rewarded maker of Felsted School, Dr. Ballard, F.R.S., whose death was recorded last week; and amassing a very honourable collection of fellowships, scholarships, and other distinctions at the universities. Islington had also its own literary and scientific institution, where some of the most eminent scientists and *littérateurs* of the day would lecture, which contained an excellent library. All this continued till well within the memory of many that yet live. Meanwhile, the 40,000 inhabitants swelled to upwards of 300,000, and before the advance of the builder the better stamp of families steadily retired. Not only the *personnel*, but the whole breed and type of the population has altered—quality has given place to quantity. The local public school has disappeared, the Literary and Scientific Institution has been converted into quarters for the Salvation Army, and repeated attempts to establish a Public Library in this vast parish have met with repeated failure.

THE remarks of the Duke of Devonshire in connexion with the proceedings

of the Head Masters' Association were, on the whole, encouraging. He "trusts that at no distant date" the matter of Secondary Education will be taken in hand by the Government.

One somewhat dangerous phrase was quoted by his Grace with approval: he alluded to the necessity of preserving the "rich variety" of our educational life. This is a quality which calls for careful watching. A "rich variety" which was permitted to be too rich in its variety might come perilously near to a perpetuation of the present chaos. There is one point, and a point of extreme importance, which was not made clear in this speech—that is, whether the proposed Central Authority is to possess powers of prohibition. Apparently it is to be granted powers of persuasion: we trust that this is euphemistic for something considerably more potent. Rein and curb, rather than whip and spur, will be required to keep the team of Local Boards from indulging too freely in a "rich variety" of curvet and caracole. His Grace admitted that

"up to the present time he did not think that the question of secondary education had received at the hands either of politicians or of the public all the attention it deserved; . . . that up to now it had received but a fitful, and sometimes almost merely a local amount of attention";

and he paid a just tribute to the scholastic profession in publicly recognising the fact that the demand for the organisation of secondary education has come from the schoolmaster himself, not from the country at large, which is still to a pitiable extent partly ignorant and partly inert about the matter. As it is by no means certain that any material advantage is likely to accrue to the teacher in consequence of this movement, the impulse is the more creditable. And it need hardly be said that the inspiration has come from the masters of schools which are upon a public footing: the private venturer, whose steady retirement from the field in the face of worthier forces has been going on for some time, and whose final disappearance will happily be accelerated by the measures in prospect, naturally wants no inconvenient investigation or interference. His wants, however, have no claim to be considered. He is a survival of the dark ages of English education; a survival that is not interesting, only mischievous. In conclusion, we are glad to note the numerical progress of a body that has done so much valuable practical work during the half-dozen years of its existence as has the Head Masters' Association: the 109 members of 1890 have swelled into 362 in 1896.

It seems strange that the meeting of the Teachers' Guild should have clashed in respect of date with that of the Head Masters' Association. At the afternoon sitting the Secondary Education Bill was discussed here also, and here also the need for a Central Authority was insisted upon by speaker after speaker. The corollary to this, the absorption by it of the functions of the Charity Commission, was strongly urged by Prof. Jebb.

So, too, in the resolutions submitted to the Lord-President of the Council by the Joint Committee for Promoting Legislation on Secondary Education, the establishment of a Central Authority, and the merging in it of the educational functions of the Charity Commission form the most prominent features; while the "inclusion in local authorities of an adequate proportion of persons possessing educational experience," which appears in one clause, will be a sufficient safeguard if "an adequate proportion" is to be read as equivalent to "a majority." The strong and general feeling that the Charity Commission has been suffered to play its fantastic tricks far too long has not expressed itself a day too soon. The extinction of its educational functions would be hailed with universal delight. The Endowed Schools Commissions would go down to their scholastic grave "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung": or if any tears fell at their demise they would be tears of joy; if any song were raised, it would be a jubilate or a pæan.

RATIONAL EDUCATION.

The New School, Abbotsholme,
Derbyshire (near Rocester),
February, 1, 1897.

To the Editor of the ACADEMY.

In your issue of January 23, under this heading, appears a review of Mr. De Brath's book, *The Foundations of Success*. Prof. Ramsay expresses the hope "that its teaching may be ere long translated into action." Will you allow us to point out that, at the "New School, Abbotsholme," founded in 1889 by Dr. Cecil Reddie, its present headmaster, theory had been translated into fact long before Mr. De Brath gave his book to the world?

We all knew this school at least a year before the appearance of the book, three of us before Mr. De Brath became an assistant-master here in 1894; and on reading the book we could not fail to see the curious resemblance which its educational views and methods bear to our work here.

The author, while acknowledging his obligations to various writers for many of his theories, omits to mention that he had practical experience here of what is essentially the system he advocates. He leaves the public to understand that the system has yet to be tried in England. That this is the inference of the public is shown by the reviews in the ACADEMY and the Times.

We are glad to see the principles in which we believe, even many of the details of our work, set forth in this book in so luminous and portable a form, but we cannot help thinking that the author would have made a stronger case for his opinions had he mentioned a school where most of his theories have been put into practice, we venture to hope with some measure of success.

K. NEUMANN, A. T. H. HAWKINS, F. H. B. ELLIS, SIDNEY UNWIN, CHAS. T. ANSTEY, G. HERBERT HOOPER	}	Assistant Masters.
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ART.

FORD MADOX BROWN.

AT the back of the catalogue of this exhibition there is a sonnet to accompany the picture which is the centre of the collection—"Work." We are to suppose that the sonnet is by the painter; but, whoever the author, it ought not to have been printed. There could hardly be a worse sonnet, more encumbered in rhythm or silly in rhyme; it leads off with a trochaic line, and has "its" printed "it's." Nor does the picture read more felicitously. It is to be read, according to the intentions of Ford Madox Brown, and is only by a violence of terms to be called a picture. It is even less a picture, perhaps, than "The Drinking Customs," by Cruikshank, though it has, needless to say, immeasurably better parts of pictures than that frankly disconnected work. The comparison is a cruel one, for Ford Madox Brown not only was a draughtsman of ability, but had a rather distinguished sense of composition. "Work," again, is not, for all its arbitrary thronging, like one or two recent groups of Mr. Alma Tadema's. In these latter there is a veritable disintegrating energy, an effect of explosiveness, as though the parts were on the point to fly asunder. Ford Madox Brown holds his picture in a mechanical union of almost grotesque ingenuity, and even the sobriety of its colour may serve to quiet and contain the overcharged fragments within a kind of order.

THE importance attached to "Work" by those who are answerable for the arrangement of the pictures and for the instructions of the catalogue is, of course, significant of its place in the minds of all who look at a picture as something other than a local and centred vision. These would have a picture loaded with little essays; and the essays are bound to be platitudes. That which Madox Brown had to say was not worth printing, and he painted it. *Ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d'être dit, on le chante.* Prose is purged of trivialities by the "Sister Arts," which so make haste to absorb them. What, in fact, has the painter to tell us? That navvies at work on the wayside have a vocation unlike that of Carlyle or Kingsley; that of both these kinds of workers idle women are the opposite; that such women would do better as guardians of poor children than of little dogs. This is the principal; there are other incidents in the background (if the mosaic of such a picture can be said to have a background) such as the roughness of the police to an orange girl, and the leisure of a youngish colonel riding with his daughter. But the chief things painted are those just mentioned. There is no ingenuity in saying them; in painting them there is ingenuity, but not imagination.

INGENUITY—invention—without imagination is apparently the note of Ford Madox Brown's mind. It is proved by a hundred devices. He loves to account for things.

In "The Expulsion of the Danes from Manchester" not a stone strikes a man down but you are forced to find the hand that sent it out of a window. You may have to look under this figure's elbow, and over that one's head, but if you look with sufficient agility you will be sure to find what the painter has ready for you. One of the ladies in "Work" is tossing a tract to a working man. And there, in mid-air, flying, is the tract. The confusion—for this much "thought-out" picture is a confusion to the eye—is worse for the glass that covers it, so that you are not sure whether the tract does not show its title in print; at any rate, the painter gives it in his long pages of explanation; and the incident of the title is a most unpictorial one either way.

FORD MADOX BROWN was a draughtsman of action. He did not grasp action in the strongest manner, but he took hold; and this rare quality—rare even in the minor form—shall not pass without praise. The Danes flying through the little Manchester street are in motion. In several other places is proved this power of the hand, which none of the other qualities necessarily bring with them, and which is not to be learnt. It fails, at times, even him who has it, as in the figure of Jacob in "Jacob and Joseph's Coat." The patriarch is intended to be weakened by sudden grief, but the weakness is weakly expressed. There is something of initial feebleness also in the several "Lear" pictures. One of these was painted after the illustration in the *Germ*: a very hideous illustration, not to mince words, in which the artist seemed wilfully to forego and deny the knowledge he had of the human figure for the sake of some search for a strangeness dear to young men in 1850, as it has been again last year under sillier shapes. That research is always a confession of poverty, and the half-century-old confession is rather a sorry story.

IF, however, Ford Madox Browne's action and movement are signs of a not common natural capacity, in expression he fails. Expression in the face of man is one of the most purely and lawfully pictorial things with which a painter has to deal. It appeals to the eye, it is the drama of life. It is the way of communication proper to painting among all arts; and assuredly those who confuse dramatic and pictorial expression with the "literary interest," and reject the two things without discrimination, should be held guilty of that same untechnical, untaught, and slovenly mingling and mistaking of one art with another, against which they profess to give the world an elementary lesson. Ford Madox Brown is as weak in expression as any painter of his time, and this is to say much. As though to offer amends, he makes much of the white of the eye—a once common device; but no amount of white can give an instant of forthright expression. There is generally a peculiar nullity in his faces, and in the women's faces this adds to the coarseness of his types. He chose his models of middle-aged proportions and with stolid

faces. His Juliet is gross, so is his Mary Chaworth.

ACTION is true, direct, strong, and intent in that beautiful picture, "Jesus Washing Peter's Feet," a replica of the one in the National Gallery; and here, too, is a better attempt at beauty of colour than is usual with this painter. Few ingenuities importune us here, and the dramatic character is much the better for it.

As for painting, there is one specimen of exceedingly beautiful work—work of a minor beauty, but exquisite in its kind—called "Waiting." It is a little pearl of fineness and sweetness, and the execution is altogether educated and worthy. Compared with it, the ugly workmanship of the greater quantity of this great aggregate of canvas looks the more wanton. "If a musician," said a painter, "knew as little of his business as Ford Madox Brown knew of his own, would he be allowed to perform at St. James's Hall?" Evidently not, and the difference in public exaction is inexplicable. On the other hand, a writer who knew as little of his business would pass easily enough. Musical performance has led the way into another world of criticism, doubtless for the reason that it is nothing but performance. Indeed, the painter who asked this question was entering upon the useless perils of comparisons; the Arts cannot be made to judge each other, even by way of illustration.

"OUR Ladye of Good Children" has a touch of the higher fancy—almost imagination—not usual in Ford Madox Brown's work. It is in this respect a kind of precursor of Von Uhde—a very insignificant little herald of an important work. The picture pleases. The Madonna, with the help of one or two ministering angels, is helping good English children to bed. The group has arrangement, decorum, and repose, an agreeable light, and tender feeling. The Madonna is, nevertheless, as coarse as any Italian Madonna after Raphael. And the name suggests the question as to what was Ford Madox Brown's position among the English Pre-Raphaelites of the middle century. He was one of them in treating distant things as small in size, but not otherwise affected by remoteness. In his most ingenious popular picture, "The Last of England," the black in the nails of quite a little man, seen through some chinks in the composition of the foreground group, has been thoughtfully painted. Through other chinks you may study the markings of little cabbages, and ascertain the station in life of half an emigrant's head, and the probable character of a small piece of another emigrant's mother. Are we not a sporting nation? There is something of the hunting-field in our cavalry charges; something of the covert in our little wars; in our most English pictures a suggestion of the game.

A. M.

D R A M A.

IN default of certain knowledge that it is a statutable offence, I risk the confession that last Saturday night, at the Lyceum Theatre, I was bored by "Olivia." I do not remember in what year it was I first saw it, but it was at a time when I was less critical or less "cynical," or in some generally happier condition than I am now; for my recollection was of a pleasantly pathetic play, of a dear old vicar, of a beautifully erring daughter, and of an ending which brought tears to one's eyes. Nothing of this remained on Saturday night save the beautifully erring daughter. She was there, but the vicar was become an exasperating imbecile, and the ending was either brutal "social satire"—in which case it was out of tone with the rest of the play—or sheer inanity; and I imagine I owed the beautifully erring daughter to Miss Ellen Terry, and not to the late Mr. W. G. Wills. The fact I take to be that Mr. Wills, who was not without poetic imagination—for with all its faults I claim this of "Melchior"—had an idea of stage effect which was lifeless and wooden, and which cannot possibly endure. His "Faust" is foolish pantomime, his "Olivia" is sentimental folly. Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* is a novel in which atmosphere is everything, and the conventional, careless plot nothing at all. Mr. Wills came upon it and took the careless plot—its convention was practically dead, even in Mr. Wills's day—and left the irresistible atmosphere behind him. He added his own faults of the theatre, a slap-dash and unconvincing construction and a thin and vulgar dialogue.

THE result is a play where Goldsmith's carelessness becomes childishness, and Goldsmith's simplicity—I must say it—stupidity. You—if you are I—no longer love the vicar: you are enraged with his blindness. You no longer smile at the vicar's wife, or do so by reason of the acting only: you want her narrowness well rubbed into her. You hardly weep any more over Olivia. And as for Burchell—Burchell, nearly intolerable in the book, is an insult and an outrage in the play. I can think of one way only in which to make him conceivable, and that is to regard him as the villain of the piece. This man, whom Goldsmith and Mr. Wills hold up to your sympathies, deserves your direct execration. To gratify his decadent passion for contemplating others' folly he, being Sir William Thornhill, disguised himself as Burchell; he saw the insidious advances of his wicked nephew into Olivia's favour; he witnessed the seduction without turning a hair; he withheld the knowledge that the marriage was real to the end that he might gratify his morbid craving for sensation—an abominable man, this virtuous Mr. Burchell.

As for the happy ending, how utterly immoral it is! Olivia having thought she was married to Squire Thornhill, is told it was a mock marriage, and returns home to be spurned by her mother. Enter Burchell, who explains that the marriage

was legal after all: Olivia at once sainted and caressed. The "social satire" is obvious, but I decline to believe that Mr. Wills intended an average theatrical audience to recognise the satire. No, he meant it for a sentimental effect, and as a sentimental effect it is exceedingly silly. So much for the play.

I WISH I could praise the playing to the extent of my lungs, but I find that impossible. Miss Terry was delightful, altered hardly a hair's breadth in her effects from what I remember years ago. When she entered first, laughing on her father's shoulder; when she caressed her little brothers; when she made love with her lover—"Am I? So are you!"—she was a natural girl. I did not think her intensity and pathos very strong; but then strength in those places would have knocked the play to pieces—therefore I admire her reticence. If you have any knowledge of the art of acting, Miss Terry's Olivia is a thing to see. But I pity her for the poverty of her dialogue.

MR. HERMANN VEZIN'S Dr. Primrose was new to me. I confess my recollection is that Sir Henry Irving's was better—fuller-bodied, more fruitful to the understanding. Mr. Vezin expresses a man of thin blood, who saw life as a misty picture, and even when awakened to its realities longed chiefly to dream again. That is not Goldsmith's Vicar, if it was Mr. Wills's. He rose to the occasion once or twice, but once or twice only. I liked Mr. Frank Cooper's Squire Thornhill. He was inclined to over act, and was deficient even in the assumed geniality of the deliberate profligate. But his manner when he undecieved Olivia—a manner compact of brutality, of half-pity, and of dislike of a scene—won me. I thought it almost absolutely right. Nobody can make Mr. Burchell a sympathetic character. Mr. Macklin, by a certain manliness of tone, which the wretch must surely have lacked, makes him less repulsive than he might have been. Miss Maud Milton was a querulous old woman—as Mrs. Primrose—whom one knows on the stage: she was amusing. Miss Julia Arthur was far better in the small part of Sophia than she was in her large part in "Richard III." Mr. Johnson was a credible Farmer Flamborough. Master Stewart Dawson and Miss Valli Valli had no such chance, of course, as they had in "The Holly Tree Inn," but they sustained their incipient reputation. The play was prettily staged in the Lyceum manner.

THE authors of "The Free Pardon"—they were Mr. F. C. Philips and Mr. Leonard Merrick—produced on the 28th of last month at the Olympic, seem, more or less, to have attempted an impossible achievement. They have tried to wed dialogue not melodramatic to a plot of the most melodramatic order imaginable. They have not so tried invariably; the facile charms of blank-verse cadence have tempted them to their fall now and again. If they had been consistent, the result would not have been commendable: the touch of reality in sincere dialogue would have exposed the

unreality of their plot. As it is, their occasionally and more or less natural dialogue is an element of weakness, not of strength. For their plot is of the stage, stagey. It assumes that an affectionate father will believe his son to be a forger on the word of the villain, and with no other evidence than a cheque which the villain denies he has signed. It assumes that a woman will tell all sorts of abominable lies on the off chance of the villain marrying her. It assumes other such things, and to come to points of detail, it assumes that convicts wear their hair as before, and having escaped from prison in convict garb can get themselves into their dress of Act I., including nice fashionable collars, in the course of a day or so. Even our old friends, the Adelphi guests, whose decease we have all lamented, reappear in it and say: "Ladies and gentlemen, let us go into supper"; and when the villain's cousin arrives in his country house, where she had lived all her life, these—presumably his neighbours—nudge and wink at one another. I like old-fashioned melodrama, but I like it neat, without an attempt at superior and plausible dialogue.

THERE were one or two dramatic scenes in the play. One, where the hero was locked in a side-room while the villain murdered his father, was nearly spoiled on the first night by the villain's incapacity to open the door, which, if not overcome, would have put a strain on the inventiveness of the actors. I watched anxiously—but alas! the door was opened. Another was where the benevolent wife of the warder concealed the escaped convict (the hero, of course), and the warder thought he was her lover, and the hero gave himself away.

THE surprise of the acting was that Mr. Abingdon was not the villain, but the comic man of the piece. He played an American interviewer with liveliness, but with an impossible American accent. I have heard several impossible American accents on the stage, and have always wondered at them. My own list of acquaintances is not abnormally large, but it includes several people with an authentic American accent, and I should have thought actors had opportunities for studying it. I like Mr. Abingdon better as a villain. The villain in this piece, Mr. O'Neill, was the subordinate fiend in "The Sorrows of Satan"; he was not very good. Nor was the hero, Mr. Hunter, who was too flabbily sentimental. Miss Esmé Beringer was the heroine. She played with effect, but I hope she will not play too often in melodrama, because the encouragement to over-acting, which is her vice, may spoil what is certainly a promise of artistic playing. Miss Vane's repentant villainess was properly lugubrious, but not effective. Miss Cicely Richards was clever and amusing as the warder's wife; Mr. Courtenay Thorpe was earnest, but not particularly credible, as the imbecile and deceived father; Mr. Cockburn was a hearty and manly warder. And I am an indulgent critic.

G. S. S.

SCIENCE.

IN the *Fortnightly* for this month Mr. Grant Allen performs what may fairly be called a public service. He has set the world right on the subject of Spencer and Darwin. By the world I mean what Mr. Grant Allen calls "the averagely well-read man," not the biologist, who is as a rule self-opinionated. The misconception which has grown up round the name of Darwin is curious, and points to two elemental facts—first, that one is apt to lose sight of the historical sequences of one's age (*pace* Dr. Merz, who in his admirable *History of Modern Thought* regards each age as its own best chronicler), and secondly, that it is a human habit "to find an ostensible figure-head for every movement, and then to attach everything in the movement to that figure-head alone."

In this particular matter it is, as Mr. Grant Allen says, a common error even among well-educated people to credit Darwin with having invented "the Theory of Evolution." A greater error could not well be. If any modern thinker invented the theory of evolution it was Mr. Herbert Spencer, who had elaborated its main outlines before Darwin ever put pen to paper, and who even on the subject of *organic* evolution, which was the field in which Darwin worked, had seven years before the appearance of the *Origin of Species* enunciated the following "Darwinian" doctrine:

"The supporters of the Development Hypothesis . . . can show that the process of modification has effected, and is effecting, great changes in all organisms, subject to modifying influences. . . . They can show that any existing species—animal or vegetable—when placed under conditions different from its previous ones, immediately begins to undergo changes of structure fitting it for the new conditions. They can show that in successive generations these changes continue, until ultimately the new conditions become the natural ones. . . . They can show, too, that the changes daily taking place in ourselves . . . the development of every faculty, bodily, moral, or intellectual, according to the use made of it, are all explicable on this same principle. And thus they can show that throughout all organic nature there is at work a modifying influence of the kind they assign as the cause of these specific differences, an influence which, though slow in its action, does in time, if the circumstances demand it, produce marked changes" (*The Leader*, March, 1852).

In this short abstract of a very remarkable passage we have clearly laid down the principles of "Descent with Modification," which is the doctrine commonly attributed to Darwin. What we have not got is the theory of "Natural Selection," or, as Spencer himself called it later, "Survival of the Fittest," which it was the crowning work of Darwin to have discovered and proved.

AND even here Mr. Spencer, in at least one published essay, came so near anticipating Darwin's great discovery that if he does not quite re-echo Huxley's "How stupid of us not to have thought of that!" he permits himself the mild observation that it "shows how near one may be to a

great generalisation without seeing it." The passage is one on Population, in the *Westminster Review* for 1852; and incidentally it is interesting to notice that it was Malthus's essay on Population which first gave Darwin his idea of the principle operating throughout organic nature.

"All mankind subject themselves more or less to the discipline described. They either may or may not advance under it, but in the nature of things only those who do advance under it eventually survive. For necessarily families and races whom the increasing difficulty of obtaining a living . . . does not stimulate to improvement in production are on the high road to extinction, and must ultimately be supplanted by those whom the pressure does so stimulate."

The passage then goes on to show that premature death acts in the same direction by removing those less fitted, and leaving those best fitted to survive the conditions of life. The inference it fails to draw, but which Darwin drew, is that herein lies the great agency which determines (if it does not produce) different specific characters.

So much for one popular error, that which credits Darwin with the whole of the theory of Organic Evolution. Mr. Grant Allen next devotes some space to refuting a second, that which credits Darwin with Evolution in general, regarded as a cosmical process. I think he here underrates the intelligence of the "averagely well-read man." It is difficult to believe that that individual could be guilty of an absurdity which nullifies the one qualification he possesses, and by which he is known to us. However, accepting Mr. Grant Allen's assurance that there are people who regard Herbert Spencer as Darwin's disciple, let us glance at the more interesting question how far Spencer is indebted at all for the vast theory he has propounded. Mr. Clodd, in his lately published work, *Pioneers of Evolution*, traces the beginnings as far back as the Ionian philosophers, and pauses with quite a loving touch on Lucretius. Prof. Osborn, in his *Greeks to Darwin*, does much the same. This might be regarded as carrying the evolution of Evolution rather far. We trace cause and effect more clearly when we come down to Kant and Laplace, who laid the foundations for Spencer's theory as regards the celestial bodies; to Lyell and Murchison, who prepared the way in geology; to Buffon, Erasmus Darwin, and Lamarck, the pioneers of modern biology. The social field remained to be added, and this Mr. Spencer has chosen for his special province, working it up together with the other three sides already attacked into the great four-square theory which embraces the whole of nature.

FROM the point of view of this vast and far-reaching work, Charles Darwin's special contribution sinks into a minor place as but one agency exerted in one special field. Not that this is any depreciation of its importance. It is a wonderful work, wonderfully well executed; but it is not what it is commonly called, "Evolution." The subject is such an interesting one, and so vital if we are to understand the proper relationships of the foremost scientific movement of

our own age, that I have gone into it rather at length, and have hardly space left to deal with the question, *Why* has all the praise been allotted to Darwin? Mr. Grant Allen gives what are probably the right reasons. First, as regards the biologists themselves, he supplied the missing clue (I dare not say link) which made Lamarck's doctrine tenable; and, secondly, as regards the public at large, he supplied an irresistible mass of well-marshalled facts in support of his proposition; and facts, as Mr. Grant Allen says—a handsome compliment from a Celt—are the only things which will convince an Englishman.

THE election of M. Gaston Paris, the philologist, to the presidency of the College of France is particularly interesting at the present time, when French science is divided into two sharply defined schools—representing on the one hand pure scientific research, and on the other a reactionary spirit of unwillingness to push inquiry too far. The spokesman of the latter party is M. Brunetiere, inventor of the famous, but foolish, phrase "la banqueroute de la science." M. Paris succeeds in his new office to M. Renan, and will carry on the same traditions as that most scientifically minded writer, if we may judge from the fragments of his inaugural address quoted in the press. Taking as his subject the life and work of Pasteur, whose remains have just been so magnificently entombed, M. Gaston Paris referred to science as

"every day enhancing, enlarging, and rendering more precise our conception of the world; transforming the conditions of existence by submitting to definite laws the matter which oppressed us; and as inspiring in its votaries an almost religious enthusiasm."

AN attempt is being made by opponents of reform in the University of London to shelve the reconstitution Bill by the old device of proposing a new Charter, the draft of which is now being handed about. The competence of those responsible for the draft to gauge the situation may be estimated by the circumstance that they have entirely left out the Royal Colleges of Surgeons and Physicians from the bodies to be represented on the new senate. In view of the failure of previous attempts to reform the University by Charter, and of the inherent futility of any Charter to effect the most important of reforms, it is to be hoped that this attempt will not succeed. No new Charter granted to the present examining body, called the "University," can possibly give it the authority needed to co-ordinate the scattered teaching bodies in the metropolis. Nothing short of a Commission, armed by Parliament with executive authority, will succeed in this. It would be far better to leave the old University high and dry as a mere Imperial examining board, and start a new real University, than to patch up a new Charter. The dwindling number of candidates for degrees in arts, and the total failure of the law-faculty to keep in touch with the law-teaching in London, are signs of the times not to be ignored. It is much to be wished that the London University Bill might be re-introduced. H. C. M.

MUSIC.

MR. RICHARD GOMPERTZ performed, for the first time in England, Dvorák's Quartet in A flat (Op. 105) at his fourth concert at the small Queen's Hall last Wednesday week. The Czech composer has of late attracted much attention; the "Symphonic Poems" recently produced, seemed to show that his invention was failing, and that he was relying to some extent on what is termed a "poetic basis," one which, in the works in question, seemed of very doubtful quality. In the Quartet in A flat we have Dvorák at his strongest, but also at his weakest. The second movement has charm, character, and finish of form. The Lento, too, is attractive. The first movement, however, seems disjointed, while in the Finale the composer works on lines which recall the past rather than the present.

THE programme included Beethoven's great Quartet in A minor (Op. 132), and the four admirable Vocal Quartets of Brahms (Op. 92). The vocalists, Miss Hutchinson, Mme. Hope Glenn, and Messrs. Walter Ford and Herbert Thorndike evidently felt the true spirit of the music, yet their efforts were not all that could be desired.

LAST Friday week Miss Fanny Davies and Miss Louise Philipps gave an interesting Pianoforte and Vocal Recital at St. James's Hall. There was no novelty, but the programme—including songs by Schumann, Schubert, Brahms, also English composers, also pianoforte solos by Graun, Brahms, Mendelssohn, and Schubert—was highly attractive. Miss Philipps deserves praise for her artistic rendering of Schumann's cycle, "Frauenliebe und Leben," while Miss Davies played with her usual intelligence and earnestness.

SPECIAL Schubert concerts were given Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. At the Queen's Hall, on Saturday afternoon, only the first part of the programme of the first "Symphony Concert" was devoted to the master. I had hoped that Mr. Newman would at the last change his programme. The new Symphony by A. Glazounoff, or rather the Symphony new to a London audience, is certainly a clever and interesting work, yet there was no pressing necessity for its introduction on that particular day. And so, too, with the beautiful "Siegfried" Idyll of Wagner's. Of the instrumental music on the programme the "Unfinished" Symphony was the most important feature, and Mr. Henry J. Wood, the conductor, may be congratulated upon his reading of that work. He perhaps made his audience feel that he was anxious to render full justice to the noble music; his conducting was, in fact, a little too demonstrative. Such excess of zeal is, however, a small matter; for time and experience, of which he now has plenty, will tone that down. Mr. Wood, as I have already remarked, has natural gifts, and ought to become a really great conductor.

ALEXANDER GLAZOUNOFF, whose Symphony in B flat (No. 5, Op. 55) was performed for the first time in England, is spoken of as "one of the most prominent of living Russian composers." The work under notice testifies, indeed, to his ability; it is decidedly interesting, although, especially in the opening movement where the composer tries to win by help of the "sword" motive, the influence of Wagner is too strongly felt. The two middle movements, Scherzo and Andante, are, at any rate on first hearing, the most satisfactory. It is a curious, yet nevertheless, I believe, a true fact, that modern composers—with the exception of Brahms—do not succeed best in first movements in which depth of thought is the essential matter—the pearl of great price which many seek, but few find. To those who can read between the lines, clever writing and effective colouring only accentuate any weakness in the subject-matter. Glazounoff, however, must not be judged by one hearing, or by one work. We shall soon have an opportunity of renewing acquaintance with him, as he will conduct another Symphony of his own during the coming season of the Philharmonic Society.

THE concerted works of Schubert at the Monday Popular Concert were the Quartet in G (Op. 161), and the Quintet in C (Op. 163) written by the composer during the last year of his life. The Quartet shows many of Schubert's strong, and some of his weak, points. In the opening movement the thematic material is most engaging, while now and again those mysterious tremulous passages seem to betoken something tragic. Also in the mournful Andante there are signs of strange agitation. The Scherzo and Finale display lighter moods, and in the latter there are lengths not altogether heavenly. The Quintet in C with two violoncellos represents Schubert's highest achievement in chamber music. To anyone, however, imperfectly acquainted with his works in this department of musical art this would mean little. Schubert in this Quintet not only revealed the power of his genius, but, with the hour of dissolution nigh at hand, he seemed, as it were, to throw aside all his weaknesses. There is no padding, no digression, no anti-climax. The Adagio was his true swan's song; and never did tone-poet sing more plaintively, more tenderly, more solemnly. The movement was listened to with rapt silence; the applause at the close, though probably well meant—for the movement, and indeed the whole work, was magnificently interpreted by Lady Hallé, and Messrs. Ries, Gibson, Ludwig, and Piatti—broke the spell. There are moments when applause does not seem altogether inappropriate; but there are others in which it is positively revolting.

MISS FANNY DAVIES played, though scarcely in her best manner, the Impromptu in B flat (Op. 142). I cannot agree with Schumann, who spoke of both theme and variations as indifferent or insignificant, but I certainly think that, considering the rich store of music bequeathed

to us by Schubert, a better solo might have been selected. And so, too, with the songs, sung with feeling and intelligence by Miss Bertha Salter. Though "Der Krähe," "Der Tod und das Mädchen," and "Der Wanderer" may be admirable specimens of the composer's lyric art, one might have expected, on this auspicious occasion, a selection of greater importance, and even one or more of the songs recently published for the first time.

THE anniversary was, in fact, celebrated in a half-hearted manner. One could see that from the programme-book, which did not even contain the date of Schubert's death; and the heading, "Schubert Centenary Concert, Monday evening, February 1, 1897," was somewhat misleading. Further on one read that "fifty years have passed since they [Beethoven and Schubert] both died," from which musicians not gifted with good memories might have inferred that Schubert and also Beethoven died in or about the year 1847. That sentence was evidently printed when the Quartet was first performed at the Popular Concerts in 1868. Thus Mr. Chappell's motto seems to be, *Ο γέγραφα, γέγραφα. Surely there ought to have been some special reference to the composer, some "appreciation" of his art-work. At any rate, the book might have been up to date. In the analytical remarks on the Quartet in G, it was stated that some of the works (*i.e.*, Quartets) "are not in print." But the world moves on, and those words, true when first printed, are no longer so; all known Quartets of Schubert have been published by MM. Breitkopf and Härtel.

MR. HERMANN KLEIN gave a lecture last Thursday week at the "Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts." His subject was "Opera in England during the reign of H.M.G.M. Queen Victoria. Now not only has the reign of Her Majesty been an exceptionally long one, with a corresponding long record of noteworthy events in the history of opera, but the change in dramatic art, also in public taste, since 1837 has been one of striking import. It was therefore bold on the part of the lecturer to attempt to cover so much ground in so short a space of time; and he could give little more than an outline. Wagner now rules, and by dramatic right, the stage, but it is well that musicians, especially those of the rising generation, should be reminded of days when Rossini and Meyerbeer were the shining lights in the operatic firmament. Hence the lecture, well delivered, was instructive. Meyerbeer had his faults, which some modern writers have strongly emphasised; Mr. Klein, and wisely too, pointed out how the Jewish composer really prepared the way for Wagner. Vocal illustrations were given by various ladies, pupils of Mr. Klein, and it was curious to note that in the programme an Italian name, Rossini, formed the Alpha, and also an Italian name, Mascagni, the Omega. There is, however, this difference: Rossini shone by his own light, Mascagni fell under the influence of one mightier than himself.

J. S. S.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. RUSSELL BARKER AND THE "DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY."

Lincoln's Inn: Feb. 1.

I am sorry to trouble you on a purely personal matter, but the writer of the paragraphs in your issue of January 30 has misapprehended the dates and facts of the case while commenting on the correspondence between the editor and publisher of the *Dictionary of National Biography* and myself.

Instead of writing to the *Times* to explain that the blunder was the editor's and not mine, I went to the office of the *Dictionary*. I found that the editor was away for his holiday. Ultimately, however, I saw Mr. Seccombe, who, I believe, is the sub-editor. I requested him to ask the editor to write to the *Times* to explain the matter, and at the same time told him that I should be very glad to come round to see the editor and talk it over when he came to town. When the editor returned to London he wrote me a long letter, in which he endeavoured, unsuccessfully, to show that I ought to share the responsibility, of the mistake with him. He took no notice of my request that he should write to the *Times*, nor of my offer to come round and talk the matter over. As the editor offered me no redress, I then wrote to the publisher. Wishing to treat Mr. Lee with perfect fairness, I enclosed in my reply to his letter a copy of the letter which I had written to the publisher. Had I not sent Mr. Lee this copy, he never would have known that I had communicated with Mr. Smith. Having so far related the actual facts of the case, I have no wish to go any farther into the personal side of the question. The only public interest which arises out of the correspondence is the question whether an editor has any right to alter a signed article behind the contributor's back.

G. F. RUSSELL BARKER.

LEIGH HUNT.

Dealing with Leigh Hunt as a poet, as has already been pointed out in the *ACADEMY*, the only instance of his having really risen to greatness in his work is when, in competition with Shelley and Keats, he produced the well-known sonnet on the Nile. Everything else that he did justifies your description, "superficial"; nor does Mr. Walter Lewin adduce anything, in my opinion, to alter this view: certainly to cite "Abou Ben Adhem" does not help Mr. Lewin's case, as both for thought and expression might it not very well have been written by some amiable Unitarian minister?

With respect to the "cruel slander which links Hunt with Harold Skimpole," of which Mr. Lewin complains, I should like to call attention to the following significant reference to the subject which appears in Lord Macaulay's journal under date December 23, 1859:

"An odd declaration by Dickens that he did not mean Leigh Hunt by Harold Skimpole. Yet he owns that he took the light externals of the character from Leigh Hunt, and surely it is by those light externals that the bulk of mankind will always recognise character. Besides, it is to be observed that the vices of Harold Skimpole are vices to which Leigh Hunt had, to say the least, some little leaning, and which the world generally imputed to him most unsparingly. That he had loose notions of *meum* and *tuum*, that he had no high feeling of independence, that he had no sense of obligation, that he took money wherever he could get it, that he felt no gratitude for it, that he was just as ready to defame a person who had relieved his distress as a person who had refused him relief, these were things which, as

Dickens must have known, were said, truly or falsely, about Leigh Hunt, and had made a deep impression on the public mind. Indeed, Leigh Hunt had said himself: 'I have some peculiar notions about money. They will be found to involve considerable difference of opinion with the community, particularly in a commercial country. I have not that horror of being under obligation which is thought an essential refinement in money matters.' This is Harold Skimpole all over. How, then, could D. doubt that H. S. would be supposed to be a portrait of L. H.?"

ARTHUR STONE.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

Mr. Andrew Lang's "Pickle the Spy." (Longmans.)

TAKEN collectively Mr. Lang's fifteen proofs of the identity of the infamous spy who for eight years dogged the steps of Prince Charles Edward with his trusted follower Alexander Macdonell of Glengarry, appear to the *Athenæum* "damning, irresistible." Mr. Lang "has unmasked a dead traitor who has lain unsuspected . . . close upon seven score years . . . And he has done it well. . . . The interest of the work . . . centres . . . in Pickle, but it contains much else that is both new and curious." The *Speaker* takes occasion to point out that "the romantic interpretation of the '45 is largely a creation of the Saxon"; for Scott had not a drop of Celtic blood in him. "Here we have the reality, and a more squalid reality than this it would be hard to find." "The book shows Mr. Lang's fine sense for romance. . . . It is not quite as accurate as Mr. Lang's work ought to be, and it is more iterative and expansive than is seemly in what claims to be literature, yet its interest will not be denied." "It is," writes the *Standard*, "a curious psychological study which these pages reveal; and even if, as their author modestly suggests, the history contained in them is of little political account, it throws a startling light on men and manners during a fascinating epoch." The *Chronicle* regrets that it cannot devote more than two columns to Mr. Lang's "most interesting book, which is, on the whole, a very careful, ingenious, and valuable piece of historical patchwork"; the limitation having reference, it would seem, to the Prince's adventures in Prussia, for the filling up of which Mr. Lang "has had recourse to something very like what he himself sneers at as second-hand chatter." "It is a terrible study of character," says the *Daily News*.

"The Way of Marriage." By Violet Hunt. (Chapman & Hall.)

"For, of course," writes the *National Observer*, "the book is clever, clever through and through, though we are haunted in most of the tales by the sense that the author is not doing herself justice, albeit our admiration for her brilliance teaches our criticism patience, and whispers to us that the fault is in her subject and not in her. *The Way of Marriage* is . . . very far behind *A Hard Woman*." "The candour that physics these illusions [men's illusions, that is, with respect to

women] away," says the *Pall Mall*, "would be very well in moderation, but to be drugged with it overmuch is not only unpleasant, but questionably beneficial." The author is counselled to take her gifts more seriously; to employ them more deliberately; and to do "the larger, nobler, and more comprehensive work for which she has shown herself amply qualified." "It is a stupid, shallow, sordid world," says the *Daily News*, "that Miss Hunt introduces us to. The presentation is clever, even brilliant, but it is not convincing. . . . The most striking sketch . . . is 'The Story of Mrs. Arne.' The conception is imaginative of 'a body that lives and moves without a soul.'" "On the whole," the *Chronicle* pronounces, "Miss Hunt has not quite done herself justice in this volume."

NOTICE.

Although the printing order of the *ACADEMY* has been increased week by week to meet the demand, the issue for January 30 was sold out within a few hours of publication. Owing to the length of time necessary for the preparation of the Portrait Supplement, it was not practicable to publish a second edition: consequently many persons were unable to procure copies. A considerable addition has been made to the printing order of the present issue to prevent a recurrence of the circumstance.

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REVIEWS.

GEORGE JOHN ROMANES.

Essays by George John Romanes. Edited by C. Lloyd Morgan. (Longmans & Co.)

"**E**CCE ITERUM CRISPINUS!" Yet another posthumous publication of the writings of George Romanes! No doubt the editor of this small volume heartily desired to add to the fame of one to whom he seems to have been warmly attached. But many of the late Professor's sincere friends, we think, and some of them we know, will regret the appearance of this collection of fugitive essays, even though made in obedience to the wish of their deceased author. We confess with regret that we cannot believe the desire we have above attributed to the editor will be justified by this publication.

There are ten essays, the date of the original publication of which ranges from September, 1879 (on "Recreation"), to March, 1891 (on "The Muzzling Order"). These, with others on "Hypnotism," "The Object of Life," "The Differences between Man and Woman," and "Primitive Natural History" appear to us to hardly demand criticism in our columns. We will therefore confine ourselves to Prof. Romanes's essay on the subject he had most at heart, and to which he consecrated his most serious and prolonged labours—namely, the mental difference between "Man and Brute," "The Origin of Human Faculty," and the question of "Instinct."

It is the last of these subjects which appears to us to be the most interesting and most deserving notice; first, because an adequate estimate of instinct is, we believe, the key to the whole question of comparative psychology, and secondly, because the editor is himself a most competent authority as regards animal psychology, and last year added to his previous works a goodly volume on *Habit and Instinct*.

Prof. Romanes's essay on this subject was published in the *Nineteenth Century* in

September, 1884, and (with the piety which was characteristic of him) he entitled it "The Darwinian Theory of Instinct," while (with the honesty which, to his eternal honour, was more characteristic of him still) he draws out with perfect fairness some of the obvious difficulties which beset the hypothesis of his venerable, and then recently deceased, friend.

Mr. Darwin's theory attributed instinct partly to lapsed intelligence and partly to natural selection; small accidental, but beneficial, changes of habit being preserved in the struggle for life.

Now all thinkers are agreed that animals have some true power of cognition, enough to account for those small changes in instinctive action that will take place when the environment in which an animal finds itself differs inconsiderably from that which is normal to its species. But new habits formed in consequence of such animal acts of cognition will not account for the origin of new instincts, unless acquired characters can be inherited. We by no means affirm that such inheritance is impossible; yet the most convinced, determined and strenuous advocate of "Natural Selection" we have (Prof. Weismann) does deny it. But if we grant that an intelligent response and modification of habit in accord with new circumstances can be inherited, how could intelligence ever enable an insect to act in such a way as to ensure the future welfare of a progeny she will never see, by laying up for it a store of food of a kind utterly useless to herself? On the other hand, is it credible that a series of merely accidental changes in habit could have brought about the long series of varied actions severally appropriate to successively arising conditions of life, such, *e.g.*, as those which Mr. Lloyd Morgan has himself detailed in his last published volume? The more the phenomena of instinct are studied, the more, we are convinced, will it become questionable whether either intelligence (actual or lapsed) or parental instruction, or imitation, or reflex action, or natural selection will account for them.

Many insects when in danger will assume a quiescent condition which has been termed "shamming dead," and this was considered a formidable difficulty in the way of Mr. Darwin's theory, because, as Romanes says, "it is impossible to understand how any insect can have acquired the idea either of death or of its intentional simulation."

But Darwin ascertained that these insects did not, while thus quiescent, put their limbs into the posture they naturally fell into when really dead. To our mind their quiescence is not a whit less wonderful on that account; and as to other animals higher in the scale, Romanes says (p. 50):

"From the evidence which I have I find it impossible to doubt that certain birds, foxes, wolves, and monkeys, not to mention some other and more doubtful cases, exhibit the peculiarity of appearing dead when captured by man. As all these animals are highly locomotive, we cannot here attribute the fact to protective causes."

He deals also very impartially with the curious instincts that some birds (such as partridges, ducks, and plovers) have which

leads them to pretend to be wounded, flapping along the ground with an apparently broken wing, in order to favour the escape of their young brood. As to this Prof. Romanes says:

"The difficulty here, of course, is to understand how the birds can have acquired the idea of pretending to have a broken wing, for the occasions must be very rare on which any bird has seen a companion thus wounded followed by a carnivorous quadruped; and even if such observations on their part were of frequent occurrence, it would be difficult to accredit the animals with so high a degree of reasoning power as would be required for them intentionally to imitate such movements. When I consulted Mr. Darwin with reference to this difficulty, he gave me a provisional hypothesis by which it appeared to him that it might be met. He said that anyone might observe, when a hen has a brood of young chickens and is threatened by a dog, that she will alternately rush at the dog and back again to the chickens. Now, if we could suppose that under these circumstances the mother bird is sufficiently intelligent to observe that when she runs away from the dog she is followed by the dog, it is not impossible that the maternal instinct might induce her to run away from her brood in order to lead the dog away from it. If this happened in any case, natural selection would tend to preserve those mother birds which adopt this device. I give this explanation as the only one which either Mr. Darwin or myself has been able to suggest. It will be observed, however, that it is unsatisfactory, inasmuch as it fails to account for the most peculiar feature of the instinct—I mean the trailing of the apparently wounded wing."

Another most remarkable instinct is that of certain kinds of wasp of the genus *Sphex*, which hunt and sting certain other insects and spiders, so as not to kill but to paralyse them and then bury them alive with their eggs so as to serve as an unresisting prey for their grubs when hatched. Now the curious thing is, that different victims of this kind have to be stung very differently in order to produce the requisite paralysis. The spider must be stung in the middle of its body, the grasshopper must be stung in three successive spots, and a caterpillar in nine.

How such a complex diversity of instincts could have arisen by either natural selection or intelligence on the part of the wasps is a problem indeed. As to this, Prof. Romanes says (p. 54):

"On my consulting Mr. Darwin in reference to these astonishing facts, he wrote me the following letter: 'Bees show so much intelligence in their acts that it seems not improbable to me that the progenitors [of *Sphex*] originally stung caterpillars and spiders, &c., in any part of their bodies, and then observed by their intelligence that if they stung them in one particular place their prey was at once paralysed. It does not seem to me at all incredible that this action should then become instinctive, *i.e.* memory transmitted from one generation to another . . . The development of the larvæ may have been subsequently modified in relation to its half dead, instead of wholly dead, prey; supposing that the prey was at first quite killed, which would have required much stinging. Turn this over in your mind, &c.'

"I confess [adds Prof. Romanes] that this explanation does not appear to me altogether satisfactory, although it is, no doubt, the best

explanation that can be furnished on the lines of Mr. Darwin's theory."

We fear we must add "bad is that best." But it is very interesting for us thus to be taken behind the scenes and made acquainted with the familiar converse between the venerable biologist and his young disciple.

We have only space to add a few words concerning the two essays from the *North American Review* (which are devoted to the task of comparing the mind of man with that of animals), and that on "The Origin of Human Faculty." Little, indeed, need be said, because they are all three hardly more than an anticipation (in the first two of these essays), or a reproduction (in the third) of arguments urged by him in his work entitled *Mental Evolution in Man*, which was published in 1888. In the first of these three essays (the third in the book), entitled "Man and Brute," the author begins by making certain assumptions which we cannot but deem open to serious criticism. Thus he assumes that the process of organic evolution has been continuous throughout up to man. But is it possible for anyone to be quite sure that there is no breach of continuity between organisms which have no power of sensation and those which are capable of it? Let the transition from insentient to sentient creatures appear to be ever so gradual, that is no proof of the absence of an hiatus. Absolute interruptions do occur in nature, and one of them is the discontinuity between the condition of a lifeless crystal and any being possessing vitality. Can we then be confident there is no hiatus between beings which can give no external sign that they possess abstract ideas and beings who, like all known races of men, express highly abstract ideas by words or by gestures? Analogous objections cannot but suggest themselves to every thoughtful mind with respect to Prof. Romanes's other *a priori* assumptions.

He makes one very remarkable statement (p. 66), saying (quite truly) that "Aristotle and Buffon held that brutes differ from men in having no power of mental apprehension," but he adds that their dictum may be sufficiently met by a remark of De la Malle, who said: "Si les animaux n'étaient pas susceptibles d'apprendre les moyens de se conserver, les espèces se seraient anéanties."

But surely the observation of this French sage is a very peculiar one, for if it applies at all, it applies throughout life from birth onwards. According to him, then, animals had to learn how to live, and then go on living afterwards. The sucking of the infant, the pecking of the newly hatched chick, and the nutritious properties of the leaves whereon some insects' eggs must be laid, have all to be learnt first, and the beneficial practical consequences are to come afterwards! It is wonderful that such a statement should have been ever written, but much more wonderful that Prof. Romanes should have quoted it in the supposition that it alone sufficed to overpower the authority of both Buffon and Aristotle!

But our space is exhausted, and we must reluctantly conclude. The late Prof. Romanes was a man of much personal charm and exceptional intellectual gifts.

He deserves to be remembered with appreciation and esteem, and for this very reason we end, as we began, by saying that we regret the publication of this volume of essays.

THE HAZLITTS.

Four Generations of a Literary Family. The Hazlitts in England, Ireland, and America, 1725-1896. By W. Carew Hazlitt. In 2 vols. (George Redway.)

"I REMEMBER poor Byron, Trelawney, Hobhouse, and myself dining with Cardinal Mezzocaldo at Rome," Captain Sumph began, "and we had some Orvieto wine for dinner, which Byron liked very much. And I remember how the Cardinal regretted that he was a single man. We went to Civita Vecchia two days afterwards, where Byron's yacht was—and, by jove, the Cardinal died within three weeks; and Byron was very sorry, for he rather liked him."

"A devilish interesting story, Sumph, indeed," Waggs said.

"You should publish some of those stories, Captain Sumph, you really should," said Shandon. "Such a volume would make our friend Bungay's fortune."

It is to be hoped that these two portly volumes may prove the making of "somebody's" fortune. To be sure, 'tis not in mortals to command success; but Mr. Carew Hazlitt has done more than this—if Captain Shandon may be credited, he has so written as to deserve it. At frequent intervals in vol. i., and on almost every page of vol. ii., Mr. Hazlitt *Sumphises* much after this fashion:

"Of Charles Wells, the solicitor, I retain a tolerably vivid remembrance. He is understood to have composed the affectionate epitaph on Hazlitt in St. Anne's, Soho. Wells had, no doubt, a reverential regard for Hazlitt. I remember him coming to my father's house in Great Russell-street, opposite the dead wall of the British Museum. It was about 1846, while I was still at Merchant Taylors', and just about the same time we had a visit from George Byron, as he called himself, the reputed son of Byron by the Maid of Athens. I was at home recovering from an attack of brain fever, and, my father being out, I saw Byron, who disgusted me by the small interest he manifested in my sufferings. He was a short, dark man, and, I have been told, remarkably like the poet" (vol. i., p. 160).

Occasionally anecdote is relieved with criticism, the worth of which may be estimated by the following sample:

"In Mr. Du Maurier's *Trilby* his own student-life and that of some of his friends are evidently portrayed. I think that I could fill in the names. *Trilby* herself is an idealised model, and the English writer's *altogether* appears to be a translation—and not a very good one—of the French *ensemble*, the expression used when a woman poses for the whole figure."

On a modest guess, about a third of the whole work consists of such trivial and desultory jottings. Nor is it merely that Mr. Hazlitt's stories are often found wanting in point and relevance; not seldom they positively offend.

These remarks apply mainly to vol. ii. Vol. i., besides other interesting documents, contains an important series of extracts from a family chronicle compiled by Hazlitt's

sister Peggy during the years 1835-1838, which gives, along with many genealogical details, a circumstantial account of the visit of the Hazlitts to the States in 1783. This narrative, though stated to have been written expressly for the use of Hazlitt's son, lay *perdu* for some unexplained reason until 1844, when it was shown to Mr. Carew Hazlitt by the daughter of the clergyman under whose roof Peggy Hazlitt passed her last years. Though quite unambitious, it evinces the writer's rare mental gifts. The style is clear, lively, and unaffected; the descriptions of nature as faithful and animated as though they had been penned by Dorothy Wordsworth. A delightful picture is given of the Hazlitts' home at Weymouth, near Boston. The house stood girt on three sides by steep hills sloping down almost to the windows, and clad with lofty locust-trees, which in springtime were laden with tresses of yellow laburnum-like blossom. Over the meadow in the summer nights hovered a conflagration of myriads of fire-flies. Humming-birds of several kinds beset the peach-tree, and other fowls haunted the pear and other fruit trees of the garden—the blue-bird, the mocking-bird, the red linnet, the Virginia nightingale, the Bob Lincoln (little Willie's favourite), and the American robin.

"On a hill to the eastward stood the church, the road to Boston passing close by it. How often have we stood at the window, looking at my father as he went up the road with William, in his nankeen dress, marching by his side like one that could never be tired."

This love of walking exercise was a life-long trait in Hazlitt.

"Almost all his early excursions in the country," writes Mr. C. Hazlitt, "were made on foot, and Patmore testifies how, at the relatively late date when he became intimate with him, he 'devoured the ground' in walking, and seemed to feel a zest and enjoyment in the exercise."

Hazlitt's American reminiscences were few and faint. He observes somewhere that the taste of the barberries he had plucked as a child, after they had lain under the snow through a long Transatlantic winter, years afterwards still lingered on his palate, like a sixth sense.

As was to be expected, the absurd myth which exhibits Hazlitt in the light of a martyr to the cause of progress is reiterated and insisted on *ad nauseam* in these volumes. Already in the preface Mr. Hazlitt falls into Erckles' vein—

"It was open to Hazlitt to have followed in the footsteps of several of his literary contemporaries, who improved their fortunes by changing their opinions. But the Loftus blood was in him, and he threw in his lot with the claims of freedom and truth!"

Hence—we are given to understand—the alarms and excursions of "Zeta" and "Ultracrepidarius," who repeatedly told him in unequivocal language that, because his views on liberty of conscience and opinion were new and heretical, "argal his ideas on all other subjects were unworthy of credit or even of serious notice."

The late Mr. Alexander Ireland who, it need scarcely be said, held firmly by the

aforesaid myth, contrasts in the Memoir prefixed to his *Selections*, the treatment experienced by Hazlitt at the hands of the Tory critics, with that Hazlitt himself bestowed on the writers of the Government camp.

"Granted that Hazlitt had taken the unfashionable side, and that his political sympathies were often vehemently expressed, surely the intrinsic ability of his purely literary works might have been acknowledged, and their merits admitted. He himself never failed to do justice to the intellectual gifts of his opponents, however keenly he may have attacked their political tergiversations. Witness what he always said of Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey. It is never without a sad feeling, akin to regret, that he attacks what he considers their backslidings. . . . He never carried poisoned arrows into political conflict—such was his chivalrous sense of honour and justice."

Now, on each of these two heads a word has to be said. In the first place, Hazlitt was in no wise a martyr to the cause of progress. For that cause he cared not a jot—indeed, he did not believe in it. He felt no enthusiasm for—in truth, he did not share—the great vital ideas that underlay the revolutionary movement. He scoffed at the notion of human perfectibility, and maintained that the race moves neither forward nor upward, but merely round and round. Hazlitt was no true democrat; he loved the Whigs no better than the Tories, and to the Radicals he cherished an antipathy every whit as strong as his antipathy to Tory and Whig. The truth is—to quote Mr. Leslie Stephen—that "what Hazlitt called his opinions were really his feelings. His politics were simply the expression, in a generalised form, of his intense feeling of personality." His repudiation of the dogma of the divine right of kings was thus but the passionate self-assertion of his egotism. This repudiation, it is true, ranged him for the nonce on the side of the Reformers, and so served to draw down upon him the scurrilous abuse of "Zeta" and the *Quarterly*; but presently he would be found assailing a Reformer, as he did the arch-Reformer Shelley, so fiercely as to rouse the wrath of Leigh Hunt, and rejoice the heart of Gifford. Not then to zeal for the cause of progress did Hazlitt become a martyr, but simply to the uncontrollable effervescence of an ebullient egotism.

But, secondly, is it true, as Mr. Ireland would fain have us believe, that the judgment wherewith Hazlitt the critic judged his political opponents contrasts favourably with that wherewith he was judged again of the Tory Press? We answer unhesitatingly, No. So far, indeed, is this from the truth, that William Hazlitt's little finger may rather be said to be thicker than his adversaries' loins: whereas they chastise with whips, he chastises with scorpions. As a sample of the Hazlittian process of vivisection, let us take the *Edinburgh Review* critique on *Christabel*—an article which Mr. Ireland prudently forbore to include in his extended list of Hazlitt's contributions to that organ. This execrable critique appeared in September, 1816—several months, be it observed, before the adverse notice in the *Quarterly* of Hazlitt's *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays*,

which he attributed to the "Talking Potato" (J. W. Croker), and of which Mr. Ireland and Mr. Carew Hazlitt complain so bitterly. Doubts have been expressed as to the authorship, but a sentence towards the end sets the matter beyond dispute: "There is not one couplet in the publication before us which would be reckoned poetry, or even sense, were it found in the corner of a newspaper or upon the window of an inn." Hazlitt is thinking of the incident which befell him in the inn-parlour at Linton in 1798—an incident which he has described in the paper entitled *My First Acquaintance with Poets*, and again alluded to in his *Lecture on Thomson and Cowper*. Coleridge, John Chester, and Hazlitt had travelled on foot from Stowey to see the Valley of Rocks, and, while breakfasting in the old-fashioned inn-parlour, had found a little worn-out copy of *The Seasons* lying in the window-seat, on which Coleridge exclaimed: "That is true fame!" Assuming, then, that Hazlitt was the writer, in what spirit did he deal with the poet and his work? Let one reply whose impartiality is above suspicion. Mr. Andrew Lang thus describes the article:

"This odious critique is forgotten, perhaps, because nobody could say that it 'killed' Coleridge. It only killed his hopes of profit and fame (he being poor, ill, and in sad estate) from the most original compositions in the range of English literature. There is no critical vice which the Whig critic does not exhibit. With the blind eye, the deaf ear, the insensible heart are allied gross and mean personal impudence, frequent imputations of insanity, and the wonted political rancour. . . . 'Much of the art of the wild writers consists in sudden transitions. . . . This, indeed, is known to the medical men, who not unfrequently have the care of them, as an unerring symptom.' Under Gilman's care, Coleridge may have reflected on this graceful innuendo. Coleridge 'was in bad health when he wrote *Kubla Khan*—the particular disease is not given, but the careful reader will form his own conjectures.' 'Persons in this poet's unhappy condition generally feel the want of sleep as the worst of their evils.' The poem is then burlesqued in a prose summary; and the passage, *But vainly thou warrest*, is said to 'have been manufactured by shaking words together at random,' &c., &c.

Such is the fashion after which Hazlitt "does justice to the intellectual gifts of his political opponents." "But," it will be urged, "the rancour here exhibited is political, not personal; Hazlitt assails Coleridge as the apostate from the cause which he himself had so close at heart, and for which he sacrificed so much." Doubtless the apostasy served as a convenient pretext, but it was not the real cause of Hazlitt's malignity. That dated from Hazlitt's disgraceful escapade at Keswick in the autumn of 1803, when he narrowly escaped being ducked by the populace—there were two hundred men on horseback out in pursuit of him—and probably sent to prison. Coleridge rescued him, giving him all the money he had, and the very shoes off his feet, to enable him to escape over the mountains to Wordsworth, who, in his turn, took him in, gave him clothes and money, and sped him on his way southward. Since that time the two poets, while never declining to meet

Hazlitt if they encountered him casually, did not desire that he should be invited to meet them. Hazlitt discovered this, and it angered him; and being, according to Leigh Hunt, one who pocketed up wrongs to draw them out again at a future day, he resolved to lay a rod in pickle for his quondam hosts and good friends. In the fulness of time the *Excursion* and *Christabel* appeared; and, the desired opportunity thus offering, the rod was vigorously plied. Perhaps the most valuable document in these volumes is the letter printed on p. 133, vol. i. It is Hazlitt's reply to the vehement expostulation addressed to him by Leigh Hunt on the occasion of his assault on Shelley, and, as a matter of course, it loses much by being printed here apart from what may be called its context—viz., the expostulation in question, and the rejoinder which it elicited from Hunt. These are both given in the *Memoirs* of 1867.

Of Mr. Carew Hazlitt's astounding—his magnificent—blunders and of his "tales of bawdry" we shall here say nothing. The latter, even were they fresh, would savour ill; and, alas! they have the very *sæva mephitis* of antiquity on them. What the spirit is that animates his anecdotes may be gathered from the following *morceau*:

"Frederick Locker, in his parsimonious ways, curiously resembled his relative by marriage, the late Poet Laureate. . . . He gave me a copy of his 'London Lyrics,' with a request that I would send him my written opinion of it. I did so with a certain difficulty, as in a budget of vers de société not of the highest class, one scarcely knew what to say. I remember that Locker characteristically asked me to call for the little volume at a wine-shop in Piccadilly, in which he then had an interest."

The italics are ours.

HARPER OF SHERBORNE.

A Memoir of H. D. Harper, D.D. By L. V. Lester. (Longmans & Co.)

MR. LESTER'S book is free from the two besetting sins of biographies: it is free from trivial personal details, and it is free from masses of dull correspondence. But the author has done more than merely abstain from boredom. He has recorded the life-work of a successful toiler in a great profession in the way in which such a life-work should be recorded, for he has throughout subordinated the person of whom he writes to the work that person did. And if we are told what a man did, and how he did it, we learn all we need know about the man himself. This memoir, then, does what every memoir of a worker in some special department of human activity should aim at doing, and should be content with doing. It suggests to those engaged in similar operations what to emulate, and what to avoid; it points out the difficulties that may be expected, and how those difficulties may be overcome. Anyone at all conversant with the annals of our public schools will recognise that the chequered history of Sherborne, as sketched in Mr. Lester's second chapter, is typical of the spasmodic and kaleidoscopic history of English schools in general.

In our higher education there has been no continuous and regular advance all along the line. Progress in one quarter has been followed by collapse—collapse in another by progress; effort here has been counterbalanced by slumber there. The vicissitudes through which our schools have passed may be seen from the remarkable fluctuations in their numbers. In 1778 the Rugby roll stood at 52, by 1790 it had risen to 245, by 1807 it had fallen to 120, by 1816 it had increased to 381, by 1827 it had gone down to 123, by 1842 Arnold had raised it to 375, and five years after, under Tait, it reached nearly 500. So, too, at Westminster, the 300 of 1821 had in 1841 sunk to 67, and as recently as 1846 Harrow could muster but 78. If this oscillation could take place in the case of a wealthy foundation such as Rugby has been for the last 120 years, what may be looked for in the case of poorly endowed schools whose existence almost depends upon the character of their head masters, and whose financial reserve is too scanty to enable them to withstand the blow inflicted by an unfortunate appointment?

Now and again we see individual schools, schools that enjoy no particular advantages in the shape of endowments, lifted by strong men, by Hileys or Valpys, by Harpers or Thrings, from prostration and obscurity to efficiency and fame: and, too often, in turn we see the labours of the school-maker reft of permanent results by the heritage falling to a weak or a foolish successor. Naturally any public school must be affected more or less by the personality of its head master. Still, if it has sufficient pecuniary resources to place it above the possibility of financial difficulty, it is not absolutely at the mercy of the personal qualities of the man in office for the time being. A public institution is a thing for all time, and should be placed beyond the risk of shipwreck at the hands of a chance and temporary official.

Mr. Lester's account of what went on at Sherborne under Harper's administration presents us with a type of the English public school, and a type of the vigorous head master; a type of the obstacles that confront such men, and a type of the manner in which they surmount them; a type of the measure of success attainable, and a type of the character of that success; all of which roughly represents, in a general way, very much what goes on in a desultory and sporadic fashion in the haphazard system—if system it can be called—of our secondary education.

Sherborne was not Harper's first headship. In 1847, at the age of twenty-six, he became head master of Cowbridge School, to which post he was appointed, as head masters usually are in this country, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle—that is, on the strength of their innocence of any knowledge or experience of school work. It is true that if he had proved a failure at Cowbridge he could have done but little harm, for there were scarcely a dozen boys in the school; but in this instance the simple and child-like confidence of the governors happened, accidentally, so far as they were concerned, to be justified

by the event. In 1850 the twelve boys had become eighty, and the school was so evidently in good condition that the governing body of Sherborne were fully warranted in choosing him that year to rule their foundation. He found at Sherborne two boarders (there had been 100) and thirty-eight day boys, while thirty lads went with him from Cowbridge. This was not a dazzling beginning, but Harper had learnt that he possessed the gift of mastership, and showed his belief in himself by at once setting to work considerably to enlarge the buildings he had not yet filled. The numbers did not rise with striking rapidity; for some years they even fluctuated, and during that period the financial strain was very great. By 1870, however, the two original boarders were represented by 209, and the day boys swelled the list to 257. Seven years later his three decades of scholastic toil came to an end, and his acceptance of the Principalship of his old College of Jesus, at Oxford, brought him fresh, but less arduous, duties.

As Mr. Lester says, "Sherborne was the real work of Harper's life." In the correspondence given in the Memoir, rather amusing is the sturdy, yet canny, way in which Harper dealt with the fond enthusiast who pestered him to introduce Hebrew as a compulsory subject throughout the school from the bottom to the top. On the other hand, in the letters that passed between Harper and Dr. Temple relative to the Endowed Schools Bill, the cobweb of sentiment, sophistry, and special pleading woven by the former was hopelessly rent and brushed aside by the broad, strong, luminous common sense of the Head Master of Rugby. Of that Bill Mr. Lester's third chapter gives an excellent summary, in which Sherborne is taken merely as the peg on which to hang an account of the whole question. In his fifth chapter he points out, with truth, that although it was Thring who originated the Head Masters' Conference, it was to Harper that the success of the society was mainly due; and in chap. vii. he tells of the active part taken by the subject of his Memoir, when Principal of Jesus, in the partial unfettering of the college from its Keltic bonds. Schoolmasters who do not know, and who wish to know, the main lines on which the history of the public schools has proceeded during the last half century, cannot do better than read this book. We have only to add that a portrait of Harper would have been a pleasing, and an index a useful, addition to the volume.

THE CITY OF CHESTER.

A History of the Ancient City of Chester. By George Lee Fenwick. (Chester: Philliphson & Golder.)

WITH the beginning of English history begins the history of Chester. Deva, the colony on the Dee, or Caer-legio, the camp of the legion, as the hybrid British jargon had it, was the ultimate outpost of Roman dominion in the north-west. Planted there

at the head of the great military road of Watling-street, it served to overawe the Brigantes of Lancashire and Yorkshire and the Silures of Wales. The relics and inscribed monuments of the "Vicesima Legio Valeria Victrix" are thick within its walls. And when the Romans went and in time the new military despotism of the Normans took their place, then Chester became for two centuries the seat of a succession of warrior earls, warders of the marches, who ruled as petty kings in the Palatinate. As England grew quiet and the need for the strong hand of Randal Blundeville and the rest ceased, it was high time for the city, here as elsewhere, to assert its independence. Nor shall you find a finer specimen of the mediæval municipality than this, with its innumerable charters, with the great abbey of St. Werburgh in its midst, with its rich and powerful trade guilds, to whose annual Whitsuntide festivities the antiquarians love to trace the origins of the English drama. The glory of Chester has departed, yet as one comes upon it in the train, half an hour from the adust skies and the redolent canal of Manchester, with its towers of red sandstone and its girdle of cherry orchards, it is hard not to think of it as still in some measure, as of old, a citadel and outwork against the barbarians. Such a city may well be proud of its past, and it is not surprising to find that the antiquities of Chester and its neighbourhood attract many and earnest students. It is not long since Mr. Helsby brought Ormerod's *History of Cheshire* up to date in a new edition. Two years ago came Canon Rupert Morris's *Chester under the Plantagenets and Tudors*, and now we have what seems at first sight an even more ambitious undertaking in this sumptuous quarto of 578 pages by Mr. Fenwick. We may, however, as well confess at once that Mr. Fenwick's work is a grievous disappointment. It has evidently been a labour of love, to which the author has devoted an exemplary enthusiasm and a copious industry; but it is equally evident that he has not approached his task with an adequate knowledge of the method to be employed or an adequate scholarly equipment. There is only one way in which a history of Chester can really be written to-day, and that is by constant reference to the Corporation records. These are unusually full; they were carefully arranged by Mr. J. C. Jeaffreson in 1878, and, except by Canon Morris, they have hardly been ransacked at all. But of the records, or even of Canon Morris's researches, Mr. Fenwick has not, so far as we can tell, made any substantial use. As a result his *History* adds but little to our knowledge; at best it is a compilation, differing principally in bulk from what may be found in the guide-book of any petty town. And even as a compiler Mr. Fenwick leaves much to be desired. He never, and it is the worst sin of a writer on such a subject as this, gives a reference. He gaily quotes "the Harleian MS." or "a MS. in the British Museum." His knowledge of modern literature may be measured by six astounding lines on Arthur Hugh Clough; his knowledge of ancient literature by his mention of a play of Plautus as the *Mostella*. We have no wish to be hard on mere slips, and as such we

are willing to take the statement that Arthur, Prince of Wales, gave a charter to the Bakers' Company in the reign of Edward VI.; but *Mostella* too clearly has its origin in an ignorant inference from an abbreviated reference. As a specimen of Mr. Fenwick's treatment of an archaeological subject it will be fair to take his explanation of the famous Chester Rows. Of these he says:

"In the first quarter of the present century Hemingway suggested that the Rows were the result of lowering the main streets, probably by the Roman garrison. Within the last few years Dr. Brushfield followed on similar lines, and asserted that the formation of the Chester Rows began in the thirteenth century, and that the Rows themselves represent the accumulations of the intervening period, the streets being kept to their original level. We venture to agree with the two latter writers on some points. . . . It was decided, probably in the Plantagenet period, for some reason to ease the gradients of the four main streets by lowering the crown of the eminence upon which the city stood, and which was then highest at the Cross."

Mr. Fenwick makes us rub our eyes. Does he really not see that the two theories which he treats as identical are in reality as precisely opposed to each other as two theories could be? And as to the alternative which he himself adopts, Canon Morris, who has an excellent discussion of the subject, would have told him that the level of the present main streets can be clearly established by surveying to be the level of the Roman work also. Even more unsatisfactory is Mr. Fenwick's account of the Chester Mysteries. He repeats the traditional story of their composition by Randall Higden, without any reference to the half-dozen serious difficulties which beset that story; and on three different pages he gives three different dates for the last performance of the plays—1574 on p. 377, 1575 on p. 493, and 1577 on p. 435. We regret to be obliged to form so unfavourable an estimate of such an honest and well-intentioned book as Mr. Fenwick's; and we hasten to add that, weak as he is on points of archaeology, in which the main interest of any account of Chester must necessarily consist, he has yet given an excellent popular account of the buildings and institutions of the city, and of the important part which it has played in national history.

ANCIENT IDEALS.

A Study of Intellectual and Spiritual Growth from Early Times to the Establishment of Christianity. In 2 vols. By Henry Osborn Taylor. (Putnam.)

AN attractive title to a work containing a still more attractive table of contents, and consisting of more than 850 pages, led us to begin reading Mr. H. O. Taylor's book with avidity. The titles of a succession of chapters devoted to an exposition of the noblest thoughts and aspirations of Mankind, from Egypt, Chaldaea, and China, through India, Persia, Greece, and Rome, down to the second century after Christ, shows an aim so lofty that only a writer very exceptionally gifted

could be expected to attain it. In his Preface he tells us that his work is

"an attempt to treat human development from the standpoint of the ideals of the different races, as these ideals disclose themselves in the art and literature, in the philosophy and religion, and in the conduct and political fortunes of each race."

We must reluctantly confess that the perusal of its pages has caused us much disappointment. We confess this with reluctance, because the author is so evidently actuated by a desire to set before his readers a true, however necessarily fragmentary, sketch of human progress during the vast period his pages refer to, and because, also, he has evidently taken great pains and consulted very many authorities.

Yet the result is a series of chapters the majority of which are regrettably bald and commonplace for the most part, though some are interesting.

But, at the fourth page of the Introduction, we meet with a paragraph which seems to us to strike the keynote of the whole composition. The author says:

"Well-nigh universal is the tradition of impiety resulting in destruction from the gods; Chaldaea has it, and the Hebrew race, and all the Aryan races, likewise the Egyptian, though in Egypt the destruction came not through a deluge. But the "deluge" was very wide or very ancient; Chaldaea, Israel, India, Iran, Greece, and the peoples of America remembered it in tradition."

Any writer who can thus speak about the "deluge" in these days, when no one whose opinion is of any account regards it as more than some local inundation, if not altogether and utterly apocryphal, exhibits thereby an absolutely fatal incompetence as to matters of ancient history and religion.

The author shows himself all through his two volumes to be evidently an earnest advocate of some form of what we in England should call "Nonconformist Christianity." This book must, indeed, be rather regarded as an edifying attempt to view history in a certain pietistic light, than an endeavour to give it that impartial and colourless treatment which can now alone be tolerated by students of history worthy of the subject which they desire to pursue.

His treatment of the moral teaching and theology of Egypt appears to us to be too depreciative, while his description of Chinese ethics is too eulogistic. But we think he well sums up the outcome of the two great schools of Indian religious thought:

"India in Brahmanism, then, with more open eye, in Buddhism, abandoned as worthless, or as painful, the content of men's lives; then, scorning individuality as the veriest mode of change and death, it abandoned the existence of the human individual, the basis of all life, the only means whereby that which transcends the human individual may be reached. . . . Indian thought reaches not conclusions, but catastrophes—the Absolute All-one—Brahma and the Atmā, which was It—was the first leap into the void; the second was Nirvana."

Mr. Taylor's treatment and appreciation of Homer are not unworthy of their subject, but his notice of that other greatest of the Greeks—Aristotle—leaves much to be desired, though he has the merit of making

clear, in a few words, the Stagyrte's views as to "pleasure" and the "*Summum Bonum*."

He is more favourable and indulgent to Lucretius than might have been expected, and his general sketch of Rome, its legal spirit, its instinct for government, and its single philosophy—Stoicism—is to be commended. His judgment of Horace may surprise some of his readers: "If ever," he says, "a man was fitted for preaching morals sound and good, yet not too lofty for the comprehension of men, it was this man of balanced mind."

We do not think Mr. Taylor does justice to the latent tendency towards beliefs and practices analogous to those advocated by Christianity which existed in the later Paganism of Rome. It is undeniable that there was much in Pagan reforms which harmonised with the new belief, and much in ideas and doctrines imported from the East which prepared the way for its reception. The latter, however, Mr. Taylor allows. We feel we must refrain almost entirely from criticising his treatment both of Judaism and the Christian dispensation, on account of the strong convictions which make themselves conspicuous throughout the work, and especially, of course, in those two portions of it. In fact, he states, in the opening of chap. xxii., that "the origin of Christianity cannot be scientifically treated."

Not a few Christians will be surprised to find that he derives one important argument in favour of the objective reality of the resurrection from the fact (as he says) that it produced the conversion of members of Christ's own family—especially of his previously intractable brother James.

In spite of the drawbacks we have been compelled to notice, Mr. Taylor's work will be found useful and valuable by many readers who can make sufficient allowance for its author's special prejudices and consequent shortcomings. We note with regret many clerical errors, especially in Greek orthography, and the work must have careful revision before it reaches a second edition.

ARTS AND CRAFTS.

The Art of the House. By Rosamund Marriott Watson. (George Bell & Sons.)

MRS. MARRIOTT WATSON has written a number of brilliant and witty sentences on a very depressing subject; she has refuted the heresies of plate-glass windows, overmantels, sideboards, cosy corners, dyed grasses, modern clocks, steel fenders, American walnut wood, and a hundred other household monstrosities; she has directed the amateur, with a purse, to search after Spode china, Aubusson carpets, Spanish screens, old linen chests, Dutch and French harpsichords, English corner cupboards, Venetian bed "sets," and other delightful things; she has even ventured to lay down, in her first chapter, some principles of decoration, but—but where is salvation, outside the shops of Bond-street and of the old furniture dealers? where is a living spirit to be found in modern decorative art?

The problem is a difficult one. Of course, it appears superfluous to the rich man whose rooms are filled with the work of past centuries of craftsmen, and whose decorations are carried out *en bloc* in Louis Quinze or Empire style by Messrs. So and So. Of course, the problem appears ridiculous to ninety-nine out of a hundred men who read the daily chroniclers. But, with few exceptions, all the products of modern craftsmanship are artistically bad. The artist, in fact, has no voice in the productions of the workshop, and so long as this is so, so long will the average furniture, dress, architecture, jewellery, be artistically beneath contempt.

Let us take, for example, the production of the book before us, *The Art of the House*. It is a book on art—an art book, as the publishers have it—and no doubt the editor of "The Series" in which it appears, "The Connoisseur Series," made an effort after a beautiful format. But what a format for a connoisseur! The difficulties in the way of producing books that are not mechanically printed and bound are almost insuperable. And why? Because the artists have no power to-day in the printer's and bookbinder's crafts. Accordingly, *The Art of the House* is—what it is! The type used is fairly good, but the leading is quite inappropriate to the type, and the eye only follows the sentences with difficulty. The title-page is atrocious, the size of type being ridiculously large for the size of the page. The illustration on p. 9 is out of balance. There is no originality or beauty in the arrangement or proportions of the headlines, pagination, or contents of chapters. The binding of the book is terra-cotta in hue (because terra-cotta is held by publishers to be an art colour), ruled with eleven brown lines, lettered with the stiff gilt lettering of the British bookbinder. The book has, in short, been mechanically produced; but we have no doubt that if the publishers and bookbinders and printers of *The Art of the House* are told that in producing it they have simply reproduced a cliché of 999 formats, all in turn clichés of 999 similar formats, they would probably reply, first, "What's the matter with the book?" and, secondly, "The public likes it." And they would have spoken wisdom. The public does like, for its carpets, its houses, its books, its furniture, clichés of a generalised and mediocre format. Further, the great public distrusts originality of design, subtlety of line, delicacy of colour in the wares offered it. And that is why the binding of *The Art of the House* is ruled with eleven brown lines, and why it is such a slow and difficult process to recall the artists from Burlington House, and place them in the workshops where they ought to be.

We have said that the artists should be recalled from Burlington House, because history tells us that when the old arts of handicraft died, the factories that replaced them did without the artist altogether. For a long—for a very long—time nobody noticed the artist's absence. The average estimable civilisee, as Walt Whitman would say, was as indifferent to the form and colour of his surroundings in 1850 as he is to his own form and colour to-day. But little by little a suspicion crept into some intelligent minds that something was amiss; and at last some

extremely intelligent man cried, after years of thought, "But where is the artist?" Where indeed! He had been forgotten, and the hapless creature had stolen away softly to the only corner roped in for him—to the High Art of Picture Painting. As for the other arts that bring beauty into life, they were forgotten, made impossible, scouted; and a couple of generations of artists, who would have been the craftsmen of former ages, employed themselves madly in filling the acreage of the Academy walls. The artist is simply the man who understands the beauty innate in his material, the man who can give a beautiful individuality or character to the work in hand; and though there are many crafts to-day where the machine kills and degrades all the artistic quality of the work, still there are many others—such as the printer's—where the artist should hold a commanding place. But it has been reserved for this nineteenth century to make art ridiculous.

The century that has talked so much "art," and written so much "art," and made a dozen little renaissances in "art," has, in fact, proved to artists that the æsthetic instinct in the average man is the last to awaken and the first to disappear in times unpropitious to art. Not even the moral sense is so precariously placed, so quick to flee! Savage races are, in a sense, true craftsmen, because, in fact, they cannot help doing *handiwork*, and the element of machine rote does not vulgarise their work; but no doubt the æsthetic instinct is less developed among savages than even among civilised men. But the latter have triumphed, and gone one better than the savage. It looked as though beauty must continue to entwine humbly with human utility—so many ages had not seen these twain dissevered, that Beauty began to hope man had not noticed she was there along with him. But the terrible age came when art was *artificialised* by the average mind and regarded as something outside daily life. And the day that saw the craftsman banished from the workshop, and the artist hurried away from the common air to the pedestal-strewn platform of the popular imagination, was the day that saw art made ridiculous.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Le Roman d'un Roi d'Ecosse. Par J. J. Jusserand. (Hachette.)

The Romance of a King's Life. By J. J. Jusserand. Translated by M. R. Revised and Enlarged by the Author. (Fisher Unwin.)

THERE is always something peculiarly graceful and attractive about M. Jusserand's treatment of a literary question. Others may be more learned scholars, more exact philologists, closer students of chronicles and of the unnumbered publications of the Early English Text Society: but certainly no one has a keener eye for the picturesque, or is more apt to disinter the gem of true humanity in the wilderness of erudition. Nor can an English reviewer fail to feel a sentiment of gratitude to the accomplished

foreigner who has again and again manifested so flattering a preference for the alien charms of our ruder letters. In the pleasant little treatise now before us, it has been M. Jusserand's object to make bloom once more the rose of the poet prisoner, James I. of Scotland. The story is more or less familiar, from the "The King's Quair" itself, and from Rossetti's fine ballad, "The King's Tragedy." M. Jusserand has given it another exquisite rendering in prose, filling out the bare outlines with an exercise of imagination here perfectly legitimate, because based on a wide knowledge and a sympathetic appreciation of the conditions of fifteenth century life. He has woven into his narrative a description of mediæval Scotland by Bartholomew Anglicus, together with contemporary accounts of three embassies sent at various times from the Continent to James the First. One of these was that of Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, afterwards Pope Pius II., who came on a rather mysterious mission from the Council at Basle. The other two—that of the poet Alain Chartier and that of Regnault Girard, Seigneur de Bazoges—were concerned with the marriage of Margaret of Scotland to the French Dauphin, one day to become Louis XI. M. Jusserand has made some extracts from the MS. account of Girard's journey, hitherto unpublished, in the National Library of France. One wishes that he had seen his way to giving it in full. We do not quite gather whether Alain Chartier's narrative has been previously printed or not.

The English edition has been enriched with several illustrations, in addition to the beautiful reproduction from Pinturicchio of "Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini before James I. of Scotland," which appears in the French one also. The most interesting is a representation of "The Wheel of Fortune," from a fifteenth-century MS. Various appendices have also been added, containing documents and discussions of points of scholarship. One regrets, however, not to find a fuller treatment of Mr. J. T. T. Brown's iconoclastic onslaught upon the hitherto received ascription of "The King's Quair" to James himself. M. Jusserand tells us that, in his opinion, Mr. Brown's thesis, "though very cleverly defended, is untenable," and refers us for the grounds of this opinion to a letter in a periodical which Mr. Brown has already, to a large extent, destructively answered. We cannot here go into all the rights and wrongs of the matter, and the philological part of Mr. Brown's argument, which suggests a date for the poem as late as the beginning of the sixteenth century, requires careful consideration by a specialist. But we certainly think he has shown that the biographical data of the poem, while they do not agree with the facts of history, do agree with the version of those facts given in the chronicle on which Mr. Brown believes it to be based. These biographical discrepancies are not perhaps so great as to be absolutely conclusive; but, such as they are, M. Jusserand seems to us rather to slur them over. Thus in discussing the question whether the capture of James took place in 1405 or 1406

it is hardly fair to treat the matter as simply a toss up between the respective authority—in neither case worth much—of Wyntoun and of Walsingham. The date 1406, which such excellent modern historians as Sir James Ramsay and Mr. J. H. Wylie agree in accepting, does not rest upon the statement of Walsingham at all, but on the careful examination by Sir William Hardy of the misplaced documents in Rymer's *Foedera* and of other available records. If M. Jusserand had taken the line of doubting whether this revised date is necessarily inconsistent with the indications of the poem, we should have less quarrel with him upon the point. M. Jusserand is, however, by no means a wholesale swallower of legends. He drops the unsupported and improbable story that Windsor Castle was the scene of James's romantic love for Jane Beaufort; and he points out that the evidence for the immortal deed attributed to "Kate Barlass" is neither early nor altogether unimpeachable. We confess that, if this is a myth, it is one from which we do not willingly part.

SOME THEOLOGICAL BOOKS.

The Gospel for an Age of Doubt. By Henry Van Dyke, D.D., &c. (Macmillan & Co.)

VERY different from the apologetics of either the English or the Scotch foundation is this book, which comprises the Yale Lectures on Preaching for 1896. Although Dr. Van Dyke thinks that the most marked feature of the age is "a profound and widespread unsettlement of soul with regard to fundamental truths of religion," he takes heart at recent recantations like those of Signor Crispi and the late Prof. Romanes, and asserts that this general scepticism is even now fading, and will before long pass entirely away. Nor is he in any uncertainty as to what should be done by the students he addresses to hasten its departure. Not for him are any attempts to reconcile revelation with newly discovered history, or to find by metaphysical speculation an excuse for believing in a benevolent Deity, in face of the difficulty presented by the existence of evil. Better, he says, "to doubt God's personality, His supremacy, His very being, than it is to doubt His eternal goodness, His moral integrity." Yet, but for God's incarnation in Christ modern Christianity could never have existed. For the Incarnation is to him not only an historical fact, but the one fact round which the whole history of man groups itself. And this was as plain in the Apostolic age as in ours. But for the "deep conviction . . . that Jesus Christ, the Son, was the unveiling of His Father, God, and that the Holy Spirit who came upon the disciples was the Spirit of the Father and the Son," the Apostles could never have gone forth into the world to teach all nations, nor would the nations have listened to their teaching. "The early Christians looked at God through Christ: they did not look at Christ through a preconceived idea and a logical definition of God." Hence the preaching of Christ is the one thing needful, "the only gospel that is worth

preaching in all ways to all men, that Jesus Christ is God, who loves us in order that we may learn to love one another."

But though this conclusion of Dr. Van Dyke's will probably win the assent of many who will envy him his unquestioning faith, he reaches it by a road strange to English eyes. Nearly all his illustrations are drawn from modern literature, with which he has an intelligent acquaintance rare in a divine. *Madame Bovary* and *Trilby*, Baudelaire's *Fleurs du Mal* and Ibsen's *Ghosts*, are quoted to show the despairing tone of the age quite as much as *Robert Elsmere* and the poems of Matthew Arnold. This, indeed, he defends—if it needs any defence—on the sensible ground that the preacher who does not know what his people are reading does not know his people; but it is certainly startling to any one used to the smug decorum of English divinity to read that "there is no more room to doubt that the early Christians saw in Christ a personal unveiling of God than that the friends and followers of Abraham Lincoln regarded him as a good and loyal American citizen of the white race," or to find belief in the personality of God vindicated by a scene from Mr. Prime's *Along New England Roads*. Yet have we any right to be startled? Are not the Gospels which bear the names of the Evangelists written in most execrable Greek? and did not Charles Kingsley describe the literary style of St. Augustine as that of a field preacher?

These, however, are matters of taste, about which every one is a law unto himself. This apart, Dr. Van Dyke's lectures form one of the most eloquent defences of Christianity that we have yet met with.

Philosophy of Theism: being the Gifford Lectures delivered before the University of Edinburgh in 1895-96. Second Series. By Alexander Campbell Fraser, LL.D., &c. (Blackwood & Sons.)

THESE lectures, delivered by the Emeritus Professor of Logic, form a wonderful feat of strength on the part of one who first entered the university as a student sixty-two years ago. Like his fellow-countryman, Mr. Gladstone, the veteran professor is a convinced believer, and thinks that "morally perfect Power" is "at the root of the physical, æsthetical, and spiritual experience of mankind, although with a background of inevitable mystery." This is the theme which is descanted upon in nearly every one of the lectures, though there are some signs that the lecturer has found himself somewhat hampered by the prohibition imposed by the founder against the use of the lectures for the teaching of the creed of any church or sect. This is how Dr. Fraser deals with the mystery of evil:

"For one thing, for all that we know to the contrary, it may be a sign of perfect goodness that there should be in existence, on educational trial, individual persons who, as persons, must have absolute power to make and keep themselves bad, with all the implied risks, as we might call them, of this divine experiment in personal responsibility . . . rather than that there should not be individual persons thus on moral trial at all, and instead a wholly physical, non-moral, and physically-necessitated universe."

Dr. Fraser writes, as will be seen, rather *ad clerum* than *ad populum*, and the unregenerate person who has not acquired the Scotch taste for metaphysics will probably find his book a little dry. Yet his pen has lost none of its ancient fire, and he calls Mr. Herbert Spencer, though with many qualifications and *adoucissements*, "the philosopher of the half-educated."

The Hebrew Monarchy: a Commentary. By the Rev. Andrew Wood. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.)

THIS book smacks more of the painful learning of the last century than of the slap-dash method of to-day. Being moved to present the bloodstained annals of the Kings of Israel and Judah in a consecutive form, Mr. Wood has culled from the Canonical Books the chief passages bearing on the subject, and has contrived, without altering a word of the Authorised Version or adding any original matter, to weld them into a continuous narrative. To this he has added references to parallel passages, a perfect armoury of critical and explanatory notes, three appendices, and an introduction by the late Dean Payne Smith. The labour which the compilation and preparation for the press of such a book must involve is enormous, and the way it is turned out reflects the highest credit on both author and publisher.

And yet the book is belated. To Mr. Wood one part of Scripture is as good as another, and the chronology of Archbishop Usher is—until B.C. 726, at any rate—the only one possible. He passes over in silence Welhausen's position as to the threefold origin of the Books of Samuel and, the brilliant theories of Renan; and, perhaps, this was to be expected in one who appears to belong to the Evangelical school. But it is more startling to find that he equally ignores the conclusions of his fellow-Churchman, Prof. Sayce, to wit, that the chronology "of the Biblical compiler" from the beginning of Ahab's reign to the invasion of Sennacherib must be rejected, and that no reliance can be placed upon the historical portions of (among others) the Book of Daniel. And although the book may still be useful to the divinity students for whom it is probably intended, for the lay reader the omission reduces it to the level of an attempt to put back the clock.

The Early Church and the Roman Claim. By Prof. J. L. Rentoul. (Melbourne: Melbourne, Mullen & Slade.)

THIS is a series of lectures delivered in a Presbyterian church and written in a controversial style which we had hoped was extinct. The author has no difficulty in disposing to his own satisfaction of the Papal claim to supremacy: but the question to which a great part of the book is devoted is whether the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Melbourne did or did not say that Renan was a Protestant. Judging from the evidence in the book before us, we should say that he did not; and we regret to add that the Protestant advocate's presentation of the opposite view is not marked by good argument, good sense, or good manners.

POETRY.

The Poetry of Sport. Edited by Hedley Peek, "Badminton Library." (Longmans & Co.)

THE editors of the "Badminton Library" have at last seen the conclusion of their task, and in a preface to the volumes in general, Mr. A. E. T. Watson, assistant in the task to the Duke of Beaufort (who also contributes a dedication of the series to the Prince of Wales), justly congratulates himself on the general excellence of the result attained. Unfortunately, this final volume can hardly be regarded as a brilliant conclusion to what has undoubtedly been a successful undertaking. Mr. Peek, who is responsible for the collection, gives evidence of having a more unimpeachable taste in sport than in poetry. Yet we are not prepared to say that his collection may not include all that is worth quoting of the poetry of sport. On the contrary, his chief fault is that he shows more zeal and industry than discretion. He has cast his net wide and indiscriminately. It is true that he insists in his introduction on the necessity of discretion in selecting. But it is difficult to conceive what he can have left out worse than a great part of what he has let in. Yet for the perfect poverty of the volume (apart from this fault of too indiscriminate inclusion) we have no inclination to blame Mr. Peek. We are a sporting nation. We are also a nation of poets, if not a poetical nation. But our poetry of sport is like the snakes in Ireland. We have no poetry of sport. And this book is merely a voluminous proof of that melancholy conclusion. It begins with a series of narrative selections, having direct or indirect reference to sport. Of these, the best are the extracts from Spenser and the old dramatists. They are mostly instances of imagery drawn from sport; with great accuracy of knowledge and great happiness of application. There are, of course, such passages as the description of the hunted hare in *Venus and Adonis*, of the hunted deer in *As You Like It*. Then come extracts extending to such things as the *History of Manchester*; regarding which it can only be said that the passages from Somerville are the best—and bad indeed. They are accurate as to fact; but as to style, they apply Miltonic diction to prosaic subject-matter, with the most turgid results. Then come a large series of selections from songs and lyrics; extending from the seventeenth century downwards. We search in vain for anything which a third-rate poet would not blush to have written. And where editing was required, as in some of the seventeenth century lyrics, Mr. Peek is most guiltless of editing. Thus a racing-song from a comedy of Shirley, the dramatist, which is at any rate curious as preserving the names of famous racers of the day, is printed with all its original errors of orthography and punctuation thick upon it. Here is a specimen stanza:

"Young Constable and Kill deer's famous,
The Cat the Mouse and Noddy Gray,
With nimble Pegabrig you cannot shame us,
With Spaniard nor with Spinola.

Hill climbing white-rose praise doth not
lacke,
Handsome Dunbar, and yellow Jack.
But if I be just all praises must,
Be given to well-breathed Ilian Thrust.

It is evident that here not only are commas left in, defiant of the sense; hyphens omitted, to the confusion of the sense; but that also some names of horses are in capitals, some without capitals, and some half in capitals and half without. Mr. Peek has pointed it just as he found it, making most admired confusion. To correct in detail would be useless: we give the stanza—retaining the old spelling—as it should have been printed:

"Young Constable and Kill-Deeres famous,
The Cat, the Mouse, and Noddy Gray;
With nimble Pegabrig you cannot shame us,
With Spaniard nor with Spinola.
Hill-climbing White-Rose praise doth not
lacke,
Handsome Dunbar, and Yellow Jack.
But if I be just, all praises must
Be given to well-breathed Ilian Thrust."

And so the song is misprinted throughout. Generally, indeed, Mr. Peek seems to have an idea that there must be at least a comma after every line in verse, regardless of the sense. We regret that, with all praise to the really great industry of the editor, we must nevertheless pronounce this a volume sadly destitute of poetic interest, and not too well edited as regards either selection or technical care.

Poems. By Samuel Waddington. (George Bell & Sons.)

MR. WADDINGTON has long borne a name of honour among lovers of poetry for an anthology of his editing. His own verses, also, are familiar to many readers. The little volume before us is the third he has published; and of most of its own contents readers of magazines are already aware; some, indeed, had their first place in our own columns. Light songs are interspersed with epigrams and versicles; and, ranking among the curiosities of sonnet literature, is a poem in that form which boasts an antiquity of nearly seven hundred years. This is "The Foes at Home," which Mr. Waddington translates from the Italian of "Lodovico della Vernaccia." There is a good deal of the influence of Italy, exercised by its people and its places, as well as by its poetry, on the pages of Mr. Waddington. In one sonnet, however, he is as modern as may be, and perhaps Mr. Alfred Austin is nearly as responsible as Mr. Waddington himself for the lines that may as well represent him here:

"KRÜGER.

"Akin to Cromwell, yet averse to strife!
O patriarch of a people doomed to fight
For home and liberty, whose sole delight
Is still in peace to lead a pastoral life
With lithe-limbed children and a loving
wife—
Shalt thou not guard and guide thy race
aright!
Shalt thou not in thy wisdom and true might
Snatch from the brigand's hand the up-
lifted knife!

"Akin to Cromwell! Hark, methinks I hear
The war of armed battalions drawing near;
Awake, arise! The hour is past for sleep!
Arise and arm thy sons and have no fear!
Arise, Van Tromp! Once more the Dutch
shall sweep
The foemen from the veldt as from the
deep."

If a poet-laureate is needed for the Transvaal, there is no doubt about Mr. Waddington's fitness of spirit to hold the post.

FICTION.

The Wise and the Wayward. By G. S. Street. (John Lane.)

BRILLIANT in parts, and always written incisively and with continual watchfulness, Mr. Street's novel, his first long story, comes refreshingly to a reviewer who is weary of novelists who write without artistic conscience, and do not sufficiently consider their puppets. Mr. Street has, indeed, given us a distinguished study in ironical tragedy. The theme is a common one—of marriage and disillusion; but one soon perceives the effect of no common handling in the delineation of subtle temperament and the masterly analysis of motive. George Ashton, half scholar and half man about town, is the son of "a subtle-minded fault-finder, a drunkard, and a wayward amorist"; Nelly, his wife, a romantic beauty, and the ill-trained honest daughter of a shady household. They make the great experiment with genuine ideals and something of the glamour of passion. How the passion fades and life becomes bitter to both is set forth at length in Mr. Street's pages. The use of the word tragedy for so common a failure may be justified, because it is from the very fineness of the two natures that it arises. George and Nelly are highly strung people with considerable potentialities, and unwilling to put up with second-bests; spiritual, that is to say, and of the salt of the earth. Therefore they are tangled in the net of their own super-subtlety; a little more of brutal humanity and their disagreements might have ended with a kiss and a blow: the *amantium ira* clear the air for the normal and the slightly obtuse. It is, you perceive, the tragedy of Mr. Meredith's *Modern Love* over again. One's sympathy is perhaps most for the woman, who starts at a disadvantage and has the franker impulses. But Mr. Street's world is not all made up of idealists. One may take comfort in the healthy appetites and unqualified success of George's cousins, the Jack Ashtons. Mildred Ashton has all the normal selfish instincts. She cheerfully promotes the perhaps inevitable rupture between her relations, and enjoys her reward in the reversion of George's country house, together with a crown of virtues. She is eminently wise, and you hate her with an undying hatred. Mr. Street's own attitude to his puppets is one of a cynicism which is mainly on the surface. A thorough-going cynic would point out that to be of finer stuff than your fellows is unpractical, and would imply that it doesn't very much matter. To Mr. Street,

one fancies, in the case of George and Nelly Ashton, though he prefers to stand a little aloof, it does matter greatly. This is, perhaps, the fair inference from his hostility to Mildred, whom he treats throughout with the same ironical and remorseless courtesy with which Thackeray overwhelmed and made execrable his Becky Sharp. One confesses, however, to a little irritation against Mr. Street's habitual pose of tolerant epicureanism. It covers the fact that he has still some prejudices to slough. He has run the risk of alienating our sympathy from his hero by giving him, lest we should take him for a prig, a rather undue measure of the cruder vices. George Ashton drinks, gambles, and is facilely amorous beyond what seems required.

Mr. Street has his faults; but after all what a blessing it is to come across a fellow who can write. Mr. Street writes easily, with distinction, and with no more mannerism than may pass for good breeding in style. Occasionally, perhaps, he is a little hesitant, elusive, as if perplexed with a subtler shade of meaning than he can quite project into language. But for the most part he wields a fine, swiftly poised phrase, and has the gift of throwing his characters and situations into sharp relief, happily and without tediousness.

The Scholar of Bygate. By Algernon Gissing. (Hutchinson & Co.)

A REALLY first-rate three-volume novel like Mr. Algernon Gissing's *Scholar of Bygate* comes like a boon and a blessing to the patrons of the circulating library. A tale of sustained interest, excellently written and conceived, fresh in matter, and delightful both for its high romantic spirit and its convincingly human portraiture, this new work of Mr. Algernon Gissing's at once enhances his reputation and reminds us how much after all there is to be said for the three volumes as a literary form. Mr. Gladstone is generally quoted as having declared that there are always three points of view. In a perfect leading article, it is the journalistic tradition, there must be three paragraphs. And, similarly, it was once an "idol," and not an entirely bad one, of fiction that the well-manufactured story fell naturally into three divisions. Mr. Gissing's tale, as a matter of literary workmanship, shows once more, with what seems like real novelty now that we have had a revolt in favour of the single volume, the natural fall of a well-told story into the three divisions. Each of his first two volumes has its proper "curtain": the reader feels that here was the right breathing-place, the right moment for a fresh volume. And this, in a long story, is a legitimate triumph for the writer. But a technical victory is far the least of Mr. Algernon Gissing's merits in the *Scholar of Bygate*. We can promise its readers a capital story, moving among a set of people every one of whom in his or her own way is interesting and yet uncommon. The title of this novel gives, we think, a misleading impression. Young Crozier, the Tyneside yeoman farmer, who has been called "scholar" by contrast rather than from any real academic acquire-

ments, is the centre of a society that reminds us by turns of Mr. Baring-Gould and Mr. Thomas Hardy, the best of both; and in Lina Brett we seem to recognise a feminine type which Mr. Hardy, always attempting, has never quite succeeded in incarnating so justly. Mr. Gissing is inclined to be tender to woman's weaknesses where Mr. Hardy would be cruel; and, on the whole, this consideration, part of that "treatment" which in a novelist is "the man," makes for what is nobler in the pleasures of literature. Jenniper Curle, the second of the two chief women-actors in the story, is a fine character, finely drawn. There is a touch of dramatic genius in Mr. Gissing's description of Jenniper standing with her feet in the damp footprints left by Sibbald Crozier, as the man she loves leaves her to make a great innocent fool of himself with Lina Brett. Old Crozier, too, is a genuine character, strongly and convincingly realised for us by the author; while the conception of the super-subtilised Brett, half lunatic, half swindler, and always plausible except to such a stern judge as the straightforward old yeoman, has the advantage of being thoroughly "modern," and also an admirable foil for the simpler and more rustic elements in the story. Altogether this is a novel which should have a great success. It has a happy ending, which comes naturally and rightly, and there is nothing either mawkish or morbid throughout.

Sister Jane. By Joel Chandler Harris (Constable & Co.)

MR. JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS, famous as the creator of Brer Rabbit, has one of the pleasantest methods of spinning a yarn that we know. It is impossible not to be attracted by everything that "Uncle Remus" writes. His story-telling wraps you round like Sancho Panza's comfortable cloak of sleep. His humour is essentially comfortable, and invariably kind. And of all Mr. Harris's recent stories *Sister Jane* is the best. It has a good plot, and we drop at once into familiarity with the quiet and unpretending middle-class provincial Americans whose eventful history is related. The least thing would be a sensation in the life of Jane Wornum, who did her duty in that state of life to which it had pleased an American Providence to call her; or of Mrs. Beshears, her friend, and Miss Polly and Miss Becky, the two old spinsters; while William, Jane's brother, who imagines himself old before forty, is placid enough to divide male honours with Tommy Tinkins, the cat, a not much less important member of Sister Jane's household. Into this uninspiring and slumbering circle come two disturbing elements in the shape of an illicit and an uncomprehended love, and very pleasantly is the career of these two intruders narrated. The narrator is William Wornum, who makes up for his rather exaggerated old-maidishness by a maternal affection for all his surroundings, which is represented as due to his attainments as a philosopher. At any rate, he is a kind-hearted creature, and we are all glad in knowing perfectly well all the time that sweet Mary Bullard is only

waiting for him to open his eyes and find out that she loves him, which duly occurs when the other complications have advanced sufficiently for the tale to come to an end. The case of Mandy Satterlee and her baby (called anything from Klips to Keezes) is altogether more explosive than this, and upon it depend all the active elements in the story. Sister Jane herself is a type of managing woman whom American literature has made fairly familiar, and a very lovable figure she is, with her strong will and her sharp tongue and her good heart. The book contains a good many other effective sketches of character. The revivalist preacher, "Jimmy Danielly," the eccentric "Jincy," and the two old men, "Grandsir Roach" and "Uncle Jimmy Cosby," are cleverly drawn. Indeed, this is one of the best pieces of literature sent us lately from the United States.

The Impudent Comedian, and Others. By F. Frankfort Moore. With Illustrations by Robert Sauber. (Pearson.)

THE five stories comprised in this volume deal with seventeenth and eighteenth century personages—with Nell Gwynne, the Marlboroughs, Johnson, Garrick, Mrs. Siddons, and many others. It is, perhaps, a little bold to submit personages so well known, and the traditional incidents of their lives, to the mercy of a modern story-teller's imagination; but Mr. Moore has, at any rate, succeeded in producing a readable volume of tales. Personally, we prefer Boswell's memories of Johnson's talk to Mr. Moore's imitation of the same, but we do not forget that there is a considerable public which, probably, will be of another way of thinking. The best story in the collection tells of Mrs. Siddons in Dublin, and of the artistic fashion in which that dragon of virtue and paragon of housewives turned the tables upon certain impertinent undergraduates who had subjected her to the grotesque importunities of the vain, half-witted Dionysius Hogan. Mr. Sauber's illustrations are interesting, and his perspective is full of surprises.

In Oor Kailyard. By W. G. Tarnet. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

THERE is a frankness about Mr. Tarnet's choice of a title which would disarm the most virulent decrifier of the school to which he belongs. The contents are just the linked series of village tales that you would expect; and if your standard be not set at the highest level of such work, you are likely to find, when you come to read them, your expectation bettered. For our part we like them "fine"—in degrees, of course, and with exceptions: particularly we except a Saxon importation, Johanna by name, a damsel who talks like a tract on the vice of drunkenness, and for "you" says "zoo." Even in the stories wherein she plays a part, however, you have touches that show an excellent faculty of observation and a very human sympathy. There is humour, too, of the pawky kind. Not the most perverse of Southron reviewers could altogether resist the appeal in "A Laggard in Love,"

when Eggy sits between his father- and mother-in-law-elect, dissipating in unexpected gifts to them the treasures of his kailyard, if by any means he may learn something of the whereabouts of his dear. Such as still have their thirst for this kind of thing unslaked will find Mr. Tarbet's bin perfectly genuine and wholesome.

The Rudeness of the Honourable Mr. Leatherhead. By Gordon Seymour. (J. M. Dent & Co.)

MR. GORDON SEYMOUR has "only become conscious of the originality of these stories through the letter of a kindly critic." In a preface of twenty-six pages he discusses the question in what this originality consists. He discovers that his stories

"deal heavily and seriously with things that are not weighty . . . ; that they attempt laboriously to dig and delve down into the innermost depths of—the surface; and in that form they move in the . . . borderland that lies between . . . the essay and the story."

The story of *The Rudeness of the Hon. Mr. Leatherhead* "digs and delves" into an incidental act of discourtesy to an old lady, which, by manifesting him a bounder, is indirectly the ruin of Mr. Leatherhead's diplomatic career. If Mr. Seymour could contrive to take himself a trifle less seriously, if he would recognise that the careful observation of trifling external impressions is not a new idea, and that even the "heaviness," the "seriousness," and the superficiality upon which he quaintly prides himself hardly constitute a title to originality—if, further, he will be content to clasp an occasional martingale upon his puppets when they show an inclination to overpass the line which divides the essay from the story, instead of pitting them on the back for the same—we shall look forward to a notable improvement in his future work. For he really can observe.

Hans Van Donder: a Romance of Boer Life. By Charles Montague. (Constable & Co.)

A STORY in which the pastoral simplicity of Boer life is pictured, and the sterling character of the Dutchman of the Transvaal is exemplified together with its rather pathetic simplicity. Van Donder tells to the stranger the history of his life, which is interwoven with that of a monstrous elephant tusk that adorns his house. It is the story of a born "beast Boer," of one to whom the breaking-in of wild horses and the hunting of rogue elephants are the incidents of daily life. He tells of his wooing, and of his desperate effort to say the fateful words before the last flicker of the candle which measured his opportunity; of the tragic death of the damsel's father, while he was forced to stand helplessly by; of pastoral loves and jealousies, and of homely happiness. The story keeps well upon the surface; and if at times the dangers are crowded incredibly thick, and the narrative style becomes rather turgid, yet, on the whole, we can commend it for its healthy tone and for the sympathetic treatment of a people who are not for the moment the idols of the music-hall.

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

Oceanic Ichthyology. By G. B. Goode and T. H. Bean. (Special Bulletin of the Smithsonian Institution.)

WE regret to say that this vast work, giving a "compendium and summary of existing knowledge in regard to Oceanic Ichthyology," is not a really satisfactory production. The authors speak of it with misgiving, and frankly confess they are disappointed in their labours.

The study of the fishes living at great depths began with the *Challenger* Expedition. The wonderful results then achieved were soon followed up by investigations conducted by other governments, especially the United States. The collections thus made by the *Blake* and other American ships are the material to which this treatise primarily relates. Most of the descriptions have already appeared in various publications, and the preface states that the whole work was made ready for press in 1885. Owing to various delays, and especially to the successive appearance of the Reports of the *Challenger* and other European expeditions, it has had to be three times re-written. The plan was gradually extended, so that the work, instead of being confined to the fishes of the American expeditions, now gives notices of all oceanic fishes of the world. The result is an unwieldy patchwork of by no means uniform value, showing traces of its unconformable growth. The heading "Deep Sea Fishes of the Atlantic Basin" still stands on each page, though the matter may not relate either to the Atlantic or the deep sea fauna. In view, however, of the great labour expended, and the apologies of the authors, criticism is disarmed. Zoologists, besides, who know how much careful work has been done by Dr. Goode and Dr. Bean in describing the collections made by the American surveying ships, need not be told that the records are thorough and the work of considerable importance. It was, perhaps, scarcely desirable to extend the original scope. The incorporation of abstracts and copies of figures from other memoirs does not greatly increase the value of the book, for only the working specialist will use them, and he must of necessity refer to originals. No account is yet given of the conclusions which, from their wide studies in this exceptionally interesting field, the authors are well qualified to draw, but Dr. Goode promises a further work dealing with the more general aspects of the subject.

As in most of the official scientific publications of the United States, the illustrations are miserably poor, offering a depressing contrast to the superb pictures of deep-sea fishes issued by the *Challenger*, by the French and Norwegian Governments, and lately by the Prince of Monaco. Naturalists will rejoice when Americans recognise that figures made by cheap mechanical processes are inadequate and unworthy representations of the treasures of the Smithsonian Institution. The material demands first-rate plates, and if they cannot be made in America they should be got from

Europe, though the national pride be hurt thereby. In this, of course, the authors are blameless.

The Preaching of Islam. By T. W. Arnold. (Constable & Co.)

BORN in its conception and in its treatment this may justly be called an original book. It undertakes to tell the story of the propagation of the Muslim faith, as the result not of military conquest and political organisation, but of continuous missionary effort. The author is professor at the Anglo-Oriental college at Aligarh, founded by that remarkable man Sayyid Ahmad Khan, which has already done so much to raise the status of the Muhammadan population in Northern India. His experience there has evidently produced on his mind a similar result to that caused in Colenso by his Zulu pupils. He went out to teach European philosophy; he has learnt that the East is everywhere effervescing with religious enthusiasm, still believes its ancient creeds, and daily realises thought in conduct and in action. What effect this may have had upon his own beliefs he nowhere directly tells us. We are left to infer it from the sympathetic attitude he adopts towards the religion of Muhammad. At the present time, when Turkey and Morocco are acknowledged to be two of the rotten powers of the world, it is well to have our attention called to the debt which humanity owes to Islam in the past, and to the good work which it is yet doing in raising the lower races from the depths of pure paganism. Mr. E. W. Blyden, himself a Christian and a negro, has declared that Muhammadanism is a more effective agency for civilisation in Western Africa than Christianity. Prof. Arnold, taking a wider field both in time and space, asserts that the hold which Islam has gained over the half of two continents is due, not to the sword, but to its own spiritual attractions and the devotion of individual proselytes. We are not concerned to deny that he may have underestimated the extent of persecution at various times; for it is idle to suppose that persecution can never be an effective method of conversion. But we believe that his historical retrospect is essentially correct. Particularly interesting are the facts he has collected about the spread of Islam in the Malay Archipelago, and the modern missionary movement in India. Prof. Arnold has written a book of good faith, which may be commended alike for its historical research, its severe impartiality, and its easy style. The list of authorities at the end adds not a little to its permanent value.

A Record of the Buddhist Religion, as practised in India and the Malay Archipelago, A.D. 671-695. By I-Tsing. Translated by J. Takakusu. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

WE have here published, for the first time, the account of his visit to India of a third Chinese pilgrim, some fifty years later than the greatest of them, Hiuen-Tsang, and nearly two centuries later than Fa-Hien. It must be admitted that his story is the least interesting of the three in respect of historical and geographical information; but, in the entire absence of authentic

Indian annals, every scrap of contemporary evidence from outside becomes valuable. As Prof. Max Müller points out in an introductory letter, the references of I-Tsing to the Indian books he studied enable us to fix with certainty the date of a series of grammarians associated with the Renaissance of Sanskrit literature. The uncertainty of Indian chronology is shown by the fact that one of these grammarians has hitherto been assigned by European scholars to as late a period as the twelfth century. I-Tsing's work is also useful for its full description of the ceremonies and customs practised by the Buddhist monks in India at his time. About the "heretics," or non-Buddhists, we learn less, though the following passage deserves quotation:

"The Brahmins are regarded throughout the five parts of India as the most honourable (caste). They do not, when they meet in a place, associate with the other three castes, and the mixed classes of the people have still less intercourse with them. The scriptures they revere are the four Vedas, containing about 100,000 verses. The Vedas have been handed down from mouth to mouth, not transcribed on paper or leaves. In every generation there exist some intelligent Brahmins who can recite the 100,000 verses."

This is a fair example of the matter-of-fact information which it pleased the Chinese pilgrim to ascertain and record. It remains to give credit to Mr. Takakusu for the scholarly manner in which he has accomplished a very difficult task. He is, we understand, a young Japanese, who has been trained in Germany as well as in England; and it is to be hoped that he will be encouraged in the work of publication begun by Max Müller's former students, the late Bunyū Nanjio and Kasawara.

A Short History of Aryan Medical Science.
By Sir Bhagvat Singh Jee, Thakore Saheb of Gondal. (Macmillan & Co.)

THE Thakore Saheb of Gondal is, we believe, the only ruling prince in India who has graduated in a British university. He won the degree of M.D. at Edinburgh, and he also passed the examinations of the Edinburgh College of Physicians. He has now joined the ranks of royal and titled authors, by a work of real utility, making known to Western students the traditional system of Indian medicine, as it presents itself to a sympathetic and well-qualified observer. We would not be understood as accepting all that is here written, either as statement of fact or as reasonable. It would, indeed, be very easy to collect from this book a number of passages *pour rire*, of a sort to strengthen the English practitioner in his contempt for native empiricism. But this would be to make a poor return for the labour which the author has expended in examining the medical treatises of his countrymen, and for the general toleration of his views. He seems to us to have made out some at least of his main contentions: that the healing art is of immemorial antiquity in India, and lent to the Greeks and Arabs more than it borrowed from them; that the early Indian doctors possessed a reasonable diagnosis of disease, and also considerable skill and boldness in surgical operations; that much may be said in favour of the cere-

monial regimen they prescribe for all the details of daily life and conduct; and, finally, that the *kabiraj*s or village quacks probably know of many simples that would enrich the Pharmacopœia. In brief, Indian medicine might compare favourably with that of England in the days of Shakespeare. But to concede so much is a very different thing from placing it on an equality with the modern art, as based upon physiological and pathological science. Historically, it is of much interest, as exhibiting the independent growth of generations of highly cultivated minds. But it never emerged from the empirical stage, and was overlaid from time to time with a congeries of absurd nostrums, which it would be hard to parallel outside *Gil Blas*. For us, its teachings are at least as much those of warning as of example.

Records and Record Searching. By Walter Rye. (George Allen.)

To the historian, the topographer, the writer of lives, and the maker of pedigrees, Mr. Rye's compilation is familiar and invaluable. It is in itself a handbook to the British Museum, the Record Office, the Herald's College, the Probate Office, and the District Registries. It instructs in how to put together a genealogy and to write the history of a parish. It is a bibliography of Chronicles, State papers, and similar publications. It explains, describes, and classifies the innumerable and puzzling documents through which the young researcher—"let loose on the enormous mass of the Records in Fetter-lane and Bloomsbury, has to grope his way." Pipe Rolls, Pedes Finium, De Banco Rolls, Inquisitiones Post Mortem, Doggett Rolls, Chartularies, Pell Records, all the fascinating *débris* of law courts, land tenures, and Exchequer proceedings are here briefly expounded, and their value as sources of historical information estimated. The author is himself an antiquarian of wide experience, and writes out of the fulness of his personal knowledge. The first edition has now been published some years, and this is a second, revised and brought up to date with the greatest care. Many additions have been made, especially to the index, into which a number of references on points not dealt with in the text have been incorporated. The wise man will buy this book, and will use it wisely—that is to say, he will have it interleaved and will keep it up to date himself until a third edition appears. Why does not Mr. Allen issue some interleaved copies?

The Art Schools of London. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

THERE are handbooks to most things nowadays, a fact of which we are reminded by receiving a copy of Miss Tessa Mackenzie's *The Art Schools of London*, now issued in its second year. The scope of the book has already been widened, music schools and dramatic being now for the first time catalogued and described. The book must be very useful to those for whom it is intended, and it is pleasant to find how big a world, after all, is that which is peopled by the art students of London when they are all told.

Curiosities of the Key-Board and the Staff.
By Alfred Rhodes. (Augener & Co.)

"LIKE all other books on harmony, the present work requires time to be understood," says the author. Of course, everything takes time. But the question is, How much? Many of the curiosities displayed by the "reflective principle" may be quickly perceived, and will, no doubt, be of great help both to students and teachers. The diagram, giving the inner and usual circle of keys, and the outer one "from which composers gather double-sharp or double-flat notation," has rather a formidable appearance, and yet it may be easily mastered. Mr. Rhodes is quite right: composers touched upon those keys, and they should therefore be familiar to students. Our author, had he been so minded, might have added to his curiosities, and given many an example from the great masters, showing that they often wrote as if ignorant of that outer circle. When Mr. Rhodes applies the "reflective principle," on which his book is founded, to questions of harmony, then the process of examination becomes much slower. We are surprised not to find any mention of the theory of harmony based not only on an upper, but on an under series of harmonics, as advocated by Dr. H. Riemann and others. In that system, the minor common chord is shown as a "reflection" of the major common chord. The chapters on "Chromatic Notation" and on the "Diminished Seventh" give a good idea of our author's method of applying his system; they are decidedly interesting, though not altogether convincing. The whole work is, however, well worth reading.

The Essays of Elia. By Charles Lamb.
In 2 vols. *Gulliver's Travels.* By Jonathan Swift. *Religio Medici.* By Sir Thomas Browne. (J. M. Dent & Co.)

THE "Temple Classics," of which these are four new volumes, leave very little to be desired by the purchaser: they are light; they have flexible covers; their page measures six inches by four, which is almost the perfect size for the pocket; they are slender; and, what is perhaps their chiefest recommendation, they have no introduction. We are growing so tired of the modern pigmy presuming to patronise the ancient giant that this absence of a preface is true relief. To what extent the *Religio Medici* was needed, and, having been issued, will be read, we cannot pretend to say; but there are always good intellects to give a warm welcome to *Elia* in pocket guise. Swift's terrible satire has probably never been so prettily and winningly presented!

Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench. (Dean & Son.)

EVERY year the new Parliamentary Debrett comes opportunely against the time the House meets. This year it is, as usual, packed with information and, furthermore, garnished with eight hundred armorial bearings. These should prove a mine of wealth to "X" of the *Saturday Review*, that keen-eyed herald, and to the humorist who is assisting Mr. Reed in devising satirical coats of arms for *Punch*.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1897.

No. 1293, New Series.

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ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

XIV.—CHARLES LAMB.

LAMB, spider-like, spun his webs from himself. No other writer is so exclusively personal. He knew that in himself as himself lay his strength, and was wise enough to avoid dissociation. He failed only when he attempted the dramatic, as in "Rosamund Gray" and "Mr. H."; or when the idea was another's, as in the insincere verses for children which he wrote to help his sister. That no man has ever better judged his own work we know from the infrequency of his failures, and from that illuminating anecdote which tells how, when his farce "Mr. H." was disastrously produced, this delightful creature joined in the hissing. In time he learned thoroughly his powers and his limitations; he saw that his true medium was prose, and his true vocation criticism and commentary. All his right work comes under these groups: he was not constructive, but elaborative; he could carry another man's thought a little farther; he could turn for our inspection new and unsuspected facets of an old gem; he could embroider more whimsically and wittily than any man save Shakespeare's self. Lamb had two prose manners, the consciously elaborate and the familiar, but it would be hard to say that one was less his natural self than the other. The Lamb of the essays, in spite of their carefully arranged sentences and quaint, gay artificialities and archaisms, is no different from the Lamb of the letters, which must generally have been written with a running pen. Few writers can have been so conscious students of their art. He wrote verse like a scholar and a gentleman, and, although not a great poet, no poem in the world goes more directly to the heart than "The Old Familiar Faces."

One of Lamb's best lies (and no one has lied more winningly) tells how he called on

Coleridge early one morning and passed into the garden with him; and how Coleridge, seizing Lamb by a button of his coat, embarked upon one of his rambling philosophical dissertations. At the East India House Lamb's office stool was awaiting its tardy master, so, perceiving no other way to liberty, he deftly divided the button from the coat with his penknife, and hurried off. In the evening (so his mischievous story ran) he looked in on Coleridge on the way back and found him still standing in the garden with the button between his fingers, still holding forth upon the higher life. Lamb also holds us by the button: but there is this difference, that we never wish to use the knife. With no writer are we more intimate, more at home. He endows us with the freedom of himself: we are his honoured citizens. The little things that we know about him are just those things that make for fellowship—we know that his life was often bitter; we know that he was humanly frail; we know that he twisted the language into bad puns (by which we mean good puns) and laughed at them himself; and knowing these federating facts, how can there be a rift between us? Hence Lamb is better loved than any English writer except, perhaps, Goldsmith.

The accompanying portrait of Lamb in fancy dress was painted by Hazlitt, when he was still thinking of painting as a profession, in 1805. Lamb was then thirty, and, it is more than probable, not in the least like this picture. Its special interest lies in the representation of the most Elizabethan of modern writers in Elizabethan garb.

CHILD-STUDY IN AMERICA.

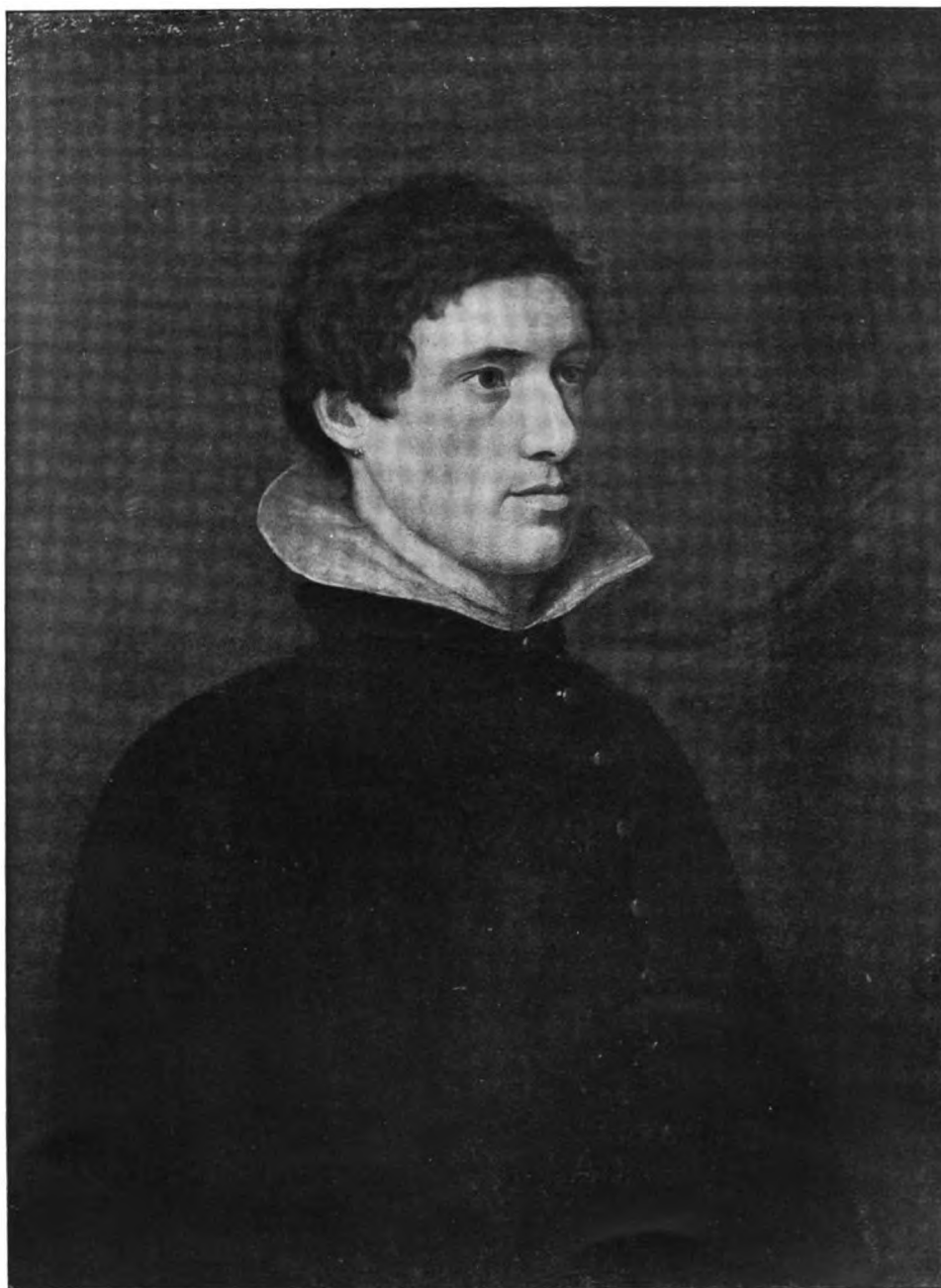
THE PEDAGOGUE IN THE MAKING.

A LITTLE book which has reached us from Boston, containing upwards of a thousand authenticated proofs that children are imitative, is sufficient testimony that in America, or at least at Worcester, Mass., where this work originated, they have taken child-study very badly. In this country we are content to leave it to a few distinguished inquirers. Until the present time, at any rate, our young men and maidens have shown no disposition to prefer child-study to cycling and kindred amusements. At the State Normal School at Worcester, Mass., by whose scholars these records were collected, a less frivolous condition of mind prevails, and child-study is pursued breathlessly and strenuously by young and old. Heavy of heart indeed is that Normal scholar who returns from a walk down town without bagging some observation worthy of print. And if the Normal scholars are like this, why, what must the abnormal ones be?

The book (to come to particulars) is the first volume of Heath's Pedagogical Library, which is in itself a sufficiently imposing style; its full title is *Child Observations. First Series: Imitation and Allied Activities*, and it is edited by Miss Ellen M. Haskell (who has written on child study in the *Pedagogical Seminary*), and it has an introduction by E. H. Russell, Principal of the Normal School. It is dedicated to Grenville

Stanley Hall, LL.D., "the pioneer and chief promoter of child-study in the United States," to whose suggestion the simple method since pursued in the Normal School owes its origin; and the aim of the book is to bring the teachers of America into closer and more sympathetic relations with children as individuals. So far the object of the work is meritorious. Nothing is more desirable than that the relations of teacher and child should be sympathetic; but exactly how the first volume of the Pedagogical (sweet, sympathetic word—Pedagogical!) Library will help, we cannot see; for a young man or woman who does not know at the outset that children are by nature imitative is making a mistake in ever thinking to become a teacher. The book is a monument of the unnecessary; never was the death of Queen Anne so insisted upon; never were paper and printer's ink so superfluously expended. It is one tremendous chestnut. There is nothing in these 250 pages that Eve did not know. It will not, in the idiom of Worcester, Mass., help teachers any; no, not if they sit up learning it, nights. And it has not even the merit of being funny, for out of the 1,208 imitative actions recorded 1,200 are commonplace in themselves and commonplace in their descriptions; all having been reduced to one dead level of reporteresse. It is like spending a week with the enthusiastic young mother of a dull family. And yet Principal Russell in his introduction speaks of the "irresistible attractiveness there is in these little narratives!"

The world is so poor in things that have irresistible attractiveness that we must quote some of these plums, collected by the scholars of the Normal School, in the hope that among our readers are some who are as easily attracted as Principal Russell. The observations are divided into groups, the first dealing with children between the ages of one and three. In every case, where possible, the child's name and age are given; but sometimes the hero of the record is described as unknown. The initial entry gives the keynote of the book: "(1) Gertrude. Age, one year. Gertrude's sister hurt her hand, and ran to her mother to have it kissed. Gertrude saw her, and, holding her hand with the other as if it were hurt, extended it to her mother to be kissed." For a moment one does not know whether one ought to admire Gertrude. This is the kind of thing which, when fond mothers tell, leads to the reluctant smile; perhaps the chief merit of the book before us is that it does not similarly demand appreciation at the point of the bayonet, so to speak. "(37) Henry. Age, one year seven months. I hid a pencil that Henry wanted; and when he could not find it he said, 'All gone!' swaying his right hand from left to right very gracefully." Clever fellow, Henry! "(39) Mary. Age, one year eight months. Mary asks for a toothpick after a meal and uses it very intelligently." We like Herbert much better: "(41) Herbert. Age, one year eight months. I was taking care of Herbert one afternoon, and left him alone on the back piazza for about ten



CHARLES LAMB (AT 30)

From the Picture by William Haslitt in the National Portrait Gallery

minutes, when I came back he had been in the back room, and, finding the refrigerator door open, had taken a pound lump of butter and was rubbing it on some clothes soaking in a tub." Helen had a sense of justice, or, at least, of balance: "(48) Helen. Age, one year nine months. Helen was reluctant to have her face washed, and struggled so long that my patience nearly gave out, and I sat her down rather hard in my lap. A few minutes later she got a sponge and towel, and vigorously washed the cat's face. Before she stopped she set the cat down hard on the floor, and said 'Nare!'" "(112) Gertie. Age, two years three months. I observed that when Gertie used a lead pencil she put the point in her mouth to wet it."

We take others at random from the later groups. "(327) Harry. Age, four years. Harry carried his chair on his back, and said 'I'm a coal man.'" A few pages farther on this important record is repeated. "(366) Unknown. Age, about four years. A little boy, holding a banana in his hand, pointed it at another boy, and made believe to shoot him." "(367) Unknown. I saw a small boy walking lame. He had his left hand on his hip, and used a stick in his right hand. He was not lame." "(441) Richard. Age, four years eight months. When Richard was given his scissors in the children's class he held them up to his eye and said 'Bang!'" "(502) Unknown. Age, about five years. I saw two boys with moustaches made of white cotton. They did not stick on very well." "(751) Several children. Age, about seven years. I heard one of these children say, 'If I can't be husband I won't play.' I afterwards asked one of them what they were playing. She said they were playing 'Noah,' and the child I heard speaking always wanted to be Noah, and never was willing to be an elephant. She also said a rainy day was the nicest time to play 'Noah.'" "(1011) Unknown. Age, about ten years. I saw two boys each with a roll of paper in his mouth about the size of a cigarette. The boys were puffing and spitting." But enough of irresistible attractiveness! The best thing in the book is the long account at the end of the games which a certain family used to play. The games were not better than those of other families, but the adopted names were. One of the boys was Valentine Dandelion Letterlover Inkstand, and one of the girls, Bevamoy Tredennis Macurnis Pumpet. She was called Bill for short. Pumpet is good. The book, unlike many of superior worth, has a full index. If anyone should want it, it is published in England by Isbister & Co.

From the words of Principal Russell we gather that child-study will continue rampant in America:

"The field of child study," he writes, "is a very broad one, and may be profitably entered upon by many workers with different equipment and divers objects of pursuit. There is room for all [alas, poor studied children!], and all may act in harmony and with mutual helpfulness."

To the students embarking on this pastime we would remark, in the words of a sage, there are limits to the profitable elaboration of the obvious.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE withdrawal of Mr. Carew Hazlitt's *Four Generations of a Literary Family*, reviewed in another column, is the literary sensation of the week. To the ordinary non-publisher mind it is amazing that a huge, expensive work such as this, sold at 31s. 6d. and largely advertised, should ever have been issued at all if it is to be recalled at once. Surely the MS. was read. Mr. Redway has, however, decided to withdraw the book from circulation. But whether the libraries will also refuse to circulate it is another matter; and of one thing I am certain, and that is, that the booksellers will prefer selling their copies to returning them, and selling them at an advanced price too.

I HAVE no doubt whatever that Messrs. Constable will, in the long run, do very well out of Nansen's book, but just now they must be a little out of love with the explorer, his name, his writing, and everything about him. Never was a firm so dogged by annoyance. They began by paying a record price; they then had the *Chronicle* affair; they have had the utmost difficulty in acquiring Dr. Nansen's copy and getting it translated; they have had to postpone the date of the publication; and then, through the excessive zeal of one of their own travellers, an advance trade copy of the book was given to the *Scotsman*, and reviewed in that paper several days before the time was ripe. But now I trust all is at last serene.

MR. OSBORNE JAY's letter to the *Fortnightly*, in reply to Mr. Traill's criticism of Mr. Morrison's *Child of the Jago*, should settle for ever the point whether or not Mr. Morrison is a superficial generaliser on insufficient bases, or a trustworthy observer. "I have one thing to say," says Mr. Jay, "and that is, that Mr. Morrison's book exhibits with perfect truth the life of my parish as I have known it day by day for ten years."

A LETTER from America, having reference to dedications which Mr. Stevenson wrote in the copies of his books which he gave to Dr. Trudeau, informs me that collectors of Stevensoniana who thought ever to become possessed of the originals may as well forget that ambition, for Dr. Trudeau's house, and all in it, was long ago destroyed by fire. These dedications were published in the *ACADEMY* of December 26. Their original publication in the *American Book Buyer* was due to the good taste of the binder who bound Dr. Trudeau's books. Had he not for his own pleasure made a copy of the dedications they would have been lost with everything else in the fire.

STUDENTS of the art of hymn-writing will find material of interest in the little collection of a dozen hymns which has been prepared for use in 1897, in commemoration of what is loosely called the "Diamond Jubilee" of Queen Victoria. Messrs. Skeffington are the publishers, and the authors are the

Bishop of Ripon, Canon Twells, Canon Rawnsley, the Rev. S. J. Stone, Mr. Chatterton Dix, Mr. Godfrey Thring, and Mr. Jackson Mason. The collection begins with the National Anthem, the following additional or alternative stanza having been supplied by Mr. M. S. Skeffington:

"Thou Who for threescore years
In sunshine, cloud, and tears
Hast kept our Queen:
Still be her Guide and Stay,
Thro' life's uncertain way
Till dawns the perfect day:
God bless our Queen."

MR. WILLIAM WATSON, it may be remembered, adventured upon a revised national anthem; but no use has been made of it here. None of these hymns equals the glorious "Battle Hymn of the Republic" by Julia Ward Howe—"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord"—but considering the difficulties under which the authors had to labour, some of the results are fair.

I READ through Mr. Stephen Crane's *The Little Regiment* at a sitting on the evening of the day it was published—last Monday. Whether or not this group of battle stories is an advance upon *The Red Badge of Courage* I leave to your appointed critic; but the book moves me irresistibly to say a hurried word upon the latest performance of this young man of twenty-five. To picture the battles of half a century ago—their fury and their fire—with such fidelity that the business is as vivid as the street life of to-day would seem to be as easy to the young giant as—well, as paragraph writing. And yet it is not so much his imagination as his control of that imagination that sets me hero-worshipping.

MR. CRANE's style stalks straight on. It does not amble to the right, neither does it nuzzle to the left. Its movement is like the slow, solemn, serious strength of the engine of some ocean-going steamer. The words bite into the page. Long after the book is closed and put away, his soldiers, swarthy and stained, clatter through the mind haloed by the misty glory of battle. Miss Corelli has imagination—nobody denies that—but her imagination is like water that gushes up and floods the street from a broken main. Mr. Crane's drives along its controlled channel in ample, strenuous servitude. It is said that he has undertaken to supply war correspondence for an American paper. Will he, I wonder, be able to describe things seen as admirably as he can visualise things imagined?

THE circulation of English magazines in America has led to at least one complication. The serial rights of Robert Louis Stevenson's romance "St. Ives" were sold separately for America and for England; but, apparently, not exclusively for either country. *McClure's Magazine* bought them for America, and the *Pall Mall Magazine* for England. The *Pall Mall*, however, has also some twenty thousand readers on the other side of the Atlantic, a fact which the pro-

prietor of *McClure's Magazine* did not anticipate, and does not relish. A discussion is now in progress between these two parties. *McClure's Magazine* cannot, however, be suffering very badly, as circulations go in America: a rival which sells but a poor twenty thousand copies can be nothing to it! Another victim is Mr. Scribner, who bought the book rights of *St. Ives*, and fears that he may find that all interest in the story has evaporated before the time of publication.

To the list of English magazines with American editions which I gave last week must be added *The Studio*, which is henceforward to be issued across the Atlantic with a new cover designed by Mr. Will H. Bradley (who seems indispensable to American publishers with modern ideas), and the title *The International Studio*. Mr. John Lane will publish it from his New York Bodley Head. In thus being published from a Head *The International Studio* falls into line with Pallas Athene and the great Pantagruel.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK found a hundred books not too many in which to gather the world's best literature. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner proposes, in the language of sport, to give him seventy and beat him. In thirty volumes Mr. Warner undertakes, with assistance, to give a sufficient idea of the scope and character of the best writing extant. As the advertisement states, these volumes will "represent all the literature of all time, from the stone records of Assyria and Egypt down to the writings of Kipling, Stevenson, Weyman, Howells, and Octave Thanet." It is, indeed, a catholic enterprise. Elsewhere we are told that "the great poems of the world are here, and the great imaginary tales; but the great pages of historical, scientific, and philosophical narrative and exposition are here too. Gibbon and Darwin and Bacon are no more overlooked than Shakespeare and Thackeray." Splendid!

THE causes of this tremendous project are threefold: namely, that there are too many books, that selection is too difficult to the ordinary reader, and that Americans have very little time. Hence Mr. Warner's thirty-volume Bovrilisation, as one might call it. "The world," says the preliminary announcement gaily, "is not really suffering at this time for a new Homer, a new Shakespeare, or a new Sir Walter Scott; but it is suffering greatly for some time and money-saving literary convenience which will enable it to profit by the creations of the Homers and Shakespeares and Sir Walters and all the others whom it already has."

THE fact that *Beau Austin*, played to perfection as it was at the Paymarket in 1890, had not a long run was regrettable enough at the time. It seems even more bitter to day, at a season of such dramatic aridity as we are suffering from, as one turns over the leaves of the pocket edition of the play which Mr. Heinemann has just published. During the thirteen

years since Messrs. Henley and Stevenson's fastidious comedy was finished, the English stage has been enriched by but one costume play of equal distinction, and that also short-lived—Mr. Henry James's *Guy Domville*.

THE very fact that *Beau Austin* is so good to read is probably proof enough of its unfitness for representation in any but a subsidised theatre. It is extremely good to read. Although familiar to many, I must quote the concluding lines of the prologue, one of the last prologues, I suppose, that has been written, since the old handsome habit has fallen now into complete desuetude:

"Dead—dead and done with! Swift from shine to shade
The roaring generations flit and fade.
To this one, fading, flitting, like the rest,
We come to proffer—be it worst or best—
A sketch, a shadow, of one brave old time;
A hint of what it might have held sublime;
A dream, an idyll, call it what you will,
Of man still Man, and woman—Woman still!"

THE race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, nor the large cheque to the best author. So I deduce from the announcement that Mr. Wilson Barrett received £1,000—one thousand pounds!—besides a certain proportion of royalties, for his romance, *The Sign of the Cross*. I hear, moreover, the sale has been so large that Mr. John Macqueen has no reason to regret the bargain he made.

THE ONLOOKER.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MR. MEREDITH's essay on *Comedy*, which, as already announced, is to be issued in book form by Messrs. Constable, will be seen next week. The essay originally appeared in the short-lived *New Quarterly Magazine* in 1877, and has never been reprinted.

Sister Jane, noticed in another column, the new book by "Uncle Remus," which Messrs. Constable published a few weeks ago, is nearly out of print. A new edition is expected to be ready shortly.

THE new novel entitled *A Writer of Fiction*, by Clive Holland, author of *My Japanese Wife*, will be published by Messrs. Constable on the 15th.

A NEW edition of Mr. Spenser Wilkinson's *The Nation's Awakening* is in preparation by Messrs. Constable, and the same firm will shortly re-issue Sir Charles Dilke's and Mr. Spenser Wilkinson's joint work on *Imperial Defence*.

MR. E. A. BENNETT has written a novel entitled *A Man from the North*. Mr. John Lane will issue it both in England and America.

MR. GEORGE REDWAY is about to add to his list of books for sportsmen and naturalists: a work on travel and big game by Mr. Percy Selous and Mr. H. A. Bryden, with illustrations by Mr. Charles Whympere.

MR. MURRAY issues this week the first volume of *The Dawn of Modern Geography*, by Mr. Raymond C. Beazley. In this volume the author surveys his subject down to the end of the reign of Henry VII. The great Arabian, Chinese, and Mohammedan travellers of the centuries previous to this date will receive from Mr. Beazley the attention they have hitherto somewhat lacked.

A NEW and revised edition of Mr. Baring-Gould's *Lives of the Saints*, with additional biographies of Cornish and Welsh saints and several English martyrs, will be issued shortly by Mr. Nimmo, in monthly parts—a form in which it is likely to attract many new readers. A Saints' Calendar for every day in the year will be one of the new features.

MR. HEINEMANN's idea of a series of books on the Literature of the World is about to be given its practical shape. The first volume, which is on ancient Greek literature, and is written by Prof. G. A. Gilbert Murray, will be seen almost immediately.

MR. HEINEMANN will also publish *The Outgoing Turk; or, Impressions of a Journey through the Western Balkans*, by Mr. H. C. Thomson, author of *The Chitral Campaign*. Being a record of a journey through the outlying districts of Bosnia and the Herzegovina, and a comparison of their present condition with the condition they were in before they were occupied by Austria in 1878.

The Life of Admiral Tryon will be published by Messrs. Blackwood on Monday next. Rear-Admiral Fitzgerald has had the assistance of Lady Tryon in writing the biography. Tryon's naval career began in 1848 on board the *Wellesley*, and everyone knows that it ended in the *Victoria* disaster. His life then covered a period during which war-ships were completely reconstructed and naval tactics revolutionised.

UNDER the title of *British Moralists* Mr. L. A. Selby-Bigge has prepared for publication by the Clarendon Press, in 2 vols., a series of selections from writers principally of the eighteenth century. Among the moralists represented are Shaftesbury, Hutcheson, Butler, Adam Smith, Bentham, Samuel Clarke, Balguy, and Richard Price; and extracts are given from Hobbes, Locke, Cudworth, Wollaston, Brown, J. Clarke, Paley, and others.

MR. EDWIN PUGH, who has done good work in the magazines, will shortly publish a novel upon which he has been at work for nearly two years. The book will be issued by Mr. Heinemann on the 15th inst., under the fanciful title of *The Man of Straw*. Mr. Pugh's earlier book, *A Street in Suburbia*, consisted of a series of sketches descriptive of life and its actualities in a London suburb. *The Man of Straw* is an attempt to portray the life of the modern City clerk.

THE title of Olive Schreiner's new story, to be published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, is *Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland*.

MR. HENLEY's *Anthology of English Lyrics* will be published by Messrs. Methuen next month.

THE BOOK MARKET.

WHAT AMERICA READS.

THE American *Bookman* prints, in an excellent and varied February number, nearly thirty lists supplied to it by American booksellers, which show what books are most in demand on the other side of the Atlantic. We take the liberty of printing ten of these lists. They are worth study, for they show the hold which British books have obtained over the American reading public. This is a greater hold than can be realised by any one who does not see from week to week, and month to month, the American critical papers and also the magazines, the "Chap-books," and the "Fly-leaves," that flutter down like punctual migrants on London editors' tables. These are American in form. Their paper and type, their *tout ensemble* are American; but they open on the names and extracts which we were all reading a fortnight ago. The hand is the hand of Esau, but the voice is the voice of Jacob. And the wonder grows that a nation of eager readers should be depending so largely for its entertainment upon the writers of another nation, even allowing for the unity of speech that exists between England and America. Never, certainly, has one country supplied another with new literature at the rate and in the volume that England is supplying the United States. Never has one country fastened on and studied the current literature of another country with the generous eagerness of America buying the literature of England. Observe, we are speaking strictly of current literature. The devotion of Americans to our classics is devotion to what is their own. The astonishing thing is, that American readers look to England for ephemeral as well as classical literature. Over there, the book of the hour and the book of the century are alike English. One understands why Shakespeare has not been ousted by an American genius; but why is there so much room for Ian Maclaren and Mr. Barrie? Why, moreover, is no literary happening in London, no bubble reputation, no quarrel of author and publisher, no rivalries of editors, no personal peculiarity of a second rank writer too remote or trivial to be paragraphed with gusto in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia? We write broadly; not forgetting American writers, but rather remembering them with compassion. For surely the lists printed by the *Bookman* compel compassion for the American story-writer who remains in America. Ah, but how seldom he does remain there! Mr. Henry James, and Mr. Marion Crawford, and Mr. Harold Frederic, and Mr. Bret Harte, and Mark Twain, and John Oliver Hobbes are all in Europe!

The *Bookman* lists number twenty-five (not counting three from Canada), and of these the ten we print are fair samples. Examining, however, not the ten, but the whole twenty-five, we reach some interesting results.

The six British books reported as selling best in America are as follows:

TITLE.	NUMBER OF TIMES MENTIONED.
<i>Kate Carnegie</i>	19
<i>Sentimental Tommy</i>	18
<i>The Seven Seas</i>	9
<i>Margaret Ogilvy</i>	7
<i>The Seats of the Mighty</i>	3
<i>Days of Auld Lang Syne</i>	3
	59

The six American books reported as selling best in America are as follows:

TITLE.	NUMBER OF TIMES MENTIONED.
<i>King Noanett</i>	9
<i>That First Affair</i>	4
<i>The Country of the Pointed Firs</i>	4
<i>The Hon. Peter Sterling</i>	4
<i>Marm Lisa</i>	3
<i>A Child World</i>	3
	27

It thus appears that twenty-five representative booksellers in the United States, when asked to state what books they are selling best, have named six British books fifty-nine times, and six American books twenty-seven times.

But beyond this each bookseller was also asked to write down his six best-selling books in the order of their popularity. We proceed to form the following table:

A British book ranks first	in 16 lists
" " second	" 13 "
" " third	" 13 "
	42
An American books ranks first	in 9 lists
" " second	" 12 "
" " third	" 12 "
	33

Here again the striking predominance of British books is illustrated.

A singular fact is that while *Kate Carnegie* is declared to be the most popular book in the States, the leading American critical paper, *The Critic*, finds the story disappointing, says that Ian Maclaren has been defeated by success, and epitomises thus: "*Kate Carnegie* is a jaded book." Still, it heads the list.

THE POPULAR BOOKS IN AMERICA.

BOOKSELLERS' REPORTS.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. "Bonnie Brier Bush." By Maclaren. Dodd, Mead & Co.
2. "Days of Auld Lang Syne." By Maclaren. Dodd, Mead & Co.
3. "A Year in the Fields." By Burroughs. Houghton.
4. "True George Washington." By Ford. Lippincott.

5. "Myths and Legends of Our Own Land." By Skinner. Lippincott.
6. "Country of the Pointed Firs." By Jewett. Houghton.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. "Sentimental Tommy." By Barrie. Scribner.
2. "Kate Carnegie." By Maclaren. Dodd, Mead & Co.
3. "King Noanett." By Stimson. Lamson, Wolfe & Co.
4. "The Seven Seas." By Kipling. Appleton.
5. "The Sowers." By Merriman. Harper.
6. "Quo Vadis." By Sienkiewicz. Little, Brown & Co.

BOSTON.

1. "Country of the Pointed Firs." By Jewett. Houghton.
2. "The Second Century of Charades." By Belamy. Houghton.
3. "Quo Vadis." By Sienkiewicz. Little, Brown & Co.
4. "Bonnie Brier Bush." By Maclaren. Dodd, Mead & Co.
5. "Days of Auld Lang Syne." By Maclaren. Dodd, Mead & Co.
6. "Takisara." By Crawford. Macmillan.

CHICAGO.

1. "Kate Carnegie." By Maclaren. Dodd, Mead & Co.
2. "Sentimental Tommy." By Barrie. Scribner.
3. "Italy in the Nineteenth Century." By Latimer. McClurg & Co.
4. "A Child World." By Riley. Bowen, Merrill & Co.
5. "Pierrette." By Bouvet. McClurg & Co.
6. "King Noanett." By Stimson. Lamson, Wolfe & Co.

DENVER.

1. "The Seven Seas." By Kipling. Appleton.
2. "That First Affair." By Mitchell. Scribner.
3. "Sentimental Tommy." By Barrie. Scribner.
4. "Seats of the Mighty." By Parker. Appleton.
5. "Kate Carnegie." By Maclaren. Dodd, Mead & Co.
6. "The Gray Man." By Crockett. Harper.

KANSAS CITY.

1. "Kate Carnegie." By Maclaren. Dodd, Mead & Co.
2. "Field Flowers." By Field.
3. "Sentimental Tommy." By Barrie. Scribner.
4. "Quo Vadis." By Sienkiewicz. Little, Brown & Co.
5. "The Gray Man." By Crockett. Harper.
6. "Marm Lisa." By K. D. Wiggins. Houghton.

PHILADELPHIA.

1. "Kate Carnegie." By Maclaren. Dodd, Mead & Co.
2. "Sentimental Tommy." By Barrie. Scribner.
3. "Days of Auld Lang Syne." By Maclaren. Dodd, Mead & Co.
4. "Bonnie Brier Bush." By Maclaren. Dodd, Mead & Co.
5. "Seven Seas." By Kipling. Appleton.
6. "Quo Vadis." By Sienkiewicz. Little, Brown & Co.

PITTSBURG.

1. "Kate Carnegie." By Maclaren. Dodd, Mead & Co.
2. "Quo Vadis." By Sienkiewicz. Little, Brown & Co.
3. "Sentimental Tommy." By Barrie. Scribner.
4. "White Aprons." By Goodwin. Little, Brown & Co.

5. "King Noanett." By Stimson. Lamson, Wolfe & Co.
6. "Hon. Peter Stirling." By Ford. Holt.

SALT LAKE CITY.

1. "Tom Grogan." By Smith. Houghton.
2. "Singular Life." By Phelps. Houghton.
3. "Kate Carnegie." By Maclaren. Dodd, Mead & Co.
4. "March Hares." By Frederic. Stone & Kimball.
5. "Damnation of Theron Ware." By Frederic. Stone & Kimball. ["Illumination."]
6. "Kentucky Cardinal." By Allen. Harper.

SAN FRANCISCO.

1. "Tales of Languedoc." By Brun. Doxey.
2. "Pictures of People." By Gibson. Russell & Sons.
3. "Kemble's Coons." By Kemble. Russell & Sons.
4. "Sentimental Tommy." By Barrie. Scribner.
5. "Kate Carnegie." By Maclaren. Dodd, Mead & Co.
6. "Quo Vadis." By Sienkiewicz. Little, Brown & Co.

BOOKSELLING NOTES.

ON Wednesday, the 17th, Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, & Hodge will sell by auction a number of printed books and MSS., including a small collection of books printed in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the property of a gentleman. The sale will include first editions of Shelley, Keats, Lover, &c. We observe that the last lot of all, No. 666, is *Our Gutter Children*, by George Cruikshank—a work which some admirer of Mr. Phil May should have the wit to secure for comparison with *Gutter-Snipes*.

THE same firm will dispose, on the 19th and 20th, of the library of Mr. George Shaw, which is also plentiful of first editions, and includes long series of works illustrated by George Cruikshank. We notice also many first editions of Dickens and Thackeray. A book in this sale which we should be curious to see is Hollar's *Ornatu Muliebris Anglicanus*: or, the Several Habits of English women as They are in these Times (1640). There are twenty-six plates, and the bookplate is Speaker Onslow's. Hollar joined grace and accuracy in his etchings of London, but we are not familiar with his figure subjects.

THERE has recently died an aged literary worker whose career should not have passed, as it did, unnoticed by the public press. We refer to Mr. Joseph Smith, the Quaker bookseller and bibliographer. For more years than we can estimate Mr. Smith has been a familiar figure in the world of second-hand books. His *Catalogue of Friends' Books* ranks high among bibliographies, and we believe that few works of its kind are in more constant use in the British Museum Reading Room. Its 2,000 pages, filled with the names of books written by Quakers, are invaluable to all students of Puritan history and literature, and to many biographers and compilers whose work lies outside the Quaker sphere.

THE *Catalogue* appeared in 1867, and it was Mr. Smith's amiable boast that it soon lay in every library from the Vatican to the Capitol at Washington. Mr. Joseph Smith was too keen a bibliographer to be a successful bookseller; at all events, he failed to combine these two branches of his calling successfully. A grant of £50 from Mr. Gladstone cheered his old age, but raised hopes of a pension which were not realised. Three years ago he brought out a *Supplement* to his *Catalogue of Friends' Books*, which had already been followed by his *Anti-Quakeriana*—a voluminous catalogue of works directed against the doctrines of the sect to which he belonged.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

THERE is a noticeable activity in theological publishing just now which may not be wholly unconnected with the approach of Lent. Under the heading of History we place only one book, but it is a host in itself. It will be interesting to compare Mr. John Burroughs' lengthy study of Walt Whitman from America with the English study of the same poet by the late Mr. John Addington Symonds. In Fiction, Mr. Stephen Crane's *The Little Regiment*, and in Essays the late Dean Church's *Occasional Papers*, are books that will be welcomed.

THEOLOGY.

- THE NICENE CREED. By J. J. Lias, M.A. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 6s.
- THE APOCALYPSE OF ST. JOHN: New Syriac Version. By John Gwynn, D.D. Longmans, Green & Co.
- "HIS DIVINE MAJESTY": or, the Living God. By William Humphrey, S.J. Thomas Baker 6s. 6d.
- THE SYMPATHY OF THE PASSION. By the Rev. F. W. Isaacs. S.P.C.K.
- THE SPIRIT OF THE WATERS. By Edwin A. Abbott. Macmillan & Co.
- FROM OUR DEAD SELVES TO HIGHER THINGS. By Frederick James Cant. James Nisbet & Co. 3s. 6d.
- THE EVOLUTION OF THE UNIVERSE. By William W. Howard. James Nisbet & Co. 12s. 6d.
- S.P.C.K. PUBLICATIONS: GODFATHERS AT CONFIRMATION—THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY—THE INTERNAL EVIDENCE OF THE LETTER "APOSTOLICAL CURE" AS TO ITS OWN ORIGIN AND VALUE—THE BEARING OF THE THEORY OF EVOLUTION ON CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

HISTORY.

- LETTERS AND PAPERS, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC, OF THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII. Arranged and catalogued by James Gairdner and R. H. Brodie. Eyre & Spottiswoode.

SCIENCE.

- ELEMENTS OF THEORETICAL PHYSICS. By Dr. C. Christensen. Translated by W. F. Magie, Ph.D. Macmillan & Co. 12s.

BIOGRAPHY.

- NOTES FROM A DIARY, 1851-72. By the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff. John Murray. 18s.

EDUCATIONAL.

- CAMBRIDGE NATURAL SCIENCE MANUALS: A MANUAL AND DICTIONARY OF THE FLOWERING PLANTS AND FERNS. By J. C. Willis, M.A. 2 vols. Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d.

- ATHENÆUM PRESS SERIES: CARLYLE'S "SARTOR RESARTUS." Edited by Archibald MacMechan. Ginn & Co. (Boston). 5s. 6d.

ART, POETRY, AND BELLES LETTRES.

- WHITMAN. By John Burroughs. Archibald Constable & Co. 6s.
- THE TEMPLE DRAMATISTS: ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM. Edited by Rev. Ronald Bayns. J. M. Dent & Co.
- THE MAGIC KEY. By Isaac Willcocks. Digby, Long & Co. 1s. 6d.
- OCASIONAL PAPERS. By the late Dean Church. 2 vols. Macmillan & Co. 5s. each.

- BEAU AUSTIN. By W. E. Henley and R. L. Stevenson. New Edition. William Heinemann. 1s. 6d.
- LONGMAN'S ENGLISH CLASSICS: COLERIDGE'S THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER. Edited by Herbert Bates, B.A. 1s. 4d. And Macaulay's ESSAY ON MILTON. Edited by James Greenleaf Crosswell. Longmans, Green & Co. 1s. 4d.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

- ROMANTIC RICHMONDSHIRE. By Harry Speight. Elliot Stock.

PHILOSOPHY.

- THE RATIONAL OR SCIENTIFIC IDEA OF MORALITY. By P. F. Fitzgerald. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 7s. 6d.

FICTION.

- GILBERT MURRAY. By A. E. Houghton. Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.
- AGAINST THE ODDS. By Frances Home. Jarrold & Sons. 2s. 6d.
- THE OLD ECSTASIES. By Gaspard Trahern. Bellairs & Co. 3s. 6d.
- A DAUGHTER'S GRIEF. By Francis Henry Cliff. Bellairs & Co. 3s. 6d.
- A MISSING WITNESS. By Frank Barrett. Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.
- AN AUSTRALIAN DUCHESS. By Amyot Sagon. Hurst & Blackett. 6s.
- THE SPOILS OF FOXTON. By Henry James. William Heinemann.
- PHOSCO. By Anthony Hope. Methuen & Co. 6s.
- LONGMAN'S ENGLISH CLASSICS: WOODSTOCK. Edited by Bliss Perry, M.A. 3s. 6d. And TALES OF A TRAVELLER. With an Introduction by Prof. Brander Matthews. 2s. 6d.
- THE SUPPLANTER. By B. Paul Neuman. Methuen & Co. 3s. 6d.
- MANGILD AND DUST. By Björnstjerne Björnson. William Heinemann. 3s.
- THE LITTLE REGIMENT. By Stephen Crane. William Heinemann. 2s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- GREENWOOD'S LIBRARY YEAR BOOK, 1897. Edited by Thomas Greenwood. Cassell & Co.
- THE LAND OF CAKES AND BRITISH SCOTS. By T. B. Johnston. Alexander Gardner (Paisley).
- DEMON POSSESSION AND ALLIED THEMES. By Rev. John L. Nevins. George Redway. 7s. 6d.
- COLLECTANEA HERMETICA: Vol. VIII., EGYPTIAN MAGIC. By S. S. D. D. Theosophical Publishing Society. 3s. 6d.
- CHRONOLOGIES AND CALENDARS. By James C. Macdonald. William Andrews & Co. 7s. 6d.
- THE HORSE IN ART AND NATURE. Part III. By Cecil Brown, M.A.

PHILOLOGY.

- A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL LIST OF WORKS ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE DIALECT OF NORTHERN IRELAND. Compiled by R. Oliver Hislop. English Dialect Society. Henry Frowde. 4s.
- A WARWICKSHIRE WORD-BOOK. By G. F. Northall. English Dialect Society. Henry Frowde. 15s.
- TWO COLLECTIONS OF DERIVATIVES. By Samuel Pegge. With Introductions by Prof. Skeat and Thomas Halliwell. English Dialect Society. Henry Frowde. 12s. 6d.
- LAKELAND AND IRELAND. By Rev. T. Ellwood, M.A. Henry Frowde. 5s.

FOREIGN.

- ETUDE CRITIQUE DU MATÉRIALISME ET DU SPIRITUALISME PAR LA PHYSIQUE EXPÉRIMENTALE. Par Raoul Pictet. Félix Alcan (Paris).
- LA CHRONIQUE DE SULPICE SEVÈRE. Livre I. Par André Lavertujon. Librairie Hachette et Cie.
- ALTPREUSSISCHE MONATSSCHRIFT. Herausgegeben von Rudolf Reicke und Ernst Wichert. Ferdinand Beyer (Königsberg in Pr.).
- NUOVA ANTOLOGIA RIVISTA DI SCIENZE, LETTERE ED ARTI (Roma).

MILITARY.

- TOWARDS KEANTOUM. By A. Hilliard Atteridge. A. D. Innes & Co. 16s.

ANTIQUITIES.

- MONOGRAPH OF THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF WELLS. By Alfred A. Clarke. Arthur G. Young (Wells).
- THE CHURCH AND OTHER BELLS OF KINGDOMSHIRE. By F. C. Eeles. W. Jolly & Sons (Aberdeen).

PERIODICALS, PAMPHLETS, &c.

- THE GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL, THE FORUM, THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THEOLOGY, LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.
- AMERICAN ACADEMY OF POLITICAL AND SOCIAL SCIENCES. The following pamphlets: Crime and the Census—The First Apportionment of Federal Representatives in the United States—Current Transportation Topics—Values, Positive and Relative.

PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

A NEW book by Alphonse Daudet is always an event of interest. The *Trésor d'Arlatan* is a pretty trifle, prettily illustrated, and if it lack much of the old charm that captivated us in the delightful *Contes Choisis*, and possesses none of the humours of *Tartarin*, it still has the exotic perfumes of Provence to lend it some resemblance of the witchery of Daudet's earlier manner. The old familiar words are there: the arid plain of the Crau, the Camargue, the Rhône, and the mistral. These suffice to create a kind of mirage of remembrance, and evoke vague, floating images of the South. Quaint names like Mitifio, Charlon, Nais, and coloured pictures of blonde Arlesian peasants complete the illusion. A betrayed Parisian goes down to Provence in search of cure and forgetfulness. Zia, the maid who attends him, is a slip of a girl waiting to make her *bon jour*, as the Provençals call the first communion, which is mysteriously put off each year by the priest, to the desolation of her family. "Ah, what passes through the heads of these kittens!" cries her brother-in-law, Charlon. "Yet she's a good child in every way. None the less there is something wrong. Nais and I don't know what to make of it." It was a queer tale, he sighs, but surely now that the little one is away from the town temptations of looking-glasses, shops, ribbons, and laces, matters would run straight; for in Camargue there is nothing but the mysterious treasure of Arlatan. Arlatan is a horse-keeper and inventor of pomades for the cure of rheumatism and malaria—a village scoundrel and extinct Lothario, whose treasure consists in a box of dry herbs and evil photographs. It is the thought of this treasure that haunts poor Zia, and cruelly retards her first communion, which is felt to be a public disgrace and scandal.

"I have never done any wrong," she sobs to the Parisian, "but I have a great misfortune to bear—I see things—oh, such things! It's terrible. Two years now; and all I have done to cast these horrors from me. But it is finished now. I feel it. I have nothing to hope for. There is no rest for my eyes but at the bottom of the Vacarès."

A little while afterwards the waves of the Vacarès floated her young body to the bank, and she lay among the sands wrapped in her long Arlesian mantle, pallid, with the haunted look in her eyes they had held in life. Little Zia died from her desire to see the treasure of Arlatan. Slight as the sketch is, with its strange and pathetic meaning, there are some delightful descriptions in it, luminous and broadly tinted, and little scenes of charming suggestiveness and melancholy grace. M. Daudet's touch may tremble, but its delicate perfection in impressionism does not fail him. He describes a walk across a silent field, "velvety, elastic, where scarce bushes, appearing now and again, kept the impress of the mistral and remained twisted, leaning southward, in an attitude of perpetual flight"; before the pond of the Vacarès—

"two leagues of water without a boat, a sail; two leagues of flashing waves, with a soft

ripple that attracted quantities of black duck, herons, rosy-winged flamingoes, sometimes even ibises, the real ibis of Egypt, at home in this resplendent sunshine and amid this silent landscape. What, above all, the solitude disengaged for him was the impression of soothing, of security, which he felt for the first time since his departure for Paris."

Might not this be one of Millet's pictures, broad, and noble, and quiet?

"As the sun descended slowly over the water, the wind went down. One only heard the light furling of the waves, and the voice of the drover gathering his troop dispersed along the edges of the pond. 'Lucifer!' 'Estell,' 'l'Esterel.' At the call of his name each beast ran, its mane lifted by the wind, and came to eat its hay from the drover's hand, who, dismounted, his fustian jacket across one shoulder, big spatter-dashes reaching above the knees, leant against the heavy saddle, and began to read from a little pink-covered book. Beneath the setting sun, how beautiful all these flying manes and the majestically absent gesture of the drover distributing hay as he drew it from a leather bag, without interrupting his reading."

Again he writes of "the grandiose frame of this heroic pose," and describes the drover's head as "Assyrian, with large, correct features, a long greyish beard, a complexion of old ivory all wrought with little wrinkles."

How much wiser M. Bertrand, the Director of the French Academy, would have been to procure the collaboration of M. Gaston Deschamps in his reply to M. Gaston Paris at the Academy the other day, in place of relying upon his own resources. Instead of a dull discourse, the audience would have had a light and witty one. Here is one pleasant suggestion M. Deschamps offered M. Bertrand in sketching beforehand his probable speech:

"A mathematician replying to a philologist, who in turn succeeds a chemist, is, I admit, a fact to disconcert the prejudices of frivolous persons who come to our *séances* solely to be amused. This singular conjunction will rouse, I fear, bad humour in those who reproach us with being obdurate to the glories of the vaudeville and inclement to the solicitations of pornography. It will be said, perhaps, that men of letters are lacking here to-day, that the Academy is inexorable for the makers of literature, that, in a word, we are wrong not to elect in a mass, once for all, so many novelists who make a perpetual income with the revenues of adultery indefatigably begun and re-begun; so many comic moralists, who pretend to excite us to virtue in disrobing the eternal and vulgar sin upon the stage; finally, so many poets, symbolists, decadents, instrumentists, naturistes, animalists, arrivists, who have marched off noisily to war against grammar, against prosody, against all powers, human and divine, and who, having profited by their little scandal, employ their fortieth year in practices of repentance, in a zeal of conversion, in excesses of grammatical correction and prosodical docility that would have astonished Boileau himself."

Sur les Ruines, by Maurice Paleologue, a book just published by Messrs. Calmann Lévy, appeared in the *Revue de Paris*. One wonders why, because the novel is by no means up to the level of the work that brilliant review usually publishes. It is a cheap and commonplace tale of the inevitable situation, without style, characterisation, freshness of observation, or originality of any

kind to justify the hackneyed subject. We are meant to find pathos in the deception and sorrows of the heroine, the usual married woman with the usual duty to perform to herself, her husband, her country, and her biographer; clandestine visits to the hero's *entresol*, in order to furnish the novelist with constant repetitions of all the usual nauseous details. Another lady, a blonde and beautiful Englishwoman, visits the hero on the same errand, and the blighted heroine is stabbed to the heart (metaphorically), goes down to the South, and dies of consumption, leaving a letter for the perfidious lover to assure him that love is the greatest and holiest thing in life. She has a daughter, a husband, and a mother; but these seem to be inanimate objects in her existence.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Le Maître de l'Heure. Hugues Leroux.

Amitié Amoureuse.

Le Haut. Edouard Rod.

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

VOLTAIRE expressed the opinion that the study of mathematics, while abnormally developing in a lopsided manner one solitary faculty, left the mind at large very much as it found it; and experience and candour compel us to admit that only by a stretch of courtesy which would do violence to our conscience could we describe anyone whose training had been exclusively mathematical as being a person of education. It is possible, therefore, that the remarkable successes recently achieved by the Manchester Grammar School in the arena of mathematical examination call rather for commiseration than for congratulation. Still, of its kind, the record would probably be hard to beat. At Oxford, both the Senior and the Junior Mathematical Scholarships, and the *proxime* for the former, together with the Herschell Prize for Astronomy, have just been carried off by Old Boys of Manchester School. In 1896 also the Senior Mathematical Scholarship, and during the last three years the Junior twice, and two *proximes* for each scholarship, fell to the same school. Nor have the exploits of Mancunian mathematicians at Cambridge been inconsiderable. Since 1891 the school has three times won the second place among the Wranglers, besides many mathematical prizes, while two mathematical fellowships—one at Trinity—have been secured. We hope that these examine specialists, *jam rude donati*, will read their Voltaire, and make leisure for such compensatory measures as may establish their mental equilibrium.

A FIRST portion of the expected series of "Oxford Classical Texts," to be issued by the Clarendon Press, has now been arranged for. Each text is to be based on those MSS. to which the latest palaeographical and critical research assigns the greatest authority. The authors and editors so far settled upon are: Homer (the Provost of Oriel and Mr. T. W. Allen), Pindar (Prof. Hardie), Æschylus (Mr. Arthur Sidgwick),

Euripides (Prof. G. G. Murray), Aristophanes (Mr. Geldart and Mr. F. W. Hall), Demosthenes (Prof. Butcher), Apollonius Rhodius (Mr. R. C. Seaton), Lucretius (Mr. Cyril Bailey), Juvenal and Persius (Mr. S. G. Owen), Cicero (*Orations*: Mr. Albert Clark, Mr. S. G. Owen, and Mr. W. Y. Faussett; *Rhetorical Works*: Prof. Wilkins), Velleius Paterculus (Prof. Robinson Ellis), Tacitus (Mr. Furneaux). The editions of Apollonius Rhodius and Velleius Paterculus will be specially welcome.

SCHOOL libraries will have an opportunity between now and the end of March which will never occur again. Owing to the recent union of the Camden and Royal Historical Societies, the stock of the Camden Society is to be removed from the present place of deposit, and as it is desired to reduce the bulk, most of the valuable publications known as the Camden Series can be secured at considerably reduced prices. It is a fleeting chance only, for before the removal, about April next, it is proposed to destroy all unbound copies of the works still remaining on hand. There is, therefore, a prospect of single copies of the Series fetching fancy prices in the future.

A RECENT letter in *The Times*, followed by Mr. Weldon's letter, raises again the important question as to whether the candidates for naval cadetships cannot be passed from the public schools direct. Of the sixty-three lads who were successful in the recent competition four only came straight from school, but three of these four passed 1st, 8th, and 9th respectively. This is proof, if proof were needed, that the schools can do the mere work of preparing for the examination better than the crammers; and when we add to this the advantage to a boy of as extended a contact with public school life as can be given him, and the advantage that would accrue to the Naval Service by securing for its cadetships youths who have been trained throughout under such conditions, it is clear that all parties would gain by such modifications on the part of the Admiralty, and such corresponding arrangements on the part of the schools, as would place the preparation for the Navy entirely in the hands of the schoolmaster and extinguish the crammer. The Head Master of Harrow points out that, in order to give a boy a sufficiently long stay at school to be of any real value to him, the entrance age for cadetships would have to be materially raised. It is also suggested that an obstacle in the way of the success of such a change, desirable as it obviously is to an ordinary intelligence, would probably be found in the ignorance and stupidity of the parent, who would be slow to appreciate and to avail himself of the beneficial alteration that is recommended. Doubtless, however, the parent would eventually, if gradually, learn to grasp the situation and discover where his interest lies, very much as, after the torpid fashion of Mr. John Willet, he is slowly coming to the conclusion that the schools, when he permits them, can prepare for Woolwich and Sandhurst as efficiently as can the Army crammers, and that, too,

amid surroundings physically and morally considerably more healthy for his son.

MR. DE BRATH replies to the assistant masters of Abbotsholme, who last week charged him with plagiarism, in a letter, which, owing to the pressure upon our columns, must be held over till next week.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HIGGINS—THE INVENTOR OF EVOLUTION.

St. Andrews: Feb. 6.

It is indeed a common error of "the averagely well-read man," as you quote Mr. Grant Allen, to credit Mr. Darwin with having invented "The Theory of Evolution." The name of HIGGINS is (in this connexion) forgotten by the averagely ignorant citizen, yet I claim for Higgins priority to Mr. Darwin, and even to Mr. Spencer. In fact, unless either of these *savants* published his theory before April, 1798, there can be no doubt about the matter.

Higgins, with an unequalled modesty, put forth his epoch-making conjecture in a periodical publication, and in a mere foot-note to a poem. After briefly showing how (as he expresses it) "space was obtained" (itself a difficulty unsolved by Mr. Spencer), and giving a short but masterly sketch of the development of the heavenly bodies, as they are superstitiously styled, Mr. Higgins introduces protoplasm or "the filament of organisation." "This filament, after an infinite series of ages, would begin [why not?] to ramify, and its viviparous offspring would diversify their forms and habits, so as to conform themselves to their various *incunabula*."

We say "environments," but Higgins's meaning is the same.

"Upon this view of things it seems highly probable that the first effort of Nature terminated in the production of vegetables, and that these, being abandoned to their own energies, by degrees detached themselves from the surface of the earth, and supplied themselves with wings or feet. . . . Others would become men, who, in time, would restrict themselves to the use of their *hind feet*; their *tails* would gradually rub off by sitting in their caves or huts; . . . they would invent language,"

and so on. If this is not "the Theory of Evolution," or a theory of it, I don't know what it is. There is here no pitiful accumulation of mere peddling facts. Higgins, I have reason to believe, from his interest in the Druids, his dissatisfaction with things in general, and his habit of quoting Howell Dha, was a Celt, his grandmother being a Miss Mactavish, who, in 1746—but why reveal the excesses of a youth now buried in oblivion? You will remark that Mr. Spencer, following Higgins, writes that "any existing species—animal or vegetable—when placed under conditions different from its previous ones, *immediately begins to undergo changes of structure fitting it for its new conditions*." That is Higgins, nearly word for word. Things "would diversify their forms and habits, so as to accommodate

themselves to their various *incunabula* . . ." These changes demand, says Higgins, perhaps with Celtic hyperbole, "an infinite series of ages." So Higgins on "organic evolution."

The averagely well-educated man will find the brief essay of Higgins in *The Anti-jacobin* for April, 1798. It is a note to a somewhat erratic poem, "The Loves of the Triangles," by the same author. Of course, I do not accuse Mr. Spencer of pilfering from Higgins, whom he probably never read. Great wits jump, that is all.

ANDREW LANG.

"A NOTICEABLE MAN WITH LARGE GREY EYES."

Dublin: Feb. 6.

May I point out a twofold mistake into which Mr. Francis Thompson has fallen in his delightfully genial appreciation of Coleridge (ACADEMY, February 6)? Mr. Thompson writes: "It is by a curious error that even De Quincey attaches to Coleridge the famous line of Wordsworth about the 'noticeable man with large grey eyes'"; and in a note he adds: "As De Quincey himself shows elsewhere, the passage in question refers probably to Sir Humphry Davy—certainly not to Coleridge." Clearly, Mr. Thompson is not aware that, in her *Journal*, under May 9 and 11, 1802, Dorothy Wordsworth writes of the poem from which the "famous line" is taken: "After tea William wrote two stanzas in the manner of Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*, and was tired out. . . . William finished the stanzas about C. and himself." Here C. is plainly Coleridge, whose name appears twice under May 9, once under May 10, and twice (i.e., once as "Coleridge" and again as "C.") under May 12. The line must therefore refer either to Wordsworth himself or to Coleridge; and that it (and the whole description of which it forms a part) refers to the latter there is not a particle of doubt. Sara Coleridge applied it to her father; and that the author of the line himself "attached" it to S. T. C. we have the clear and express testimony of the late Mr. Justice Coleridge (*Memoirs of Wordsworth*, ii., p. 309). De Quincey thrice over quotes it with reference to S. T. C.—in the *Confessions*, in the article on Coleridge contributed to *Tait's Magazine*, and in *Coleridge and Opium-Eating* (De Quincey's *Works*, Masson, iii., p. 228; ii., p. 162; v., p. 209). Moreover, he speaks of the poem as "Wordsworth's exquisite picture of S. T. C. and himself as occasional denizens of the *Castle of Indolence*" (iii., p. 228, note). Poor chronologist as he was, De Quincey was yet scarce likely to blunder so grossly as Mr. Thompson's note would seem to suggest. The *Castle of Indolence* stanzas belong to May, 1802; while Wordsworth, though in July, 1800, already in correspondence with the *Theo-mammontist* (as Coleridge dubbed him)—who, indeed, revised the sheets of the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1800—did not actually meet Davy until some subsequent date—probably the autumn of 1805, when Davy and he, with Walter Scott, ascended Helvellyn; though the two men may have met in London during the days (August 30—September 22, 1802) which Wordsworth spent with Basil Montagu on his way northwards to be married. Wordsworth cannot be credited with the *bêtise* of giving a detailed description of a countenance on which, up to the time of writing, he had never set eyes. By the way, a letter from Coleridge to Davy, dated February 3, 1801, furnishes yet another proof, and one which has, I believe, never yet been adduced, of the identity of S. T. C. with the "noticeable man." Coleridge writes: "I take quantities of bark, but the

effect is zero, and I shall not gather strength, or that little suffusion of bloom which belongs to my healthy state, till I can walk out." Compare this with what follows Mr. Thompson's "famous line":

"And a pale face, that seemed undoubtedly
As if a blooming face it ought to be."

On the meaning of the *Castle of Indolence* stanzas, see my article in the *Fortnightly Review*, November, 1894, pp. 685-704, and the *Eversley Wordsworth*, vol. ii., pp. 308-311. *Verbum sap.*: "Cujusvis hominis est errare, nullius nisi insipientis in errore perseverare."

THOMAS HUTCHINSON.

P.S.—De Quincey says (iii., p. 16), of S. T. C., that women of quality would sometimes exclaim audibly in Davy's public lecture-room: "Oh, those eyes! those brilliant eyes!" and that the philosopher was weak enough to be pleased with this homage. Probably this is what Mr. Thompson was thinking of when he wrote the footnote.

Pembroke College, Oxon: Feb. 7.

One slip of no great importance is discoverable in the penetrative "Academy Portrait" of S. T. C., contributed by Mr. Francis Thompson to your last issue. Coleridge never "left Oxford and enlisted." He was one of that glorious band of poets who have adorned the younger University. But although Coleridge himself was a sometime undergraduate of Jesus College, Cambridge—and the acts of him and his peers, are they not written in that charming chronicle, *Obiter Dicta*?—yet three of his brothers, so he tells Thomas Poole (*Letters of S. T. C.*, pp. 7 and 8), were educated at Pembroke College, Oxford: to wit, the second brother, William; the fourth, Edward, "the wit of the family"; and the fifth, George, "worth all the rest of the family in a lump."

A. R. BAYLEY.

"THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY."

Evesham: Feb. 5.

I have noticed the following *corrigenda* in vol. xlix.:

- P. 25 b. For "Hawick," read *Hewick*.
- P. 33 a. For "Wolcott," read *Wolcot*.
- P. 34 b. For "Dalbran," "Fellcroft," read *Walbran, Fallcroft*. For "sub-dean," read *sub-deacon*.
- P. 92 b. For "Stamford," read *Stanford*.
- P. 121 b. For "Prosse," read *Prosser*.
- P. 137 a. For "Londini," read *Londinium*.
- P. 145 b. The "prolonged tour" could have been only from June to October.
- P. 152 a. For "Belfreys, Yorkshire," read *the Belfrey church, York*.
- P. 221 (bis). For "Haworth," read *Naworth*.
- P. 252 a. For "Hobbs, Hervey, Raleigh," read *Hobbes, Harvey, Raleigh*.
- P. 332 b. For "Tangiers," read *Tangier*, as on pp. 400, 414, 482.
- P. 347 b. For "Hawker," read *Hawsker*.
- P. 371 a, l. 11. For "Rede me not," read *Rede me and be not wroth*.
- Pp. 440, 488-9. The statements about the Russells of Birmingham do not agree.
- P. 457 b. "To summarily dismiss"?
- P. 473 b. How can "P. P." mean "the clerk of the parish"?

W. C. BOULTER.

DRAMA.

WHAT constitutes a "religious" play? The question occurs to me because I have seen in the papers discussions about "the religious drama," of which "The Daughters of Babylon" is adduced as an example. The plot of this play is of the romantic order: I should have supposed that the interest of time and place in it was historical, possibly, or archaeological—not religious. The place is Babylon, the time that of the Jewish captivity, several of the characters are Jews, and an important feature of the play is a portion of the law of Moses. I can understand that to a Jew, professing Judaism, these things may constitute a religious drama, the law of Moses being part of his religion. I do not profess to be a theologian, but the sacredness of the subject for other people seems to me to be at least dubious. I am interested in the point, for I wish to be able, without any irreligious bias, to confess that throughout the play my sympathies were not with the captive Jews but with their Babylonian oppressors.

ONE may say loosely, of course, that there is a religious air about the play, because the dresses of the ancient Israelites suggest the chromolithographs on the walls of a Sunday-school, and because the diction of the play will suggest the Bible to many people: though, by the way, there is something more in biblical diction than the use of the vocative "O" and the second person singular. But whether the play be religious or not, I will maintain to the death that it is not a moral play. Two people are condemned to death, and are let off because somebody arrives to remind their judge that he, too, in his youth was guilty of their offence. They are really innocent, but the judge believes them to be guilty all the time: consequently the moral lesson is that two blacks make a white. I am no theologian, but I know enough of ethics to affirm with confidence that this is not a good moral lesson.

As a play, "The Daughters of Babylon" waters down an effective plot of the improbable, romantic kind with overdoses of talk. The end is distinctly weak, and the great scene, the selling of the hero and heroine as slaves in Babylon, is marred by the comic effect of the bidding. But the scenic effects are often admirable. The first scene of all, "By Naomi's Well in the Plains of Babylonia," was very pretty, and its effects of changing light fascinating. The "Terrace in Ishtar's Palace," suggesting the view of a great city by night, was another extremely pretty scene. The impressiveness of the Babylonian scenes was, I confess, a little spoiled for me by the wooden-looking beards of the men—exactly like the pictures, but incredible in life. As is usual in Mr. Wilson Barrett's productions, the crowds showed careful and experienced drilling.

Of the acting I liked Miss Lily Hanbury's the best. I see she has been blamed for

over-emphasis, but surely emphasis, and a great deal of it, is necessary to such a play. I thought her robust and vigorous style of acting quite in the right vein. In her gorgeous robes as Ishtar, the famous "strange woman," she was a most imperious and imposing picture, and gave distinction to the colour and gorgeousness of her scenes. She and Miss Maud Jeffries produced a charming effect—I apologise for the personality—of contrasted beauty, a contrast increased by the fact that Miss Jeffries took her part in, if anything, too low a key. Mr. Wilson Barrett's histrionic skill never fails him, but his part leant itself too little to his virtue of versatile effect, too much to his vice of posing. Mr. Ambrose Manning was clever as a dashing "lord of Babylon." The rest all played carefully and intelligently and without distinction. The piece is too long and too thin for the sort of effect at which it presumably aims, but its gorgeousness is pleasant.

"THE PRODIGAL FATHER," an "extravagant farce," produced on the 1st inst. at the Strand Theatre, is not vastly diverting in its extravagance. Given an unlimited use of coincidence and impossible procedure, it is not difficult to devise "situations," which have the air of being comic, but unless they seem to come naturally, an effect of woodenness makes itself felt more and more. In this play the central situation, the arrival in a country house of a music-hall singer who has been followed about by the father and secretly married by the son, is, in its way, diverting enough. But the rest of the plot, which turns on the father's pretended explorations in Africa and the arrival of a pretended African chief, is too mechanical to be funny. However, the piece is brightly played and should have some moderate success. Mr. Paulton is fairly amusing as the father; Mr. Charles Collette gives an imaginary but very clever burlesque of an interviewer; Mr. Weir is vivacious as the chief, and Miss Florence Gerard gives a really careful and effective study of the music-hall singer:

THE piece was preceded by what it pleased somebody to call a "petite drama"—"A Merry Christmas." The idea is that all her rich friends desert a distinguished actress on Christmas-day and go to dine with their mothers. A poor artist offers to take her to his humble home. She thinks she is not good enough, and dines alone. The idea is thoroughly French, and no doubt pretty in a French expression of it; in an English guise both the sentiment and the incidents are too unnatural to pass.

If I had to choose a theatre for the delectation of an intelligent person who was fond of simple sentiment and cheerful fun, I should take him (at the moment of writing) to the Court. "Sweet Nancy"—of whose revival at a Criterion *matinée* I wrote some time ago—is being played there, and is preceded by a charming little one-act play, by Mrs. Oscar Beringer, called "A Bit of Old Chelsea." "Sweet Nancy" is old-fashioned in its stage conventions, but its sentiment is natural and its fun is spon-

taneous. The best element in it, the little "conseil de famille" formed by the heroine's young brothers and sisters, is delightfully true and gay, and the plot itself, so far as Nancy and her old husband are concerned, is sympathetic. The caste is almost the same as at the Criterion. Mr. Martin Harvey plays Algernon, as before, with absolute ease and naturalness; Mr. Maurice is as lifelike an old general as before; and Miss Annie Hughes is as true as ever in the part of the merry, unselfish girl—a distinct and individual creation.

"A BIT OF OLD CHELSEA" gave her an opportunity of showing genuinely histrionic versatility. In this she was a flower-girl, who had fainted outside an artist's studio in the middle of a November night, and was carried in by him and given supper. The part is not, of course, absolutely realistic; but, at least, so far as manner, and almost so far as accent, went Miss Hughes played it to the life. The sentiment at the end, when she crept out while the artist slept, was just a trifle strained, but it was most delicately done. Mr. Maurice played the artist cleverly, and Mr. Harvey was pleasant as a rollicking friend.

G. S. S.

SCIENCE.

IT is fashionable to be a little weary, already, of the fuss about Nansen. The best cure is to see him, and hear him. For some obscure racial reason he appeals irresistibly. No Briton-born, for one thing, can withstand his extraordinary pluck and physical endurance; for another, he has cut us out on ground which from time immemorial has been indisputably our own. He told us how it could be done, and went and did it. There is a charm of modesty about Nansen's delivery of his own narrative which applause has not yet spoilt. I heard him at the Royal Geographical Society's meeting in the Albert Hall, and the following night at St. James's Hall; and this trait was especially conspicuous. The glamour of the first occasion, and the enormous sea of faces, seemed to inspire him, for he lectured more fluently and spontaneously than on the second night, while his command of English also was better. But he committed such a solecism as "this game [cards] was liked very much—I mean, was very fond of." As for the scientific results of his work, his book will be out in a day or two, and then will be the time to criticise them.

THE system of technical education pursued under the auspices of the London County Council is a source of annoyance to many thoughtful people, of amusement to others, and of satisfaction, I imagine, to no one. Almost any change in it would be an improvement, from abolition upwards; and that the Technical Education Board themselves are aware of its deficiencies may be inferred from the fact that some time ago a committee of experts was appointed to report upon them. This report, which has

lately been issued, is a document of no small importance. It bears out fully the complaints which have been made as to the futility of the old system, it upholds the views of what I may call the new technical school, and it throws light on the true relationship of German to English methods.

AMONG the witnesses examined, indeed, were two men of German extraction whose evidence and whose opinions it would be foolish to ignore. These are Dr. Ludwig Mond, who has given to England the only perfect research laboratory she possesses, and Dr. Messel, a chemist of great experience engaged in manufacture in this country. Both of these gentlemen condemned the present system as useless, and the latter gave it as his opinion that chemical industry abroad is beating us because foreigners have the elementary good sense to place men of science at the head of affairs. The unanimous view taken in the report is that too much attention is paid to the practical side of chemical and scientific education in schools; that the practical side can only be developed in colleges of university standing, under proper professional direction, and by three or four-year courses. The scientific training in schools should be practical in the sense of being experimental, not commercial, and should aim simply at developing the faculty of observation and the reasoning powers. Above all, the examination system is vigorously condemned. Anyone who wants an example of the superiority of a non-examination over an examination system might do well to inquire of Prof. Meldola as to the results obtained by Finsbury Technical College students. I believe it is a fact that boys from this well-managed but unexamined institution are received as properly qualified chemical assistants in works which, rather than take the over-examined product of the Science and Art Department, are in the habit of applying abroad for their technical staffs.

How many people coupled the name of Napoleon with the "beet-sugar" case at North London last week, or reflected upon the far-reaching importance of the issues that lay behind it? The case itself was simply one of beet-sugar trying to palm itself off, by means of a yellow dye, as "Demerara." Poor Demerara has herself matter enough to protect at present without the added injury of fraudulent imitation. The whole sugar question was ably discussed in *Science Progress* for January, on the double ground that Great Britain was the largest consumer of sugar (per head of population) in the world, and that the British colonies engaged in growing sugar-cane were to all appearance threatened with not far-distant bankruptcy. This is the object at which Napoleon was aiming when, early in the century, he introduced beet-factories into France and put a high tariff on British sugar. The discovery that beet-sugar was chemically identical with cane-sugar dates from 1741, and is due to Andreas Sigismund Marggraf, a professor at Berlin. The rise of the beet-sugar industry, however, was hampered by imperfect methods, and though Napoleon's tariff might have hit our colonies somewhat for

the time being, the beet-factories were unable to support themselves after his downfall.

THE present crisis is, again, largely due to political considerations, the *Kriegs-prämien*, or war-bounties, having given beet-sugar an unfair advantage in competition with our free cane-sugar; but in addition, the canes have suffered largely from rats and other enemies, and Cuba, the greatest producer of canes, has been prostrated by war. A strong Royal Commission is at present on its way to seek a remedy for the distress of our sugar-growing colonies, and meanwhile events are happening nearer home which may not be without important bearings on the question. The Continental nations are becoming heartily tired of the bounties. What is a boon to the fostered beet cultivator is an intolerable tax to the people who contribute it, and efforts have been made to arrive at an international understanding with a view to its abolition. France, as usual, is the cantankerous member of the concert, and coercion has been put upon her in the shape of an increased bounty by Germany and Austria, which must either ruin her or compel her to follow suit. The latter is believed to be impossible, as France is already taxed to the uttermost in this direction. There is hope, therefore, that the climax has been reached, and that the British colonies will soon be relieved from this unequal competition. In the meantime, sugar is abnormally cheap, and the consumption is rapidly rising in these islands. Whether it will fall proportionately when prices become normal remains to be seen.

H. C. M.

MUSIC.

BRAHMS' "Requiem" was performed at the fourth "Henschel Concert" last Thursday week, and in English. The solo vocalists were Miss Evangeline Florence and Mr. George Holmes, and both sang intelligently; yet neither seemed quite at home in the music. The choral numbers were well rendered, although the upper notes of the sopranos were at times shrill, and the tenors not altogether *sans reproche*. "The German Requiem," so writes the analyst in the programme-book, "reveals not its fulness of beauty to a first glance." Neither does it to a second, nor even a third; the work only reveals its fulness of beauty, also of power and solemnity, after much study and many hearings.

THE programme included Brahms' Piano-forte Concerto in D minor, another work which slowly makes its mark. The opening movement, in which a struggle seems going on between thought and feeling, is said to have been written after the composer received the news of the insanity of his friend and protector Schumann. The *Adagio* is sad, but breathes a spirit of resignation. The Concerto was admirably rendered by Miss Fanny Davies. I never remember to have heard her to greater advantage.

MR. HENSCHEL announces that after the present series his orchestral and choral concerts will, for a time at least, be discontinued. And the reason assigned for this is the following: The directors of the Philharmonic Society have decided, in addition to their usual spring series, to have an autumn series commencing in November. And Thursday is the day of the week selected for the concerts, a day on which Mr. Henschel has for years past given his concerts. His orchestra consists largely of members of the Philharmonic orchestra, so that, even if disposed, he could not set up opposition concerts. But why discontinue? Could he not change his day, say to Wednesday? If he announced attractive programmes, he could draw the public without doing the slightest harm to the Philharmonic Society. The more orchestral music the public gets, the more it seems to want.

MENDELSSOHN'S Quintet in B flat was beautifully played at the Popular Concert on Monday evening by Lady Hallé and MM. Ries, Gibson, Kreuz, and Piatti. How fine is the *Adagio*, and how commonplace the Finale! Miss Adela Verne gave a highly vigorous rendering of Chopin's *Ballade* in A flat. Some passages, no doubt, demand vigour, but there are others in which charm and refinement are the prevailing features; in the latter Miss Verne was not satisfactory. There is no doubt that she was nervous, and this will in a measure explain any over-emphasis. The lady was much applauded, and deserves high praise for the determined manner in which she refused the encore. Miss Alice Gomez sang Schubert's "Erste Verlust" in excellent style, but I cannot say I admired the jerky and hurried rendering which she gave of "Ungechild." Besides, it is, properly, a man's song.

LAST week I quoted a sentence from the programme-book about Schubert and Beethoven having been dead "fifty years," and concluded it was originally in the programme-book of 1868. I had the catalogue of works performed at the Popular Concerts before me, but copied the date of the first performance instead of the second, in January, 1879—i.e., just fifty years after the death of Schubert. This mistake of mine does not, however, affect my contention that the programme-book of this year was not properly up to date. It would seem as if that sentence about the fifty years which had passed was specially inserted for the jubilee performance, as it were, of 1879. If so much care was taken then, surely for the centenary a new sentence ought to have been framed.

MR. FREDERIC LAMOND gave his last pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall on Tuesday afternoon. The programme was too long. I for one, and no doubt many others, would have given the pianist credit for being able to play the Brahms' *Variations* on a Theme by Handel with rare intelligence and neat technique, and have asked him to pass straight on to the next

piece on the programme. Pianists often forget—so it seems to me—that what interests them does not always interest the public. I do not refer to the great, the non-musical public, but to those amateurs who are in the habit of attending recitals, and who show a certain discrimination. At one period of his career Brahms—in his writing for the pianoforte—made virtuosity an end rather than a means. Weber and Chopin were raised to a higher grade of difficulty, while Handel was subjected to treatment which, however clever, disfigured him beyond recognition.

MR. LAMOND'S rendering of Beethoven's Sonata in C minor (Op. 111) displayed great ability. There was a tendency to make too much of the *brío*, whereby the *Allegro* lost something of its dignity. Then, again, in the *Arietta con Variazioni* the playing seemed the result of thought rather than of feeling. This was often the case with the late Dr. v. Bülow, of whom, indeed, in his interpretations of Beethoven Mr. Lamond reminds us. After the Sonata came a group of short solos. One solitary Lied (Book iv., No. 2) of Mendelssohn received somewhat rough treatment; Hensett's *Si Oiseau J'étais* was neither as smooth nor as swift as one could have wished; while in the Chopin pieces the letter was more satisfactory than the spirit. The *Berceuse* was given with rare delicacy and at a really reposeful rate; some pianists hurry through it in a most alarming manner.

NEXT to the Beethoven Sonata Schubert's "Wanderer" Fantasia was the chief feature of the afternoon. I am glad Mr. Lamond decided to play one great work of Schubert's, I might indeed say the composer's greatest work for the pianoforte. And I was delighted to hear a magnificent rendering of it. Had the pianist remained faithful to the text, he would deserve nothing but praise. Unfortunately, however, there were certain touchings up for which there is really no excuse. I believe they emanate from Liszt. Schubert's Fantasia ought to be played as written. The passages altered were few in number, and the additions are tawdry. I hope some day to hear Mr. Lamond again in this work, and perhaps, great pianist as he is, he will not be too proud to acknowledge the error of his ways.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THIS book "will enable many to realise," says the *Times*, "the qualities which make a great military organiser." ". . . To the general reader, perhaps its chief charm will be the glimpses which it gives, with a certain Cervantes-like naïveté, of the personality of the author." "The personality of 'Little Bobs Bahadur,'" writes the *Pall Mall*, "has completely fascinated every man in the Indian Army: no reader of his book will need to ask why." The book is described as "one

of the most fascinating and important of recent years." ". . . To those who love records of daring and adventure, or who have not yet learned . . . what the British soldier is, may be recommended as second to none." The *Manchester Guardian* makes it "almost a ground of complaint that Lord Roberts has been content in so many cases to hide his own personality behind the men and events among which he has moved." "The interest becomes much wider in the second volume" when the author writes "as an administrator and general, with clear, well-defined plans of his own." The *Spectator* says "the story produces the vivid impression which comes out of accurate knowledge and strange personal experiences," and that it deserves attentive study not only by those who look backward, but also by those whose duty it is to look ahead." The *National Observer* places the writer "in the foremost rank of those gifted alike to wield sword and pen": "in literary style the advance on *The Rise of Wellington* is of the most distinct character . . . Even more noticeable is the courteous and kindly spirit breathed from every page." The *Telegraph* says it is "truly wonderful how Lord Roberts has managed to tell so much about the stirring events in which he took an active part, and often a first place, without for a moment intruding his manifest wisdom in council and patent bravery in the field upon the reader."

"MR. LONGUEVILLE," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "is a lively writer, but his latest venture hardly gives him scope for his real talents. Yet he has produced a most readable book, and his delightful impartiality flavours the volume with a kind of alert vitality. He succeeds in making the narrative illustrative of the character." This "impartiality" the *Spectator* calls "indecision," and discovers in it a proof of Sir Kenelm's evasive character. But as true portraiture only begins "when the details are subordinate to a preconceived (or prejudiced) aspect, the author has given us, instead of a picture, a list of qualities." "The most entertaining episode is the love-making and marriage with Venetia Stanley," says the *Pall Mall*; and on the whole concludes that Digby, if not a great man in the full sense, was at least a "great contemporary." The *Spectator* sums him up as "the last of the Euphuists," declares his dominant quality to have been a "magnificent conceit," and adds: "Had he possessed the gift of concentration, he might have been a great writer or a distinguished politician; but he preferred to devote his talents to the art of life, which he practised with the utmost skill." The *Manchester Guardian* admires the biographer's "impartiality," and is convinced that the portrait is but the more human "for the little irregularities of feature." The *Chronicle* congratulates the author on his literary skill, and as to the subject of the memoir writes: "Never had the novelist better material to his hand."

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Here, however, we are dealing, not with Nansen the man, but with his book, and for this we have little but praise. It tells from beginning to end, making one feel successively the thrill of excitement and adventure, the triumph over difficulty, the love of the chase, the longing for home, the monotonous waiting, and at intervals the deep, mysterious fascination of that great ice-bound world with its thundering floes and flaming skies. These two prodigious volumes—whatever may be their scientific value—are packed full of interest which hardly ever flags. Let us follow the narrative from the day when Nansen, with his heart full of the thoughts of home and of the wild beauties of his native coast, turned his helm from Norway in the grey of a June morning, 1893, and set sail for the New Siberian Islands in the far east. That voyage alone furnishes material for the better part of one volume. Amid the fog and ice of the Kara Sea the *Fram* had to fight her way, dodging a host of unmapped islands and currents, until at last she rounded the formidable Cape Chelyuskin, and her leader breathed again, for the endless difficulties had produced a dread that a way out would not be found, and that the year would be wasted. On September 18, at a point west of the New Siberian Islands, the course of the *Fram* was directed northwards, and on the 20th she was anchored to a floe on the edge of the ice-drift just north of Sannikof Island.

Now was the critical moment when the theory of the expedition was to be tested. Would the great north-westerly current which Nansen believed set in from Behring Strait across the polar region bear them along on its icy bosom, or would they remain drifting about, a sport of winds and ice-floes? For a time they went steadily northwards; then came an anxious time. The wind set steadily from the wrong quarter, and the ship drifted south. By the end of November the lost ground was hardly made up, and the leader was in the depths of despair.

"It is no good trying to take the thing philosophically," he writes in his diary. "I cannot deny that the question whether we are to return successful or unsuccessful affects me very deeply. . . . I can bring myself to believe honestly that it is all a matter of indifference, but none the less my spirits change like the clouds of heaven, according as the wind blows from this direction or that. When I think of the many that trust us, of the friends that gave us their time, their faith, their money, the wish comes that they may not be disappointed, and I grow sombre that our progress is not what we expected it would be."

Time was not wasted in misgivings, however. On board the *Fram* all was activity in preparation for the long winter night, the first of three.

"We cleared up the hold to make room for a joiner's workshop; our mechanical workshop was in the engine-room. The smithy was first on deck and afterwards on the ice. Tinsmith's work was done in the chart-room, shoemaker's

and sailmaker's work in the saloon. All these occupations were carried on with interest and activity. There was nothing, from the most delicate instruments down to wooden shoes, that could not be made on board the *Fram*, and thoroughly well made too."

Then there were daily observations to take, a point in which the expedition never relaxed even when it meant cutting through many feet of ice to get a sounding, or dredging through a hole that at any moment might close up, or running up on deck at all times in a temperature many degrees below zero. But they were a hardy lot these picked Norsemen. What are we to think of men who deliberately strolled up in shirt sleeves and pants to take a reading in the bitter cold, who faced the icy water like seals, and who complained of nothing but the heat of the ship? The spirits and appetites of such men were unconquerable. Where other crews have wasted and sickened they laid on flesh till it became a standing joke. The doctor's post was a sinecure, and he was reduced first to studying bookbinding, and finally to editing a comic paper. On this point of healthiness, which is one that future explorers cannot afford to ignore, Nansen writes as follows:

"An English Arctic authority, with whom I had some conversation, expressed himself very discouragingly on the subject of life in the polar regions, and combated my cheerful faith in the possibility of preventing scurvy. . . . For my own part I can say that the Arctic night has had no ageing, no weakening influence of any kind upon me. I seem, on the contrary, to grow younger. This quiet, regular life suits me well, and I cannot remember a time when I was in better bodily health. I differ from other authorities to the extent of feeling inclined to recommend this region as an excellent sanatorium in cases of nervousness and breakdown. This in all sincerity."

In another passage he becomes apologetic after reading the terrible experiences of Kane's expedition:

"I am almost ashamed of the life we lead, with none of those darkly painted sufferings which are indispensable to a properly exciting Arctic expedition. We shall have nothing to write about when we get home."

In the meantime, the *Fram* had undergone what, for her, was the severest trial of all, the dreaded ice pressure. Suddenly one afternoon it came—first in short, sharp cracks, then in moans along the side of the ship.

"Now it is a high plaintive tone, now a grumble, now a snarl, and the ship gives a lift up. The noise steadily grows till it is like all the pipes of an organ. . . . Many a ship would have been crushed long ago; but outside the ice is ground against our ship's sides, the piles of broken-up floe are forced under her heavy invulnerable hull, and we lie as if in a bed."

So callous did the crew become to this danger that they ceased to take any interest in it; yet there was one occasion during the following winter, not this one, when the pressure became so enormous that even Nansen thought it wise to make all preparations for abandoning the ship:

"To-night everybody sleeps fully dressed. . . . I was called at 5.30 by Sverdrup, who

told me that the hummock had now reached the *Fram*, and was bearing down on us violently. There was a thundering and crashing as if doomsday had come. I jumped up. Nothing was left but to call all hands, put the remaining provisions on the ice, and then put all our furs and equipments on deck so that they could be thrown overboard at a moment's notice. . . . At about eight o'clock in the evening, when we thought the ice pressure had subsided, it started crashing and thundering worse than ever. Masses of snow and ice rushed on us high above the rail amidships and over the tent. Peter seized a spade and started digging away at the ice, and I followed, to see how matters stood. I saw more than I cared to see; it was hopeless to fight that enemy with a spade. I called out to Peter to come back, and said: 'We had better see to getting everything out on the ice.' Hardly had I spoken when it pressed on again, and, as Peter said, laughing till he shook again, 'nearly sent both him and the spade to the deuce.'

Finally things became so alarming that the ship was actually emptied; yet when the tremendous mass of ice was cleared away she was found to be uninjured. It is a record incident in a record history; but to show the entire absence of panic which prevailed, it is mentioned that the laconic Sverdrup, at the worst crisis of all, had to be summoned clothes-less from the bath!

A few experiences like this, and the steady drift of the *Fram* to the north-west in the direction which Nansen had predicted she would take, soon made it clear that the object of the expedition would be attained. By August of 1894 the leader was able to calculate that in two years he would reach home. Then it was that he began to revolve a plan which had formed itself in his mind of sending an expedition with sledges and dogs northwards, to the Pole if possible, fitting it out with provisions, and leaving it to find its way southwards to Franz Josef Land or Spitzbergen, since return to the ship would be out of the question. This expedition he eventually decided to undertake himself, the risks being considerable, and for his companion he selected Lieutenant Johansen as possessing physical endurance which was remarkable even in that band of giants. The story of their adventures forms one of the most realistic and exciting chapters in the whole range of Arctic history. But it is not so much the exciting part of it that commands attention as the almost inconceivable toil and endurance. The ice after the first day or two became broken up into rough hummocks and ridges intersected with long lanes and pools where the water was barely frozen over. Frequent falls into these meant chilled limbs and stiffly frozen garments, while the continual violent exertion produced almost the same effect.

"During the course of the day the damp exhalations of the body had little by little become condensed in our outer garments, which were now a mass of ice, and transformed into complete suits of ice-armour. They were so hard and stiff that if we had only been able to get them off they could have stood by themselves, and they crackled audibly every time we moved. These clothes were so stiff that the sleeve of my coat actually rubbed deep sores in my wrists during our marches; one of these sores—the one on the right hand—got frost-bitten, the wound grew deeper and deeper, and

nearly reached the bone. I tried to protect it with bandages, but not until late in the summer did it heal, and I shall probably have the scar for life."

As the dogs became thinned down to furnish food for the remainder the toil became more and more severe. At last it became evident that no good was to be obtained by further progress. From the highest hummocks the same chaos of ice-blocks could be seen stretching endlessly northwards, and if a retreat was to be made to Franz Josef Land that summer it became necessary to turn at once. On April 8 Nansen advanced to his most northerly point, 86° 14', 200 miles nearer the Pole than anyone had ever been before.

The return journey began well, but soon became more difficult. The dogs grew famished, and threw themselves ravenously on the warm limbs of their slaughtered comrades, which at first they could hardly be induced to touch. This killing of dogs was one of the episodes that most revolted the two travellers, but it had to be done. Their own food was not plentiful, and in those latitudes—despite the astounding occurrence of fresh tracks—warm-blooded animals were hardly to be found. To add to their troubles their watches had run down, and though Nansen took observations to reset them by, they could never again feel absolutely sure of their bearings. Here is a description of the kind of travelling they endured:

"There seemed to be no end to it; wherever we turned there were yawning channels. On the overcast sky the dark, threatening reflection of water was to be seen in all directions. It really seemed as if the ice was entirely broken up. Hungry and almost tired to death we were, but determined, if possible, to have our troubles behind us before we stopped for dinner. . . . As a last drop in our cup of misery, the weather became so thick that one literally could not see if he were walking up against a wall of ice or plunging into a pit. How many lanes and cracks we went across, how many huge ridges we clambered over, dragging the heavy sledges behind us, I cannot say, but very many. . . . Altogether, we had now been at this sort of work for nearly twelve hours, and I had, in addition, followed the lane for three hours in the morning, which made fifteen."

Narrow escapes and duckings in the icy channels were of common occurrence. No wonder the toil-worn travellers rejoiced to get eventually into a land where bears could be shot to furnish meat, and after that to the open water, where kayaks could be floated, and the labour of dragging the sledges dispensed with. In a chapter called "Land at Last," this portion of the route is described. The chief danger now to be dreaded was the upsetting of the light canvas kayaks, or the not infrequent attacks of walruses. The heroes were not born to be drowned, however, and finally ended their adventurous journey on an island which they were unable to locate, but which turned out subsequently to be one of the Prince Rudolf group, to the north of Franz Josef Land. Here, as the summer was so far spent (it was August), they determined to remain for the winter in a hut which they constructed of stones. A larder of bears' flesh and walrus-blubber had next to be prepared. Fortun-

ately, both were plentiful, bears in particular having an unpleasant way of raiding the hut at night. But their worst enemies were foxes. The bears stole blubber and devoured their own kind; but the foxes made off with thermometers and even with the kayak sails. During the long dark winter it was impossible to do anything but eat and sleep. Nansen's diary, kept throughout under the terribly trying circumstances of the journey, was neglected, except when some anniversary like Christmas Eve caused him to enter in it the thoughts which carried him back to home.

When spring came, release came with it, and the journey southwards was resumed. Shortly after starting, the two experienced the narrowest escape of the whole trip. The kayaks, made fast to a lump of ice, broke away and drifted off, leaving the explorers helpless and destitute even of pocket-knives. In the emergency Nansen plunged into the icy water, as everyone knows, and, swimming till his limbs lost consciousness, was just able to rescue them. It was a fine feat, worthy of the man. But the end came soon after, when good luck brought them right into the arms of the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition, then engaged in mapping Franz Josef Land. From that moment their hardships were at an end, and scarcely had the news of their safety penetrated to Europe when it was followed by the remarkable arrival of the *Fram*, whose adventures form a separate and most interesting narrative.

Such are the outward facts of the expedition, a memorable one in itself, inasmuch as it has broken all records of penetration towards the Pole, and that without loss of life or so much as a single case of sickness. Scientifically, what has it contributed to our knowledge of the Arctic problem?

The first thing one might expect is a mass of information relating to the age and structure of the polar ice, over which Nansen travelled for so many miles, and on which he spent three years. In this respect we are disappointed. He gives us, it is true, some interesting notes upon the tidal opening and closing up of the ice-pressure north of the New Siberian Islands, the influence of moon changes, and so on. The tidal action has long been known to exist, though, possibly, not on such definite grounds. Again, Nansen claims to have dispelled for ever the theory that the Pole is covered by an ice-cap of hoary age of which the drift is an outward fringe. In point of fact he can only speak for a region considerably distant from the Pole, and even there he encountered huge remains of ice that he describes himself as finely palæocrystic. He has certainly established his own special theory of the great drift of the ice in a north-westerly direction from Siberia across the polar region and down the east coast of Greenland. His interpretation of the finding of the *Jeannette* relics where they were cast up may now be regarded as conclusive; moreover, it seems probable that, as Nansen himself says, anyone starting from still further east than he did, say from the mouth of Behring Strait, would stand a chance of being carried even nearer the Pole than the *Fram* was carried. The proof of this fact alone was worth the expedition.

Geographically, Nansen has opened our

eyes to what he considers some important errors in existing maps. He has noted a few discrepancies and entered some new islands in the desolate regions of the Taimyr peninsula east of the Kara Sea; but the dense fog and mist prevailing along the northern shore of Asia rendered it impossible for him, as it did for Nordenskiöld, the geographer of those parts, to do more than guess at the coast lines, and the work of correctly mapping that inhospitable archipelago is still to do. In their southward retreat, again, Nansen and Johansen were constantly disappointed to see no signs of the northern projections of Franz Josef Land which Payer had marked down in his admirable map and christened "Petermann's Land." Nansen believes that this northward projection does not exist, and that Payer was deceived by mist banks. He supports this belief by pointing out that the sea to the north of Franz Josef Land is deep, like the polar basin in general; whereas in the regions of land it is shallow. The deep soundings taken by the crew of the *Fram* are not the least remarkable of their observations. They have revealed a depth of water under the comparatively thin ice which was never before suspected, 2,000 fathoms and upwards having been registered.

Beyond noting the presence of foxes and narwhals in the 85th parallel Nansen has not yet given us much zoological information. He has apparently discovered the nesting-place, in Prince Rudolf Land, of the rare Ross's gull (*Radostethia Rosea*), and he has made dredgings of star-fish, algæ, and even bacteria from the pools in the drifting ice. His sketches of luminous phenomena, though interesting and beautiful, are not in themselves important. Every Arctic traveller knows the look of mock moons, auroras, and the northern lights, and, besides, Nansen's sketches were all made in comparatively low latitudes.

The map at the end of the first volume should be a useful guide to future expeditions, although we may be prepared for considerable additions to and alterations in it as the route taken by the *Fram* is more thoroughly explored. It would not be fair to criticise the get-up of the book itself too closely, as it must have been done under pressure almost as severe as that undergone by the *Fram*. The text illustrations in particular leave something to be desired. The type, however, is well chosen, well printed, and the book for its bulk is not heavy. Certainly it will remain for many a year to come as an Arctic classic, and the narrative which beats its record will be the sensation of a future age.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

The Thackerays in India. By Sir William Wilson Hunter. (Henry Frowde.)

ABOUT ten years ago there appeared in the *Englishman* a couple of articles on "Some Calcutta Graves," which were recognised at the time as coming from the brilliant pen of Sir William Hunter. One of the tombs there specially described was that of the father of Thackeray, who died in 1815, four

years after the birth of his famous son. Those newspaper articles form the germ of the present book, greatly enriched by the author's travels through India, by his study of original records, and (above all) by the use of a family book of the Thackerays, which was compiled chiefly by an aunt of the novelist. Hitherto, for reasons which it is impossible not to respect, comparatively little has been published about the family history of Thackeray. It was known, of course, that he was born at Calcutta; and no reader of *Vanity Fair* or *The Newcomes* could doubt that his early life was deeply imbued with Anglo-Indian traditions. Sir William Hunter now lifts the veil, and shows that for two generations the Thackeray family played a not undistinguished part in laying the foundations of the British empire in the East. Incidentally we learn at what cost of lives that empire was purchased. Out of seven Thackerays who went to India, only one came back. Two died fighting, a third at sea, and three of disease.

The first Thackeray in India was the grandfather of the novelist, who bore the familiar Christian names of William Makepeace. It was his good fortune to obtain a writership on the Bengal establishment during the period when there was really a pagoda tree to shake. Though the Company at that time gave beggarly salaries to its servants—Sir W. Hunter calculates that Thackeray's total official income during ten years did not amount to more than £2,000—they permitted them to engage in private trade. The grandfather of the novelist seems always to have had good billets—notably at Sylhet, on the Assam frontier, where he contracted to provide elephants for the public service. Hence, he was able to retire at the age of twenty-six with a competency, if not a fortune.

Of the seven sons of "Sylhet" Thackeray, six followed him to India. The second of these was the father of the novelist, who was called Richmond, after the ancestral name of the Webbs, his mother's family, the most illustrious member of which was the General commemorated in *Esmond*. His service in Bengal was cut short by death after seventeen years. But he, too, held good appointments, and appears to have left his only son a fortune of £20,000. His widow married Captain Carmichael Smyth, whom we have always supposed to be the original of "Colonel Newcome," though that honour is here assigned—apparently on authority—to a first cousin of the novelist, Colonel Shakespear. We may add that another Carmichael (a brother of Carmichael Smyth), who died quite recently at the age of over ninety, is believed to have sat for the portrait of "Dobbin."

Of Thackeray's uncles, three entered the Madras Civil Service. One performed distinguished work in pacifying the Ceded Districts, and in introducing a revenue settlement throughout the Presidency, under Sir Thomas Munro. Another was killed when bravely attempting to suppress an insurrection caused by a disputed succession to a petty Mahratta chiefship. A fourth brother fell at the head of his Sepoys in one of the hardest fought engagements in the bloody war with Nepal. A fifth went

out to Calcutta as a barrister, but drifted into journalism, being remembered mainly for his wasted talents. The only brother that stayed at home wrote the *Life of Chatham*, which was reviewed by Macaulay in the *Edinburgh Review*.

This is but a bald summary of the lives of the Indian Thackerays, told by Sir William Hunter with a sympathy and charm that half conceal the labour expended on the task. Prefixed is a general chapter, on "Some Calcutta Graves," which displays a yet wider range of study, while it also introduces one or two controversial points. It is out of no disrespect to the learned author that we venture to challenge some of these *obiter dicta*.

In noticing the grave of Admiral Watson, he says:

"Yet even on his tomb . . . the reptiles of that age did not fear to spill their slaver. They had forged the Admiral's name to Clive's fictitious treaty, and found a confederate to aver that it was done with the dead hero's connivance and cowardly assent."

Passing over the extravagance of language, which recalls that used by Burke against Warren Hastings, we would ask: Who are the "reptiles," and who is the "confederate"? Lord Clive himself, when interrogated on the subject before a Select Committee of the House of Commons, deliberately testified:

"It [the fictitious treaty] was sent to Admiral Watson, who objected to the signing of it, but, to the best of his remembrance, gave the gentleman who carried it [Mr. Lushington, Clive's secretary] leave to sign his name upon it."

And Clive went on to declare that he would have ordered Watson's name to be attached, whether he had consented or not; that he thought it warrantable in such a case, and would do it again a hundred times. Admiral Watson seems never to have repudiated the transaction. He certainly accepted his personal share of the plunder that was stipulated for in the treaty.

There are two references to the parentage of Warren Hastings. In one we are told that Macaulay's story is "an iridescent bubble from the scum of the slanders of the last century." In the other, after mention of a real slander started by Lady Anne Monson—for which, after all, there is only the authority of Francis—we are told of

"the falsehood to which Macaulay has put the seal of history. Macaulay informs us that Hastings' father, 'an idle, worthless boy, married before he was sixteen, lost his wife in two years, and died in the West Indies.'"

Macaulay was, no doubt, here misled by a mistake of Gleig; but where is the "falsehood"? Gleig, the authorised biographer of Warren Hastings, whose work Macaulay was reviewing, expressly states that "the youth could not have been at the date of his marriage more than fifteen years of age." As a matter of fact, the birth register of Warren Hastings' father is yet to be discovered. In the *ACADEMY* of February 23 and April 27, 1889, will be found two letters telling all that is really known on the subject. He is there for the first time identified with one Penyston Hastings, who matriculated at Balliol College in 1724,

aged sixteen. He would, therefore, have been about twenty-two at the time of his marriage in 1730. It was, however, added that a pedigree in the possession of the family makes him out to have been born in 1704. As to his character, there may be some exaggeration in Macaulay's epithets, but certainly no "falsehood." According to Gleig, Warren Hastings never voluntarily alluded to his own father, but when questioned about him said:

"There was not much in my father's history that would be worth repeating, except that, when he became old enough, he entered into holy orders, and went to one of the West India Islands, where he died."

A more damaging piece of evidence has been brought to light by the industry of Sir Charles Lawson (*The Private Life of Warren Hastings*, 1895). He there prints a draft petition to Chancery, dated when Warren Hastings was not yet one year old, alleging that the father had abandoned his children, and combined with the trustees of his marriage settlement to divert his wife's fortune towards the payment of his own debts. These allegations, of course, may not be true; but the document was carefully preserved by Warren Hastings himself until his death.

We would not leave this book with a flavour of adverse criticism. In our judgment, it shows on every page a fine literary craftsmanship. As a chip from an Anglo-Indian workshop, it takes rank with *The Annals of Rural Bengal* and *The Old Missionary*. It might have borne for its motto the title of that most pathetic poem: "The Graves of a Household."

AMONG CANNIBALS.

The Fall of the Congo Arabs. By Sidney Langford Hinde. (Methuen.)

It was at the suggestion of the late Dr. Parke, of the Emin Relief Expedition, that Capt. Hinde was induced, in the autumn of 1891, to accept a commission as medical officer in the service of the Congo Free State. Soon after his arrival at Lusambo, on the Sankuru affluent of the Kasai, he was attached to the expedition under Commandant Dhanis, which started in July, 1892, to explore the lately acquired mineral district of Katanga, on the south-eastern confines of the Congo basin. But momentous events were pending, and this party of mining prospectors had not gone far on their way when they suddenly found themselves transformed to an armed force engaged in active hostilities with numerous bands of fierce Arab slavers and their native allies. Thus it happens that, instead of prosaic reports on Katanga copper mines, Capt. Hinde presents his readers with a vivid account of a series of military operations in which he took a prominent part, and which resulted in the final triumph of Western over Muhammadan culture throughout the Central African regions under Belgian administration.

Instead of following in detail the vicissitudes of this memorable struggle for ascend.

ency between Cross and Crescent, it must suffice here briefly to state that the war lasted altogether over fifteen months (October, 1892, to January, 1894), during which the flag of the Free State was successfully carried in the teeth of greatly superior numbers from Goinuyasso's, on the Lomami (October 26, 1892), to Nyangwe, on the Lualaba (March 4, 1893), and thence to Kasongo (April 22, 1893) and Kambari (January 25, 1894), within measurable distance of Lake Tanganyika. With the fall of the last-mentioned place the war was brought to a close, and a rapid survey of the field of operations showed that the Arab power had not merely been shattered, as more than once before, but actually effaced throughout the Upper Congo region. Some seventy thousand of the Arab and native hordes had perished, together with their great chief, Sefu, son of Tippu-Tip, while his successor, Rimaliza, of Uji, was driven across Tanganyika; all their strongholds had fallen; Nyangwe (Livingstone's Nyangwe) and Kasongo, the great centres of the slave trade, had been razed to the ground. The description of the loot obtained in the latter place almost conjures up visions of the sack of Delhi by Nadir Shah, and those who are accustomed to regard the Arabs as little better than savages will read with astonishment of the common soldiers sleeping on

"silk and satin mattresses in carved beds with silk mosquito curtains. . . . Here we found many European luxuries, the use of which we had almost forgotten: candles, sugar, matches, silver and glass goblets and decanters, were in profusion. We also took about twenty-five tons of ivory, ten or eleven tons of powder, millions of caps, cartridges for every kind of rifle, gun and revolver. . . . The granaries throughout the town were stocked with enormous quantities of rice, coffee, maize, and other food; the gardens were luxurious and well planted; and oranges, both sweet and bitter, guava, pomegranates, pineapples, and bananas abounded at every turn."

Others will be no less surprised to learn that most of the State forces by which these successes were achieved were themselves savages, or at least cannibals of a very pronounced type. In one place we are told that when orders were given to bury the dead after a hotly contested engagement there were none to bury, because all had either been eaten on the spot or else carried off for future consumption, so that of those sent on this duty it might literally be said, "sero venientibus ossa"! Elsewhere, when they are threatened with the vengeance of the formidable chief Mohara (the Arabs not knowing of his death), they jestingly retort: "Oh, we know all about Mohara; we ate him the day before yesterday." Again, we read that in the ill-starred chief Gongo Lutete's camp

"the sights were so appalling that even he did not care to put himself in the way of seeing them unnecessarily. He told us that everyone of the cannibals who accompanied him had at least one body to eat. All the meat was cooked and smoke-dried, and formed provisions for the whole of his force and for all the camp followers for many days afterwards. A volunteer drummer who had been with us for some time disappeared and we imagined had been killed. A day or two afterwards he was discovered

dead in a hut by the side of a half-consumed corpse—he had apparently overeaten himself and had died in consequence."

Capt. Hinde, who has given special attention to this subject, describes many other almost incredible horrors connected with anthropophagy, which he assures us is not only still rampant but even on the increase in the Congo Free State, though the explanation given seems scarcely adequate (p. 66). The increase was foreseen, and it was pointed out that this would be the inevitable consequence of the suppression of the traffic in slaves unless employment were found for the redundant population in some other way.

"The natural growth of the population, no longer kept under by the raids of the slave traders, must cause a further depreciation in the value of human life, and, in the absence of regular employment, the increasing number of idle hands must bring about a corresponding increase in the practice of witchcraft and of cannibalism in the extensive regions where anthropophagy is still rife. Hence these practices must continue to flourish until the native chiefs discover by experience that their subjects are more valuable as producers than as food for the market."

Capt. Hinde gives other details, which go far to confirm the conclusion recently arrived at by Dr. Rudolf Steinmetz, that cannibalism was most probably practised by primitive man, and that its association with religious or superstitious beliefs was "eine secundäre Erscheinung."†

Another distressing revelation made by Capt. Hinde directly affects the character of the Belgian administration of the Free State. On this subject he is for obvious reasons generally reticent. But he evidently could not find it in his conscience to suppress all reference to the tragic end of the above-mentioned loyal chief, Gongo Lutete. The judicial murder of Mr. Stokes by Capt. Lothaire gave rise to international complications, because he was a *civis Britannicus*. But the far more cruel and iniquitous murder of the hapless Lutete by Commandant Duchesne has scarcely been heard of outside the Central Bureau of the Free State at Brussels, because he was "only a nigger." Even Capt. Hinde is (perhaps necessarily) silent on some important details; but the world will here learn, for the first time, that towards the close of the war this faithful ally of the Free State, after rendering yeoman's services, was for no assignable reasons sentenced by Duchesne to a shameful death, and that the sentence was enforced under peculiarly horrible circumstances:

"When, after the court-martial, poor Gongo was told that he would be shot the following morning at eight o'clock, he appointed Lupungu his successor, and when left in his cell hanged himself with a rope plaited from part of his clothing, to avoid the disgrace of a public execution. Unfortunately he was discovered before life was extinct, and was cut down and resuscitated, and, as soon as he was sufficiently recovered, marched out and shot" (p. 212).

After the war Capt. Hinde was still able to do an excellent piece of exploring work on the Lukuga affluent of the Lualaba.

* A. H. Keane, *Africa* (1895, vol. i, p. 19).

† *Endokannibalismus* (Vienna, 1896, p. 60).

But we need not here dwell upon this expedition, full particulars of which will be found in a paper on the subject contributed by the author to the *Geographical Journal* for May, 1895—not *March*, as wrongly stated at pp. 6 and 287. The work is provided with a few useful diagrams of battlefields and two excellent portraits of Commandant (now Baron) Dhanis and Capt. Hinde, besides a somewhat meagre index, and a map of the scene of the warfare reproduced from that in the *Geographical Journal*, but rather overcrowded with itineraries crossing and re-crossing one another in an inextricable tangle.

AN AMERICAN HISTORIAN.

The Historical Development of Modern Europe.
By Charles M. Andrews. (Putnam.)

A GOOD example of the excellent work, which is being done by the younger school of American historians is found in this, the first volume of Prof. Andrews's study of the growth of modern Europe. Now that foreign affairs are attracting a much closer interest in this country than they usually do, a patient and impartial examination by so independent an observer is peculiarly valuable. With no more prepossessions than are natural to an American, a preference for republicanism over monarchy, and for liberal constitutions over centralised autocracy, Prof. Andrews traces the effect of the French Revolution and the Reaction of 1815, on the constitutional progress of the states of Western and Central Europe down to 1850. In a subsequent volume he proposes to bring the inquiry down to the present time. He does not profess to have gone behind accepted authorities or to have sifted anew the original materials, or to write a detailed history such as, for example, the late Mr. Fyffe's. He keeps to his main point, traces the currents of constitutional changes, and examines their causes without troubling to record any events but those which serve to illustrate the matter in hand. It cannot be said that his book, interesting as it is, produces a very enlivening effect on a reader's mind. Constitutional theories in foreign lands and the evolution of foreign political parties that have now passed off the stage, are topics always a trifle dry. Add to this a somewhat clotted and opaque style, often due to the fact that Prof. Andrews is practically translating his foreign original into a language composed of American words and exotic idioms, and the result is one which needs a little forbearance on the part of the average man. "Bourmont, Minister of War, old chief of the *Chouans*," "the rehabilitating of autocracy," "the Revolution was antagonising the nations," "a scheme of dismemberment and despoilation"—these are expressions that are hard to stomach. They are not, however, very serious matters. It is enough to give warning that the book is not without occasional rocks of offence.

From 1815 to 1848 the international history of Europe is the story of the struggle between the national idea and the legitimist idea. Austria, in the hands of Metternich,

for years barred the way with extraordinary skill and success to the aspirations of Germany and Italy towards national unity and constitutional government. France attained to popular freedom only at the price of revolution at home and frequent isolation abroad. Profiting by the enthusiasm which the Revolution of 1789 excited among the neighbours of France, the Directory and Napoleon were able to bring the populations of Germany and Italy under French control, largely because to them the French generals were deliverers from their own sovereign oppressors. But the national sentiment, thus awakened, presently turned against the Empire, and Napoleon, blind to what was taking place, at the same time met with a new opposition abroad and was being found out at home.

The ideas of 1789 had been abandoned by the Empire; France accepted its best gift, orderly and efficient administration, but was loyal to the giver only so long as his career was one of unchecked glory and success. Napoleon's reverses in 1812, 1813, and 1814 left him nothing to fall back upon. Contrary to the general view, Prof. Andrews thinks that in 1815 Napoleon's personal powers were in their prime, and his army one of hardened veterans, but, even if that had been the case, he must have fallen before long, for the idea of nationality at home and abroad was turning against him. It was the office of Austria from 1814 onwards to play upon the prejudices of sovereigns, on the apparent overthrow of the Revolution in France, and on the want of political experience and self-control among those who were animated by the spirit of nationality and freedom, and so to undo for a time the work of the French Revolution in Europe. The principles of intervention in defence of legitimacy, of opposition to every change which questioned or diminished the rights of sovereigns, were for fifteen years parts of the public law of all Europe, and till 1850 obtained in Germany, Austria, and Italy. To Metternich and Talleyrand Prof. Andrews does full justice, but other statesmen of European eminence figure less in his pages. He traces separately the rise of nationalism and constitutionalism in France, Italy, and Germany. His best chapters are those on the monarchy of July, though he is rather hard on Guizot, and relies perhaps too implicitly on that not very impartial observer, Lord Normanby. The Italian chapter, too, is full of movement and interest, and promises well for his account of the emancipation of united Italy in his future volume. Of the futilities of the Diet of Frankfurt and the squalid manoeuvres of small German states round the feet of Metternich, it would have been hard to write attractively. One thing is noticeable: in all this book England's part is treated as of small account, a tribute perhaps to our isolation, a rebuke possibly to our national self-pride. Prof. Andrews has the advantage of looking at Europe from across the Atlantic; Englishmen will, however, be apt to think—it may be wrongly—that Castlereagh, Canning, and Palmerston deserved a fuller mention than he thinks fit to give them.

There are a number of inaccuracies and blemishes in the book, which are to be regretted. The index is very partial, and omits numbers of names of the first importance. What "Canning, home secretary of England, and other clear-sighted Liberals believed" about the congress of Troppau seems a little cryptic. "The English representative in Sicily, Lord Bentinck," is better known as Lord William Bentinck. Napoleon's grievances in Elba must have been bad indeed to have "made his return more sudden and precipitous than it otherwise would have been"; and these two sentences—"The various attempts of the king to obtain a marriage alliance with one of the Great Powers was in itself reasonable and pleasing to the French people," and "it was to Austria *redivivus* that the failure of the revolutionary movement was in the last instance due"—would set even Board school children's teeth on edge. It is a pity not to keep so good a book clear of irritating mistakes, and perhaps an extra revision may serve to eliminate them from the next volume.

FOR DANTE STUDENTS.

Selections from the First Nine Books of the Cronica Fiorentina of Giovanni Villani.
Translated for the Use of Students of Dante, and Others. By Rose E. Selfe.
Edited by Philip H. Wicksteed, M.A.
(Archibald Constable.)

THE idea of this book is an excellent one, and it has for the most part been well carried out. The selections are taken from the first half of Villani's Chronicle, with the object, primarily, of illustrating the works of Dante, the date of whose death forms a convenient stopping place. Copious marginal references to the *Divina Commedia* and minor works (as printed in the handy "Oxford Dante") are supplied throughout. This part of the work (including an index of passages referred to) has been very thoroughly done, and will be of great service to Dante students. We have noticed omissions here and there; for instance, Villani's account of the destruction of Luni (i. 50) should have a reference to Par. xvi. 73, where the disappearance of this city is specially alluded to by Dante; another reference (to *Inf.* xxx. 74) is needed on p. 161; and one to Par. xiii. 127 might have been given on p. 39.

For the translation (the first attempt, we believe, of the kind), except in one particular, we have nothing but praise. The clumsiness of many of Villani's sentences, with their awkward "hanging" constructions, has been cleverly got over, without sacrificing the literalness or unduly modernising the style. We take exception, however, to the rendering of the proper names, which in many instances is slipshod in the extreme. For example, the name of the last of the Hohenstaufen appears as "Conradino," a form which is neither Italian nor English. If the Italian must be Anglicised, the recognised English form is "Conradin." Again, the names of four Frenchmen mentioned on p. 234 are given, one in English (King Charles), another in Italian (Alardo di

Valleri, properly Erard de Valéry), a third in French (Jean de Cléry), and a fourth in a mixture of English and French (William de Ville); on the same page occurs the mongrel "Conradino." These barbarisms and inconsistencies, together with sundry bad misprints (such as "Vita Nuovo," "Quaestia," "Namûrs," and so on), are serious blemishes in the otherwise scholarly appearance of the book, and we hope that in a future edition an attempt will be made to remove them. We may observe here that the index of proper names might with advantage have been made somewhat more comprehensive; and occasional cross-references might have been given.

Mr. Wicksteed, under whose supervision the work has been prepared, and who is responsible for the selection of the passages translated—a selection which could hardly be improved upon from the special point of view of the Dantist—supplies a helpful introduction, based in part upon Prof. Villari's valuable *Researches into the Early History of Florence*. He gives a much needed word of warning to the uninitiated as to the untrustworthiness of Villani in certain particulars.

Altogether the volume, which is handy and well printed, is a welcome addition to the now rapidly increasing library of Dante books published in England, and it deserves to be received with favour, not only by professed Dante students, but also by a wider circle of readers to whom Villani hitherto has been little more than a name.

MR. LE GALLIENNE'S ROMANCE.

The Quest of the Golden Girl. By Richard Le Gallienne. (John Lane.)

MR. LE GALLIENNE has many virtues: he has vivacity and radiance; he has love of lovely words; he has the gift of appreciation; he has good humour and alert sympathy; he has a gay fancy; of certain books he is a capable critic. Yet with all this he lacks dramatic imagination; and, like so many critics, no sooner essays a work of construction than his judgment departs; he esteems fashion and frippery above desirable things, and displays complete ignorance of what is right matter for the pen and what is not. His *Quest of the Golden Girl* fails from such a want of instinct and knowledge. In workmanship it is deft and sparkling, but the matter is puerile and ill-digested, leaving us in doubt as to whether a romance is within Mr. Le Gallienne's power at all.

The scheme of the book is charming. We meet on the threshold with a sentimental vagabond of thirty, with a full purse and nothing to do, who determines, in the merry month of May, to wander through England from inn to inn, seeking the ideal woman of his heart. What could be better? Cœlebs, it is true, had adventured thus before; but Cœlebs cannot at the outset compare for picturesque interest with Mr. Le Gallienne's hero. We find, however, only too soon that the modern author has overweighted himself; his bright, superficial pen is inadequate to the task; he

has too narrow a range; he knows too little; his prettinesses but half disguise poverty of thought; his ideals are second-rate; his models—Sterne and Stevenson—can endure no imitation. When his hero would be philosophical, he reminds us of school; when he would be cynical, he reminds us of college; when he would be Rabelaisian, he achieves only impropriety and silliness. From a hero of thirty we expect more, especially from one who travels with a copy of *Tom Jones*. Yet so little do we get, that no rightly developed reader over twenty could, we hold, find *The Quest of the Golden Girl* anything but tiresome. The half-baked, the perpetual boys, it may attract, but men and women and clear-sighted girls must meet with tedium there. They know; Mr. Le Gallienne's hero does not know—that is the difference. They know that no part of female anatomy resembles "two happy handfuls of white cherries" (or unhappy either, for that matter); they know that gipsy children are not "snarling, filthy little curs"; they know that no man worth a second thought would ever buy a petticoat and a pair of stockings from a clothes-line for travelling companions; they know that Mr. Le Gallienne's hero would never have married the woman he did marry. The book is not proven. Nothing in it is proven. Mr. Le Gallienne may reply that he has guarded against this charge by labelling it a "romance," but to that we retort, "Then why not have kept it sweet?" What right has a romance-writer and avowed admirer of *Aucassin and Nicolette* and *As You Like It* to tell us that the best women are made of beefsteaks; that all barnmaids come from Manchester; that the Alps are greasy from so much climbing; or to devise anything so ugly and ridiculous as the relations of the "new" Rosalind and Orlando? No, it will not do. Mr. Le Gallienne has forgotten his honesty and his duty to the Muses he would serve. He has aimed, as no artist should, at two publics—that which desires romance and that which desires lubricity, and, being one half in earnest, he has fallen between the two.

We are sorry to have to write in this strain of the first considerable story by one of the most debonair of living writers. But there is no alternative. We find, however, one scrap of comfort: the faults of taste and discretion in this book are, some of them, so glaring (and we are disposed to hope, so insincere) as to persuade us that Mr. Le Gallienne has been flattered into their committal. Were they purely Mr. Le Gallienne's own, and not the result of outside influence, he would, we feel, have made them years ago in his first book rather than in an eighth or ninth. Exotic, however, we hold them to be, and some day we expect Mr. Le Gallienne to regret them as cordially as we do now.

THE CITY.

Modern History of the City of London. By Charles Welch, F.S.A. (Blades, East, & Blades.)

THIS book is magnificent, but it is not a history. Mr. Welch says truly that the

reader must decide how far the promises of the prospectus have been fulfilled; and that he may do so the more readily the prospectus is reprinted at the end of the volume. In it we read: "The aim of the present work is to give a history of the City of London from the accession of George III. to the present time." We are further informed that the work sets forth the material transformation of the City, its government, &c., and political and social features; and that "the changes which have been in operation are concisely and accurately traced." We cannot admit that this programme has been fulfilled in the real sense of these words.

Mr. Welch gives us simply a diary of the City's history since 1761. Under each year he has written down whatever happened in that year, great or small, ephemeral or momentous. If some intelligent Old Parr had begun to keep a diary in the City in 1761, and had kept it to this day, jotting down what was interesting in his morning paper, and what he saw in his morning walk, he would have produced a record very like this "Modern History" of the City. Thus, the account of events in 1830 runs in this sequence:

"A man was badly injured by one of the leopards in the Tower menagerie (January 2, 1830).—The House of Commons passed an Act establishing a horse market at West Smithfield every Thursday (April).—The Common Council decided to petition for mitigation of the laws relating to capital punishment (May 28), and on June 17 further resolved, &c. . . —King George IV. died, June 26, and on the 28 William IV. was proclaimed, with the customary ceremonies at Chancery-lane, Wood-street, Royal Exchange, and Aldgate."

This book, then, is a chronology. But now let it be declared that it is full of interesting historical details. Its details are its justification; and at bottom we have a sneaking kindness for its disorder. It is one of those books that please in an hour when one has not energy for study, yet is not disposed to relax entirely. In such pages one finds the beginnings of study, and, maybe, the appetite for it. Here are a few random entries. 1793:

"A man, condemned to death for robbery in Hatton Garden, committed suicide in Newgate. The body, extended on a plank on the top of an open cart, clothed and fettered, the face covered with a white cloth, was carried to the brow of Holborn Hill, opposite the end of Hatton Garden, and deposited in a deep pit, with a stake driven through the chest."

This gives a new eeriness to Holborn-circus. 1814:

"On the morning of February 21, a person wearing a white cockade rode past the Royal Exchange in a four-horse chaise, the vehicle being decorated with sprigs of laurel. A similar chaise was seen in the West End. These demonstrations were believed to confirm flying rumours of Bonaparte's defeat and death, and crowds collected near Hyde Park and the Tower awaiting the discharge of the guns. The affair was a hoax arranged to force up the price of certain stock. Lord Cochrane and others were accused of being involved in the conspiracy, and condemned to fines and exposure in the pillory."

1829:

"Shillibeer started the first pair of omnibuses

in the metropolis from the Bank to the 'Yorkshire Stingo,' New-road."

Of such suggestive trifles the book is full. Sometimes Mr. Welch misses a point. In recording the demolition of the "Bull and Mouth" tavern, in Aldersgate-street, to make room for the new buildings of the General Post Office, he has not a word about the early Quakers who laboured, and were persecuted, here. Yet the benches and galleries of their old conventicle have been seen by persons now living.

There are no maps of London in the book. There should have been at least two—one, say, of 1765, and another, say, of 1835. The illustrations are numerous and interesting, and the dark red cover, blazoned with the City's arms and motto, is stately without suggesting the Lord Mayor's carriage.

IN LANDS OF SUNSHINE.

With the Jungle Folk. By E. D. Cuming. (Osgood, McIlvane & Co.)

On the Nile with a Camera. By Anthony Wilkin. (Unwin.)

Crags and Craters. By W. D. Oliver. (Longmans & Co.)

Glimpses of Sunny Lands. By R. W. W. Cryan, M.A. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

The Riviéras. By Augustus J. C. Hare. (George Allen.)

EVERYONE who a few years since was fortunate enough to come across a small volume of Burmese sketches, entitled *Under the Shadow of the Pagoda*, will be glad to renew their acquaintance with its author. One could wish, perhaps, that Mr. Cuming on this occasion had preferred his subsidiary title, *In a Burmese Village*, for his talk is again chiefly of bloodthirsty dacoits and frightened villagers, and not at all of *hathi* and the rest whom Mr. Kipling has taught us to regard as the true jungle-folk. And yet in one respect the work of the two writers is very similar, for both possess the same trick of providing their characters with convincing speech, although expressed in the English tongue. Mr. Cuming not only shows an intimate knowledge of the thought and habit of the Burman, but he can introduce individuals of the race to his readers with a distinctness which compels interest, while throughout he is equally successful in reproducing the quaint Burmese sense of humour. On the present occasion, instead of mere studies, he presents us with a single connected story—one might almost call it a novel, full of incident both pathetic and thrilling. The scene is not entirely confined to the jungle, for at no great distance is an outlying station where there are Englishmen, dealers in *paddy*, or occupying positions under the Government; and here, too, Mr. Cuming is ready to take you behind the scenes and to show you things as they are, and not as they perhaps seem in official reports. In many ways Burmah is a most interesting country, differing in almost every essential from the more exploited provinces of Hindustan. And, so far as we

are aware, Mr. Cuming is as yet its only prophet.

In his preface to *On the Nile with a Camera* Mr. Wilkin tells us that he is aware that everyone who visits Egypt for the first time writes a book on his return. He apologises, however, for his own observance of this custom by claiming (1) that his photographs are, as a rule, better than those of his predecessors, and (2) that Egypt is at the present moment of extraordinary interest to Englishmen, and that he has been fortunate enough to obtain pictures of "many places daily mentioned in the newspapers as the scene of military preparations, arrivals, and departures." Unfortunately, however, for this second claim Mr. Wilkin confined his exploration of Egypt to the beaten track pursued by the ordinary Cook's tourist as far as the Second Cataract. His photographs are undeniably excellent, and his publisher has given him every aid towards their successful reproduction, although the thick clayed paper used makes the volume unpleasantly heavy. As to the letterpress that accompanies the abundant illustrations one may willingly allow the claim of its author that it is "modest and sufficient." It is, indeed, little more than a diary, helped out by the guide-book.

In *Crags and Craters* Mr. Oliver takes us to the little-known shores of the Island of Réunion, whose chief attractions seem to be an inoffensive Creole populace, a fair climate (in the interior), and in addition the crags and craters which give the title to his work. When he tells us that Réunion for its size has almost, if not quite, the highest mountain in the world, he probably forgets Teneriffe, which is so much more accessible to most of his readers. He seems, however, to have produced a useful handbook to the little French colony.

"Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum," says Mr. Cryan, M.A., in his preface to *Glimpses of Sunny Lands*, and throughout his otherwise unpretentious little book of travels he worries his readers with much hackneyed quotation and rather slender scholarship. In turn he shows us round such diverse places as Bistra, Athens, the Yosemite Valley, Seville, Capri, &c.

It is curious that so confirmed a cicerone as Mr. Augustus Hare should not have at an earlier date taken the great popularity of the *Riviéras* into consideration. But the present little volume, clad in the familiar binding of black and scarlet, is a first edition, whereas *Florence* has reached its fourth and *Walks in Rome* its fourteenth. In the present instance, Mr. Hare is much less chatty than usual, and in many respects seems to incline towards the style and "make-up" of Baedeker. Considered as merely a guide-book the result is all that could be desired; the information given seems, in all cases, accurate and to the point. But there is one obvious defect. There are sixty-seven woodcuts, all of excellent value, and there is also a capital index, but there is never a map, an omission not found, so far as we can remember, in any of Mr. Hare's similar volumes.

FICTION.

Phroso: a Romance. By Anthony Hope. (Methuen & Co.)

THERE is a picture in the National Gallery of the return of Ulysses to Penelope. It hangs in the Umbrian Room, is by Pinturicchio, and has become memorable to at least one onlooker for the sake of the figure of Ulysses, who breathes and walks, the very personification of Romance. Probably it is more difficult to realise the atmosphere of romance between the covers of a book than in a picture. In *Phroso* Mr. Anthony Hope has succeeded in so doing, and with such apparent ease that it is difficult to believe that this flight of fancy was not written from an armchair in the course of a few summer afternoons. *Phroso* is the pet name of the Lady Euphrosyne of the island of Neopalia, which is nine miles long and five broad, and distant a hundred miles from Rhodes. When, on the second page, Lord Wheatley tells the reader and the world that he has just purchased the island from the old Lord of Neopalia for seven thousand five hundred and fifty pounds, that the Turkish Government have sanctioned the sale, and that he purposes spending a quiet holiday there till the time shall come when he must settle down and marry Miss Beatrice Hipgrave—the experienced novel-reader looks knowing. He knows that Beatrice will never be Lady Wheatley.

The story of the adventures—love, battle, and death—of Lord Wheatley and his three companions upon the island of Neopalia is excellently done, with humour, with gaiety, with reticence, and in high spirits. The three hundred and odd inhabitants of Neopalia received the strangers badly. Their arch enemy is a capital scoundrel—Constantine Stefanopoulos—cousin and suitor to the Lady Euphrosyne, who in the fulness of time and after much wickedness dies a horrible but richly deserved death at p. 328. *Phroso* by this time is ready to fall into Lord Wheatley's arms, but Mr. Anthony Hope will not have it so. He brings to fruition another and an even more excellent villain, the Turkish Governor, Mouraki Pasha, an Armenian by birth, and a very subtle murderer. The death of Mouraki Pasha is one of the best things in the book. If adventures do crowd somewhat thickly about the path of the agreeable and valiant young hero, we can forgive the furious and fast-following episodes of his glorious life for the gallant and humorous manner of the narrative. Finally, finding, much to his relief, that in his absence Beatrice has jilted him, Lord Wheatley leaves the island in the whirl of a final breathless incident, returns to London with the Lady Euphrosyne, and marries her. From cover to cover *Phroso* not only engages the attention, but carries the reader on in little whirls of delight from adventure to adventure.

The Little Regiment, and other Episodes of the American Civil War. By Stephen Crane. (William Heinemann.)

MR. CRANE has attempted the bold and dangerous task of writing two books on

exactly the same subject, from exactly the same standpoint, and making use of exactly the same background. This has proved a stumbling-block to many more experienced authors, and it is high praise to say that *The Little Regiment*, in every way a companion volume to *The Red Badge of Courage*, is not one whit behind it in power or picturesqueness. It is true that war is a far-reaching, inexhaustible subject, but Mr. Crane does not content himself with bird's-eye views of the battlefield. He takes his stand with the rank and file of the army, with the men who fight wherever their feet are planted until more orders come, knowing absolutely nothing of the general significance of their actions. The awful monotony of his pictures is almost depressing: there is no room for variety of any kind.

The present volume is made up of six episodes. The story entitled *The Little Regiment* stands out from the others as the most finished, the most complete piece of work Mr. Crane has given us. It is a short sketch, but brimful of the grim reality of war. Although individuals seem almost insignificant in such a picture, each man is perfectly realised. Dan and Billie live before our eyes, and we feel sure we should recognise "the man who sat on the horse-hair trunk" among a thousand. As a word painting *The Little Regiment* is truly wonderful. In every sentence we can hear, even more clearly than in *The Red Badge of Courage*, the panther-like screaming, the witches' crooning of the shells, the cracking of the skirmishers, the spattering and zipping of the bullets, while through all these pulsates the fierce elation of the men amid the horrors. Great dashes of crimson and blobs of blue break occasionally through the dim and mystic clouds of grey mist, and the whole demoniacal howling of the battle quivers in our brain for hours.

Mr. Crane relies for his effects on daring and original colour similes. He is a word artist of infinite resource, and for everything he invents a special hue. The sense of smell which plays such a prominent part in Zola's *Débâcle* is conspicuous by its absence. We certainly miss the *odeur de la guerre*.

Mr. Crane's peculiar genius is admirably adapted to the exigencies of the short story. He writes at such fever heat, and puts so much of the rush and turmoil of battle into his short, quivering sentences, that a long-continued story like *The Red Badge of Courage* comes as a strain to the mind of the average reader, who closes the book with a genuine sigh of relief. In these episodes the pace is faster, the intensity more striking than ever; but the pauses between the stories give time for breathing. Compared with *The Little Regiment*, the other episodes are more sketchy and less compact. *An Indiana Campaign* is a pleasant piece of comedy, which comes as a relief amid the all-pervading gloom; but Mr. Crane lacks the necessary lightness of touch. *The Veteran*, the story of an old man who meets his death in the flames while trying to rescue some colts, is a trifle theatrical and commonplace. A woman figures in *Three Miraculous Soldiers* and *A Grey Sleeve*, but she seems out of her element and only half

realised. *A Mystery of Heroism*, a new version of an episode in the Cave of Adullam, and a splendid psychological revelation of the feelings of a desperado, is, in its way, as perfect a piece of work as *The Little Regiment*, though the tone is quieter and more subdued.

The Idol-Maker. By Adeline Sergeant. (Hutchinson & Co.)

PERRY WILSON, afterwards Sir Francis Dysart, is a curiosity among heroes. A timid, ridiculous lad, with a passion for missionary labours among the Hindoos, is not the sort of person you expect a novel by Miss Sergeant or of any other lady to pivot itself on. His recreation in India is to go about demolishing idols with a hammer. He is not disconcerted when the heathen rage furiously together against him, but he turns white at the idea of mounting a horse. Round this weird fanatic, who comes home to find that his uncle's tile factory is really an establishment for the manufacture of idols for export, Miss Sergeant contrives to weave a strong and pathetic story. Nowhere has she treated a difficult theme with greater skill and success. There is no denying that for at least half the book your feeling towards the unhappy Perry is one of considerable impatience. Most of the other men in the story want to kick him; and you do not blame them. Even at the end, after you have read of renunciations without parallel in a season's novels, you admit that he is just the sort of pernicious and impracticable person who causes Indian mutinies and Chinese massacres. In most hands such a novel would be a fiasco; but *The Idol-Maker* will rank with Miss Sergeant's best. She has done nothing that will be read with keener interest or with greater satisfaction.

The Dowager's Determination. By Florence Severne. (Digby, Long & Co.)

MISS FLORENCE SEVERNE has been bitten by the heredity microbe. The dowager in question is Lady Raymore, and her determination is to get her grandson married, with the object of perpetuating the family and of eliminating the strain of insanity which has for two generations been the skeleton in the Raymore cupboard. Lilian Jardine is the chosen victim, but her sacrifice does not avail. Eventually the madman tries to kill his wife at dinner, and, failing in that, stabs himself. It is a nauseous story, and Miss Severne has not quite the magic touch which can make the nauseous palatable. Her art—which is especially weak in the matter of punctuation—does not bring us through her maniacal episodes without a sense of revolt at the liberty the author is taking with us. Miss Severne forgets the conventions. An ordinarily amiable hero or heroine, though tiresome, may be introduced to the public without offence. But when it comes to a young gentleman who is a madman and several other things, one looks for some valid reason before admitting him to the circle of one's literary acquaintances. Miss Severne gives no such reason, nor has her story charm.

An Anxious Moment, and Other Stories. By Mrs. Hungerford. (Chatto & Windus.)

It is with a sense of bereavement that one takes up this book, remembering that the author has just passed away. The volume is merely a collection of short stories from various sources, and cannot be expected to have any influence on a reputation made long ago by more pretentious works. But it is appropriate that the contents should be so typical of the author's tastes. We have always known Mrs. Hungerford for a worshipper of the old gods of fiction. The "spasm" school had no disciple in her. Give her a pretty story of love to tell, and few of her craft could tell it better. A task much to her mind was to bring a couple of foolish young persons out of a baseless antipathy into a mountain of affection for one another, as ordained by the will of a deceased uncle; she does it twice in this book. Another of her favourites is the Cinderella motif, which also occurs twice and is once acknowledged by name. But if Mrs. Hungerford's machinery is conventional, there is an undeniable charm about her boys and girls. She is herself the excuse for that liberty of expression, for in an interesting little autobiographical paper at the end of the book she confesses to "a young man and woman for choice." "They are *always*," she adds, "young with me, for what under the heaven we are promised is altogether so perfect as youth?" And we are her debtors for many hours of youth renewed in the merry company of her books.

Blind Bats. By Margaret B. Cross. (Hurst & Blackett.)

It is not quite clear to whom the invidious title of this book refers. It may be to Miss Barbara Plowden, who, having a quarrel with Mr. Tom Westropp over the custody of her little niece, arranges to rid herself of him by a little scheme of matrimony. It may be Mr. Westropp himself, who upsets that plan by marrying Barbara herself. It may be Miss Nelly Mitford, of Girtton, who revels in mathematics and ends by reducing it to terms of domestic duties. Or it may be several other people. At any rate, it does not apply to us, who see clearly enough that the book is one of merit and charm—a wholesome and happy book, which fascinates none the less because the blindest of bats can see that when Miss Plowden announces to her friend her determination to "marry that man," the verb will turn out in the last chapter to be transitive. Miss Cross has some neat phrases. One woman is "always in the nursery and out of fashion." Another "took herself seriously, and that is an enormous advantage when dealing with one's frivolous and unenlightened elders." Another—the admirable Miss Plowden—remarks that "every woman ought to have a child: it is a piece of preposterous mismanagement that she doesn't." It is all the more painful to find Browning mutilated by the same tender-hearted lady:

"A little more, and oh, how much it is!
A little less, and oh, what miles away!"

Why will lady novelists misquote?

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THE WEEK.

IMPRESSIONS OF NEW BOOKS.

THE book of the week is Dr. Nansen's book—no other, and it is reviewed in another column.

The third volume of Mr. Henley's *The Poetry of Robert Burns* has just been issued and is occupied entirely with songs and notes thereon. The subjects of Mr. Hole's etched illustrations are—"Where Stinchard Flows," "John Anderson My Jo," "Burns and Highland Mary," "The Soldier's Return," "Duncan Gray," and "Lincluden." Besides these etchings there are facsimiles of Burns's MSS. of "Does Haughty Gaul Invasion Threat?" and "Scots, Wha Hae." The notes fill rather more than two hundred pages in a total of rather more than five hundred.

The most important publication dealing with history is undoubtedly Prof. Maitland's *Domesday Book and Beyond*. It consists of three essays in the Early History of England, and the author explains:

"The title under which I here collect my three essays is chosen for the purpose of indicating that I have followed that retrogressive method 'from the known to the unknown,' of which Mr. Seebohm is the apostle. *Domesday Book* appears to me not, indeed, as the known, but as the knowable. The *Beyond* is still very dark: but the way to it lies through the Norman record. A result is given to us: the problem is to find cause and process. That in some sort I have been endeavouring to answer Mr. Seebohm I cannot conceal from myself or from others. A hearty admiration of his *English Village Community* is one main source of this book. That the task of disputing his conclusions might have fallen to stronger hands than mine I well know. I had hoped that by this time Prof. Vinogradoff's *Villainage in England* would have had a sequel. When that sequel comes (and it may come soon) my provisional answer can be forgotten.

The book contains over 500 pages

It seemed as if the fiction of the week would have been made memorable by the breaking of Olive Schreiner's long silence, but a hasty glance at *Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland* suggests that the work is mainly political. The book is not very long, but almost the first words that catch a casual eye, peeping between the pages, are those of Beit and Barnato! *Trooper Peter Halket* is dedicated: "To a Great and Good Man, Sir George Grey, once Governor of the Cape Colony," with these lines:

"Our low life was the level's and the night's;
He's for the morning."

Another novel in which some interest will be felt is *The Man of Straw*, by Edwin Pugh, author of *A Street in Suburbia*. It is a bulky volume of 350 pages in a pleasant canvas cover. Mr. Pugh's endeavour has been to describe the city clerk, his joys and sorrows. The chapters are grouped in "stages" instead of books. "The Glorious Shadow" is the name of the first stage; the last bears the title of "The Outcome." The dedication of *A Pinchbeck Goddess* is "To My Brother"; the title-page discloses the author's name to be Alice M. Kipling (Mrs. J. M. Fleming). *A Pearl of the Realm* is a historical novel. "To me it has been a labour of love," says the author in her preface, and she has taken her labours very seriously. *Passports*, by I. Julien Armstrong, in Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Little Novels" series, is a little volume of under a hundred pages. One of these stories, "Her Passport into Heaven," attracted considerable notice on its publication in the *English Illustrated Magazine* a couple of Christmases ago.

Mr. Edmund Gosse's *Seventeenth Century Studies* have just been issued in a third edition by Mr. Heinemann. The first edition appeared fourteen years ago, and the book was begun twenty-five years ago, so that Mr. Gosse may have cause to write: "As I read now what I wrote so long ago, I feel that my task was more exuberant than it would be to-day, and my judgment sometimes more positive." However, Mr. Gosse has not pruned his exuberance or watered down his dogmatism. He has been content to add an index.

We have, this week, one more attempt to complete the *Compleat Angler*. And it must be said that Old Izaak has rarely appeared in a handsomer dress, or in statlier bulk, than in this large octavo edition which Mr. Richard Le Gallienne has edited, and Mr. Edmund H. New has illustrated. Mr. New's clean, conventional style of drawing suits well the sleepy riverside streets and church towers and rustic bridges which enter into the scenery of the book. The editor's Introduction occupies over fifty pages, and the book is dedicated in a sonnet, which we quote, to the Earl of Crewe, the direct descendant of that John Offley, of Madeley Manor, to whom Walton inscribed the first edition. Mr. Le Gallienne's lines are as follows:

"Lord of the Madeley peace, the quiet grass,
The lilled pond, and the muffled sleepy mill;
Lord of each legendary fish that swims
Deep down and swift beneath that emerald glass;

While, soft as shadows, round its grassy rims
The patient anglers move from east to west,
Patient at morn, at evening patient still—
Peace, if not fish, was theirs, and peace is best;

To you, John Offley's far-descended son,
What to your grandsire—past computing
"great"—

Our Walton gone is here re-dedicate;
Heirloom of ancient friendship friendly still
In this old book, though all the talk be done."

For a new theory concerning Goethe's *Faust*, by a writer who is evidently in earnest, see *Goethe's Faust*, by R. McLintock. The author's preface has the downrightness which one likes in these days of echoed and safety-loving criticism. "I am vain enough," he writes, "to fancy that, on this occasion, my thoughts on *Faust* may help a few eyes to see the imbecility and absolute immorality of some of the current interpretations of the work." That way controversy lies, and we hope there will be some.

A timely looking book is *South Africa as It Is*, by F. Reginald Statham. Sir Alfred Milner will be interested to hear that "it is an old and approved saying in South African Colonies that no High Commissioner—the functionary who, in the highest sense, represents the British Government—can acquire an independent knowledge of the country in which he is so important a factor in less than three years." The author traces the history and discusses the successive problems of South African politics from the annexation of the Transvaal in 1877 down to the Jameson Raid, and the problem: "What is to follow?"

Mrs. Müller's *Letters From Constantinople* have been expected for some time.

"These letters," says Mrs. Müller in her preface, "are enlarged from letters I wrote three years ago during the bright days I enjoyed at Constantinople. I went there with my husband, who required change and rest, to see our son, who was then, and still is, Secretary of Embassy there. Though our son's letters had led us to expect much, the extreme loveliness of the Bosphorus, and the interest of the historical monuments in and around Constantinople, took us completely by surprise."

By the kindness of Sir Clare Ford, and the special favour of the Sultan, the travellers saw much that is denied to most English eyes in the city on the Bosphorus.

Who does not remember that hot mid-day of the 22nd of June, 1893, when the news of the *Victoria* disaster was flashed to London? Many Englishmen had till then but a slight acquaintance with the name of Sir George Tryon, and to this day public curiosity respecting his career cannot be said to have been fully satisfied. But here is his biography, written by Rear-Admiral C. C. Penrose Fitzgerald, and bearing every sign of completeness. The publishers, Messrs. Blackwood, have put the book into dark blue cloth, on which Sir George Tryon's red and white flag flutters from a gilded flagstaff. Successful—up to the last day of his life!—such is the sad, proud verdict of Sir George Tryon's biographer, and it expresses the feeling of the nation he served. The book is sufficiently illustrated; and a portrait of Sir George Tryon is given as the frontispiece.

Mr. Mundella stands as sponsor to *The Life-Story of John Buckley*, which is edited by J. C. Buckmaster. Mr. Buckley is still living, having "entered the autumn of life in comfort, and with the esteem of many friends." He was an Anti-Corn Law agitator, and in later years has been an ardent educationalist. The provinces can show many men of this sturdy type whose names are unheard in London, and Mr. Mundella hopes that Mr. Buckley's story, as told by himself, "will be of service in attracting attention to the simple, struggling life of a young reformer who was not afraid to sow the good seed in the teeth of many a wintry blast."

Prof. Sidgwick has revised a second edition of his *Elements of Politics*. He has dealt with criticisms which the work has called forth, and made minor changes for the sake of clearness. The chief of these has been the removal of the author's criticism on John Austin's theory of sovereignty to an appendix, and also the enlargement of this feature.

Theological works increase in number as the year advances towards Lent. Dean Lichfield's *Footprints of the Apostles as Traced by St. Luke in the Acts*, being sixty portions for private study and instruction in church, is perhaps the most important. These two volumes are issued as a sequel to *Footprints of the Son of Man as Traced by St. Mark*, from the same pen. *The Spirit of the Waters*, by the author of *Philochristus and Onesimus*, was written three or four years ago to set forth the grounds for accepting a non-miraculous Christianity. *The More Abundant Life* is a small collection of Lenten readings selected from the unpublished MSS. of Mr. Phillips Brooks.

Among the dozen or so volumes of verse which have reached us we notice *The Lover's Missal*, by Eric Mackay, and are reminded that Miss Marie Corelli's new story, *Ziska*, appeared on the same day. But we have seen it only in the shop windows. Miss Marie Corelli's books do not reach editorial tables.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGY.

- FOOTPRINTS OF THE APOSTLES. By Herbert Mortimer Luckock. 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co. 12s.
THE MORE ABUNDANT LIFE. By the Right Rev. Phillips Brooks. Macmillan.

HISTORY.

- DOMESDAY BOOK AND BEYOND. By Frederic William Maitland. Cambridge University Press. 16s.
THE PAST HISTORY OF IRELAND. By S. E. B. Bouverie-Pusey. T. Fisher Unwin. 1s.
THE STORY OF THE NATIONS: BRITISH INDIA. By R. W. Frazer. T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.
SOME CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE NEW ENGLAND COMPANY AND THE COMMISSIONERS OF THE UNITED COLONIES (1657-1712). Spottiswoode & Co.

BIOGRAPHY.

- EDWARD CRICHTON LEFROY. By Wilfred Austin Gill. John Lane. 5s.
A VILLAGE POLITICIAN. By John Buckley. T. Fisher Unwin.
LIFE OF VICE-ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE TRYON. By Rear-Admiral C. C. Penrose Fitzgerald. William Blackwood & Sons. 21s.

EDUCATIONAL.

- LATIN EXERCISES FOR LOWER SCHOOL FORMS. By W. M. Hardman and Rev. Arthur S. Walpole, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co. 2s.
THE UNIVERSITY TUTORIAL SERIES: A HISTORY OF ROME 81 B.C.-96 A.D. By A. Allcroft, M.A.
ENGLISH SPELLING BOOK FOR INDIAN SCHOOLS. By Dinanath Sen. Girish Chandra Sen (Gandaria, Dacca).
SPANISH SELF-TAUGHT. By C. A. Thimm. E. Marlborough & Co. 1s.

POETRY.

- SHERDS AND PATCHES. By James Dowman. W. Jolly & Sons (Aberdeen).
THE CAPTAIN OF THE "DOLPHIN," AND OTHER POEMS OF THE SEA. By Frederick J. Johnston-Smith. Digby, Long & Co.
A BOOK OF SCOTTISH POETRY. Selected by M. B. Synge. Edward Arnold. 1s.
GOTHE'S "FAUST." By R. McLintock. David Nutt. 10s.
THE LOVER'S MISSAL. By Eric Mackay. Walter Scott. 2s.
SUN AND MIST. By E. St. G. Betts. T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d.
THE MICKLE DEEDE, AND OTHER VERSES. By Gordon Bottomley. T. Wilson (Kendal).
IN THE PROMISED LAND, AND OTHER POEMS. By Michael Lynch. Charles O'Farrell (Boston).
THE LOVE PHILTER, AND OTHER POEMS. By Helen F. Schweitzer. John Macqueen. 5s.
THE FARRIE QUEENE. By Edmund Spenser. Book I. Edited by Kate M. Warren. Constable & Co. 1s. 6d.

ART AND BELLES LETTRES.

- IN CHILDHOOD'S COUNTRY. By Louise Chandler Moulton. James Bowden.
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY STUDIES. By Edmund Gosse. William Heinemann. 7s. 6d.
THE COMPLETE ANGLER. By Isaac Walton and Charles Cotton. Edited by Richard Le Gallienne. John Lane. 15s.

TRAVEL.

- LETTERS FROM THE SUDAN. By E. F. Knight. Macmillan & Co. 8s. 6d.
THE EDGE OF THE ORIENT. By Robert Howard Russell. Kegan, Paul & Co. 8s. 6d.
LETTERS FROM CONSTANTINOPLE. By Mrs. Max Müller. Longmans, Green & Co. 6s.

FICTION.

- COLOUR-SERGEANT, NO. 1 COMPANY. By Mrs. Leith Adams. Jarrold & Sons.
PASSPORTS. By I. J. Armstrong. T. Fisher Unwin. 1s.
TAREAGAL. By E. T. Hooley. Gay & Bird. 3s. 6d.
KAKEMONUS. By W. Carlton Dawe. John Lane.
A PINCHBECK GODDESS. By Mrs. J. M. Fleming. William Heinemann. 3s. 6d.
THE WOOING OF A FAIRY. By Gertrude Warden. Hurst & Blackett. 6s.
TROOPER PETER HALKET OF MASHONALAND. By Olive Schreiner. T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.
A PEARL OF THE REALM. By Anna L. Glyn. Hutchinson & Co. 6s.
SEBASTIAN'S SECRET. By S. E. Waller. Chatto & Windus.
THE WAY OF THE WIND. By Charles K. Burrow. Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d.
THE MAN OF STRAW. By Edwin Pugh. William Heinemann.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- SOUDAN, '93. By H. C. Seppings Wright. Horace Cox. 1s.
ENGLAND'S ATTAINMENT OF COMMERCIAL SUPREMACY. By H. Tipper. Elliot Stock.
A PLAN FOR THE UNBORN. By Henry Smith. Watts & Co.
CATALOGUE OF THE GREEK COINS OF CARIA, COS, RHODES, &c. By Barclay V. Head, D.C.L. Printed by order of the Trustees of the British Museum.
LIFE ASSURANCE EXPLAINED. By William Schooling. Cassell & Co. 1s.

MEDICAL.

- THE MENOPAUSE AND ITS DISORDERS. By A. D. Leith Napier. The Scientific Press, Ltd.
WASTED RECORDS OF DISEASE. By Charles E. Paget. Edward Arnold. 2s. 6d.

POLITICS.

- SOUTH AFRICA AS IT IS. By Reginald Statham. T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d.
THE ELEMENTS OF POLITICS. By Henry Sidgwick. Second edition, revised. Macmillan & Co. 14s.

PERIODICALS, PAMPHLETS, &c.

- ENGLISH STATUTE LAW REVISED. By Paul Strickland. William Clowes & Sons. 2s. 6d.

SOME MEMORIES OF PAUL VERLAINE.

BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM.

"Je ne sors d'ailleurs pas, retenu 'by the gout,'" was the conclusion of the poet's first letter inviting me to call upon him at 16, Rue St. Victor. One sunny July afternoon, after much searching, I discovered this narrow and squalid street in the fourth arrondissement. At the doorway of the house in which Verlaine lived was a group of gossiping women with dishevelled hair, and uncared-for children were scrambling in the gutter or playing hide-and-seek behind the petticoats of the elders, as in the slums of London. "Monsieur Verlaine," said one of the women with a marked tone of reverence as she repeated the poet's name in answer to my inquiry for his flat, "Au quatrième, la porte à gauche." And so I made my way up the narrow, creaking stairs to the two small rooms which Verlaine and his housekeeper occupied at this time.

He was sitting in an arm-chair near the open window; his right leg, swathed in bandages, resting on a stool. On a table before him were the materials for writing which he always kept within reach so as to be able at a moment's notice to record his thoughts. He gave me the impression of a person who was suffering much pain, but who was too proud to show it. His manner during the first two hours of our conversation was reserved and dignified. Later, his temper broke down under the pain he was suffering, and he freely denounced his enemies.

I remember during the course of our conversation expressing admiration for one of his poems, "À Eugénie," which had been published a short time before in the *New Review*—a charming piece of work in which the author dwelt lovingly on the virtues and beauty apparently of some young girl very dear to him. Out shot Verlaine's hand towards his pen to make a note of the date of the magazine on the edge of a newspaper, for he did not appear to have heard of its publication, and cheques were things which rarely came in his direction. "Not that I myself care for money," he said apologetically, "but these good people must be paid"—and he made a motion with his hand to indicate the proprietors of the house. Hardly had he spoken the words than a kindly looking buxom woman of forty entered the room and was about to hurriedly withdraw upon seeing a visitor when Verlaine begged her to remain. Then, with a wave of his hand and a kindly smile, he said, "Voilà Eugénie!"—the Eugénie of the poem of which we had been speaking, the poet's countrywoman, the Alsatian who to the end of his days remained his staunch friend when others deserted him, and who was the embodiment to him of all that was most beautiful.

It was a pleasing incident to preface our friendship. Then a few minutes later the baby girl of a neighbour toddled into the room to say the only words she had yet learnt: "Bonjour, Monsieur Verlaine," and the delight which he showed in taking her



MICHAEL DRAYTON

From the Picture in the National Portrait Gallery

on his knee was equally pleasing. But after this period of calm there was to come the storm, a wild outburst of wrath caused by the attack which Herr Max Nordau made upon him in *Degeneration*. The book had just been published in a French edition and Verlaine was glad to have the opportunity of reading the copy which I had brought with me. Line by line we read through the chapter on the symbolists, Verlaine growing more and more indignant with every page until the climax was reached upon reading the passage referring to his personal appearance:

"On remarque au premier coup d'œil la forte asymétrie du crâne que Lombroso a signalée chez les dégénérés, et la physionomie mongoloïde caractérisée par les pommettes saillantes, les yeux bridés et la barbe rare, que le même savant regarde comme un stigmate de dégénérescence."

Verlaine no longer restrained himself, down came his fist upon the table, and out poured a torrent of abuse at the German criminologist who had had the audacity to turn literary critic. Passing his hand over his bald head, he appealed to me to say whether the description was accurate, but, before I had time to answer him, he half rose from his chair, and burst into another fit of anger; but he soon quietened down, and began to deliver a speech in his defence, as though he had been on trial for his life. His contention was that Nordau, who probably had never seen him, relied too much upon newspaper descriptions of his physiognomy and certain portraits which exaggerated the irregular form of his skull; finally, that he allowed his theory to run away with him. "Nordau will be trying to make out next," he said, "that Saint Vincent de Paul, whose skull was of extraordinary formation, was a criminal." "Mon-go-lo-ide . . . Mon-go-lo-ide," he repeated scornfully as he glanced over other sections of the volume before him, and with these words the subject dropped.

Subsequent visits up to the time of Verlaine's death showed me a side of his character which I think escaped the notice of his countrymen, namely, his admiration for England. He never seemed to tire of speaking of our literature, of which he had an excellent knowledge, or singing the praises of our supremacy in most branches of human learning. His sojourn in Lincolnshire, when French master at a country school, and his frequent visits to Oxford and London to lecture on French poetry, had left a deep impression:

"Never shall I forget those Lincolnshire lanes," he used to say, "those lanes and that English landscape, which I only truly saw for the first time when I was driven by a fat-faced schoolboy in a little pony carriage to the school where I was to teach my mother tongue."

When the poet left the Rue St. Victor he went to live at 39, Rue Descartes, where he passed the last days of his life in fairly prosperous circumstances. In addition to an allowance from a certain number of admirers, he earned small sums of money by writing critical articles (one of the last was an appreciation of a new volume of poems by his friend, Mr. Arthur Symonds) for a Paris

newspaper, and by literary work for the English and American magazines.

Mr. Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads*, which was generally within easy reach of his hand, used to be favourite reading with him. At the time when there was so much speculation in England as to whom the laureateship would be given, I remember asking him whether he approved of such appointments, and who he thought most fitted among contemporary English poets to succeed Lord Tennyson. He replied that he believed it was well to have such official positions, just as it was a good thing to have an Académie Française, but he declined to express any opinion on the respective merits of the various candidates. "It really matters little," he said, "who you appoint, because to me, and I believe to many others, the author of *Poems and Ballads* is already your Poet Laureate."

So much that is erroneous has been written in regard to his poetical aims that it may be as well to state that he gave me to understand his object was to make his verse "calme, simple, et grande." In his opinion, poetry must return to its starting-point, and his tendency was to write simple verse, almost classic in form. The Parnassian movement, to which he gave his support, resulted, as will be remembered, from a meeting of Mallarmé, Mendès, Dierx, Heredia, Xavier de Ricard, Leconte de Lisle, Théodore de Banville—with the last two as leaders.

"We sought after perfect rhythm, rich and pure rhyme," said Verlaine upon one occasion, "in opposition to the imitators of Alfred de Musset and Lamartine." He also used to say that it was to Baudelaire that he owed the awakening of his poetic sentiment, to Banville his melody and value of phrase, and to Leconte de Lisle honesty of language and rhythm. F. L.

ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

XV.—MICHAEL DRAYTON.

DRAYTON was England's ideal laureate, so continually set upon the glorification of this land and its feats of arms were his strong, brave thoughts. He says in his preface to the "Barons' Wars," that "the dignity of the thing was the motive of the doing," and we believe him. Drayton's was one of those large, wholesome English minds which are impressed with the dignity of the thing. His poetry has light and sweetness and amplitude—it is like an English common: you come away from an hour with Michael Drayton feeling cleaner, greater, more of a personality. No other poet, whether Elizabethan or later, has quite his effect, not even Shakespeare. Shakespeare's tremendous stature overwhelms and diminishes the reader: forces him on his knees. Drayton heartens him. In Drayton, since he is human as we are, the Elizabethan abundance and variousness may be studied better than in Shakespeare. Drayton, also, is the first gentleman among poets. Sidney was more of a hero, Waller more of a courtier, Tennyson more of a squire, Browning more of a man of the world; but Drayton remains the sheer gentleman.

Drayton's variousness was great even in that time of giants. He wrote "Polyolbion," and he wrote the beautiful sonnets to Idea; he wrote "Noah's Flood" and he wrote "Nymphidia"; he wrote "England's Heroical Epistles" and he wrote "The Muses' Elysium," a storehouse of graceful conceits and fancy. He could be stately as a royal procession or trip it as lightly as dancers round the maypole. His metres are often curiously modern. "The Virginian Voyage" is, in form, like nothing Elizabethan, and we have to come almost to our own day to parallel "The Ballad of Agincourt."

The famous sonnet which follows is well known, but no account of Drayton could pass without it:

"Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part.

Nay, I have done, you get no more of me,
And I am glad; yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free.
Shake hands forever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.

"Now at the last gasp of love's latest breath,
When his pulse failing, passion speechless
lies,

When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And innocence is closing up his eyes,
Now, if thou wouldst, when all have given
him over,
From death to life thou mightst him yet
recover."

Drayton died unmarried, or wedded to his art.

It is not absolutely certain that Shakespeare and Drayton ever met, although in a note-book belonging to the Rev. John Ward, once vicar of Stratford-on-Avon, there is a passage setting forth that "Shakespeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson had a merry meeting, and, it seems, drank too hard, for Shakespeare died of a fever there contracted." This may or may not be true. As evidence to the contrary, we may take the fact (but no very trustworthy one, since Jonson's temperament was so quarrelsome) that Ben Jonson told Drummond of Hawthornden that "Drayton feared him; and he [Ben] esteemed not of him"; and that Drayton's mode of life seems to have been opposed to excess. Meres wrote that Michael Drayton "among schollers, souldiers, poets, and all sorts of people is held for a man of virtuous disposition, honest conversation, and well-governed carriage"—although, of course, a man might have all these advantages and yet not hesitate to drink too much with the author of "Hamlet." Drayton, who once was cured of a fever by Dr. John Hall, Shakespeare's son-in-law, survived Shakespeare fifteen years. In 1631, at the age of sixty-eight, he "exchang'd his laurel for a crowne of glorie." You may see his tomb in Westminster Abbey.

Our portrait, which was painted when Drayton was advanced in years, would make the poet to be a man of noble proportions. As a matter of fact, he was small, and, in his own words, of "swart and melancholy face." He wears the laurel as though he deserved it, as indeed he did.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE Kelmscott Press, which issues a new catalogue dated the 16th of this month, has in preparation *The Sundering Flood*, the last romance written by William Morris. Many of the books printed at the "Kelmscott" are now out of print. You cannot buy new copies of *Utopia*, *Shelley's Poems*, *The Wood Beyond the World*, *The Defence of Guenevere*, and many others; but a set of all the books that have been printed on vellum at this Press, with the exception of Chaucer's works—forty-six volumes in all—may be obtained for £500.

MR. ZANGWILL has heard "the East a-calling," and is on his way to visit the scenes of his new story—*Dreamers of the Ghetto*, which will be published in the autumn. Mr. Zangwill's *Children of the Ghetto* still stands high in the esteem of booksellers. I am surprised to learn that it has been admitted into Russia in its complete form both in Russian and Hebrew.

SEÑOR ECHEGARAY, whose play "Mariana" is to be performed at the Court Theatre next week, was, I believe, introduced to this country by Miss Hannah Lynch. By some he is called the Spanish Ibsen, but that is a loose epithet, as loose almost as the absurd label which M. Maeterlinck has had to live down. In the works of Echegaray there is much more of the romantic feeling than Ibsen has ever displayed in his prose dramas, and a less searching and pitiless light is thrown on the springs of action. "Mariana" is a good specimen of the Spanish playwright's genius, and Miss Elizabeth Robins will have a most interesting part.

The Minute, the penny illustrated weekly, which for the past eighteen months has been making a brave struggle for popular favour, has changed hands. I understand that the new proprietor is an enterprising publisher.

AN edition of 20,000 copies of Miss Olive Schreiner's novel *Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland* has been issued. The somewhat gruesome photogravure frontispiece represents the hanging of three men. The book is a little shorter than *The Story of an African Farm*.

THE *Saturday Review* for last Saturday had some sound remarks concerning the readiness of public men to produce their reminiscences. Yet I do not see much likelihood of reform while it can be stated on good authority that Mr. Joseph Arch has refused an offer of £2,000 for his.

THE exhibition of the illustrations to Dr. Nansen's book, opened in Grafton-street, comprise a certain number of his own sketches, which show him to be an artist in the rough. Some of these are records of strange sights to be seen in the Arctic heavens—encircled moons and illusive images of moons, and the streamers of the "aurora." A critic has praised him for "conventionalising" the forms of these shooting lights;

but it is not he, it is nature, that did the conventionalising. One boreal streamer is exceedingly Japanese. Dr. Nansen understood his own peculiar business better than to prepare designs for art-needlework out of the polar skies. His attempts to give the colour and the light together of an Arctic summer night is no more successful than that of more advanced artists would be; but his effort is so intelligible that a good imagination in the spectator helps it out. Everything he has done is honest trying and well directed; and the show is of the greatest interest. The reduction in size for the book itself, by mitigating an inevitable slight coarseness, has given the illustrations an advantage.

MR. S. WADDINGTON asks me to correct a slight misprint in the notice of his poems in the last issue.

"Hark, methinks I hear
The war of armed battalions drawing near,"
should read—

"Hark, methinks I hear
The roar of armed battalions drawing near."

THE editor of the *Philistine*, which hails from East Aurora, N.Y., is clearly one of those persons who believe that no good thing should be wasted. On hearing the rumour of Mr. Stephen Crane's loss at sea, he forthwith set him down and penned a tribute. "He is dead now—Steve is dead. How he faced death the records do not say; but I know, for I knew the soul of the lad. Within the breast of that pale youth there dwelt a lion's heart. He held his own life and reputation lightly. He sided with the weak, the ignorant, the unfortunate, and his purse and strength and influence were ever given lavishly to those in need. *He died trying to save others.*" And so on.

THIS is printed in the February number, enclosed in a broad black border. Next to it comes a little paragraph, headed simply: "Later. Thanks to Providence and a hen-coop, Steve Crane was not drowned after all—he swam ashore."

A NEW field has been opened for the collector of Stevensoniana. I may have damped his enthusiasm last week by stating that the Trudeau presentation copies are no longer in existence. I now revive his spirits by reminding him that the seven copies of the missionary paper *O le Sulu Samoa* containing "The Bottle Imp" as a serial in Samoan are very rare and very desirable. Only two sets are known: one is in Apia, and one in New York. Not even Mr. Stevenson's family have one.

THE numbers extend from May, 1891, to December of the same year. "The Bottle Imp" in its Samoan dress is called "O le Fagu Aitu," and from it Stevenson had his name of Tusitala. During the last year of his life he worked at a version of the *Odyssey* for the same readers, but was obliged to abandon the work owing to other more important undertakings.

A LETTER, addressed "Mark Twain, God knows where," was recently delivered to

Mr. Clemens at his residence in London, after following him from America round the world. The senders were Mr. Brander Matthews and Mr. Francis Wilson. The astuteness and patience of the Post Office must sometimes strike alarm to the publishers of directories.

IN an American magazine, the *Book-buyer*, under the heading "The Querist," I find the following question, which I conjecture to be asked by some literary aspirant who hopes he is not yet too old for fame: "Please publish the ages, respectively, of Stephen Crane, Rudyard Kipling, Clinton Ross, Richard H. Davis, James M. Barrie, Rider Haggard, Robert Barr, F. Anstey, Alphonse Daudet, Joel Chandler Harris, and Quiller-Couch. When and at what age did R. L. Stevenson die? Also at what ages were the authors mentioned (including Stevenson) first recognised?"

THE gentleman who conducts "The Querist" can only partly oblige. The ages of Mr. Clinton Ross (whom I do not seem to know) and Mr. Quiller-Couch are beyond him, and he declines altogether to attempt the second portion of the question. But it is just that which this particular querist probably wished to know.

THE American *Bookman* has made a discovery for which it ought to have full credit. Miss Marie Corelli, it says, has a rival among the upper ten in London. A recent visitor to the drawing-rooms of royalty and the English aristocracy tells it that the book which is most frequently met with there is the *Poems* of Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE new *Chap-Book* evidently intends to be a fighter. In a recent issue, the editor, looking round for a foe, has fastened upon the author of *Margaret Ogilvy*. That book, he says, is not about Mr. Barrie's mother, it is about Mr. Barrie; and a number of remarks follow in which the danger of such kind of writing is insisted upon. I agree with the *Chap-Book* that nothing would be more distasteful and undesirable than a series of monographs on the mothers of most literary men; but I think that it is unfair to make Mr. Barrie the scapegoat. Mr. Barrie has succeeded; even the *Chap-Book* admits his book to be literature, and literature is the thing that we are all so eager for. It will be time to abuse him when the failures are with us.

RIGHT on the heels of the recent discussion on reviewing comes a little batch of "Twenty Counsels of Perfection for the Guidance of Old Reviewers," from Mr. Zangwill's factory of advices. I find them in the *Chap-Book*, but it is probable they appear in England too, although I have not yet seen them here. It is, however, human not to see everything that is printed.

HERE are a few of Mr. Zangwill's conclusions:

"Never blame a book for not being some other book."

"Do not go behind a book. Your business is with the book, the whole book, and nothing but the book."

"Review for art's sake and the book's sake, not for your own sake nor your author's sake, neither have regard to your friend nor your enemy, nor your friend's friend, nor your enemy's friend, nor your friend's enemy, nor your paper, nor its publisher, nor its ass, nor anything that is your paper's."

"Never hesitate to praise a friend or to blame a foe."

In the following—"If your author is a humorist don't review him unless you have a sense of humour"—one seems to detect the note of bitterness. No humorist, I suppose, can expect to be understood by more than one reader in twenty.

THE ONLOOKER.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MR. MURRAY'S new edition of Byron's works will fill twelve volumes, and the first of these will appear next month.

THERE seems to be some sort of re-action to the eighteenth century essay. The attempt to revive it by the promoters of *Children of the Hour* is significant; and now we learn that a library edition of the *Spectator* is to be issued shortly by Messrs. Nimmo. It will be reprinted from the first edition, and will be in eight volumes.

MESSRS. LAWRENCE & BULLEN will publish next month a novel, entitled *Margot*, by Mr. Sidney Pickering, author of *The Romance of his Picture*.

MESSRS. BELL announce for early publication a volume on *Miniatures*, by Dr. G. C. Williamson, author of the monograph on *Richard Cosway*.

THE next volume of the *Gentleman's Magazine Library*, which will be issued very shortly, will contain the counties of Nottingham, Oxford, and Rutland.

MESSRS. FREDERICK WARNE & Co. have in course of preparation, and nearly ready for publication, an enlarged edition of Mr. Marshall Mather's *John Ruskin: His Life and Teaching*. Mr. Mather has written an introduction for this issue, to which has also been attached a bibliography.

The Blindness of Madge Tyndall, by Mr. Silas K. Hocking, will shortly be issued in volume form by the same publishers.

MESSRS. T. & T. CLARK, of Edinburgh, have in the press a series of Essays written by eminent Congregational and Baptist ministers, on some theological questions much discussed in modern days. The proposed title is *The Ancient Faith in Modern Light*, and the subjects include such topics as "Theism," "The Bible," "Sin," "The Incarnation," and "The Atonement"; with practical questions such as "The Church in Modern Society," "The Pulpit in Relation to Literature," &c.

MESSRS. HENRY & Co. will publish on Tuesday next the second edition of Mr. Edgar Jepson's *The Passion for Romance*.

MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN will publish on February 23, under the title *Romantic India*, a book by André Chevrillen, which narrates visits to India and Ceylon.

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

THE private schoolmaster is naturally "in the icy fall of fear" about the coming legislation in the matter of Secondary Education. Like Charles II., he has been an unconscionable time in dying; but, unlike Charles II., he does not apologise for it. On the contrary, he raises a dismal outcry and hullabaloo over the business. Yet to no purpose: the beginning of his end is at hand, and he knows it, but he has not the grace to die with dignity and resignation. At the annual meeting of the Private Schools' Association the incoming president made the extraordinary assertion that "there was no real dissatisfaction with Secondary Education, but that the agitation was maintained chiefly by shibboleths and misstatements." The speaker went on to say that "with regard to the proposed Government measure the Welsh Act had had a disastrous effect upon private schools in the Principality, and private enterprise had been depleted." This is excellent news, although it was only what was to be expected; and the happy result of the organisation of Intermediate Education in Wales will, doubtless, be attained in England also when the promised Bill has passed.

NATIONAL education is as much an Imperial concern as National defence. The regulation of the schools of a State should be no less a department of public economy than that of its warships or its regiments. This truth has for a considerable time been slowly but surely impressing itself on the British mind, and things have long been working, with an ever increasing ratio of speed, in the direction of State intervention in higher education. Concurrently with this, the great improvement in the efficiency, and the great addition to the number of schools upon a public footing, coupled with the fiercer light that now beats upon the teacher and his doings, have been steadily driving the private seminary from the field. The comparison of a London or a county directory of twenty years ago with one for the current year would show how rapidly and how thoroughly the private venture school is becoming a thing of the past. It is succumbing to the law of the survival of the fittest. In the interests of the pupils, however, we shall be glad to have the process accelerated and completed, and to see the Augean abominations of "collegiate schools," "commercial establishments," "young gentlemen's academies," *et iis similia*, where the third form is taken in the front bedroom, or the first class "comes up" in the scullery, together with their self-appointed "principals," swept clean out of existence with as little further delay as possible. With them, too, would vanish the practice of transfers, by which schools pass from one scholastic tradesman to another, like shops, and English school-boys are bought and sold like so many sheep or so much sugar. It is passing strange that even the dullest or most careless parental brain has not long since woken up to the enormity and absurdity of this traffic.

WITH extreme generosity and condescension the Joint Committee for promoting legislation on Secondary Education permitted the Private Schools' Association to be represented at their deliberations. The former most important and authoritative body is composed of delegates from the Head Masters' Conference, the Head Masters' and Head Mistresses' Associations, the Assistant Masters' and Assistant Mistresses' Associations, the Teachers' Guild, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the College of Preceptors, the National Association for Promoting Technical and Secondary Education, the London County Council, the County Councils and Municipal Corporations' Associations, the Association of Organizing Secretaries for Technical and Secondary Education, and the Preparatory Schools' Association. The admission of the private venturer to the counsels of the Joint Committee has, perhaps, done good in one way, for it has demonstrated, if demonstration were needed, how entirely outside the pale of professional civilisation he lies. The College of Preceptors, indeed, since it is largely supported by private schoolmasters, on whose brazen doorplates the proud legend "M.C.P." conclusively proclaims to the credulous parent the profundity of their learning and the splendour of their academic status, could hardly get out of inviting them to send representatives. But the sole use the latter made of the privilege of being admitted to such respectable company was to complain loudly of the treachery of their *alma mater* in having called together such a Joint Committee at all. It was all owing, they said, to the government of the College having fallen into the hands of masters of endowed schools. They "did not understand the object of calling together the Joint Committee: private teachers had all along objected to the scheme of the Commissioners for the promotion of Secondary Education." Of course private teachers object; on the same lofty principle as that on which a grocer objects to awkward investigations into the proportion of margarine in his butter, or a milkman to impertinent inquiry as to the amount of assistance he derives from the pump. But legislation is advancing to the portals of our secondary schools with rapid and irresistible strides, and for the discredited private venturer to attempt to keep it out is—to use the classic phrase of a certain accomplished writer of our day—"like bolting the front door with a boiled carrot."

It is right to say that, of course, we do not include in these strictures what are known as preparatory schools—that is, the schools which confine themselves to preparing for the public schools. Their existence has, in a great measure, been rendered necessary by the raising of the entrance age to the latter. These preparatory schools do their work really well, for do it well they must, because the results are so immediate and so evident, and because they are at the mercy of the recommendations of the head masters of the schools for which they prepare. Still, we hope that in time they will become closely allied with the public schools, and form practically an integral part of them.

THE BOOK MARKET.

THE BOOKS THAT ARE SELLING.

WE print below a series of booksellers' reports of the books that have been most in demand in the past week. Dr. Nansen's book is sweeping the board; yet it is pleasant to see our own Miss Kingsley persistently named with the hero of the hour. Of the success of *Farthest North* there need be no longer a shadow of doubt. It is not merely reviewed and talked about, it is selling. Messrs. J. & E. Bumpus (Holborn) inform us: "The demand for Nansen's book is very large, and has exceeded our expectations." Messrs. Truslove & Hanson (Oxford-street) pronounce it "a genuine success." Messrs. Cornish Brothers (Birmingham) say it has been "received with jubilation"; and they add—"Although our orders taken in advance fell far below the orders taken for Mr. H. M. Stanley's *In Darkest Africa*, yet the reviews of *Farthest North* in our local papers caused an instantaneous demand." "Great eagerness for Nansen's book!" write Messrs. Georges' Sons (Bristol); "Selling well," write Messrs. Hodges, Figgis & Co. (Dublin).

Poetry is so dull that we have cut out the reports sent to us.

Phroso, *Ziska*, *On the Face of the Waters*, and *The Babe B.A.* are the most bought books of Fiction. *The Quest of the Golden Girl* has hardly had time to qualify for mention, though its sale has begun in London as our lists show.

LONDON (HOLBORN).

FICTION.

- Phroso*. By Anthony Hope.
The Quest of the Golden Girl. By Richard Le Gallienne.
The Sorrows of Satan, and *Ziska*. By Marie Corelli.
The Babe B.A. By E. F. Benson.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

- Forty-one Years in India*. By Lord Roberts.
Letters and Autobiographies of Edward Gibbon. 3 vols.
Life of Lord Bowen. By Sir Henry S. Cunningham.
Margaret Ogilvy. By J. M. Barrie.

TRAVEL.

- Travels in West Africa*. By Miss Kingsley.
Farthest North. By Dr. Nansen.

ART AND BELLES LETTRES.

- English Society*. By George Du Maurier.
The World Beautiful. By Lilian Whiting.

LONDON (OXFORD-STREET).

FICTION.

- Ziska*. By Marie Corelli.
Phroso. By Anthony Hope.
On the Face of the Waters. By Mrs. Flora A. Steel.
The Quest of the Golden Girl. By Richard Le Gallienne.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

- Towards Khartoum*. By A. H. Atteridge.
Theatrical and Musical Recollections. By Emily Soldene.
Life of Queen Victoria. By R. R. Holmes.

TRAVEL.

- Farthest North*. By Dr. Nansen.
Travels in West Africa. By Miss Kingsley.

LIVERPOOL.

FICTION.

- On the Face of the Waters*. By Mrs. Flora A. Steel.
Beyond the Pale. By B. M. Croker.
Phroso. By Anthony Hope.
The Babe B.A. By E. F. Benson.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

- Forty-one Years in India*. By Lord Roberts.
Letters and Autobiographies of Edward Gibbon. 3 vols.
Canada: Story of Nations Series. By J. G. Bourinot.

TRAVEL.

- Farthest North*. By Dr. Nansen.
Travels in West Africa. By Miss Kingsley.
Pioneer Work in the Alps of New Zealand. Harper.

BIRMINGHAM.

FICTION.

- Francesca Halstead*. By Reginald St. Barbe.
With the Red Eagle. By Westall.
Phroso. By Anthony Hope.
The Babe B.A. By E. F. Benson.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

- Life of Lord Bowen*. By Sir Henry S. Cunningham.
Forty-one Years in India. By Lord Roberts.
Pioneers of Evolution. By Edwin Clodd.

TRAVEL.

- Farthest North*. By Dr. Nansen.
Travels in West Africa. By Miss Kingsley.

BELLES LETTRES.

- Occasional Papers*. 2 vols. By Dean Church.

BRISTOL.

FICTION.

- Ziska*. By Marie Corelli.
On the Face of the Waters. By Mrs. Flora A. Steel.
Phroso. By Anthony Hope.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

- Letters and Autobiographies of Edward Gibbon*. 3 vols.
Boswell's Life of Johnson. Edited by Augustine Birrell.
Forty-one Years in India. By Lord Roberts.

TRAVEL.

- Travels in West Africa*. By Miss Kingsley.
Farthest North. By Dr. Nansen.

BRIGHTON.

FICTION.

- Phroso*. By Anthony Hope.
On the Face of the Waters. By Mrs. Flora A. Steel.
The Sowers. By H. S. Merriman.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

- Forty-one Years in India*. By Lord Roberts.

TRAVEL.

- Farthest North*. By Dr. Nansen.
A Corner of Old Cornwall.

BELLES LETTRES.

- Joubert's Pensées*.
The Temple Classics.

CORRESPONDENCE.

RATIONAL EDUCATION.

Sydenham: Feb. 10.

With reference to the letter under the above heading in your issue of February 6, I should feel gratified by the statement that the school from which your correspondents write professes to carry out the principles put forward in my little book, but for the unmistakable insinuation that they were copied (without acknowledgment) from its practice. Why they should find such resemblances as exist "curious," considering that we profess to work from the same originals, I do not see, nor do I understand how four of them can testify to what were or were not my opportunities, as they were not at the school with me.

A leading point in the book is the Herbartian method of instruction, but your correspondents are evidently unaware that their school was founded in 1889, not, as they state, by Dr. Reddie, but also by Messrs. Muirhead, William Cassels, and Edward Carpenter, to carry out a somewhat Socialist programme. The instruction was very varied, extending from literature to cookery; and as to its method, I gather from the prospectus that it would proceed "from the direct knowledge of the human body and the laws of its health onwards through botany and zoology to physics and chemistry." If this is the theory which "was long ago translated into fact" from that of reformers like Froebel and Herbert Spencer, who advocate progress from simple to complex, I can only say, "C'est diablement changé en route." It certainly is not my reading of them, *vide* p. 172 of my book, where I show the exact reverse.

As the three masters to whom I should like to have expressed obligation are no longer at the school, I may surely be allowed to know where my acknowledgments are due, and though your correspondents are good enough to think that my case would have been strengthened had I exemplified it by their practice, while thanking them for their naïve, though doubtless disinterested, consideration, I cannot share their opinion: I prefer to stand or fall by my own practice.

I have yet to see what, for brevity, I will call my principles made the basis of any consistent school teaching, though I am aware that they have met with great success in Germany, and, I believe, in America also, and have been ably advocated in England by Mr. J. J. Findlay, M.A., and others. Personally, I only claim to have worked out much of the detail on which their application depends, for want of which principles may get no further than a prospectus. Scientific method in tuition seems to be very little studied in England and less practised; and, speaking broadly on an important subject, the *Times* rightly said that "the path of experiment has yet to be tried." My wish is to see it tried consistently, on a visible scale, and in a public school, and to show that in mere attainments the boys so trained will be fitted to compete at an advantage with others, either in the examination-room or elsewhere, for the test of all improved machinery is that it turns out a better product.

Finally, my critics will allow me to suggest that as my little book does not say a tithe of what should be said on this subject, that a better way of proving their originality than hinting plagiarism would be to supplement its deficiencies. The credit of priority in the application of other people's reforms is so small a matter that these accusations seem merely aimed at my good faith.

THE WRITER OF "FOUNDATIONS
OF SUCCESS."

MACLEOD OF ASSYNT.

Oxford and Cambridge Club: Feb. 13.

In your review of Mr. Andrew Lang's *Pickle the Spy* you quote the passage in which he classes Assynt along with Pickle, Murray of Broughton and Menteith, among the legendary Ganelons of Scotland.

Now, being a kinsman of Neil MacLeod of Assynt, I naturally felt a strong interest in the case, and some years ago I instituted a strict investigation into the whole story, and I found that there was not a vestige of truth in the charge. Even Napier, the hereditary idolater of Montrose, in his latest work, withdrew it with a snarl. Mr. Mowbray Morris, in his *Montrose*, says that there is no foundation for it. Prof. Gardiner says that there is "not a shadow of evidence for it." In 1892 I published two letters in the *National Observer* giving the true version of the matter, which were accepted by all fair-minded persons as perfectly satisfactory. A leading Edinburgh W.S. wrote to me that he was very glad to see the real truth, as he had always hated the whole clan of MacLeod on account of Assynt's reputed treachery.

The whole story is, of course, far too long to inflict upon your readers; but I trust to your sense of justice to permit me to state these simple facts.

The Earls of Sutherland had been the hereditary friends of the MacLeods of Assynt for centuries. At the age of sixteen Neil MacLeod had served on the staff of the Earl of Sutherland, with whom he was connected by marriage. Neil MacLeod became of age in September, 1649, and married the daughter of one of the Earl of Sutherland's deputies. Soon afterwards the Earl of Sutherland appointed Neil MacLeod his deputy-sheriff, or resident magistrate, in the district of Assynt.

In 1645 Montrose had been condemned to death by the Estates of Scotland for bringing in a horde of Irish Papists to slaughter his own countrymen. Some time after his defeat at Philiphaugh the Estates of Scotland, with rare magnanimity for those times, gave him a month to clear out of Scotland, and gave him warning that if he delayed beyond that time, or was ever caught in Scotland again, he would be executed according to his previous sentence.

In April, 1650, Montrose's crew of tatterdemalions was utterly routed by the combined forces of the Earl of Sutherland and Colonel Strachan, the Parliamentary general. Montrose fled away westwards into the district of Assynt. As soon as the Earl of Sutherland and Colonel Strachan were informed of this they sent Assynt's brother-in-law to him with peremptory orders to him as the resident magistrate to arrest Montrose as an outlaw under sentence of death. In pursuance of these orders from his superior officers MacLeod captured him and surrendered him to the officer sent to receive him in due course of law.

We have three accounts of the capture and surrender of Montrose by Neil MacLeod, and in not one of them is there the faintest charge of treachery.

The whole charge of treachery was got up after the Restoration by the Earl of Seaforth, one of the most shameless politicians of the age, who was Assynt's deadly enemy, determined to get possession of the lands of Assynt. Neil MacLeod was arrested and imprisoned, and "libelled" or indicted for betraying Montrose. But the Lord Advocate never ventured to bring the case to trial, for the best possible reason, because he had not a vestige of proof of the charge. The Scottish Parliament kept him in prison for three years, but they found they could do nothing with him, and he was ultimately discharged by the order of Charles II.

Such is a simple statement of the facts, and

I think, Sir, you will admit that Assynt should be henceforth erased from the list of the legendary Ganelons of Scotland.

HENRY DUNNING MACLEOD.

"HIGGINS—THE INVENTOR OF EVOLUTION."

Barnes: Feb. 13.

May I draw your readers' attention to a letter from Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale, dated August 25, 1773, in which he says: "21st.—We travelled towards Aberdeen, and in the way dined at Lord Monboddo's, the Scotch judge, who has lately written a strange book about the origin of language, in which he traces monkeys up to men . . ." Mr. Andrew Lang claims Higgins's priority to Mr. Darwin, and gives the date of Higgins's essay in *The Anti-Jacobin*—1798. Monboddo preceded Higgins some twenty years with his "strange book." And I should be glad if somebody can enlighten me as to whether it were a published work.

L. S.

DRAMA.

I DO not question that an interesting play might be made out of Nelson and Lady Hamilton. She seems to have been a vulgar, but a clever, even a gifted woman, by no means psychologically nil. And Nelson's character, so far as we know it, makes it impossible to consign him vaguely to a type, certainly not the traditional type of the sailor of his period, even without the evidence his achievements have of intellect and temperament. There is no need to suppose that his relations with Lady Hamilton were those merely of a simple sailor, "sharp-set," in the phrase of the old comedy, and the facile victim of the first good-looking baggage who gratified his instincts and ministered to his vanity. Not at all: one can see an interesting play of psychology in the relations of Nelson and Lady Hamilton.

That seems to have been, in the first instance, the intention of "Risden Home"—I see in the papers I must use these tiresome inverted commas—whose "Nelson's Enchantress" was produced on the 11th of this month at the Avenue Theatre. But Lady Hamilton had to be toned down and somewhat sainted for "the public"; for it is no use to ask "the public" to believe that a woman may practise the oldest of all professions and have an interesting character as well, unless, indeed, she lived in Babylon or somewhere remote. So Lady Hamilton's amours include Charles Greville only; for, I think, we were meant to believe that her intercourse with Nelson was platonic. Even so, it was rather a severe appeal to "the public's" "modernity"—for my part, I was rather gratified to observe that so far as this went it responded more or less—to ask it to accept for a heroine a lady who started life as a young man's mistress (he was not married, as Nelson was) and went on to marry an old man for convenience. In any case, the result was a rather vague and colourless woman, the interest of whom might have been more or less psychological, but was certainly not dramatic.

In the next place, "Risden Home" tried to graft on to this interest the patriotic interest which Nelson obviously suggests, and the two elements are not sympathetic; the great sailor's victories have nothing to do, popularly or dramatically, with his conventionally dubious domestic life. I do not think that a good play could possibly have been made out of these opposing elements, but it is unnecessary to go to them for reasons why "Nelson's Enchantress" was a bad one. Its construction was incoherent, and its dialogue was wordy and feeble. The play begins in Romney's studio, and there Captain Horatio Nelson meets Miss Emma Hart for the first time. He does not converse with her, but "Who is that lady?" he asks, and "Miss Emma Hart!" he repeats slowly and dramatically, and thereon the curtain. He does not see her again till twelve years later, at Naples, where they platonise, and then, in the third act, she is found domesticated with him at Merton. Now this is not a play, but a series of episodes in the life of Lady Hamilton, and the dialogue is hardly better than the construction. Such attractions for me as the play had was in its staging and in the "make-ups." The dresses were good and the stage discipline careful. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who is as little like Romney's Lady Hamilton as can be imagined, nevertheless suggested the pictures, and Mr. Forbes Robertson realised one's idea of Nelson very well. There was not much acting. Mr. Forbes Robertson was pleasantly bluff at times, but not efficient in the scenes of passion. I have never seen Mrs. Campbell to so little advantage: she was spirited in the first scene, but throughout the rest of the play, in my humble opinion, underacted simply. Mr. Sydney Brough looked well, and acted easily as a beau of the period: he had an air and he had a leg.

I ALWAYS go to a play by Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy with agreeable anticipations. He does not strive after brilliant dialogue, but he can write natural dialogue: he has a feeling for the humours of character, and he can complicate you things funnily. I was not disappointed in "My Friend the Prince," at the Garrick. It is an excellent, wild farce; and when it is played at a quicker rate, and when certain parts of it, which belong to sentimental comedy rather than to farce, are excised or modified—the thing will be delightfully diverting. For plot see the daily papers. I may mention, however, that the idea of Prince Maurice of Pannonia being domesticated *incognito*, for reasons of his own, in Mr. Jannaway's house in Park-lane, and two other people at the same time pretending to be the Prince, has the essentials of good farce. But it really must not be played as though it were comedy, which deals with the probable; and it was so played on Saturday night. The actors could act, but they all acted too slowly, with perhaps the exception of Mr. Fred Kaye, who played an ambitious millionaire. But the one thing needful, funny situations, is there, and the piece is one to see.

Miss Juliette Nesville played one of those French parts she plays so well with rapid, pointed speech, with archness and with a pleasant humour of worldliness. She also sang an agreeable little song—"Tu n'en as rien jamais su" was its refrain—with delightful expression. Mr. Percy Lyndal made the Prince too much like any ordinary young Englishman; he lacked (from the point of view of the stage) dignity and a suggestion of imperiousness; still, he played pleasantly. Mr. Paul Arthur played a rather broken-down young man, who personated the Prince, with a humorous effect, but with too great reserve for the order of play. Mr. Welch was extremely funny as a timid suitor of one of the millionaire's daughters. The part was one of broad farce, and it was played in the right manner. I seem to be falling into a vulgar habit of complimenting actresses on their personal appearance, but it was due to that of Miss Miriam Clements and to her dignity of bearing that she made effective the part of the Princess, a part which, in its sincerity, was out of tone with the play. By the way, it is not far-fetched to suppose that Pannonia, with its scapegrace Prince, was suggested by Ruritania; I hope these imaginary kingdoms will not always be German; Montenegro or Greece, or even Scandinavia, would be an agreeable change. And, also by the way, "My Friend the Prince" was suggested by the American farce "My Friend from India," which I have not seen, and therefore cannot collate.

I HAVE received an interesting circular about the "Ibsen-Echegaray Performances." "Mariana" will be given at the Court Theatre on the 22nd to the 26th inclusively, in the afternoon. It has been translated by Mr. James Graham, and the cast will be: Messrs. H. B. Irving, Herman Vezin, Welch, O'Neil, Martin Harvey, and George Bancroft, with Miss Robins and three other ladies. After Easter we are to see the much-reviewed "John Gabriel Borkman." But what is even more interesting is that the managers of the fund contemplate producing other plays—at intervals necessitated by their rate of production—which in their opinion are of merit and would not appeal to the general. This is an excellent idea, and I beg to wish every artistic success to its execution. "Admiral Guinea" has been chosen for the first production of the autumn season, and I am heartily glad to hear it, having wished ardently to see this play acted ever since I read it many years ago. The honorary treasurer, to whom subscriptions (which, of course, involve privileges in the way of seats) should be sent, is Mr. Gerald Duckworth, and his address 22, Hyde Park Gate, S.W.

G. S. S.

ART.

IF the world knew how little Italy is spoilt, the little might become much, and therefore Mr. Wallace Rimington's proofs of the untouched charm of country and village are but half welcome. The

highway of travel is trampled out, stamped flat, re-made, strewn with cinders, or set with railings, as the case may be. The highway is much the same round the world, and the cities of the highway—everywhere but in England—tend to become prosperously, squarely, and brightly alike. None the less is that beaten path strait and its suburb no wider than the hotel-quarters and shopping quarters of any town. The first turning to left or right leads off the highway, and need not lead far. The Italy of our fathers is well within reach, excepting only that even in the byways there is now a present and perceptible officialism, a municipal swagger all the more evident for the increasing poverty which it dominates. But the rock-built town, the sea village, the buttressed road white with dust, the splendid profile of mountain coasts, the strong blind houses shuttered from the heat, the absolute simplicity of mountain background and the spiritual delicacy of foreground detail, the vital untroubled air—the real Italy—is not only accessible but near. The traveller has to do his part, which is principally that he shall take his journeys in spring, summer, or very early autumn; and this fact is itself a certain safeguard against change. Travellers are shy of the characteristic heat, and Italy annually relapses into its native ways, and during the long summer there is time to efface footsteps everywhere except in the hackneyed middle of the high-road.

Mr. Rimington's water-colours, exhibited at the Fine Art Society's, Bond Street, are works of singular delicacy and intelligence. At first the manner seems extraordinarily neat and trim, but you become quickly aware that it is extraordinarily elegant, and that the fineness is the very fineness of Italy—the outline of her "fair attitude" and the lucidity of her air. Mr. Rimington apparently works entirely in pure water-colour, but his drawings are none the less exceedingly pictorial; his is a very charming and legitimate art, having none of the voluntary limitations of the early water-colour school—the school of wash—nor any of the involuntary failures of the later—the school of stipple.

Much of the charm of these delightful drawings, then, belongs to the purity and the lawfulness of the art, which is, besides, a complete art and very intelligible; much to the artist's sense of the style of Italian line and of the delicacies of Italian colour; much, again, to the subject. He has not sought panoramas in that elegant, homely land; nor has he run, for an opposite, into the narrowest corner of a walled olive-yard. He does not shun the panorama when the mountain commands it; and it is difficult to say which subject is most united with his work—the long view to a far horizon, with here and there strong towns grappled to their rocks, or the roadside incident of a cactus and an almond-tree.

Siena, surrounded with her ravines, so abrupt and so full of serried trees that when you stand on the walls you look on their close tops as on a floor, makes the subject of several of the most beautiful drawings; so does San Gimignano—a place even more markedly medieval. "Outside San

Gimignano's Walls" is a summer morning drawing, with a fine effect of light broken and shed straight downwards through clouds. The red of the bold billowy tiles of Italian rural roofs, their peculiar form of very shallow gables with projecting eaves, the village belfry suggestive of its festival tune, mingle the country with that broadcast-scattered town which sprinkles Italy from the Alps to Sicily. Mr. Rimington uses these with as much character and delight as the famous architecture of cities. Of this he makes a number of particular studies, which are the least lovely as pictures—except when a Lombard tower or some North Italian Gothic of Verona takes purely pictorial lights and aspects in more than one transparent drawing.

Let Mr. Rimington be assured that although his London public, knowing Italy chilly and hard with winter colour, will not understand all that he has done for her enkindled and softened summer, it is not lost upon all eyes. Nor does his diligence in finding Camogli, under the hill of Ruta among seaside pines, go unmarked; nor his evident pleasure in the blossoming time that is peculiarly characteristic of a country so highly agricultural in spite of mountain and thin soil—a country of fruit. This solid cream-and-rose Camogli itself is famous for cherries; green almonds are the favourite fruit of the coast, and peaches abound here as in all the other parts of this divine kitchen garden. He has several studies not precisely of fruit blossom, but of landscape in the blossoming time; and his brilliant daylight-impressionary manner has a great value in the rendering of patches of a late April or May blossom-country. "With gentle hand touch, for there is a spirit in the woods," says Wordsworth to a boy; it might be said to a painter, and to a painter of orchards as well as of woods. Impressionism, by the way, is usually associated with more or less fog, mist, dusk, rain, or other kinds of half-light; but Mr. Rimington dares to give the strong daylight aspect of flashes of delicate trees in the simple manner of impression rightly so called. There is, however, one tree with which this execution has no success—this is the olive. The colour is well enough, but the character of the tree has not been captured; the simple mass or simple space of foliage which Mr. Rimington attempts in "Olives near Amalfi" does not make any sensible artistic allusion to the *kind* of multitudes that olive leaves gather into. He gives, in fact, a suggestion of a sweeping attitude and curve of leafage which is not the olive tree's.

At the Dowdeswell Galleries Mr. J. Aumonier exhibits a series of water-colours of "The Old Chain Pier, Brighton, with its Nooks and Corners." The old chain pier has not a very reverend old age, except in places, on a kind of wooden lower storey, which Fred Walker drew in an illustration to Thackeray's *Philip*. Mr. Aumonier is exceedingly clever and able in his water-colour work, which gives wind-swept effects, prosaic lights, explicit cables, suspensions, and all the rest of the iron gear, strong without thickness, and of no structural

interest. The drawings are full of positive daylight, and therefore not dull, but Mr. Aumonier has not intended to give this light the sweetness, the mystery, the spirit, that may be in a mere Brighton forenoon. It would seem that Mr. Aumonier had intended to supply people with a series of portraits of the pier for the pier's sake or the people's sake; and though he could not do this brightly, emphatically, and vividly without art, yet art hardly had the initiative. These are all vigorous water-colours, and should be popular.

Far more real interest, however, belongs to the "few pictures in oil," as the catalogue rather apologetically calls them, which fill up the room. "A Sussex Flat" is an admirable landscape, robust, with a sudden daintiness of execution—especially in foreground growth—and a prevailing simplicity. Excellent is the exact tone and steely blue colour of a space of rivulet, running in cloud-shadow, yet reflecting the brightness of the sky; indeed, the whole of this cloud shadow, as it covers shrub and grass, is thoroughly well studied. The picture is fresh. So is "Spring," with some chilly yellow celandines and a cloudy sky; so is "A Silvery Sky" with its flying lights. "On the River Arun" pleases us most of all for its higher style. "Amberley Chalk Pit," with a lighted cliff, and "Returning from Work," with some touches of profound sunshine and a fine level effect, and the trend of a fence going away towards the distance, are works that should place the painter—long known but never, perhaps, well enough known—in a high place.

A. M.

MUSIC.

LAST Saturday was the fourteenth anniversary of the death of Richard Wagner. A genius is always ahead of his day and generation, and cannot, therefore, be appreciated during his lifetime according to his merits. It was so in the case of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert. They all managed to gather around them a few intelligent and faithful admirers, who became gradually aware that they were holding intercourse with men of exceptional gifts, yet only in very rare cases was the admiration commensurate with the genius: the recognition of Wagner's lofty aims and early appreciation of his works by Franz Liszt ranks as one of the most remarkable instances. The world at large generally pays little heed at first to great men. With Wagner it was otherwise. He was not content to work quietly in secret for his art, in the hopes of securing posthumous fame. He was terribly in earnest; he hated the mediocre, the false in art, and could not help saying what he thought, not only about his predecessors, but also his contemporaries. Critics abused him and he turned on them. The world looked upon him as a vain-glorious boaster, and he felt pained. He was rough in manner, had a sharp tongue and a bitter pen, and many disappointments soured his temper. Thus during his lifetime he was talked and written about

more, indeed, than any of his contemporaries. Like Cain, he was a fugitive and a wanderer in the earth, known by all musicians of standing, and hated by almost all. Hence, during his lifetime and for a decade after his death his name and his works gave rise to heated discussion, angry criticism, or ignorant abuse. Beethoven's later works have been—nay, still are—occasionally the subject of unfavourable comment, for some have thought that as that composer advanced in years his genius lost its freshness and spontaneity; there never, however, was any widespread feeling of personal animosity against him such as existed for so long against Wagner. But now the musical world, professional and amateur—with exception, perhaps, of a few veteran opponents who cannot with dignity now lay down their arms—has fallen into an ecstasy of admiration for Wagner. Many are genuine enthusiasts; but some praise through fear of not being up to date, and some because others do. The worshippers at the shrine of the hero at Bayreuth count among their ranks men of all sorts and conditions; that the chaff is mixed with the wheat cannot be helped, and, after all, does little harm. Wagner brought about a great revolution in art, and left works whose sterling merit becomes every day more apparent; thus present fervour will atone for past neglect. But why am I thus writing about the reformer? Simply because I went to the Queen's Hall on Saturday evening, found it crowded from floor to ceiling, and heard applause and cheers which would have done the heart of Wagner good had he been thus greeted when he appeared at the Albert Hall twenty years ago. The performances of excerpts under Mr. H. J. Wood were admirable. I fancy, however, that, at any rate at this *In Memoriam* concert, renderings less meritorious would still have been enthusiastically received. Mr. Robert Newman announces three more Wagner concerts.

It requires some courage to go to a ballad concert, for the programme, as a rule, consists of familiar items; moreover, it is always long, and that length is still further increased by the foolish habit of demanding, and the still more foolish one of accepting, encores. After the first has been taken, the artists who follow must be excused if they yield to the temptation, for they naturally do not wish to appear less successful. In the prospectus of the forthcoming series of concerts of the Philharmonic Society there is a notice "respectfully requesting" the audience not to insist upon encores. That is not the way to remedy the evil, not even if that request be printed in the programme-books. "Encores are strictly forbidden" is the only notice which will prove of any avail.

I WENT last Saturday afternoon to the ninth of Messrs. Boosey's London Ballad Concerts at the Queen's Hall, where there was an attractive programme and excellent performances. Miss Evangeline Florence sang in dainty, artistic style, "La Pastorella," by Veracini, and Mr. F. H. Cowen's light, graceful ballad, "The

Swallows." Miss Ada Crossley was far more successful in the Irish spinning song, "The Round Brown Wheel," than in the somewhat tame setting of a tame poem by Mrs. Browning. Mme. Belle Cole's fine voice was heard to advantage in Weber's "O Fatima," from Abu Hassan. Messrs. Lloyd and Plunket Greene came in for their share of glory; the fine singing of the latter in the effective Moore Melodies, "O ye dead" and "Drink to her," as cleverly re-arranged by Dr. C. V. Stanford, deserves special mention. The select choir of Mr. Eaton Fanning rendered part-songs with taste and expression. M. Tivadar Nachez gave an excellent rendering of Tartini's fine Sonata, "Il Trillo del Diavolo," and exhibited his skill as a virtuoso in a "Scherzo Fantastique"; but I did not like his way of playing Handel's *Largo*: it lacked dignity.

THE second part of the concert was devoted to "English Music of the Olden Time," performed upon the original instruments for which it (the instrumental music) was written. These instruments consisted of viols, lute, virginals and harpsichord, and the performers were Mr. A., Miss Helene, and Mrs. Elodie Dolmetsch. The vocalists were Miss Bertha Moore, and Messrs. J. Robertson and Douglas Powell. Realism in art is now rampant, and Mr. Dolmetsch and his associates were dressed in Elizabethan costume. In some old Elizabethan hall with antique furniture, and with a select audience arrayed in like costume, the effect would no doubt have been striking. But in the large Queen's Hall, and on the cold, bare platform, with an audience in nineteenth century clothes of various kinds, the effect was rather ludicrous. Mr. Dolmetsch's comments on the various pieces of his programme also jarred against the attempt to revivify the past; for neither his English nor his pronunciation is altogether Elizabethan. The programme was ably interpreted, and the numbers who, in spite of the lateness of the hour, remained until the close showed how interested they were. Why do not Messrs. Boosey devote a whole programme to the ballads of the "Olden Time"?

J. S. S.

SCIENCE.

ONE is led sometimes to wonder how the mistake arose that we are regarded as a wealthy nation. We appear to be a very poor nation indeed, or else a despicably mean one. This consideration probably occurred to everybody who read Lord Salisbury's reply to the deputation which laid before him, on Tuesday last, the scheme of a National Physical Laboratory. Now this laboratory has been admittedly, for years past, a crying necessity of the times. The only substitute for it in the country has been the poor little branch institution at Kew, which, out of an annual endowment of £447 from the Gassiot bequest, has done its best to verify and standardise meteorological instruments, chronometers, com-

passes, and such like. Similar work is also done in one department of the Board of Trade. This is a very small portion of the usefulness which properly belongs to such an institution as the Bureau of Weights and Measures at Paris, or the Physikalisch-Technische Reichsanstalt at Berlin, on which the present proposals are modelled.

TAKING Prof. Rücker's statement of the case as fairly representing our present needs, a National Physical Laboratory would provide facilities for carrying out long and laborious researches into the properties and changes of matter. Next in order would follow the testing and standardising of instruments, and all kinds of calibration work. Thirdly would come systematic measurements on the physical properties of bodies, a work of the greatest importance both for industry and for science. The initial cost of providing a building for these purposes, preferably in the form of an extension of Kew Observatory, has been estimated at £30,000. The annual maintenance is put at £5,000.

THESE are not very alarming sums when compared with the great Berlin institution, which cost £200,000 to build and absorbs £15,000 annually in maintenance; yet Lord Salisbury dwelt with hardly concealed alarm on the prospect of broaching such an extravagance to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Nevertheless, here are Lord Salisbury's own feelings upon the matter, as he confided them to the deputation, and no one who knows Lord Salisbury's own devotion to scientific pursuits can doubt that he was sincere: "It is often the duty of a deputation to impress upon a Minister a policy as to the general expediency of which he is not entirely convinced, and the deputation may take a controversial form. No such development is possible in this case. We are all of us, as we all must be—anybody who has looked into the subject at all—heartily anxious for the attainment of the objects advocated so far as they are practicable." The limitation conveyed in the last six words occupied the remainder of his reply. "It is all a question of means." One expense leads to another, especially when the objects are indefinite as in this case, and the hint that the figures quoted above "only met the urgent necessities of the case" was likely to be a terrible shock, he thought, to a Chancellor of the Exchequer. Finally, if replies mean anything, it looks as though the Government meant to refuse to spend £5,000 per annum on urgent necessities now because at some future date other urgent necessities might arise. "Sympathy" is all that it is prepared to extend to a deputation headed by the most eminent men of science we possess, all actuated by one sole motive, the desire to keep England abreast of other nations in the pursuit of knowledge, and to further native industries in the same wise and helpful way that France and Germany have done theirs, by placing the best resources of science at their disposal.

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His forcible description of the intellectual and moral torpor of Oxford in the originally published autobiography is familiar to most readers, but the following account of his earliest feelings there has not previously appeared.

"I entered," he says (p. 122), "on my new life at Magdalen College with surprise and satisfaction. These sentiments were naturally produced by my sudden promotion, before the age of fifteen, to the rank of a man; the general civility with which I was treated; the silk gown and velvet cap of a gentleman commoner; a decent allowance in my own disposal of a loose and dangerous credit; an elegant apartment of three rooms in the new buildings; the beauty of the walks and public edifices; and the key of the college library, which I might use or abuse without much interruption from the fellows of the Society."

His temporary conversion to Roman Catholicism, and return to Protestantism after having been sent to Switzerland by his father, need here be no more than referred to. It was at Lausanne that study laid the foundation of his future fame, as he himself declares (p. 137), adding:

"But in the life of every man of letters there is an era, from a level from whence he soars with his own wings to his proper height, and the most important part of his education is that which he bestows on himself."

At Lausanne he fell in love with Mlle. Curchod, but yielded to his father's command with sentiments he expressed in the oft-cited words, "I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son." We now for the first time (p. 155) read Gibbon's account of his return home as follows:

"My father's impatience for my return to England was not wholly of the disinterested kind. I have already hinted that he had been impoverished by his two sisters, and that his gay character and mode of life were less adapted to the acquisition than the expenditure of wealth; the honour of being chosen a member of the Old Club at White's had been dearly paid, and a more pernicious species of gaming, the contest for Southampton, exhausted his sickly finances. His retirement into Hampshire on my mother's death was coloured by a pious motive; some years of solitude allowed him to breathe, but it was only by his son's majority that he could be restored to the command of an entailed estate. The time of my recall had been so nicely computed that I arrived in London three days before I was of age; the priests and the altar had been prepared, and the victim was unconscious of the impending stroke. According to the forms and fictions of our law, I levied a fine and suffered a recovery; the entail was cut off; a sum of ten thousand pounds was raised on mortgage for my father's use, and he repaid the obligation by settling on me an annuity of three hundred pounds a year."

Twelve years after his father died, when his stepmother departed for Bath, while Gibbon removed himself and his books into his new house in Bentinck-street, Cavendish-square, where he resided for eleven years.

"The clear, untainted remains of my patrimony," he adds, "have been always sufficient to support the rank of a gentleman and to satisfy the desires of a philosopher. I had now obtained the solid comforts of life—a convenient, well-furnished house, a domestic table,

half-a-dozen chosen servants, my own carriage, and all those decent luxuries whose value is the more sensibly felt the longer they are enjoyed."

But, as our readers know, from this house he had ultimately, from straitened means, to retire, returning for a time to Lausanne, but always being a welcome guest at his firm and faithful friend's residence at Sheffield Park. Holding for a time a seat in Parliament, though calling himself a Whig, he generally voted with the Tories, and gave a continuous, though silent, support to the war with our revolted colonies of North America.

Settled in Bentinck-street, he began, in 1773, the first volume of his great work, which it took him twenty-four years to complete. But we have no space for the superfluous task of describing so well known a life as that of Gibbon. For the rest we will confine ourselves to giving a few extracts from letters (now for the first time published) which may interest our readers, and serve to convey, more graphically than any remarks of ours, some characteristic traits of his very singular self-complacent, self-indulgent, and wonderfully industrious personality. As in the few we can give it is difficult to refer to many subjects, we select some which refer to his social experiences in France.

On February 12, 1763, he wrote to his stepmother his impressions of Parisian society at that period:

"Paris in most respects has fully answered my expectations. I have a number of very good acquaintances, which increase every day, for nothing is so easy as the making them here. Instead of complaining of the want of them I begin already to think of making a choice. Next Sunday, for instance, I have only three invitations to dinner. Either in the houses you are already acquainted, you meet with people who ask you to come and see them, or some of your friends offer themselves to introduce you. When I speak of these connexions I mean chiefly for dinner and the evening. Suppers as yet I am pretty much a stranger to, and I fancy shall continue so; for Paris is divided into two species, who have but little communication with each other. The one, who is chiefly connected with men of letters, dine very much at home, are glad to see their friends, and pass the evenings till about nine in agreeable and rational conversation. The others are the most fashionable, sup in numerous parties, and always play or rather game both before and after supper. You may easily guess which sort suits me best. Indeed, madam, we may say what we please of the frivolity of the French, but I do assure you that in a fortnight passed at Paris I have heard more conversation worth remembering, and seen more men of letters among the people of fashion, than I have done in two or three winters in London."

During his Italian tour he stopped at Venice in April, 1765, and perhaps so extraordinary an account of the Queen of the Adriatic was never penned as that which he thus wrote to his stepmother:

"Of all the towns in Italy, I am least satisfied with Venice. Objects which are only singular without being pleasing produce a momentary surprise, which soon gives way to satiety and disgust. Old and in general ill-built houses, ruined pictures, and stinking ditches dignified with the pompous denomination of canals, a fine bridge spoilt by two rows of houses upon it, and a large square decorated with the worst

architecture I ever yet saw, and wonderful only in a place where there is more land than water. Such are the colours I should employ in my portrait of Venice."

At p. 146 of the first volume will be found some interesting notes by the editor, Mr. Prothero, in reference to the opening of the Pantheon, that place of mild delights in the middle of this century, but now appropriated by a well-known business firm.

By the year 1777 Gibbon's success in Parisian society was unmistakable, and he then and there met his old flame of Lausanne, now become Mme. Necker. Writing to Mr. J. B. Holroyd, he says of the Neckers:

"The reception I have met with from them very far surpassed my most sanguine expectations. I do not, indeed, lodge in their house (as it might excite the jealousy of the husband and procure me a *lettre de cachet*), but I live very much with them. . . . Mr. Walpole gave me an introduction to Mme. du Deffand, an agreeable young lady of eighty-two years of age, who has constant suppers and the best company in Paris. . . . I have met the D. de Choiseul at his particular request, dined by accident with Franklin, conversed with the Emperor [Joseph II.], been presented at Court, and gradually, or rather rapidly, I find my acquaintance spreading over the most valuable parts of Paris. . . . You may add to the pleasures of Society those of the spectacles and promenades, and you will find that I lead a very agreeable life; let me just condescend to observe that it is not extravagant. After decking myself out with silks and silver, the ordinary establishment of coach, lodgeing, servants, eating and pocket expenses does not exceed sixty pounds per month. Yet I have two footmen in handsome liveries behind my coach, and my apartment is hung with damask. . . . Let me just, in two words, give you an idea of my day. I am now going (nine o'clock) to the King's Library, where I shall stay till twelve. As soon as I am dressed I set out to dine with the Duke de Nivernois, shall go from thence to the French comedy into the Princess de Beauvon's *loge grillée*, and am not quite determined whether I shall sup at Mme. du Deffand's, Mme. Necker's, or the Sardinian embassadress's. Once more, Adieu. Do not be fond of showing my letters; the playful effusions of friendship would be construed by strangers as gross vanity."

Indeed, the self-consciousness and vanity of the historian is as conspicuous as it is amusing, and we confess we love him none the less for such *naïve* touches of poor Human Nature.

It was true, also, that he had cause for satisfaction. Mme. du Deffand was so pleased with him that she saw him almost every day, and wished he would stay in Paris for good. She declared also that he had socially *le plus grand succès*.

As might be expected, the rumblings of the coming revolution and its outburst were abhorrent to him. Writing to Lord Sheffield from Lausanne in December, 1789, he exclaims:

"The French nation had a glorious opportunity, but they have abused, and may lose their advantages. If they had been content with a liberal translation of our system, if they had respected the prerogatives of the crown, and the privileges of the nobles, they might have raised a solid fabric, on the only true foundation—natural aristocracy and a great country, &c."

In a letter to Gibbon from the Hon.

Maria Holroyd in November, 1792, there is a graphic description of the murder of the Archbishop of Arles and other clergy at the Carmes:

"On September 2, they went into the garden as usual to walk at five o'clock in the evening. They expressed their surprise at several large pits which had been digging for two or three days past. . . . Soon after they heard shouts, and some musket shots were fired into the garden. A number of National Guards, some *Commissaires de Sections*, and several Marseillois rushed in. The unhappy victims who were dispersed about the garden assembled under the walls of the church, not daring to enter, lest it should be polluted with blood. One who was behind the rest was shot dead. 'Point de coups de fusil,' said some of the chiefs of the assassins, thinking this death too merciful. A number of them called for the Archbishop of Arles and insisted that he should be given up to them; the priests all crowded round him and determined to defend him. The archbishop said 'Let me pass.' . . . He asked the eldest of the priests to give him absolution; he knelt to receive it, and when he rose advanced with his arms crossed on his breast towards the people. . . . At last one of the assassins struck off his cap with a pike; their fury returned when they saw respect once violated, and another struck him on the head with a sabre and laid open his scalp. The archbishop only said 'O mon Dieu!' and put his right hand to his eyes. A second blow cut off his hand; he repeated his exclamation and raised the other. A third stroke left him sitting, and a fourth extended him lifeless."

Space, to our great regret, only allows us to quote one more letter, written to Lord Sheffield from St. James's-street, on January 7, 1794. It was one of those previously published, but as it was the last he ever wrote, we think our readers will be glad to be able to peruse it here.

"This date says everything. I was almost killed between Sheffield-place and East Grinstead, by hard, frozen, long, and cross ruts that would disgrace the approach of an Indian Wigwam. The rest was something less painful; and I reached this place half dead, but not seriously feverish or ill. I found a dinner invitation from Lord Lucan; but what are dinners to me? I wish they did not know of my departure. I catch the flying post. What an effort! Adieu till Monday or Friday."

In less than ten days he died. Only twenty hours before his death he happened to fall into conversation on the probable duration of life, declaring that he thought himself good for another ten, if not twenty years. He dined on a wing of chicken, and drank three glasses of his favourite Madeira, after which he gradually became distressed with pain and some sickness. But when at seven in the morning his servant asked if he should send for the doctor he declined. About nine he wished to rise, but his valet persuaded him to wait the visit of his medical man, who found he was dying. After his servant had seen the doctor out, Gibbon's last recorded words were French, saying to his valet, "Pourquoi est-ce que vous me quittez?" To the last he preserved his senses and showed no sign of alarm or apprehension, and may not have suspected his end was near. The volumes of letters are a very mine of interesting and valuable information, and should find a place in the library of everyone who values either literature or history.

ST. WILLIAM OF NORWICH.

The Life and Miracles of St. William of Norwich. By Thomas of Monmouth. Now First Edited from the Unique MS., with an Introduction, Translation, and Notes, by Augustus Jessopp, D.D., &c., and Montague Rhodes James, Litt.D., &c. (Cambridge: University Press.)

FOR many reasons this is a work of exceeding interest. A long vanished and important piece of mediæval hagiography, rich in matter of historic value, is here for the first time published, with a wealth of learned commentary and illustration, by two admirably accomplished scholars. The Life of St. William of Norwich, by the Norwich monk Thomas of Monmouth, was discovered in a collection of MSS. purchased nine years ago by the University Library of Cambridge. Now, the world was already well furnished with examples of saintly chronicles from the Middle Ages; and unless any newly discovered example show some touch of positive freshness and genius, or contain some portion of valuable information, the discovery, though doubtless welcome, is not of prime importance. But the legend of St. William has a profoundly sad importance: it gave form and substance, if it did not actually create, to anti-Semitism and *Judenhetze*; to Christian loathing and oppression of the Jew, as a fanatic of dark and bloody mind, who mingles the blood of Christian innocents with his sacrifices. It tells how, toward the middle of the twelfth century, William, a young boy, was ritually murdered by Norwich Jews: it narrates, with considerable power, the miraculous finding of his body, the proceedings against his murderers, the various evidence, the spreading fame of the story, the growth of a cult, the wonders that attended and extended it, the complete establishment in ecclesiastical and general belief of the whole dreadful legend. It is a very pictorial and dramatic tale, abounding in incidental sidelights upon mediæval life and thought; but the thing of primary importance is the fact that it is the first alleged case of Jewish ritual murder since patristic times, and that similar cases are alleged to have occurred from that century up to within the last ten years. True or false, the "martyrdom" of that boy at Norwich, seven hundred years ago, was the fertile source of innumerable like stories: truly in this instance *sanguis martyris* proved *pestis Judæorum*. Personally, we have no faith in these stories; but if any one should ask how it is possible for educated men of the present age to believe them we may refer him to an article in the *Civiltà Cattolica* for February, 1893, entitled *La Morale Giudaica e il Mistero del Sanguis*, which undoubtedly demonstrates that such stories, whatever we think of them, are not always malicious lies, nor even the rumours of ignorance and superstition, but sometimes resting upon evidence not intrinsically beneath contempt.

The "Priores's Tale" in Chaucer is the most memorable literary record of this belief: and instances are plentiful elsewhere. If one might be amused by anything connected with so dolorous a matter,

it would be by certain phrases by Richard of Devizes in his chronicle. He tells us how, when London, some forty years after the Norwich murder, "began sacrificing the Jews to their father the devil," and other cities, "emulating the faith of the Londoners, dispatched their bloodsuckers to hell, with equal devotion, by a bloody death," yet "Winchester alone spared its vermin." Despite which stretch of charity, the Winchester Jews, a few years later, "anxious, after their own strange fashion, for the honour of their city, obtained for themselves a wide reputation for having made a martyr of a boy at Winchester; and though, maybe, the deed was never done, there was much evidence of it." The London massacre began on King Richard's coronation day, and, says William of Newburgh, "evidently presaged the promotion of Christianity in his days"; and his accounts of the contagion of cruelty throughout the land are ghastly beyond words. But these outrages, not unknown even now, are easily explicable; the difficult point is the origin of the definite and little varied belief in the supposed Jewish sacrifice of Christian children at a solemn function, and as a prescribed detail of their rites. Is there any explanation beyond that of credulity and malice going hand in hand? Is the accusation as baseless a myth as the mediæval belief on the Continent that all Englishmen had tails? There is one passage in Thomas of Monmouth which suggests a partial clue. One Theobald, a Cambridge Jew converted to Christianity, and a monk at Norwich, told Thomas

"that the Jews had a written tradition that in order to regain their freedom and their fatherland they must sacrifice a Christian every year. In order to select their victim, the leading Jews of Spain assembled annually at Narbonne, where they were exceedingly influential, and cast lots for all the countries of the world where any Jews lived."

In 1144, said Theobald, the lot had fallen on Norwich. Now, the Spanish Jews long enjoyed the fame of being magicians, sorcerers, adepts in occult arts, and the reality of being learned in the wisdom of the Arabians—their medical, physical astronomical lore—no less than in their own Rabbinical traditions. "Toledo," says Michelet in his superbly appalling book, *La Sorcière*,

"seems to have been the Holy City of the sorcerers, countless in Spain. Their relations with the Moors, so civilised, and with the Jews, who were very learned, and, as agents of the royal exchequer, then masters of Spain, had given the sorcerers an higher culture, and they formed at Toledo a sort of university."

Gerbert, afterwards Pope Sylvester, studied there, and was generally suspected of black magic. In the fourteenth century Toledo was believed to be the headquarters of a secret conspiracy for the extermination of Christendom; and at Chillon many Jews were tortured into confessing that they had received a poisonous powder with that object. In the early days of the Spanish Inquisition Jews were burned at Avila for using the heart of a Christian child, stolen from Toledo, together with a consecrated wafer, in a magical spell directed against

the Inquisitors. The use of human blood, the sacrifice of a pure victim, have always been asserted to enter into the due and effective performance of the black, or devil's magic; and mediæval Christendom, believing the Jews to be an accursed race, the spawn of Satan, would naturally credit them with going all lengths in that direction. It seems possible at the least that the charge of ritual murder sprang from the reputation of the Jews, especially in Spain, their chief centre of influence, for magic arts, into which that practice enters, rather than from the Christian hatred of Judaism pure and simple; it was perhaps as Jews *plus* sorcerers that they fell under this suspicion. In that case, just as the horrors alleged against the Templars were no reproach to Christendom at large, so the alleged iniquities of Jews given to sorcery and witchcraft would not discredit the House of Israel itself; and, since the *practice* of sorcery was a fact, it may well be that some cases of "ritual murder" upon the part of Jews mingling magic with their Judaism did positively happen, and led to the widespread false belief that Judaism itself was responsible for them.

But that William of Norwich was thus murdered appears highly incredible upon a study of the evidence. Thomas of Monmouth does not inspire respect, and the bulk of his arguments are puerile. The only thing clear is that William met with a violent death; all else is dubious, and we wander among the shadows of conjecture. Yet it is well to bear in mind that nothing is impossible to fanaticism, however horrible and repugnant; from Orthodox Russia to Catholic Ireland we hear in our own days of tragedies not less monstrous in their savagery and absurdity, than anything alleged in mediæval times. They come of a bastard or illicit mixture of religious faith and aboriginal, primæval, immemorial superstitions, old as the race itself. It is rash to assert that in England of the twelfth century any wild and fearful act of bloody superstition was *per se* impossible upon the part of either Jew or Christian, and it were no less rash to charge it upon either Judaism or Christianity. In the instance before us we can but conclude that we have insufficient evidence upon which to form a safe judgment. Apart from its special point of saddening interest, this recovered work is full of lively and enjoyable matter. Thomas has plenty of unconscious humour, and tells his tale with a pleasingly pedantic pomp of style, incurably given to edification, and greedy of marvels. For the whole volume, its careful text, excellent translation, and admirable introductory essays, we are duly grateful to Dr. James and Dr. Jessopp.

SIR M. E. GRANT DUFF'S DIARY.

Notes from a Diary: 1851-1872. By the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff, G.C.S.I. In 2 vols. (Murray.)

SIR M. E. GRANT DUFF is one of those virtuous men who keep a diary; and one of those charitable men who bestow the results upon a curious public. He has, in

fact, been a diarist for the considerable space of fifty years, and we gather that the two volumes now before us are only the prelude to what he intends ultimately to give. They cover a period during which the writer, first as one of the "coming men" of Liberalism, and then as a subordinate member in Mr. Gladstone's Government of 1868, was very much in the thick of things; in the full stream of affairs, and on the fringes of literature also. He has rubbed up against most of the notable people of his day, not in England only, but also upon the Continent; for he always made it part of his ambition as a statesman to rank among the well-informed upon foreign affairs. He was one of the original contributors to the *Saturday Review*, though he is careful to tell us that the politics of that journal were never his; and he appears to have been familiar with most of the scholars and diplomatists of Europe, and to have belonged to all the best London clubs and societies, including the famous and ill-fated Metaphysical Society. Of this he tells us how, after an early meeting, Sir John Simeon rushed up to one of the members as he came away and asked, with an appearance of great *empressement*—"Well, is there a God?" "Oh, yes," was the reply, "we had a very good majority." With such opportunities it is natural that Sir M. E. Grant Duff should have much that is interesting to record. Unfortunately, up to the end of 1872, his diary, except when he was travelling, was confined to brief and often formal jottings; and, therefore, the fragments here given, composed as they are without much regard for style, are disappointingly scrappy and impersonal. In the process of working them over for publication, however, it might have been decent at least to eliminate the frequent "and which," a construction which, though probably natural to the sleepy diarist, is hardly worthy the dignity of print. Of course, it is only fragments that Sir M. E. Grant Duff gives us. He has, wisely enough, omitted all that relates to public affairs, wishing to make this book a record less of the strenuous than of the serene hours of his life, of its hobbies, its holidays, and its friendships. He also permits himself, what would, he agrees, have been indefensible if he had been writing his memoirs, "to ignore every disagreeable person and thing" he has come across. This is a resolve which the moralist can only approve. The mere casual and disinterested reader, however, will probably grumble that he rather prefers a dash of cayenne pepper in his repast. But this time good-nature wins the day. The severest thing said about an individual is probably Mr. Aubrey de Vere's witty criticism, that listening to F. D. Maurice's sermons was like eating pea-soup with a fork; and the severest thing about a class the late Lord Bowen's epigram on the clerical element in the Oxford Convocation. Someone had suggested that after coming up in such numbers a few days before to vote against the improvement of the curriculum, the country clergy would hardly be at the expense of coming up again so soon to vote against the proposed increase in

Jowett's salary of £40 as Regius Professor of Greek. "Trust them for that," said Bowen, "they'll think that education is a bad thing, but that justice is a worse, and they'll come in scores." Which, of course, they did. Sir M. E. Grant Duff's circle of acquaintance was a wide one, both in England and abroad, and he formed the excellent habit of noting down such good stories as were going. With one realm, indeed, that of Bohemia, he has but little to do. His taste in poetry, judging by the passages he quotes, is imperfect, and although he was once present upon what must have been a memorable occasion when Bright and William Morris were invited to meet each other at dinner, for the most part his acquaintance with poets and men of letters generally was pretty well confined to such as, like Matthew Arnold, were to be found in the salons of the great. On one occasion he found Swinburne unexpectedly in Jowett's rooms, and his expression of surprise at the choice of such an Alcibiades by the academic Socrates is comic. One wonders whether this was the famous interview during which Swinburne ventured to correct the Master's Greek. Of philosophers, historians, and the tribe of dons we hear more. Hayward, the forgotten *raconteur* and man about town, told him of Nassau Senior that once when the poet Moore was singing at Bowood he was annoyed by the scratching of the pen with which Senior was writing, and stopped. "Pray, go on," said Senior, "you don't interrupt me." And it is a good *mot* at the expense of Mr. Gladstone that the real object of his voluminous writings about Homer was to induce his wife to call upon Helen! In 1860 Sir M. E. Grant Duff quotes a humorous version of the battle-royal between Huxley and Bishop Samuel Wilberforce over evolution at the British Association meeting at Oxford of that year.

"According to Monckton Milnes, Huxley asserted 'that the blood of guinea-pigs crystallises in rhombohedrons.' Thereupon the bishop sprang to his feet and declared that 'such notions led directly to Atheism!'" This was the son of that Wilberforce whose dying words were gravely asserted by Senior to have been: "I think I would like some gravy out of that pie." An even more famous historical scene is described apropos of Sir James Hudson, who was the messenger sent to Rome after Sir Robert Peel when Lord Melbourne resigned, and who had much difficulty in finding him:

"It was to this chase that Disraeli alluded in the phrase which sent the House of Commons into such an uncontrollable fit of laughter:

"When the hurried Hudson rushed through the chambers of the Vatican with the keys of St. Peter in one hand and —"

"Here the House lost all command of itself, and the orator sat down, saying: 'The time will come when you shall hear me.'

"It was Lord Campbell who, being then in the House of Commons, said to Mr. Disraeli: 'Mr. Disraeli, when the impatience of the House prevented you finishing that most admirable speech, you had just mentioned that Mr. Hudson had the keys of St. Peter in one hand; would you indulge my curiosity by telling me what he had in the other?'"

Whereupon Sir M. E. Grant Duff narrates

the graphic story of Hudson's mission; but, unfortunately, he, too, forgets to tell us what were the contents of the other hand. We confess to sharing Lord Campbell's curiosity on the subject.

Many pages of the diary are devoted to an account of several journeys upon the Continent, journeys in which the thirsty search after general information characteristic of Sir M. E. Grant Duff's type of mind is agreeably variegated by botanical and geological expeditions. And from these travels the young statesman brings back a polyglot budget of good things. At Florence he hears the story of the Bishop of Perugia, who has a nephew, and whose nephew, staying out too late at night, explains that he had been at the marriage supper of one of his friends.

"The bishop, flying into a passion, said that marriage suppers were very bad things. The young man, thinking it would be a telling argument, suggested that his right reverend uncle must have forgotten that Christ himself went to a marriage supper at Cana in Galilee; whereupon the old man blurted out: 'Primo chi sa se è vero, e poi non è la piu bella cosa che ha fatto Nostro Signor!'"

At Dresden the travellers fell in with Retsch, the artist, who, when showing some drawings to one of the party, pointed to a figure and said: "Das ist Christus—Sie haben wohl von Christus gehört!" It was Kinglake who, speaking of the narrative of Sédan by Napoleon III., which appeared in the newspapers, said: "It read like nothing but an account of the 1st of September by an escaped partridge"; and against this may be set the jest of the French diplomat who, when dining at the Austrian Embassy in Rome, had his attention drawn to some flaw in a representation of the Imperial eagle: "Ma foi, c'est assez bien pour un oiseau de passage."

Sir M. E. Grant Duff is not a book to go into a wild enthusiasm over; but it is the agreeable record of a shrewd, well-informed, slightly pedantic man. We have heard it suggested that the writer is the Private Diarist of the *Cornhill*. On the evidence of these volumes we think it incredible; but if it is so, then he must have learnt many felicities and not a few humanities since 1872.

CANNING'S HISTORY IN FACT AND FICTION.

History in Fact and Fiction: a Literary Sketch. By the Hon. Albert S. G. Canning. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

Those who have read Mr. Canning's previous works will know pretty well what to expect in the present volume. They will find historical subjects treated in a manner agreeable and popular enough, if somewhat light and superficial.

As in several of his former publications, Mr. Canning dwells specially on topics connected with religious history. He writes from the standpoint of one imbued with the tolerant ideas of the nineteenth century, who from his superior position can calmly look down upon the furious bigotry and fanaticism of past ages. His sentiments

are no doubt most admirable and unexceptionable, though sometimes we may be disposed to think there is a little too much iteration of modern commonplaces. Such remarks as the following are no doubt true enough, but they can hardly be said to tell us anything we did not know before:

"When considered in a calm, impartial spirit, there seems, indeed, little if any cause for the calamitous hatred for centuries maintained, even justified, by Jews, Christians, and Mohammedans against each other solely owing to religious differences. Their animosity can only be explained by the obvious fact that all had formed an idea of the Creator's character and policy towards mankind utterly opposed to His description as transmitted by their own prophets themselves."

In this portion of his work Mr. Canning has made a very exaggerated statement, which shows that he cannot have very carefully studied the history of the French Revolution:

"At the close of the last century the French Revolution, denouncing all religions, including Christianity, proclaimed a determined, thorough atheism, which went far beyond the expressed or even implied doubts of Voltaire and other sceptical writers, whom it professed to admire and follow."

On this point there is much popular misconception, in which our author evidently shares. It may be hard to say precisely what is meant by such rather vague expressions as "the French Revolution denouncing Christianity and proclaiming atheism," &c., which are certainly not very good English. It is certain, however, that nearly all the prominent leaders of the Revolution at any of its stages were deists of some shade of opinion or other, and would utterly have disclaimed the name of atheists. The only organised body to which the epithet might with justice be applied is the faction of the Hébertists which for a time dominated the Paris municipality. It is, however, utterly incorrect to call the central power, at any period of the Revolution, "an atheistical government." In speaking of the progress of religious toleration in modern times, our author remarks that

"within the last few years Jews have been Lord Mayors of London and members of Parliament, to which last distinction even Parsees from India have recently attained, taking their oaths of allegiance on the Zendavesta, the Bible of the ancient Persian kings of a remote, almost prehistoric period."

Mr. Canning's love of the picturesque has carried him away here. It was said, indeed, that a Parsee member of Parliament did bring with him a copy of the Zendavesta, on which he offered to be sworn, but certainly no such oath could legally be taken.

The latter portion of this book reviews some English writers of historical fiction. Mr. Canning has devoted a considerable amount of space to the historical novels of Scott, on which he bestows an amount of praise which certainly cannot be said to be exaggerated on the whole. However, he decidedly overestimates the merits of some of these romances as faithful reproductions of the past. He seems still to imagine that

Ivanhoe presents a generally accurate picture of Richard I.'s reign, and to be oblivious of the overwhelming mass of evidence direct and indirect which proves the supposed sharp opposition between "Saxons" and "Normans" to be purely imaginary at the close of the twelfth century.

Unfortunately, too, we cannot by any means accept the portrait of Saladin in *The Talisman* with the confidence our author accords to it. The real Saladin was an Oriental despot, capable, no doubt, of acts of generosity at times, but on other occasions as ready to indulge in wholesale massacres of prisoners as any others of his kind. But certainly Saladin does not deserve to be compared with such a monster of perfidy and cruelty as Mohammed the Conqueror, of whom our author strangely says that "some acts of clemency towards the Greeks, together with his compassionate exclamation when entering the captured Constantinople, rather recall Scott's picture of Saladin." It is difficult to see any particular feelings of compassion in Mohammed's theatrical quotation of a few lines of Persian poetry, and the unfortunate inhabitants of Constantinople were not much benefited by this little ebullition of sentiment on the sultan's part.

As for his "acts of clemency," they are certainly not conspicuous on the surface of the tragic story, and cannot be said to amount to more than this, that he did not torture and murder everyone whom he might so have treated.

A POLITICAL NOVEL.

Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland. By Olive Schreiner. (Fisher Unwin.)

THIS book, in its directness, its actuality, its intention of personal invective, is strikingly different from anything else Olive Schreiner has done. Call it romance or call it sermon, pamphlet or political manifesto, as you will, it is at least an extraordinarily powerful bit of writing and extraordinarily true, that is with the truth of personal conviction. It is a weapon forged in the white heat of generous indignation, an impassioned protest against the exploitation of South Africa by capital, the selling of blood for gold. That is to say, it is an indictment of the whole method of the British South Africa Company in Mashonaland, and in particular of the ruling spirit of that Company, Mr. Cecil Rhodes. This is not the place to consider the truth of the indictment, nor even the doubtful appropriateness of its publication just at the present moment: we are concerned only with the effective form in which it is put. The design is a simple one. Peter Halket, a trooper in the Chartered Company's service, has lost his way on the veldt. As he sits by his fire on a koppie there comes to him out of the night a Stranger clad in a loose linen garment, whom he does not at first recognise for Christ. The Stranger puts things to Halket as they really are; and the coarse, unthinking Englishman is converted. He surrenders his dream of shares, and loses his life in the attempt to save a wounded nigger from

official murder. The situation is a very difficult one, and the author handles it with an apparent audacity which conceals a real reverence. The opening chapters are by far the finest. Peter Halket's confidences about his relations to native women and the ideals and working of the Company are contrasted with the pitiful silence or rare words of the still unrevealed Christ, and give opportunity for some passages of splendid irony.

"One of the Soudanese Rhodes brought with him from the north, I suppose?" said Peter, still eying him curiously.

"No; Cecil Rhodes has had nothing to do with my coming here," said the stranger."

Then Peter learns that he is speaking to a Jew.

"Ah," said Peter, "that's why I wasn't able to make out at first what nation you could be of; your dress, you know—." Then he stopped, and said, "Trading here, I suppose? Which country do you come from; are you a Spanish Jew?"

"I'm a Jew of Palestine."

"Ah!" said Peter, "I haven't seen many from that part yet. I came out with a lot on board ship; and I've seen Barnato and Beit; but they're not very much like you. I suppose it's coming from Palestine makes the difference."

The effect would have been more dramatic if the conversion of Peter Halket had been brought about more by the personality of Christ and less by His argument. As it is, one has to face a *longueur* in the middle of the book, where the author returns to the nebulousness and imperfect sense of form which marked her earlier work. But the conclusion, when Peter Halket testifies and meets his death, and once more "There is no God in Mashonaland," is again vigorously and pointedly told. There are defects of art enough and to spare in the book; but when all is said, it breathes a spirit of humanity, of sincerity, of unfaltering righteousness, which is rare enough in contemporary literature. *Facit indignatio versum.*

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

Life of Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon, K.C.B. By Rear-Admiral C. C. Penrose Fitzgerald. (Blackwood.)

THE bulk of Sir George Tryon's journals and memoranda went down with him in the ill-starred *Victoria*, and Admiral Fitzgerald has been poorly furnished with the ordinary material of the biographer. But the man's life was lived before men, his doings are recorded in the archives of a public department, and the circumstances of his death will not fade from the memory of this generation. Indeed, but for the catastrophe which closed it Sir George Tryon's life would never have been written. For, excellent officer and fine seaman as he was, opportunities for winning distinction were wanting to him. He served aboard the royal yacht, his first command was the first British ironclad, he directed a fleet in the naval manœuvres, he convoyed the Prince of Wales to India—it is not very exciting.

But we know what is in store—the fate that awaits this officer with his record of long service, his medals, his complimentary letters, and the rest; and the very trivialities and occasional irrelevancies with which Admiral Fitzgerald has been compelled to eke out his scanty material make the dramatic irony more pungent. The 22nd of June, 1893, is always ahead, and the order which sent 400 men to their death. Most readers will turn at once to Admiral Fitzgerald's last chapters; and, though he has nothing new to tell, nor any certain explanation to offer, they will find a very clear and intelligible account of the manœuvre attempted and the catastrophe which ensued. You have the unvarnished tale of Commander Hawkins-Smith, navigating officer of the *Victoria*, and a letter from Capt. Blackenbury, who commanded the *Edinburgh*, the second ship in the second division; you have the conclusions of the court-martial; and, finally, you have the clear, straightforward judgment of Admiral Fitzgerald himself. Needless to say, the *Life* is written in a tone of deep respect and sincere affection. Besides its interest as an unconscious work of art, the book is valuable as a history of the naval progress of the last forty years—years which have seen more far-reaching changes in shipbuilding and navigation than any previous period since the launch of the first coracle.

* * *

Climbs in the Dolomites. By Leone Sinigaglia. (Fisher Unwin.)

THIS is a translation of Signor Sinigaglia's lively account of his climbs in the mountains round Cortina. They are currently known as the Dolomites of Val d'Ampezzo; but a geological purist might challenge their right to be so closely associated with M. Dolomieu. Signor Sinigaglia's conviction that climbing is a good in itself, quite apart from its object, is positively refreshing; and in his descriptions he hits a happy mean between callous indifference and a too sensitive appreciation of danger. A few well-known climbs, such as the Kleine Zinne and the Hoher Gaisl, are described; and several new and difficult ascents, like those of the Croda da Lago by the North Ridge and by the west face. A similar ascent of the Monte Cristallo shows that by taking thought it is possible to find a very difficult way up a very easy mountain. Signor Sinigaglia was the climber who in 1890 was caught in the terrible storm in the hut on the Italian face of the Matterhorn, during the descent from which Bersagliier Carrel died from exhaustion. The story is a pathetic one, as Carrel, after saving the lives of his party by his consummate skill and knowledge, died, as it were, in the moment of victory. A little iron cross now marks the spot on the Alp where he died after having done his duty, in the true spirit of Sir Richard Greville, of "the little *Revenge*." The story is familiar to mountaineers, but bears retelling, and is retold by Mr. Garwood in the preface. The book is excellently translated by Miss Alice Vialls, though there are one or two trifling slips, as when in a note we are told that the Kletter-

schuhe or Scarpe da Gatto, so largely used throughout this region, are manufactured at Monaco, a statement which, though quite true in an Italian mouth, would certainly surprise the excellent Bavarian who makes them. The illustrations from photographs are very good indeed, particularly the views of the Drei Zinnen from the south, and of the Croda da Lago from the west.

* * *

The Life and Works of Robert Burns. Edited by Robert Chambers. Revised by William Wallace. Vol. IV. (Chambers.)

DR. CHAMBERS' early prefaces to his "Burns" seem to show that his arrangement of letters, memoir, and text, adopted by Currie, before him, originated from a suggestion of Cunningham's. It is an arrangement which must have added greatly to the labours of Mr. Wallace in the excellent "revision" of Chambers here brought to a close: for he has been enabled to utilise, and thus compelled to assign to its correct places, a mass of material which in Chambers' day had to be left untouched. The poetical text followed by Chambers was that of the 1794 edition—the latest issued in the poet's lifetime. Burns was, of all poets, the most addicted to changing his mind (recall the vicissitudes of "Scots wha' hae"!); and his various *corrigenda* are recorded by Mr. Wallace, for the most part (and wisely), in an appendix. Some fifty poems and about sixty letters not included in Chambers' are used by Mr. Wallace: and as the chronology of Chambers is freely corrected, they are a little troublesome to identify. Mr. Wallace has not shrunk from either the labour or responsibility of thorough revision. Some documents "cut" by Chambers are given more fully, from no other apparent reason than a piety which would not suffer any line of Burns to see corruption. In many places, however, vague notes of Chambers as to persons and places are amplified, with evidences of untiring industry. Mr. Wallace is often able (without blame) to give names where, even as late as 1850, Chambers had to print a —. Many alterations are critical. On p. 23 (note) Chambers calls Lowe's "The moon had climbed the highest hill" a "beautiful and well-known ballad." Mr. Wallace strikes out "beautiful"; but we agree with Chambers. Where the latter says that the impulsive, irritable, wayward temper of Burns is shown in a passage of Syme's narration, Mr. Wallace substitutes the remark that Syme exaggerated, and cuts out a letter to Miss Craik, quoted by Chambers as illustrative of them. Mr. Wallace's industry and discretion are, the former always, the latter very nearly always, unimpeachable.

* * *

Shakespeare an Archer. By William Lawes Ruston. (Liverpool: Lea & Nightingale.)

THERE is nothing to alarm in this slim volume. The author does not batter us with arguments to show that Shakespeare spent his time shooting in Finsbury Fields while someone else wrote his plays in Blackfriars. He is merely struck with the abundance of archery terms, phrases, and metaphors in Shakespeare's plays, and he

is persuaded that Shakespeare shared in what was then a popular pastime, and that he was deeply versed in Roger Ascham's *Toxophilus*. What the *Compleat Angler* is to angling and literature *Toxophilus* is to literature and archery. Mr. Rushton takes *Toxophilus* and the *Plays* and bases his conclusions on a study of parallel passages. A typical instance, none the worse for having attracted Dr. Johnson, is one from the "Merchant of Venice." Says Salarino to Antonio: "Believe me, sir, had I such a venture . . . I should be still plucking the grass to know where sits the wind." In *Toxophilus* Shakespeare had perhaps read:

"And thys waye I used in shootynge at those markes. When I was in the mydde way betwixt the markes whyche was an open place, there I take a feather or a lyttle lighte grasse, and so well as I coulede, learned how the wynde stode."

Again, in an argument which, though short, is too long to give here, Mr. Rushton makes use of the passage about "old Double" in the second part of Henry IV. Shallow, it will be remembered, says of this Double:

"Jesu! Jesu! dead! a' drew a good bow. . . . Dead! a' would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score; and carried you a forehead shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see."

The author contends, on technical lines, that Shakespeare's boast on behalf of Double—namely, that he shot a heavy arrow 290 yards point blank, "right afore him," was not likely to have been made by any but a practical archer. These are but two of a hundred or so points and parallels by which Mr. Rushton leads us to his first, and final, proposition. This he states reasonably:

"I think that archery was Shakespeare's favourite exercise . . . and that when he lived in London he often shot at the Butts, the Clout, and at Rovers, with Ben Jonson, Drayton, Hemmings, Condell, Phillips, and other friends and fellow-actors, in Finsbury Fields and on various shooting grounds which are near at hand."

It is a pleasant picture; and this book is at least calculated to win our modern archers to Shakespeare, and Shakespeareans to archery.

* * *

The History of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle-upon-Tyne (1793-1896). By Dr. Robert Spence Watson. (Walter Scott.)

THE Newcastle-on-Tyne "Lit. and Phil." was burnt down on the very night on which its members celebrated its hundredth year with a joyous combination of lecture and dance. That was just three years ago. Now the "Lit. and Phil." is itself again, and the history of its 103 years of existence, written by Dr. Robert Spence Watson, fills this portly octavo of nearly four hundred pages. What Dr. Watson has really given us (his task meant nothing less) is a retrospect of the whole literary, scientific, and social progress of the "canny toon" during the last century. To state this is to relieve our-

selves of the duty to summarise the work. Newcastle readers must find its chapters and portraits intimately interesting, and there is much that appeals to a wider circle in a volume in which we meet the Stephensons, and discover Bewick like a modern Durer, wood-cutting his way to fame under the shadow of the castle which William Rufus set on the Tyne banks. The book is sauced with anecdote. In the chapter in which he relates the beginnings and growth of the Society's library Dr. Watson tells with some gusto how the battle waged round the question of admitting *Don Juan* to the bookshelves. Comte's *Philosophy* was forbidden for many years, and though the library is now well supplied with fiction, yet its first novels, which happened to be the "Waverley," were admitted only when a majority who would not buy them were over-ruled by a majority who would not refuse them as a gift. Dr. Watson's chapter on lectures that have been delivered at the "Lit. and Phil." contains a good story of a long-winded, short-sighted lecturer and a dwindling audience. To stop him by open protest no one dared, but a pawky son of the Tyne gradually turned the gas lower and lower, and so won the release of himself and his fellow sufferers.

* * *

The Historical Geography of the Holy Land.
By George Adam Smith, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

We are not surprised that a third edition of this work has been called for. It deals with its subject fairly exhaustively and quite popularly; and it combines close observation with a restrained eloquence which carries the reader along. In committing this edition to the press Dr. Smith makes an alteration in one of his appendices. Yielding to the arguments of Prof. Ramsay and Mr. W. E. Crum, he has modified the strong contrast which he had previously drawn between Pagan and Christian epitaphs found on the east of Jordan. Dr. Smith had read the inscription *οὐδὲς ἀθάνατος* as meaning "nobody immortal," and had limited its occurrence to Pagan tombstones. Prof. Ramsay doubts both these conclusions, and thinks that the phrase occurs mostly on Christian tombs, and that it probably means "no one is free from death." A parallel Coptic phrase, "There is not any deathless," has been found in four instances, cited by Mr. W. E. Crum in the *ACADEMY* of January 19, 1895, and "both Prof. Ramsay and Mr. Crum think it probable that the phrase was borrowed from Pagans by Christians." In admitting that the distinction which he had drawn was too strong, Dr. Smith adds:

"All the same, as I have indicated, the Roman epitaphs seem entirely without hope; the Greek are at the best ambiguous; the Christian probably put a new meaning into the phrases they borrowed from the Pagans; and they do contain certain positive elements of which the Pagan are devoid."

We need not refer at any length to the general scope of Dr. Smith's work. It embodies every important result of the explorations conducted by the Western nations in the last twenty years.

POETRY.

A Treasury of Minor British Poetry. Selected by J. Churton Collins. (Edward Arnold.)

MR. CHURTON COLLINS'S aim in this anthology—and a very laudable aim it is—has been to eschew the beaten track of compilers of anthologies, and fill a volume with the fine, yet little known, poems which remain after the cream of English song has been skimmed. In this handsome volume he has undoubtedly succeeded in presenting to readers many exquisite poems for which they would search in vain in other collections. Campion's *Silent Music* cannot quite be so described, for it has appeared in Mr. Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*; but Mr. Collins has done well to extend, by giving it a place in his own collection, the knowledge of that lovely poem—one of the extremely few successful examples of a poem in unrhymed lyric metre. It is to be regretted, though, that he has done the metre injustice by omitting in the second line the word *thy* before the final word.

"Sing thou smoothly with *thy* beautie's,"

it should read. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as might be expected, have been Mr. Collins's happiest hunting-ground. He has drawn much on the song-writers, whose works have lately for the first time been carefully edited and reprinted. Here, for example, dipping into this part of the anthology at random, is a lyric by the little known poet Nicholas Breton, which is a delightfully dainty example of that pastoral vein in which the Elizabethans are matchless:

"PHILLIDA AND CORYDON.

"In the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day,
Forth I walked by the wood-side,
Whenas May was in his pride:
There I spied all alone,
Phillida and Corydon.
Much ado, there was, God wot,
He would love and she would not.
She said never man was true,
He said, None was false to you,
He said, he had loved her long,
She said, Love should have no wrong,
Corydon would kiss her then.
She said, Maids must kiss no men,
Till they did for good and all:
Then she made the shepherd call
All the heavens to witness truth,
Never loved a truer youth.
Thus with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,
Such as silly shepherds use
When they will not love abuse,
Love which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded.
And Phillida with garlands gay,
Was made the lady of the May."

Mr. Collins, by the way, puts a full-stop after "love abuse"; which clearly leaves both sentence and sense unconcluded. We are glad to see that he gives specimens from that fine poet, Drummond of Hawthornden. F. Davison, another of the song-writers, is also represented, together with such new names (new, that is, in anthologies) as Constable, Joshua Sylvester, George Gascoigne, and J. Hagthorpe. This last is, we

confess, a name new even to us. In the section devoted to the seventeenth century it is most gratifying to find Cowley's "Hymn to Light." So far as we know, it has been given in no anthology before; and has therefore been out of reach of all who could not afford Grosart's expensive reprint of Cowley. It is incomparably the finest of Cowley's odes. Plentiful sprinkling of cold conceits there is, as where is there not in Cowley? The metre also is an unhappy choice; and even where the matter is good the diction has a knack of falling below the level of lyric felicity. But the poem contains imagery worthy of a great poet, such as—

"Thou, Scythian-like, dost round thy lands
above
The sun's gilt tent for ever move; "

and some lines in which image and expression are alike exquisite. We are sorry, however, to see that Mr. Collins, in a laudable endeavour to compact the poem by the omission of weak stanzas, has been ill-advised enough to omit one of the boldest and most beautiful images it contains:

"The violet, Spring's little infant, stands
Girt with thy purple swaddling-bands."

But the loveliest lines in the hymn he has happily retained: we will not rob it of its jewel by quoting them. In the section devoted to the eighteenth, and even in that devoted to the nineteenth century, Mr. Collins has, we think, been less successful. If this dreary waste of platitudes is all the minor poets of the eighteenth century could yield, it would have been better had that century gone unrepresented, save for a few such things as the extracts from Smart's "Song to David."

LISA WILSON dedicates her *Verses* (Bliss, Sands & Co.) "to the sweet and gracious memory of Christina G. Rossetti, who honoured me with the name of friend." The verses, which are mostly religious, are in the manner of Miss Rossetti; and even where they are frankly love-songs they have a whiff of that aroma of heaven which made the perfume of all that Miss Rossetti wrote, even as a worldling. Of "My Lady's Beauty," for example, Lisa Wilson sings:

"All beauty pales before her, for her soul
Is beautiful, and looks forth from her eyes
In beauteous guise.
I needs must love her; yea, she hath my
whole
Heart's worship; and she knows it not, nor
will—
Until, until
She guesses it in heaven. Then she will
smile,
And love me too. Cannot I wait a little
while?"

The same note runs through *Margaret and Margarites*, by Clara S. Dickins (Sampson Low, Marston & Co.). It is a note with which criticism has not much to do—it is itself an echo of what others have sung more to the purpose; but an echo is not necessarily an offence; and where a poet cannot originate we are at least thankful to him for reproducing after models to which belongs a beauty that is still all its own.

FICTION.

The Spoils of Poynton. By Henry James. (Heinemann.)

THE works of Mr. Henry James are a series of exquisite disappointments. To say that they are exquisite is to say what all know. Each phrase is sought out, and each shade of character finely observed—have not many reviewers said it? He is admirable in his cleverness, his conscientiousness, and his right self-respect. He seeks the phrase, but he is never the fool of the phrase; no bright and alluring collocation of words, like some dancing light, has ever misled him. He does not go out with his gun potting at the general public—has never brought down his brace of tall curates with the two volumes fired in rapid succession—and they make bigger bags in the Crockett cabbage-plot. Mr. Henry James writes for the few, and belongs to the very few. It is, indeed, almost a pity that so many dunces have been banged, bullied, and frightened into saying that they like the work of Mr. Henry James, but that he is really too subtle. It is a pity, because, in the first place, no dunce ever liked the work of Mr. Henry James; and, in the second place, because the trouble with Mr. Henry James is, that he is not subtle enough. For instance, he seems to have feared at times that his style wanted warmth, geniality, spontaneity; and, thus fearing, he gives us an occasional "didn't" for "did not." This is not subtle, and it misses its effect. His heroes and heroines, again, take that course of action which best satisfies good taste and feeling. But, though rejected, the other course is considered. They deliberate. They choose. They are painfully anxious to have the good approval of everybody. Their most spirited action is discounted by nervousness and long self-communion. We find ourselves liking them less than we ought to like them; they are all right, but they have to take so much trouble to be all right. Mr. Henry James is subtle enough to work out the difficult sum correctly; but not subtle enough to rub out the working on his slate, and leave only the effective answer. His characters are not marionettes; they do live, and move, and have their being, but they know all the time that Mr. Henry James is looking; they are not sufficiently disengaged and projected.

If he were half as good nobody would mind, and six lines of stereotyped approval (for he would still be good) would be his portion. But he has a point of view, an insight, a right judgment, a hatred of the common, a style; he makes and uses his phrase like a master, and he takes care. Were his gifts and his conscientiousness less, he would disappoint less; as it is, one cannot forgive him the least thing—such forgiveness would be an insult. It is, perhaps, possible that his creative faculty and his critical faculty work simultaneously, each to the prejudice of the other; and that it would be better if he first made and then corrected. However that may be, his work is always exquisite, and yet always something of a disappointment.

"The Spoils of Poynton" are furniture—objects of art. They have been collected through long years, with love and knowledge, by Mrs. Gareth and her husband. Poynton is a beautiful treasure-house, a little heaven. Mrs. Gareth is now a widow; when her son Owen marries she will have to give up Poynton and all that therein is to him and his bride, and to retire to Ricks—a lesser place, formerly the residence of an aunt, and furnished as all aunts always furnish. Now Mrs. Gareth is the real collector; these spoils are almost her reason for living; she loves them, understands them, respects them. To one who could equal her affection and appreciation, to one worthy of these beautiful things, she could surrender them. Her haunting horror is, that she will have to surrender to Mona Brigstock of the Brigstocks of Waterbath, of whom Owen appears to be becoming fond. If Poynton is a little heaven, Waterbath (so far as the house is concerned) is simply Hades without the picturesqueness—cheap, tasteless, full of gimcracks. Mona is beautiful, wooden, expressionless, grasping, knows that the spoils are very valuable, and is incapable of considering them, or anything else, otherwise than commercially. Owen is a handsome, heavy, honest fool, of "ponderous probity," but also of an almost incredible weakness. And Fleda is the other girl, worthy (as Mrs. Gareth knew) of the spoils, and worthy of far more. There is the germ of the book—most of the people and some of the motives.

When Mr. Henry James makes out a little list of his achievements (and it would be difficult to imagine anything more unlikely) he must not omit Mrs. Gareth. He has seldom, if ever, given us anything better. The character is clear, objective, original. She is a woman of refined taste, and is sometimes almost slangy; she is capable of great sacrifices, and is guilty of conduct that—well, "the Brigstocks say it's simply stealing," says Owen plaintively; and we are inclined to agree with the Brigstocks. Yet only at the end do we remember that there are things in her which, baldly stated and at first sight, might appear paradoxical. Throughout she has been quite true and convincing. It is the misfortune of Mr. Henry James that he draws those people best whom he does not quite like. There is much that is good in the delineation of Owen and Fleda, but they do not convince as Mrs. Gareth convinces. The story contains at least two strong dramatic situations: the humour is delightful; the style is Mr. Henry James. If it disappoints, it is for want of a little more warmth and humanity, because the reader cries out for someone who shall be admirable without being nervous and hesitating, and never finds that person.

If the present writer may add a personal note on another point, it is a pity that Mr. Heinemann should deface, by an absurd stamp on the title-page, such a book as this when he sends it out for review.

The Green Book; or, Freedom Under the Snow. By Maurus Jókai. (Jarrold & Sons.)

If Jókai gives us no coherent plot, he makes us breathe an atmosphere; and a very lurid

atmosphere it is. The scene is St. Petersburg; the time, the early years of the present century. The "Green Book," from which the present volume has its name, was a secret roll in which were inscribed the names of those who had bound themselves together in one of the rather futile and muddle-headed secret societies with which Russian society was honey-combed. Working and plotting and counterplotting and making love, you have innumerable types. Principal among them are the court singer Zeneida, custodian of the "Green Book"; Prince Ghedimin, parasite and traitor; his wife, ex-royal-mistress and mother of the idyllic Sophie; Pushkin, the patriotic poet, whose interview with the court Censor is a genuine little piece of comedy; and the Czar, a monster of amiable irresponsibility. The scenes amid which these persons move are painted with extraordinary skill. The author is never at a loss for an appropriate "drop." He even exceeds. For the mere swagger of it, he takes you through the capital at the heels of a hunted stag, and with dazzling swiftness shows you the things and people as they were. The description of the city flooded by the Neva, and the tragic incidents of those awful days, is magnificent; but one can hardly believe, even of Muscovite conspirators, that they were accustomed to scull, by preference, with a boat-hook. It may be that the translator is responsible for this graphic touch.

The Yoke of Steel. By C. J. Wills and Godfrey Burchett. (Hurst & Blackett.)

The Yoke of Steel is a conventional novel of an extinct type. There are the familiar *dramatis personæ*, the unscrupulous lover, the incredibly innocent young wife, the incredibly tactless elderly husband. The first is the occasion of the familiar misunderstanding between the second and third, which is followed by the familiar reconciliation. The sentiment is thoroughly artificial, and the incidental descriptions of champagne-breakfasts, gambling-hells, and the like, leave a bad taste in the mouth. And the story, such as it is, is told at far too great length. The book can serve no other purpose than to be yawned over in the smoking-room.

In the Kingdom of Kerry. By B. M. Croker. (Chatto & Windus.)

It is refreshing to encounter in the torrent of rubbish that streams day by day from the press to come upon such work as Mrs. Croker's palpitating with life. *In the Kingdom of Kerry* is the story of two peasant lovers, separated by the necessity that compels a man to assent to a *mariage de convenance*; of true love's triumph; of a smiling god who turns an old toy into treasure. Cleverly and simply the tale is told, and admirably the persons are sketched in Denis, Old Joe, "Kitty the News," and, above all, Mary. Her simple dignity, her tenderness, her charm, we shall not easily forget. We are grateful to Mrs. Croker for this story and the others which complete the volume.

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THE WEEK.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF NEW BOOKS.

BY PROF. MAX MÜLLER has just done what Mr. Herbert Spencer did a little while ago—he has completed the fabric which many years back he regarded as his life's work, and he has begun to say his farewells. We refer to the publication by Messrs. Longmans, this week, of Prof. Müller's *Contributions to the Science of Mythology*. The work appears in two bulky volumes, containing between them over 800 pages; and it is dedicated to the King of Sweden and Norway, as "the wise ruler, the enlightened friend of literature, the generous patron of Oriental learning." In a long and interesting preface Prof. Müller defines the position which he assigns to this work among his other works, and defends the position which he sees himself to be occupying among mythological and Oriental students.

This book completes "an exposition, however imperfect," which Prof. Müller long ago proposed to himself, "of the four sciences of language, mythology, religion, and thought. And as regards the growing isolation imputed to him as a student of comparative mythology, Prof. Müller quotes the names of scholars in the principal countries of Europe which can be set against the names which "have so many times been quoted to show that comparative mythology is dead." There is much in this preface that Mr. Andrew Lang and others will wish to answer; but Prof. Müller, who has described himself earlier as "an old soldier of seventy-three years of age," lays down the pen with the warning: "It is not likely that I shall be able to enter again on any controversy with regard to the facts and opinions put forward in this work."

BY FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE. So many poets have found poetry in landscape that it is the critic's office to study landscape in poetry. Mr. Francis T. Palgrave has just completed such a study, and his survey of the subject from Homer to Tennyson is before us. The scope of the book is explained in a prefatory chapter:

"It is hardly needful to say," writes Mr. Palgrave, "that Nature as here spoken of falls short of the large sense in which Marcus Aurelius used the word, 'O Nature, from thee are all things, in thee are all things, to thee all things return'; nor do we speak of that personification in J. S. Mill's phrase as 'a collective name for everything that is,' or as including 'not only all that happens, but all that is capable of happening.' Compared with Nature in her infinite vastness, her infinite minuteness, our sphere is indeed limited. It is the surface of this little world—or, indeed, only a small part of that surface—with sky and its earth-born features, and beyond, the heavenly bodies, as the fine old phrase names them, with which we are concerned; yet the aspects of Nature to man as he sees and loves and strives to render them in poetry, from the beginning, we shall find, have constantly either expressed or implied the sense of Divine causation or presence; and with this, that mysterious sense, that we also are in some way one with what we see; that silent voices are speaking to us from land and sky; even that whatever we find of real existence, of the hyperphenomenal (if I may use the word) in ourselves, is immanent throughout the *Cosmos*."

We need not say that Mr. Palgrave's book is a storehouse of quotations.

ANOTHER book of criticism BY W. P. KER. which gives tone to the week's output is Prof. W. P. Ker's *Epic and Romance*. The sub-title, *Essays on Medieval Literature*, indicates the limited intentions of the author, who writes:

"There seemed to be certain results available for criticism, apart from the more strict and scientific procedure which is required to solve the more difficult problems of *Beowulf*, or of the old Northern or the old French poetry. It is hoped that something may be gained by a less minute and exacting consideration of the whole field, and by an attempt to bring the more distant and dissociated parts of the subject into relation with one another, in one view."

The first of Mr. Ker's five chapters is introductory, and the succeeding ones deal with the Teutonic Epic, the Icelandic Sagas, the Old French Epic, and Romance and the Old French Romantic Schools.

SOME OTHER BOOKS.

MR. C. RAYMOND BEAZLEY'S work, *The Dawn of Modern Geography*, is important. Broadly, Mr. Beazley aims at presenting

"an account of geographical movements in Christendom, and especially in Latin or Western Christendom, during the early Middle Ages (from about A.D. 300 to about A.D. 900); to which has been added a summary account of non-Christian movements, especially in the Arab and Chinese dominions and races, during the same period."

A publication of interest to antiquarians and the legal profession is *Select Cases in Chancery A.D. 1364 to 1471*, edited

for the Selden Society by Mr. William Paley Baildon. Previous selections made by the old Record Commission appeared early in the present reign, and the present collection is intended to carry on a work which has been found to have yielded valuable results. The petitions forming the subject matter of the book are given in the old French in which they were first drafted, and also in modern English.

A particularly attractive book, both in its subject-matter and its get-up, is Mr. Allan Fea's *The Flight of the King*. It is an attempt to illustrate by pen and pictures "the adventurous and romantic story of the escape of Charles II. after the battle of Worcester, following step by step the hazardous journey from that city to the Sussex coast, and describing with pen and pencil the present condition or fate of the various houses which afforded the royal fugitive a safe asylum in the year 1651." Five tracts not included in Hughes's "Boscobel Tracts" form the second part of the book, which is illustrated throughout with sketches, photographs by the author, and many portraits in photogravure.

In *Relics of Primeval Life* Sir J. William Dawson supplements his earlier work, *The Dawn of Life*. Perhaps it is more correct to say that in his present work he treats anew the whole subject of the introduction and development of life on our planet, as he conceives it. The book is a reproduction of lectures delivered in the Lowell Institute, Boston, last year. It is copiously illustrated, and is a six-shilling octavo.

FICTION.

THE week has produced some fifteen or so new novels. The best-known name is that of Mr. W. E. Norris, who is responsible for *Clarissa Furiosa*. *King Noon* is welcome. This story of Devon settlers in Old Virginia and Massachusetts Bay, by Mr. F. J. Stimson, has had an extraordinary success in America. A foreword is appended to Mr. Max Pemberton's *Christine of the Hills*, which is in part a true tale, in part the outcome of a recent voyage to the islands of the "spouseless sea." Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy, in *A Justified Sinner*, spares the reader the usual preamble of description. His story begins thus: "'Man,' she cried out, striking the table violently, and raising her voice to shrillness, 'why did you marry me?'" Mr. S. E. Waller, the painter, has occupied his leisure in writing *Sebastini's Secret*. It contains nine illustrations by the author, and is not unconcerned with studio life. Two first books have been issued. Mr. J. F. Brewer, who is not unknown in the musical world, has written a story called *The Speculators*; and Mr. C. K. Burrow, the author of some graceful verse and a volume of short stories called *Asteck's Madonna*, makes a bid for a wider public in *The Way of the Wind*. Mr. Samuel Gordon's *A Handful of Exotics* is a collection of short stories of scenes and incidents of Russo-Jewish life. Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co.'s "Seven Sea Series" begins well. The first two volumes are a collection of sketches by Mr. Shan F. Bullock, under the title *King o' Rushes* and *The Circle of Earth*,

by George Knight, which looks fresh and readable, says the author:

"I dedicate this piece of fantasy to my wife, humbly confessing that though the web be mine I robbed her distaff of the thread wherewith to weave it. And I do humbly desire her pardon for the prentice use to which I have put so rare a material."

* * * * *

THE most important of NEW EDITIONS. these is a new edition, to be completed in six volumes, of the Bishop of London's *History of the Papacy from the Great Schism to the Sack of Rome*. Published by Messrs. Longmans & Co., the type of this the first volume is clear, the size convenient, and the binding sober. This new edition lacks a new preface; but the preface prepared by Dr. Creighton fifteen years ago, from Embleton Vicarage, Chathill, Northumberland, is reprinted. The passage of time has remedied a plaint then made by the author, that "my work has been written under the difficulties which necessarily attend one who lives far from great libraries." A third edition of Mr. Charles Oman's *History of England from the Earliest Times to A.D. 1603* has been issued by Mr. Edward Arnold. It is in two volumes, in green cloth binding, and of useful size. We are not particularly in favour of the custom of illustrating standard works, but those who like to have their imaginations stimulated by pictures in the text will welcome Messrs. Service & Paton's edition of *The Last of the Barons*, with its sixteen pictures by Mr. Fred Pegram. They are conscientious and intelligent, if a trifle academic. The "Temple Classics" continue to arrive and to please. *Le Morte D'Arthur*, with a frontispiece copied in photogravure from a picture by Aubrey Beardsley, and Bacon's *Essays*, are the latest volumes.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGY.

- CONTEMPORARY THEOLOGY AND THEISM. By R. M. Wenley, M.A. T. & T. Clark.
- SOME THOUGHTS OF THE TEXTUAL CRITICISM OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By George Salmon, D.D. John Murray. 3s. 6d.
- CHRISTIAN INSTINCTS AND MODERN DOUBT. By Rev. Alexander H. Craufurd, M.A. James Clarke & Co. 6s.

BIOGRAPHY.

- MARTIN LUTHER. By Gustav Freytag. The Open Court Publishing Co.
- THE STORY OF VICTORIA, R.I. By W. J. Wintle. Sunday School Union.

HISTORY.

- ERAS OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH:
- The Age of the Great Western Schism. By Clinton Locke, D.D. T. & T. Clark. 6s.
- The Age of Hildebrand. By Marvin R. Vincent, D.D. T. & T. Clark. 6s.
- The Age of the Crusades. By James M. Ludlow, D.D. T. & T. Clark. 6s.
- THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN CRISIS. By F. E. Garrett. By Edmund Garrett & E. J. Edwards. Archibald Constable & Co. 3s. 6d.
- A HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By Charles Oman. Third edition. Parts I. and II. Edward Arnold. 3s. each.
- THE DAWN OF MODERN GEOGRAPHY. By C. Raymond Beazley, M.A. John Murray. 18s.
- A HISTORY OF THE PAPACY. By M. Creighton, D.D. New edition in 6 vols. Longmans & Co. Vol. I. 6s.

EDUCATIONAL.

- NEW LATIN COMPOSITION. By Moses Grant Daniel. Leach, Shewell, and Sanborn (Boston).

GREEK AND ROMAN MYTHOLOGY. By K. P. Harrington and H. C. Tolman. Leach, Shewell, and Sanborn (Boston).

CORNELIUS NEPOS. Edited by J. E. Melhuish. Blackie & Son.

POETRY.

- ELFIN'S LUCK, AND OTHER POEMS. By A. E. Hilla. A. D. Innes & Co. 4s. 6d.
- THE BOOK OF THE HILLS. By O. C. Auringer. Henry Stowell & Son (Troy, U.S.A.).

ART AND BELLES LETTRES.

- THE TEMPLE CLASSICS: LE MORT D'ARTHUR. By Sir Thomas Malory. Part I. Edited by I. Gollancz. ESSAYS. By Francis Bacon. J. M. Dent & Co. 1s. 6d. each.
- EPIC AND ROMANCE. By W. P. Ker. Macmillan & Co. 10s.
- LANDSCAPE IN POETRY FROM HOMER TO TENNYSON. By Francis T. Palgrave. Macmillan & Co.

TRAVEL.

- LETTERS FROM ARMENIA. By J. Rendel Harris and Helen B. Harris. Nisbet & Co. 6s.

FICTION.

- A PILGRIMAGE TO BREITENBURG. By Richard Wagner. The Open Court Publishing Co. (Chicago).
- OUT OF THE DARKNESS. By Percy Fendall and Fox Russell. Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.
- CLARISSA FURIOSA. By W. E. Norris. Methuen & Co. 6s.
- A HANDFUL OF EXOTICS. By Samuel Gordon. Methuen & Co. 3s. 6d.
- DIMAR FLEET. By John Hill and G. F. Bacon. Downey & Co. 6s.
- A JUSTIFIED SINNER. By J. Fitzgerald Molloy. Downey & Co. 6s.
- THE LAST OF THE BARONS. By Lord Lytton. Service & Paton.
- THE WATER-FINDER. By Lucas Cleeve. Hutchinson & Co. 3s. 6d.
- THE SOUND OF A VOICE. By Linda Gardiner. Hurst & Blackett. 6s.
- CHRISTINE OF THE HILLS. By Max Pemberton. A. D. Innes & Co. 6s.
- THE SPECULATORS. By John Francis Brewer. Methuen & Co. 6s.
- THE ORACLE OF THE EARTH. By George Knight. Ward, Lock & Co.
- KING NOANETT. By F. J. Stimson. John Lane. 5s.
- GLAMOUR. By Meta Oked. John Lane. 4s. 6d.
- A MATTER OF TEMPERAMENT. By Caroline Fothergill. A. & C. Black. 6s.
- THE JACKLINS. By Opie Read. A. & C. Black. 3s. 6d.
- A MAN WITH BLACK EYELASHES. By H. A. Kennedy. 3s. 6d.
- RING O' RUSHES. By Shan F. Bullock. Ward, Lock & Co.

SCIENCE.

- A STUDY OF THE SKY. By Herbert A. Howe. Macmillan & Co. 6s.

POLITICS.

- THE PRINCE. By Niccolò Machiavelli. Translated from the Italian by Ninian Hill Thomson, M.A. Clarendon Press.

ANTIQUITIES.

- THE TRANSACTIONS OF THE EAST RIDING ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY. Vol. IV. William Andrews & Co. (Hull).
- SILDEN SOCIETY: SELECT CASES IN CHANCERY, A.D. 1364-1741. Edited by W. P. Baildon. Bernard Quaritch.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- GIRLS WHO ANSWER "PERSONALS." By Dr. Arthur Macdonald. Second edition. Washington.
- A CONCISE HISTORY OF RELIGION. By F. J. Gould. Vol. III. Rationalist Press Committee. Watts & Co. 5s.
- WHITAKER'S DIRECTORY OF TITLED PERSONS. Whitaker. 2s. 6d.
- WILLING'S BRITISH AND IRISH PRESS GUIDE, 1897. Willing.

FOREIGN.

- LES GUERRES DE LA RÉVOLUTION: HONDSCHOOTE. Par Arthur Chuquet. Léon Chailley (Paris).

MYTHOLOGY.

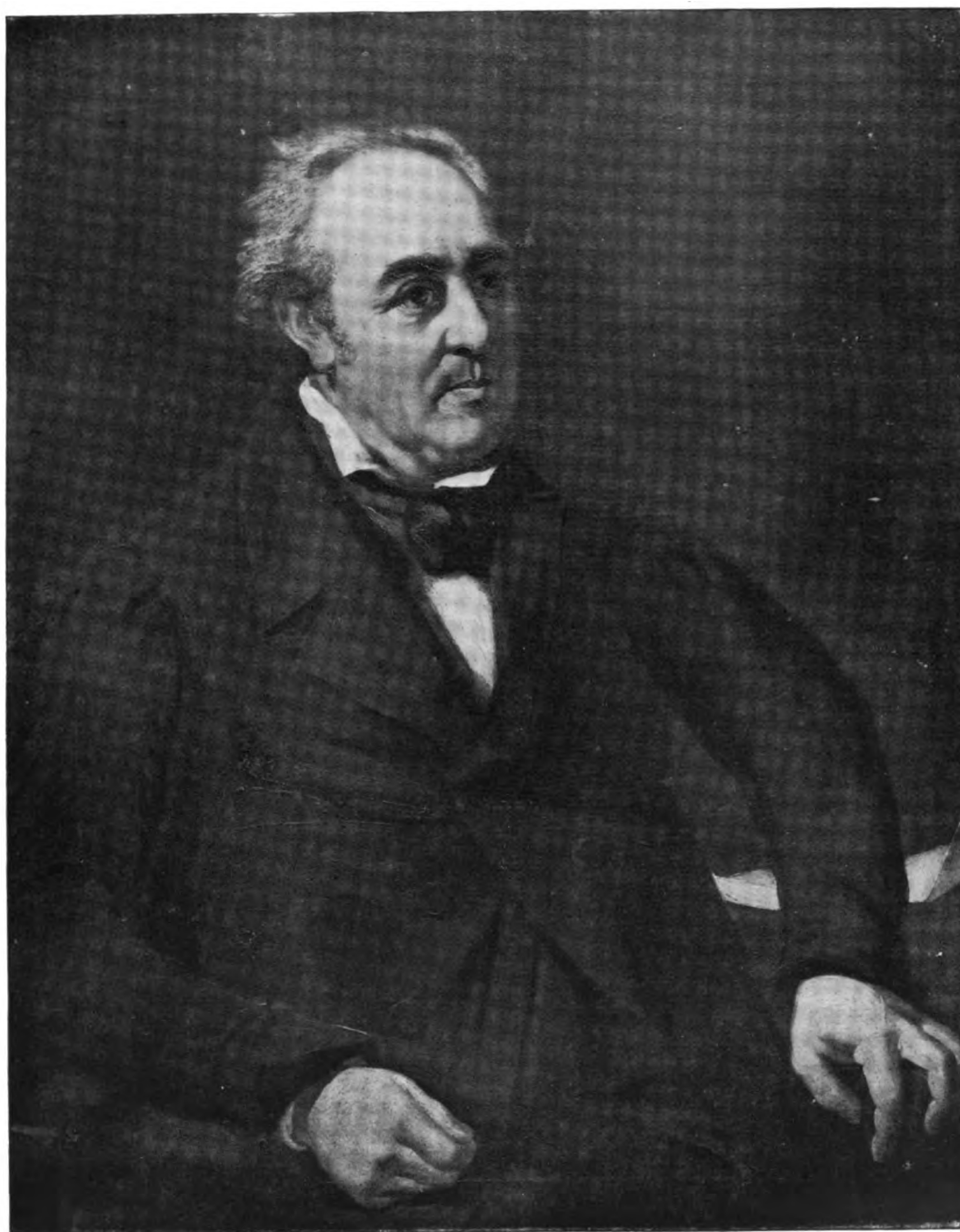
- CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SCIENCE OF MYTHOLOGY. By the Right Hon. Prof. F. Max Müller. Longmans & Co. 32s.

ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

XVI.—WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

LANDOR was born of good family at Ipsley Court, Warwickshire, in 1775, and was educated at Rugby and Oxford. He did not neglect his university training, for he obtained private notoriety on account of his Latin verses before his name was much known to the public, and this classical taste evidences itself strongly in the Greek character of his poetry. It was not for nothing that he bore the name of Savage. It was said of someone that if he could split himself in halves, the one half would go to buffets with the other. It might have been said of Landor. Look even at his portrait, and you see obstinacy armed in the face. He disagreed—not unreasonably—with his father, who wished to dictate his profession (did dictation, one wonders, run in the family?). Landor *père* would have Landor *fils* in the Army: Landor *fils*, being a virtuous republican, would not away with the Army. Thereupon Landor *ainé* said: "Law and four hundred a year, or your own way and a third of the sum." Landor *jeune* took his own will with that dowry, as he would doubtless have taken her with no portion at all; for his own will was the sole spouse to whom Walter Savage Landor was wedded without quarrelling. He succeeded to the family estate, sold it off, bought two others in Monmouthshire, expended some £70,000 in improvements, quarrelled with his tenants, pulled down his house, and went to Italy. He had previously joined the Spaniards in their first insurrection, raising a troop, and giving 20,000 reals towards expenses. In 1815 came the Italian journey; and several years later he returned from his Florentine villa to Bath. In 1858 he was tried for publishing grossly indecent and slanderous verses against a lady of that place, and condemned in a thousand pounds' damages. He had but a remnant of his fortune when this happened; and he had published a declaration that he would bestow it on the widow of whosoever should successfully assassinate the Emperor of the French. Having now no fortune left for such playful and amiable objects, he returned to Italy; and his friends combined to rescue him from the consequences of his indomitable perversity. His brothers gave him an annuity of £200. Browning kindly looked after its proper expenditure, and the literary Ishmael settled down at Florence. He died in 1864; having quarrelled, as consistently as human infirmity would allow, with everybody on earth—including, it is hardly necessary to say, his wife. In the intervals allowed him by this main purpose of life he published enough, in prose and verse, to fill two closely printed volumes.

His poetry consists of two long poems, "Gebir" and "Count Julian"; a collection of Hellenics, poems avowedly in the old Greek taste; and a quantity of miscellaneous verse. "Gebir" and "Count Julian" were enthusiastically admired by such men as De Quincey; but Landor's warmest admirers would hardly stake his reputation on them now. There are a few passages



WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

From the Picture by William Fisker in the National Portrait Gallery

still worth quoting, but no more. Such is the couplet on the moonbeam:

"And the long moonbeam on the hard wet sand
Lay like a jasper column half upreared."

That is fine, but it stands alone. Fine, too, is the passage on Julian nursing his solitary grief:

"Wakeful he sits, and lonely and unmoved,
Beyond the arrows, shouts, and views of men,
As oftentimes an eagle, when the sun
Throws o'er the varying earth his early ray,
Stands solitary, stands immovable,
Upon some higher cliff, and rolls his eye,
Clear, constant; unobservant, unabased,
In the cold light."

The miscellaneous poems are really one in character with the Hellenics. They aim at Greek brevity, form, lucidity, measure. It is usually considered that Landor was a master in this kind. Of some, such as the beautiful "Rose Aylmer," it may be admitted frankly that this is true. But, as a whole, it seems to us that the restraint has nothing to restrain; Pegasus would prove himself a most discreet ambler, even if the reins were laid upon his neck. Landor's prose is another matter. It is not, as a rule, imaginative, nor distinguished by any other extra-prose qualities; it gives one no thrill, no "shock of sweet surprise": it is most absolute prose, but also most admirable prose; lucid, structural, with an unclamorous rightness of phrase. Sometimes he goes out of his way for an epithet, with self-justifying result, as when he speaks about "the omnigenous imagery of Shakespeare." The adjective is exactly and felicitously apt, a sentence-saving adjective. But this is rare. He has, in fact, described his own style—probably not unawares.

"Elegance in prose composition is mainly this: a just admission of topics and of words; neither too many nor too few of either; enough of sweetness in the sound to induce us to enter and sit still; enough of illustration and reflection to change the posture of our minds when they would tire; and enough of sound matter in the complex to repay us for our attention."

This does not describe a profound writer, nor is Landor profound. The "sound matter in the complex" is a variable quality with him. He loves paradox and paradoxical satire—for if we have called his writing "absolute prose," we by no means meant to call it prosaic. But the paradox is as likely as not to be more startling than deep; and perhaps one of the circumstances which keep the reader alert in attention is, that you never know whether the next paradox will be convincing or maddeningly perverse. He upholds, for example, the unexpected proposition that Locke is the most elegant of English writers; and to the question why Plato is so much more applauded, answers most Landorily that it is because he is so much less read.

"The difficulties we never try are no difficulties to us. . . . Until a short time ago, I could have conversed much more fluently about Plato than I can at present—I had read all the titles to his dialogues, and several scraps of commentary; these I have now forgotten, and am indebted to long attacks of the gout for what I have acquired instead."

It is exquisitely put, and contains just enough truth to make him unable to refrain from the falsehood. He presently caps it by declaring that without the gout he would have had less patience, which from the mouth of Landor is magnificent and unsurpassable. His dialogue on Milton is a good example of his qualities as a critic. It is full of taste and good sense, marred by rash confidence, particularly on points of metre, where Landor seems to have had a narrow ear. He can see nothing—we should rather say hear nothing—in Milton's "aggregates of proper names," and selects for condemnation—

"Knights of Logres and of Lyones,
Lancelot, and Pelleas, and Pellenore."

To which one can best say that the last line ravished the ear of Tennyson to the extent of evoking from him a minutely careful imitation—

"Ulfius, and Brastias, and Bedivere."

By what careful study Landor gained his command of English is to be seen in the dialogue between Horne Tooke and Johnson. It deserves to be read for its acute criticism of language—mixed, of course, with Landorian crotchets and obstinacies.

"Since we are become a learned nation," he says, "not only the words we have cast aside, but also those we have substituted in the place of them, are mostly injudicious; and such others as we have taken the trouble to construct are unskilful botches."

Landor slips in expression: he does not mean that the words we have cast aside are injudicious, but that it was injudicious to cast them aside. The substance, however, is the view of all those—chiefly poets—who have striven in modern days, against a chorus of facile censure, to revive some of those cast-off pieces of the English tongue. Yet in the midst of his criticism of others he himself uses the horrible comparative "frequenter"—by way, we suppose, of being still a mutineer, and Landor. Landor he always is: the *Imaginary Conversations*, which are his classical work in prose, if (as De Quincey insists) they have many points of skilful dialogue, are not dramatic; Chatham, for instance, is not Chatham, but Landor without the smallest of masks. Mr. Coventry Patmore drew a distinction between two kinds of dogmatism: the dogmatism of the seer, and the dogmatism of the man who opines. "By their fruits ye shall know them"—which means that to discern between the two the hearer must himself have the gift of recognising, though not of divining, truth. Landor belonged emphatically to the second class. He is stiff in opinion, not because his vision of truth is so dazzling, but because he has the bull-dog's instinct of hanging-on to whatever comes between his teeth. "Mamma says so," remarked the once famous child in *Punch*; "and if Mamma says so, it is so, even if it isn't"! That was the opinion of Walter Savage Landor about Walter Savage Landor's opinions—even when he recommended the Greeks to fight the Turks with bows and arrows instead of firearms. Let us be thankful that a certain genius makes them not too seldom right, and that a classical style allied with a strong personality

makes them always interesting. In no intellectual quality, perhaps, can he be called great; but he has written some of the best prose in the English language.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

THE NEW UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR AS MAN OF LETTERS.

ALTHOUGH the official announcement is to come, there seems to be no doubt that Col. John Hay is to be the successor of Mr. Bayard. In one respect, at least, it must prove a happy appointment. For Col. John Hay is a man of letters as well as a politician, and his presence in London will keep alive the traditions which have gathered around an office already held by Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Mr. Motley, Mr. Lowell, Mr. Phelps, and Mr. Bayard.

Col. Hay's *Pike County Ballads* alone convict him of being a poet and a humorist. They contain that curdling Wild West ballad of whisky and death, "The Mystery of Gilgal." All happened in Tom Taggart's bar. Thither came Col. Blood of Pike and Jedge Phinn, and each, "as he meandered in, remarked, 'A whisky-skin.'" A little disagreement about precedence for the first glass mixed by Tom was the trouble; and with bowie-knives "they caroled in a way that all admired." Shots followed, and Seth Bludso got a stray one; and then

"Coats went off, and all went in,
Shots and bad language swelled the din;
The short sharp bark of Derringers
Like bull-pups, cheered the furse.

"They piled the stiffs outside the door;
They made, I reckon, a cord or more.
Girls went that winter, as a rule,
Alone to spellin'-school."

Another of the ballads, "Little Breeches," is a chunk of humour, pathos, and that rough yet reverent handling of sacred things which is natural to strong men who have only time for work and weariness. Thus the Pike County farmer:

"I don't go much on religion,
I never ain't had no show;
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
On the handful o' things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets,
And free-will, and that sort of thing,
But I b'lieve in God and the angels
Ever sence one night last spring."

On that night the five-year-old "Little Breeches," who was "pert and chipper and sassy," had been run away with in the turnip wagon by the team, just as a snow squall burst over the prairie. The father found horses and wagon snowed up, but his Little Breeches had disappeared. The seekers' torches went out, and then "me and Isrul Parr" went off to a sheepfold for wood. The lambs were huddled in a warm shed, and there nestling among them was Little Breeches. All he wanted was "a chaw of terbacker."

"How did he git that? Angels.
He could never have walked in that storm.
They jest scooped down and toted him
To whar it was safe and warm."

And I think that saving a little child,
And bringing him to his own,
Is a derved sight better business
Than loafing around the Throne."

Nearer to immortality is another piece: who does not know "Jim Bludso"? Jim, engineer of the *Prairie Belle*, was no saint.

"This was all the religion he had—
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the *Prairie Belle* took fire,
A thousand times he swore,
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore."

The *Prairie Belle* took fire, and Jim carried out his programme:

"And, sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smoke-stacks fell;
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the *Prairie Belle*.

"He'd seen his duty, a dead-sure thing—
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard
On a man that died for men."

But Col. Hay has found themes in Europe as well as in his own land. His *Wanderlieder* is a small collection of verses, mostly songs of battle and freedom, which grew in his mind as he wandered from one romantic spot to another in the old countries. Spain, in particular, is at Col. Hay's finger-ends, and there are few more delightful books of travel of the gossip sort than his *Castilian Days*, written in Madrid in 1870. Nor has the Colonel's cosmopolitanism failed to get into his books. The human nature that is common to both hemispheres is touched with a light hand in the following "Distiches," as the author names them, from his *Old Days*:

"Wisely a woman prefers to a lover a man
who neglects her,
This one may love her some day, some day
the lover will not."

That is true to those who have found it true. The following has been much quoted:

"What is first love worth, except to prepare
for a second?
What does the second love bring? Only
regret for the first."

This dictum, too, may be questioned, but it should be accepted as a warning until it can be rejected as a prophecy.

"There are three species of creatures who
when they seem coming are going,
When they seem going they come: Diplomates, women, and crabs."

Our new "diplomate" seems coming, and we hope he will really come.

PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

In his new book, *Ld-Haut*, M. Rod has forsaken his old manner, and dipped into rustic realism. The change is not for the better—distinctly the reverse, I think. True, *Ld-Haut* is a broader, more elaborate, more

composed work than any M. Rod has yet given us. It is a novel of Alpine life, minutely observed and faithfully reproduced. But village gossip, village ambitions, rural joys and sorrows require, if they are to touch or thrill us, a different handling from that of M. Rod's. To begin with, he lacks the most important element of all—humour. It is this gift of humour that constitutes all the charm as well as the reality of George Eliot's and of Mr. Hardy's rural scenes and characters. Again, he lacks a certain generous simplicity which lies upon George Sand's lovely tales of village life. To hold the reader captive among these Swiss altitudes, to chain his sympathy and give individuality to all the characters of this quiet novel, it requires an art less self-absorbed, less intensely concentrated on minute details, a treatment fuller, more human, more vital. Three modern writers, of different nationality, have given the world three mountain novels, and it is the woman who carries off all the honours. *The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains*, written by an American woman, is a powerful, an original, and affecting novel. In *Peñas Arriba*, Pereda, the Spanish novelist, has given us, like M. Rod in *Ld-Haut* (an echo of the Spanish title), a series of mountain pictures, indications of mountain ambitions, griefs, and disappointments—in a word, a faithful reproduction of mountain life, with a thin vein of romance running through it, an unimportant love tale lightly sketched upon a crowded canvas. Pereda's *Peñas Arriba* (unlike in every way the impressive *Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains*) is the dullest and the most pretentious of his books. M. Rod's *Ld-Haut* is certainly the least striking and least interesting of his work.

It would be impossible to feel any real concern for the fate of Stern the hero, and the girl he loves in his dull way is not a more attractive figure. M. Rod's triumphs, real and important, have been won in quite an opposite path, and to this I hope he will return, undeterred by the fascination of somewhat sordid village troubles. What, after all, is our gain in knowing that up among the glorious Alps gossip and slander and ill-will take even a meaner form than down in the squalid and over-crowded towns? The nearer we get to the stars the cleaner we like to believe life and humanity. But up in M. Rod's Alps the absence of humour, kindness, and sweetness of nature is as marked as character seems to be effaced and vague. There is no brightness, no glow, no tenderness about the book, and no one personage of this undramatic record stands out distinctly. Nothing is vivid, pathetic, inevitable, or thrilling. And it has not charm to cover this multiplicity of wants. But it is a grave book, written with austere self-consciousness, with a high interpretation of the writer's mission, and with generous conviction.

Turning from this mountain study to M. Rod's more personal treatment of fiction, such as those two remarkable stories: *Le Silence* and *Les Roches Blanches*, one sees at once that his second manner is a fatal error. His vocation clearly lies, not in the realistic portraiture of any phase of life however

simple, but in sounding the depths of the heart in involved and unusual circumstances. His analyses of the varied crises of sentiment to which the intricacies, the perfidies and injustices of society and civilised law subject delicate and sensitive natures; his keen perception of all the intense suffering a loyal character endures when forced by love into deception; his acute understanding of that combination, less rare than we imagine, of frailty and strength, of nobility and dishonour, generosity and falsehood: these furnish the material of his best and strongest work. Few modern writers have so merciless a scent for provincial hardness and the peculiarly bitter flavour of its tendency to slander and ill-will. Even in *Ld-Haut*, where he introduces the bourgeois element, it is accompanied with this hateful characteristic of unhumorous provincial gossip. But in no book has he so ruthlessly exposed and lashed the vice as in *Les Roches Blanches*, a really fine and impressive novel, strongly felt, strongly written, with a restraint, a nerve, a depth of sympathy and understanding, a suppressed indignation that give dignity as well as an elevated moral beauty to this mournful and sober tale. Here the few characters have all that the crowded canvas of *Ld-Haut* lacks: distinctness, individuality, and vitality. Similarly the veiled tragedy of *Le Silence* affects us. Such skilful scrutiny of hidden sentiment, such a revelation of poignant emotion, unsuspected, unrecognised even in a sympathetic circle, suggests a rare gift of divination, a penetration of sentimental symptoms, and an interpretative intelligence of a very notable order. Nothing in *Ld-Haut*, not the most elaborate descriptions of mountain scenery, nor the most laboured report of mountain gossip, nor the delicate and effective sketch of Volland, the Alpine climber, the most sympathetic, if merely suggested, figure in the book, is worth that midnight walk of the broken-hearted hero of *Le Silence*, when he carries his grief into the wretched obscurity of a hideous little wine-shop, and there alone dare weep for the death of the woman he has so mysteriously loved, lest any suspicion should rest on her by the faintest sign of sorrow on him in the searching light of social existence. It is in analyses such as these, in these profound effects of noble and isolated suffering, in these rakings of the mysterious abysses of sentiment, in all these modern subtleties of heart and conscience, in tracing the unobvious stages in the magnificent and continual battles between passion and duty, between the heart and the soul, that M. Rod excels. But his touch is not broad or luminous or humorous enough for a rural novel such as *Ld-Haut* is meant to be, with a result that has something of the unvaried heaviness of rural character.

H. L.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

La Jeune Amérique. André Bollessort.
Pièces et Morceaux. Edouard Pailleron.
L'Indulgente. Adolphe Chenevière.
Rêves d'Exil. Louise Ducot.

NOTES AND NEWS.

I AM able to state on good authority that the announcement, made by a contemporary, that the Publishers' Association has proposed to the Booksellers' Association certain measures by which the regular 3d. discount on new books may be reduced to the old discount of 2d. means nothing to the general public; for there is no prospect of such a change being adopted. The proposal was no more than a proposal, and its acceptance by the booksellers must be unanimous to take effect. But it is not unanimous; indeed, I believe that a very large West-end bookseller, himself a member of the committee of the Booksellers' Association, has expressed his determination to adhere to the 3d. discount. He adopted that discount under pressure, and he will not now be coerced into abandoning it. Nor is this a solitary case.

WHAT, then, is actually happening? Nothing more than this. The country and suburban booksellers, on whom the discount system presses most heavily (for the reason that in addition to allowing discount they must pay carriage on their books from London), are the malcontents. They can be nothing else; for the underpaid man, be he master or servant, will not sit still. And the poor profits of these booksellers cannot be gainsaid. The London bookseller, on the other hand, with his central position, his large *clientèle*, and his huge weekly turnover, is satisfied with the present system. The only fresh feature about the new proposal is that it emanates from the publishers and not from the booksellers. But, then, it is to the interest of publishers that country booksellers should not lose heart.

THE meeting of the Society of Women Journalists attracted a crowded audience. Mr. Augustine Birrell always draws, and the announcement that he would lecture on "Book Reviewing" enticed authors, journalists, and editors, of both sexes, to the hall of the Society of Arts. Mr. Birrell was amusing and colloquial, and he said nothing new about reviewing; but I thank him for recalling that tremendous sentence of Kepler's, who, being rallied on his abstraction, replied: "I am re-thinking the thoughts of God." A discussion followed, or rather a series of statements, chiefly by ladies. The speeches were not illuminative. Many of the orators—some angrily, some shyly—appeared to think that books, because they have been published, are, by that act, worth reviewing. It is time the *clichés* that a depreciatory review is necessarily unjust, and that the way to obtain a kindly review (this was actually suggested by one speaker) is to give chicken and drink to the critic, were battered out of existence. Food is so cheap nowadays that the neediest reviewer does not rise to the bait of a free luncheon in uncongenial company.

FROM the Outlook Tower, which stands in Edinburgh, those determined publishers

of the Celtic movement, Messrs. Patrick Geddes and Colleagues, have issued a circular with cryptic decorations. It is all about Miss Fiona Macleod and her tales—Spiritual, Barbaric, and Tragic. These are to be issued soon in three volumes—not less than seven and not more than twelve tales to a volume. Some are newly added, as "The Awakening of Angus Ogue" and the "Melancholy of Ulad," others have already appeared in "The Sin-Eater" and "The Washer of the Ford." All are now collected in these volumes, to be called respectively Spiritual Tales, Barbaric Tales, and Tragic Romances.

THE fifth volume of Mr. Justin McCarthy's *History of Our Own Times* is in the press, and will probably appear in the month which sees the celebration of Her Majesty's longest reign.

MR. JAMES PAYN, I learn from an interesting interview with the novelist in the March number of the *Windsor Magazine*, has the strongest possible opinion on the subject of signed reviews. "It's a mistake," he said emphatically. "The fashion seems to be going out, and I'm glad of it. The critic ought to be impersonal. You don't speak of a man, even when you praise him, exactly as you speak to him—it's impossible. And if you write a criticism of your friend's work and sign it with your name, you're speaking directly to him. It must influence your point of view. It's inevitable; it can't be helped."

MR. ARTHUR MORRISON has received the compliment—rarely paid to an English writer—of a whole critical article to himself in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The French critic, M. T. de Wyzewa, regards Mr. Morrison as the founder of a new school of realism, and writes with keen understanding and appreciation of his work, seeing, as scarcely any English critic has seen, that Dicky Perrott is really a good little fellow, doing evil from the best of motives, and acting consistently up to the only standard of morals that he knows. But though M. de Wyzewa has read every line of Mr. Morrison with care, and appends some admirable translations from the *Tales of Mean Streets*, yet with the carelessness of the Frenchman in regard to English names he writes of M. "Alfred" Morrison.

I HEAR that a new literary club, to be called the "Argonauts," and open to both sexes, has just been started, and has every prospect of success. The main purpose of the club is in the Sunday evening dinners, which will take place once a month. The first dinner will be held on Sunday, March 7. Bond-street is the *locale* of the club.

THE biography of the late Mr. Jowett, Master of Balliol, by the Rev. Lewis Campbell and Dr. Evelyn Abbott, will be published shortly by Mr. Murray.

THE editor of the *Studio* asks me to correct a statement which appeared in the *Daily News* to the effect that Mr. John Lane is the proprietor of that delightful maga-

zine. Mr. Lane is the publisher of the American edition, under the title of *The International Studio*, the sole proprietor and editor of both editions being Mr. Charles Holme.

MR. JULIAN HAWTHORNE has been sent to India by the American *Cosmopolitan* to describe the scenes caused by the famine and the plague.

MR. ARTHUR DILLON has retired from the post of honorary secretary of the Elizabethan Stage Society. So prosperous has the society become, that it can now boast a salaried secretary as well as a director.

THE statement that Lady Wallace has bequeathed to the nation the collection of pictures and other works of art formed by the late Marquis of Hertford, and now in Hertford House, Manchester-square, is exceedingly good news. The collection is valued at several millions sterling. One of the conditions attached to the will is that the Government shall provide a site in some central part of London and build thereon a museum to contain the collections, which shall always be kept together, unmixed with other works of art, and shall be called "The Wallace Collection."

THE pictures include many notable examples of Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Velasquez, Murillo, Guido Reni, and Canaletto among the old masters. Greuze, Gainsborough, and Reynolds each have rooms devoted to them in Hertford House. The modern French schools are represented by twenty-five pictures by Meissonnier, thirteen by Delaroche, thirty or more by Decamps, and several by Ary Scheffer. Among English artists, Bonington, whose works are scarce in our public galleries, is also seen to great advantage. The non-pictorial portions of the collection include old furniture from Versailles and other French royal residences, gold and silver work, porcelain, majolica, bronzes, and statuary—a great and goodly hoard.

MR. WILLIAM WATSON had it all his own way with the Armenians. With the Cretans, however, he has been beaten by Mr. John Davidson, whose "New Song of Orpheus" was published in the *Chronicle* on Monday. It is not the kind of poetry in which I am much interested, but I must admit that the following historical stanza has haunting qualities:

"For Berecynthian Cybele,
Mother of Gods, here taught the use
Of towns and tilth and husbandry;
Here Almathea suckled Zeus."

Mr. John Davidson, like Goldsmith and Macaulay, Whittier and Mr. Kipling (a strange quartette!) understands proper names. By the way, will not one of these sumptuary laureates give us a threnody on that great man Blondin? His only entry into poetry that I can remember is Mr. Norman Gale's—

"What though Blondin walked
Over Niagara's Falls?
I bowled three curates once
With three consecutive balls!"

EVERY novelist has a private method of acquiring names for characters. In the preface put to the new and admirable six-penny edition of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, which Messrs. Hurst & Blackett have just issued, I find that Miss Muloch, while seeking a background for the story which then was maturing in her brain, visited Tewkesbury, and there found not only the local colour she was wanting, but also the name of her hero. On one of the tombstones in the Abbey churchyard the words "John Halifax" were engraven. This preface, which is signed "C. M. D.," is very well worth reading.

To recite his own work in public is more a custom with the French and American than the English author. We are more self-conscious in this island. When, however, there is an opportunity of hearing an author declaim or read his writings, we are quite ready to listen. Hence I expect that Mr. Paul Laurence Dunbar, the negro ballad-monger, who is now visiting this country with the object of exciting interest in his forthcoming book and himself, will find his public appearances profitable. I hope so most cordially. Hitherto the amateur of negro sentiment has had to resort to the halls where Mr. Eugene Stratton is engaged.

THE ONLOOKER.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The Antiquary for March will contain articles on "The Recent Opening of a Tumulus in the East Riding of Yorkshire," by Rev. G. Moule Cole; and on the "Customs of Abruzzi Peasants," by G. M. Godden.

AN illustrated work on the Wrekin Country, entitled *Wrekin Sketches*, will be published by Mr. Elliot Stock immediately. It will contain information concerning the ancient ecclesiastical and secular buildings of the district, and the legends which surround them.

MESSRS. DIGBY, LONG & Co. have just added to their "Popular Novel Series" *A Man's Privilege*, by Dora Russell, and *The Masquerade Mystery*, by Fergus Hume.

In addition to *The Sundering Flood*, which we mentioned last week, the Kelmscott Press has also in preparation *The Water of the Wondrous Isles*, which was, we believe, Mr. Morris's penultimate romance.

THE date of publication of the *Life* of the late Laureate has been fixed for October 6. The work will be in two volumes.

THE first volume of Messrs. Downey's limited edition of Lever's novels is due next month. On March 8 *The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer* will begin a set which will not be completed until March of 1899—thirty-six volumes in all.

In April we may look for Mr. Aymer Vallance's work, *The Art of William Morris*. Mr. Quaritch is the publisher, and as he intends to issue only 210 copies, and as these will be very precious, collectors should hasten to bespeak the book.

THE BOOK MARKET.

IN OLD PUBLISHING DAYS.

THE second volume of Mr. George Haven Putnam's *Books and Their Makers During the Middle Ages* deals with its subject between the years 1500 and 1709, and it is a treasury of information and anecdote which should be neglected by no one who is interested in the production and regulation of literature. Continuing the story of the earliest days of printing, begun in his first volume, Mr. Putnam gives us chapters on the early printer-publishers of France, Caxton's and Wynken de Worde's presses in England, the Kobergers of Nuremberg, Erasmus and his methods of circulating his books, Luther, the Plantina, and the Elzevirs. These chapters complete the second part of Mr. Putnam's work. The third part deals with the Beginnings of Property in Literature. The subject is treated under the headings of Italy, Germany, France, and England. The English system of regulating literary property owed little to Continental example. Moreover, it did not much resemble the Continental systems even by accident.

"The distinctive feature," says Mr. Putnam, "in the development of literary property in England may be said to be the all-important part claimed and exercised by the Crown in its creation and protection. I do not find in any other State of Europe a parallel to the relation of the Crown to the beginnings of copyright. Even in France, where the supervision of the press passed eventually into the direct control of the King, the royal edicts and privileges give the impression rather of defining and of limiting than of creating property in the 'copy.' I do not overlook the contentions that came to be argued out at a later date concerning the existence of copyright as a property of Common Law, an existence apart from and independent of a royal edict or of a legislative statute. I am merely pointing out the actual form given to these preliminary undertakings of the English printer-publishers, under which form they secured directly from royal authority the right to hold and to defend their 'copy.'"

The first publishing privilege in England bears the date 1518. It was given to Richard Pynson, second successor to Caxton, and the King's printer. Pynson was the first English printer to use the term *cum privilegio*. Pynson's privileges were for two years. In 1530 a privilege of seven years was granted to an author in consideration of the value of his work. In 1530 the first quarrel about copyright in England took place between one Trevers and Wynkyn de Worde. Trevers reprinted a book of which Worde held the privilege; and though Worde seems to have done nothing more than protest the incident must have advanced the growing notion of property in literature. In 1556 the Stationers' Company received its charter by royal decree. The Company, says Mr. Putnam, was at the outset "an organisation of the printing and publishing trade of London," which assumed to represent the publishing interests of the country. Royal privileges finally came to an end, being superseded by the registers of the Company.

The effect of these early registers was very powerful, and is thus explained by Mr. Putnam:

"The King's privileges had been for specific, and usually for quite brief terms. The entries of 'copies' on the Stationers' registers made no specification of terms, and such property rights as were indicated, or intended by these entries, were therefore for an indefinite term, and could be claimed in perpetuity."

Add to this the fact that the Stationers' Company had summary rights of search, seizure, and imprisonment, and we have a notion of the strength of its position. One wonders what the effect would have been of an unbroken system of perpetual copyrights. It is clear that the possession of the copyrights of a single author—say Ben Jonson, or Pope, or Cowper—would have become by this time a mine of wealth. But literature is greater than either author or publisher, and its developments were little suspected in the sixteenth century. Right up to 1710—the threshold of our Augustan age of literature—this perpetual right of property in their works was enjoyed by authors. No other country, says Mr. Putnam, had gone so far. In 1710 a curious thing happened. The publishers, whose rights had never been seriously jeopardised, and who had the whole majesty and antiquity of the Common Law at their backs, sought to strengthen their position by obtaining an Act which should give them a more definite and effective protection. They got their Act. It gave statutory protection to the author (or publisher) of a book for fourteen years. But what the publishers had not foreseen was that they had thereby killed their perpetual copyright at Common Law. They had intended to bolster it; but instead they lost it. Even till 1769 the Common Law perpetual copyright and the statutory fourteen years' copyright were supposed to co-exist. But the case of *Donaldson v. Beckett* in 1774 had the effect of quashing the former. Thenceforth the protection of copyright was by successive statutes, and it has varied in accordance with the terms of those statutes.

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF SPORT.

A CHAT WITH ITS PUBLISHERS.

MESSRS. LAURENCE & BULLEN are to be congratulated on the excellence of the first number of their new *Encyclopædia of Sport*. The whole issue is to be one of twenty monthly parts, to be bound up in two volumes when complete, and if the high standard of the first number be maintained to the end subscribers will possess a quite unique book of reference on sporting subjects. They will have, in fact, the essential matter of the somewhat overgrown "Badminton Library" in a conveniently accessible form, enriched, moreover, by some forty photogravure plates, in addition to many hundreds of original cuts in the text.

The satisfaction of having got hold of a new and good idea is small in comparison with the pleasure that comes from seeing that idea in the process of being worked out to a satisfactory conclusion, and Mr.

Laurence, when interviewed the other day by one of our representatives, was evidently delighted at the reception that has been accorded to his first number.

"Not that the idea is our own," he remarked; "we owe that to Mr. Aflalo, the well-known naturalist and authority on deep-sea fishing. But I may claim to have had no small share in the working out of the idea, and I can assure you I am as well pleased with the fine team that we have collected of expert writers on their several subjects as I am with our 'first appearance.' And you must not imagine that this number is in any way exceptional, or that its successors will fall below it in merit. They will, of course, vary somewhat, inasmuch as some subjects lend themselves more to illustration than do others, nor are certain sporting subjects of equal interest to sportsmen in general. The athlete, for example, may be inclined to boggle over the pages which must be given up to the big game measurements in our March number. Parts iii. and iv., however, will contain more subjects of general popularity than does even Part i.

"I should like to assure you, too, how very smoothly all the initial work has been got through. Our difficulties in getting hold of absolutely the right man in every instance have been far smaller than we anticipated, and Lord Suffolk has by no manner of means been only a figure-head. Mr. Aflalo himself, too, has been a marvel of diligence. The result is that we can boast with confidence that 'well begun is half done.'

"It has been said that the encyclopædia will be to some extent a mere *résumé* of the 'Badminton Library,' but this is by no means the truth. For one thing, we confine ourselves to outdoor sports, and do not touch at all such subjects as billiards or dancing. On the other hand, we have our experts ready with the latest wrinkles in veterinary surgery, as applied to sport, in ambulance and first aid work, and even in such field sports as birds'-nesting and butterfly-collecting."

DRAMA.

WHEN I went to see Echegaray's "Mariana" at the Court Theatre, I had made up my mind that so far as lay in my temperament and imagination I would be a Spaniard, in sympathy with the expression of emotion and familiar with the mode of life I was to see. How far I succeeded—how far, that is to say, my appreciation of Echegaray was in spite of my antecedents or in consequence of my endeavour, I cannot say; but I think that they who would do justice to him must make the same attempt with some success. And for that reason—I will risk the logical inference of my conceit—I am inclined to think that "Mariana" cannot be a success in the ordinary sense in England, since the temperament of my countrymen is omnipresent and their imagination somewhat to seek. The play, as it seemed to me, was not of that broadly human kind which will make its way through opposing antecedents. Its merit is strictly of the stage, is a result of admirable stagecraft, is not one of poetic fancy or an intimate feeling for life. The cultivated people who have approached or will approach it

with awe and will talk of it superiorly would regard it, I am very certain, if it had been written in English, and the work of a contemporary Englishman, as mere melodrama. It is that, in effect: it has some play of character in it, but in scheme it is just a drama of coincidence. As such I thought it admirable, and can easily understand any amount of enthusiasm in regard to it on the part of audiences to whom its effects offered, superficially, no strangeness. But I entirely decline to regard it as a great poem or anything of that sort—unless, if I understood Spanish, I should do so from the mere sense of words—and when I read Mr. William Archer writing of it as a pendant to "Romeo and Juliet" I took leave to be astonished.

The first act, at least in its English form, was tedious and a little nugatory. With the second came real feeling in Marianna's story of her childhood's remembrance of her mother's shame. In the third was a piece of excellent stagecraft, an ingenious and natural presentment of a coincidence. The fourth act was good tragedy—poetic tragedy in the Spanish, I can well imagine. The motive of the play is of morbidly retrospective character, which, by a coincidence, sent its morbidity afloat against its love, and so brought love's pleasure-house to ruins. A romantic play—I will trust my imagination of its sound in a Southern tongue and say a beautiful romance—this ingenious melodrama; but I would rather not talk of "Romeo and Juliet."

MISS ELIZABETH ROBINS'S acting was brilliant and true. Having seen her only—so far as I can remember—in Ibsen's byways of femininity, her acting in this part of Marianna was almost a revelation to me. Only once did I disbelieve in her, and that was when her husband said her hand was cold, and she snatched it away and wrapped it for warmth in her skirt; and that slightly grotesque gesture, I make bold to believe—taking my courage in both hands—was a result of Ibsen's abnormality. Her delivery of the story about her mother's elopement and death was as good and as impressive as I could conceive it. The part of her lover—which the interest of the play insisted should be sympathetic—was played in a hollow and mechanical fashion by Mr. H. B. Irving, with unreal accent and wholly stagy gestures. I cannot imagine why he was cast for the part. He is by no means a stupid actor, but at present his abilities are altogether unequal to such a character, and I found his playing a constant obstacle to imagination. Mr. Hermann Vezin played the old friend of innumerable plays and novels with careful force and effect. Mr. Martin Harvey, whom I praised the other day in "Sweet Nancy," expressed a quite natural frivolity as a fashionable young man; and Mr. Welch easily mastered his part of a tedious archæologist. The English of Mr. James Graham's translation, the just allowances being made, falls naturally on one's ear. I understand that after Easter "John Gabriel Borkman" will be produced; in the autumn, "Admiral Guinea."

G. S. S.

MUSIC.

TO write a successful opera is the ambition of most composers; yet how few succeed! Sometimes the librettist is at fault, sometimes the composer, and sometimes both are. In the present instance I fear that "His Majesty" King Ferdinand will not enjoy a long and prosperous reign, and for that fear I must give my reasons. The book by Messrs. Burnand and Lehmann contains amusing lines and some amusing situations, yet the plot is neither strong, compact, nor original; there is no gradation of interest. Then the satirical intention of the authors is everywhere too much *en évidence*: the *i*'s are dotted and the *l*'s crossed; the name Ferdinand, King of Vingolia, is but a thin disguise. The acts and sayings of this whimsical monarch are, if the truth be told, not over entertaining. The part was exceedingly well played by Mr. George Grossmith, but the *rolé* which created most laughter was that of Boodles, Ex-Master of the Revels, admirably impersonated by Mr. Walter Passmore; while that of Felice owed much of its interest to the clever acting and singing of Mme. Ilka Palmay. Boodles and Felice are really the most attractive people at the dull Court of Vingolia, and yet, methinks, the king, if the head title of the work count for anything, ought to command chief attention. Thus the very interest which the maiden and the master of the revels create, seems to destroy the proper balance. King Mopolio, who only appears towards the close of the play, is known to all the world, so at least he sings, as "one who never smiled"; and he certainly caused none of the audience to smile, although Mr. C. Kenningham made the most of his small part. Such a doleful king ought to have been kept far behind the scenes.

I have said the plot lacks originality. There is no need to describe it here. Details have been given in the daily papers; and, besides, whatever fun there is is due to the acting rather than to the story itself. The close of each of the two acts is singularly weak, yet a striking close often makes amends for weaknesses during the course of an act. The following lines, sung by the Women in the Finale of the first act, are certainly not brilliant:

"We are with you, we are with you, though
we don't act quite like you,
Forming squares or charging cannon, yet we
have our work to do;
Though we shoulder not a rifle, though with
us no sabre clanks,
Death and wounds and fire and ruin shall not
drive us from the ranks."

Then there is a lot of small talk and silly dialogue, which, seeing that the plot is not exciting, makes the piece drag. If the two acts shortened were reduced into one I believe the opera would stand a far better chance than it does at present. Brevity is the soul of modern opera.

And now for the music by Sir Alexander Mackenzie. It would be interesting to know whether the composer had any share in the construction of the book. I am inclined to think he had little, if any. The various songs, duets, choruses, are introduced in

such an old-fashioned, formal manner, and yet the composer once showed himself modern in feeling and style; now he reminds us more of the past than of the present. The work, by the way, is described as a "comic opera," although the character of the book and of much of the music is rather that of "opera bouffe." In some of the numbers, as, for instance, in the "Who goes home" quartet, or in Prince Max's song, "Fair Chloris, let me be thy slave?" Sir Alexander writes graceful strains; the former, however, is out of keeping with the *comœdia rustici*. Taking the music as a whole, there are many indications of ability, of effective orchestration; though nowhere does the composer seem to have worked with any real inspiration or enthusiasm. Whatever may be one's opinion of Sir A. Mackenzie as a composer—some underrate, others perhaps overrate him—he has not given us of his best in this work; and I am not at all surprised. Even in his early operas he showed himself capable of higher things; opera bouffe, for I must give that name to "His Majesty," is not in his line. If the work does not draw the public he need not feel discouraged, for it is not to his discredit; he has only to try and get a more congenial book. The early operas just mentioned contained much excellent music, but then the dulness of the librettos proved a fatal obstacle to their success.

The most satisfactory numbers in "His Majesty" are the "Cross-Examination" duet and dance, and the quartet, mentioned above, in the first act; also Boodles' funny song (words by Adrian Ross), an amusing parody of certain nigger songs in vogue, in the second act. In referring to the endings of each act of the book I described them as weak, and just here the composer, as is natural, is also at his weakest. The recent success of Dr. Stanford's "Shamus O'Brien" no doubt tempted Sir Alexander once again to try his hand at opera, and it will no doubt tempt other composers in similar manner; however, unless he and they manage to secure a really good book their chance of winning fame is but small.

It is the duty of a critic to say exactly what he thinks, be it pleasant or otherwise. I am only too glad when I can point to any work by an English composer that shows signs of progress and of prosperity. I trust that my appreciation in years past of many of Sir Alexander's earnest efforts will be remembered by him if he chance to read these lines.

I have mentioned some of the actors. I may also speak in favourable terms of Miss Florence Perry (Princess Lucilla Chloris), of Mr. Scott Russell (Count Cosmo), and of Mr. Jones Hewson (Baron Vincentius). The piece, as regards ensemble, was well presented. The stage management was excellent. I only saw the opera on the third night, when the orchestra was under the able direction of Mr. François Cellier. The encoring of certain numbers, however gratifying to the performers, was certainly a mistake: a joke twice told becomes tedious. On the first night Sir Alexander himself conducted "His Majesty." J. S. S.

SCIENCE.

WE are the richer, in these days—though science is apt to consider itself the poorer—for the presence of one or two scientific men who believe in spiritualism. Foremost among them are Prof. William Crookes, the eminent physicist, and Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, co-discoverer with Darwin of the principle of natural selection. Besides these are a few less ardent seekers into the extra-natural, of whom one may name the late Prof. Romanes and Dr. Oliver Lodge. Moreover, if report be true, Prof. and Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, who used to be among the sceptics, have recently begun to go over into the other scale. I say we are the richer for such men and women, not from any sense of personal agreement with them, but because it is healthy to have everything discussed, and because it marks the growth of a certain tolerance that such extreme heresy should be held in high places. Probably Prof. Crookes and Mr. Wallace would complain very bitterly that their opinions have lost them scientific caste. Dr. Lodge has also worn the martyr's crown in private; but in reply to all three, I should point out that no one has mocked them for wishing to investigate spiritualistic phenomena, but only for exhibiting unscientific credulity in their acceptance of doubtful facts. I have never heard the Sidgwicks scoffed at in the same way, for their attitude throughout has been one of immaculate caution and reserve. They have never committed themselves to such errors of judgment as Mr. Wallace's *Miracles and Modern Spiritualism*, a book that ranks with the productions of the Rev. F. G. Lee, or Dr. Lodge's hasty championship of Eusapia Palladino—a freak which will take some living down.

WHAT brings the subject up at the present moment is a letter which caught my eye in the *Times*, from Prof. Thomas Case, dealing with a paper on "scientific superstitions" which was addressed to the Psychical Society some little time back by Prof. Crookes. The gist of the paper, if I recollect it rightly, was a plea for open-mindedness in approaching the problems of the universe, and for more candour in admitting that our perception of the natural is limited. Against this claim, probably, few people would be so irrational as to protest. But when he came to suggesting definite possibilities to cover assumed phenomena, Prof. Crookes abandoned his safe position. There are certain laws of nature, like gravitation, which man has discovered, not made; and the action of these is so clear and calculable that they may in most cases be used as criteria for the truth or fallacy of any theory involving them. The so-called wave-actions of light and sound are governed by such laws, and it was in suggesting that "telepathy" could be accounted for on the supposition of transmitted brain-waves that Prof. Crookes gave himself away into the hands of the enemy.

It would be fair, perhaps, to quote the report of Prof. Crookes's own words before giving his assailant's criticism.

Is it inconceivable, he said, that intense thought, concentrated by one person upon another with whom he is in close sympathy, should induce a telepathic chain along which brain-waves should go straight to their goal without loss of energy due to distance? Such a speculation was new and strange to science; it was at present strictly provisional; but he was bold enough to make it, and the time might come when it could be submitted to experimental tests.

I remember this identical theory being put forward some years ago by a well-known American electrician—Prof. Elihu Thomson, unless I am mistaken—and exciting comment at the time. Mr. Knowles, of the *Nineteenth Century*, has since come forward and claimed it as a thirty-year-old invention of his own. Prof. Case's reply to it is definite. The phrase "brain-waves," in the sense in which it appeals to us, is misleading. Waves, strictly speaking, are not transmitted at all. All that a brain-wave could mean, if based upon the analogy of light-waves and sound-waves, is an agitation of air or other particles in the neighbourhood of the disturbance (the brain), which agitation is communicated to adjacent particles, and so on until it reaches the recipient brain which is assumed to be sensitive to this form of stimulus. And then the question remains: What becomes of these "brain-waves"?

EXPRESSED in this way the theory begins to present difficulties which do not suggest themselves when put in the language of Prof. Crookes. The brain as we know it responds to stimuli of an order wholly incomparable with either air or other vibrations. The argument from Hertzian resonators, which might be made, consequently fails. The nerves which produce the stimuli may to some extent be susceptible of such vibrations, but it requires the intermediate action of the organs of sense to produce thought. Finally, to show the extent of Prof. Crookes's assumptions in formulating his theory, I will quote the concluding sentence of Prof. Case's letter:

"In the suggested telepathic influence from person to person almost everything is supposed. The fact that the thought of one person produces the thought of another without the agency of the recognised organs of sense is not yet proved; to explain this supposed fact, thought in the influencing person is supposed to produce, without the ordinary moving organs, a supposed enormous velocity with which supposed particles make one another move, and, finally, these are supposed to produce, without the ordinary action of the sensory organs, thought in the influenced person. Here is hypothesis of the fact, hypothesis of the agent, and hypothesis of the laws by which thought is the cause of vibrations at one end, and the effect of vibrations in that agent at the other end, of the hypothetical telepathic chain. According to the rules of logic we ought not to hypothesise facts at all; we may hypothesise the agent alone, or the laws alone; but we must not hypothesise an unknown agent obeying unknown laws of action."

Prof. Crookes's theory is capable of further argument, I believe, even with all this terrible

array of hypotheses; but before it is followed up there seems to be a point for physiologists to settle: Does the brain produce material vibrations in the surrounding medium?

H. C. M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MACLEOD OF ASSYNT.

St. Andrews: Feb. 20.

Mr. Henry Dunning MacLeod probably knows that a man may be "a legendary Ganelon," though he was a historical Sheriff Depute. At least, I wrote on the hypothesis that the legendary is distinguished from the historical.

ANDREW LANG.

"THE HEBREW MONARCHY—A COMMENTARY."

Great Porton: Feb. 18.

I cannot but thank you for your cordial appreciation of my book as likely to be *serviceable to those for whom it was intended*—to wit, divinity students, from competitors in the Oxford and Cambridge Local Examinations, scholars in public schools, high schools, and Sunday-schools, up to candidates in the Preliminary University or Episcopal Examinations. But, of your charity and fairness, suffer me to protest against the statement that I consider "Usher's chronology—until B.C. 726, at any rate—the only one possible." What may be called the "customary chronology" may fitly accompany the "Received Version"—divinity students would expect to find it there; but I have made no statement whatever as to its reliability. On the contrary, I have given warning that Hebrew numerals cannot be trusted; and have reminded readers that some scholars consider the "received" duration of reigns to have been "in a serious degree discredited by the records of Assyrian history which have lately come to light." I hardly think that Prof. Sayce, or any other great scholar, would venture to say that he had as yet arrived at "conclusions." Surely the day of certainty in the matter of chronology is but dawning as yet; surely the wise will wait.

I think a dissertation on authorship would have been out of place in this work. If I am mistaken as to this I am sorry for the omission. It would have been quite beside my purpose to attempt to prove, or to admit, that "one part of Scripture" is not "as good as another." I have written as one who believed, and for the use of those who believed, that *παρα γραφή* included in what are known as the Canonical Books is *Θεόπνευστος*, and, in a reasonable degree, even with the new lights of modern discovery and scholarship, is capable of being "harmonised."

ANDREW WOOD.

Moss Side, Manchester: Feb. 19.

Lord Monboddos book on the *Origin and Progress of Language* was published at Edinburgh in 1773. It is said that Monboddos was greatly disappointed when Sir Joseph Banks returned from Botany Bay without having encountered the tailed men. When he died, in 1799, the hoped-for "missing link" was still undiscovered.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

"RATIONAL EDUCATION."

London: Feb. 22.

In 1893 I had a personal knowledge of Abbotsholme. It had always been the aim of that school to promote a harmonious "all-round" education, and at that particular time

the endeavour was being made to carry out in detail the Herbartian system of sequence and concentration as practised at Jena. In discussing the system, less technical terms such as the method of "ladders" and of the "interlocking of subjects" were used. The headmaster had, I believe, visited Jena in order to study the application of the system on the spot.

O. M. DALTON.

Abbotsholme: Feb. 22.

We should like to call attention to a few points in the letter under the above heading in your issue of February 20.

1. The writer seems to us to avoid the point at issue in choosing to describe the instruction and method of this school in 1889 (gathered apparently from hearsay and an old prospectus, as he was, we believe, an engineer in India at the time), rather than its more developed practice as he found it in 1894, when, to adopt his own expression, the principles had got "further than a prospectus."

2. We gather from his fourth paragraph that the really valuable and original part of his book is the detailed application of his principles. While quick to notice our "unmistakable insinuation," he has failed to see that what struck us as "curious" was not the resemblance of his proposed to our actual work—natural enough under the circumstances—but the conclusion which his omission of all reference to this school forced upon us—namely, that during three terms here he had remained quite impervious to his surroundings, and had independently arrived at such a remarkably similar combination of detail. This similarity is, we think, sufficiently established by the parallel time-tables which we send you.

3. We have studied his third paragraph closely, but can extract from it nothing beyond a *non sequitur* and some apparently ironical patronage.

4. Finally, he suggests that we should supplement the deficiencies of his book. This is our daily occupation, the results of which are "visible" here; but Mr. De Brath, who has had one year's experience as a teacher, should know that the schoolmaster's life does not give him much leisure for putting his observations into the form of a published book. Should an Abbotsholme Year-Book appear, we should almost like to call it "The Superstructure of Success."

THE SIX ASSISTANT MASTERS.

COMPARISON OF ROUTINES.

(Summer.)

"Foundations of Success."	Abbotsholme Prospectus 1895.
Rise; biscuit and glass of milk ... 5.45	Rise ... 6.10
Parade and run ... 6.15	Early meal, drill ... 6.30
Chapel ... 6.30	First school ... 6.45
First school ... 6.45	Chapel ... 7.30
Breakfast ... 7.30	Breakfast ... 7.40
Vacant half-hour ... 8.15	Dormitory parade ... 8
Second school ... 8.45	Second school ... 8.30
Break ... 9.30	
Third school ... 9.45	
Break; luncheon of biscuits and milk ... 10.30	Break; lunch ... 10.15
Fourth school ... 10.45	Third school ... 10.30
Break ... 11.30	
Fifth School ... 11.45	
Free time ... 12.30	Bathing ... 12.15
Wash and prepare for dinner ... 1	
Dinner ... 1.15	Dinner ... 1
Quiet quarter of an hour in music room. 2.15	Piano recital ... 1.40
Games, drill, workshop, gardening, or music ... 2.30	Drawing, workshop, garden and lab., odd jobs, games ... 2-6
Dress ... 5.45	
Tea ... 6	Tea ... 6
Free time ... 6.30	Evening school ... 6.30
Preparation for seniors 6.45	
Reunion for singing, &c. ... 7.30	Singing, theatre, &c. 7.15
Chapel ... 8.45	Chapel ... 8.40
Bed ... 9	Bed ... 8.50

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"HUMOROUS and often comical" as her method is, writes an expert in the course of a three-page notice in the *Athenæum*, Miss Kingsley "must undoubtedly be taken seriously, for she displayed keen powers of observation." About the Congo Français, of which so little is known in England, "it is astonishing that she should have gleaned so much." "Her writing is," says the *National Observer*, "highly characteristic, unconventional, energetic, and effective. . . . If anyone should inquire for what motive these journeys were undertaken, the present reviewer is obliged to admit that ninety per cent. of it seems to have been pure devilment. . . . She went through them all with a light heart and unfailing courage, and her book is fit to make stay-at-homes almost as in love as she with the bright eyes of danger." "She did some things," says the *Pall Mall*, "that a hardy man would think twice about attempting, and then he would make his will first." The chapters on fetish and witchcraft "form the best anthology of the animistic tendencies of the Coast tribes that has ever been constructed." The size of the volume "will be no terror to the reader." "What period of the world," demands the *Chronicle*, with enthusiasm, "but just ours, here and now, could have produced such a woman, learned . . . adventurous . . . athletic . . . and bright and cheerful and mischievously humorous whatever happens? . . . Probably her most effective contribution to science is her four long chapters on 'Fetish.'" The *Daily News* discerns, in addition to the author's family gift for the literary art, "a certain subtle oneness with nature" which we miss in other books bearing the Kingsley name. The *Standard* pardons, in one who has encountered such hardships, labours, and perils a tendency to be "slangy."

"The Scholar of Bygate." By Algernon Gissing. (Butcher's.)

"THE other Gissing," to quote the headline of the *Pall Mall* notice, "writes with distinction and with a Mere-

dithian horror of conventional phrasing. . . . The story presents us with a natural sequence of events." A certain resemblance of design to Mr. Hardy's last book is noted, though the treatment differs widely. "The dull length of the closing chapters" is the main ground of complaint. "The rare skill in characterisation" is the chief merit. The *Chronicle* discerns in the heroine "a faint resemblance to some of Mr. Baring Gould's heroines," and says of the character-drawing in general that "some of the figures are blurred and unrealised." The *Daily News*, like the *Pall Mall*, finds the characterisation the most notable feature, and fears that a tendency to drag and the abundant use of dialogue "may stand in the way of the recognition the book deserves." Praise is given to the beauty of the descriptive passages. The *Manchester Guardian* prefers that a book should not be written in more languages than one."

"The Red Scurf," By P. Anderson Graham. (Longmans.)

THIS "novel of manners" is, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "a leisurely story; it has a groundwork of a picture of rural life which, for faithfulness and the absence of forced effect, compares with old British landscape painting. . . . The charm of the book is distributed from end to end in numberless vignettes of life and character. . . . It is plain Mr. Graham knows his subject well, and that he thinks no pains too great for the treatment of it." "It is not," writes the *National Observer*, "a very exciting story that Mr. Graham has to tell; but he presents it in such a way that we are often reminded of Mr. Blackmore at his best." "There is not too much local colour, and the dialect is never unintelligible; yet you get the right colour, and even feel sure that you hear the true accent of the sons and daughters of Northumberland." So the *British Review* says: "The author's method might be taken as a model of what can be done in this way without using the spelling of pidgin-English." "The gloom and depression," says the same reviewer, "would be intolerable, were it not that the writer is an artist and has been successful in an artist's work." The *Standard* sees "a score of pictures that only an artist could have drawn with the pen, and many a one would gladly paint with the brush"; amid which moves "a heroine as charming as town or country lover could desire."

"The Story of Aline." By Mrs. Edward Ridley. (Chapman.)

"A GOOD woman, yet a little lower than the angels; and the tragedy of her life, so commonplace and yet so real, is drawn with a touch of genius." So writes "An Irresponsible Reader" in the columns of the *Pall Mall*. But "it is unfortunate in its birth-time, says the *National Observer*: 'the world has been so surfeited' with the subject. 'Yet it has at least lighted in us a desire to see more of the author's work.' 'The interest of the novel is great and poignant,' writes the *British Review*, 'thanks to the delicate skill with which passion is made real and character is drawn. . . . If there be a failure, it is . . . the man for whom Aline suffers so much. . . . The novel . . . is remarkable for delicacy, self-command, and sureness of touch. . . . 'The central figures,' says the *Athenæum*, 'stand out from their setting with remarkable vividness. Mrs. Ridley has chosen a painful subject, and, on the whole, has handled it with commendable restraint. One entire chapter would have been better omitted.' 'With all her faults, which are the result of an all-mastery passion in a perfectly well-conducted but ill-balanced woman, Aline remains a pathetic but lovable figure.' "The book is practically a monograph," says the *Morning Post*, "in which the mental experiences of a woman, who usually 'looks facts in the face,' are very fully analysed, and with considerable skill. . . . Possibly the book would have been a better work of art had it been relieved by an occasional gleam of humour."

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woman. Buchan, and Stenhouse, and Allan Cunningham, and Hogg—we can trust none of them; the trail of the old woman is over them all. The industry which Mr. Henley has displayed in unmasking forgeries, and investigating so far as possible the genuine sources of Burns's songs, can be dimly surmised to be extraordinary, though only those who have covered similar ground can estimate it aright. An edition by Mr. Henley is as likely to be definitive as anything we can imagine; and it is safe to say that from this centenary edition of Burns we may at last form a decided judgment of the poet's place among original masters.

This third volume is devoted exclusively to the songs. And in the songs it is that we are most face to face with the derived Burns. The manner of these derivations we shall a little consider before dealing with Mr. Henley's judgment of him. These poems we may roughly class as follows:

1. Those in which the song is written round a stanza or so from an older source; while sometimes occasional lines from the older source (or sources) are imbedded in his own portion.

2. Those which are more or less vamped (in Mr. Henley's phrase) from one or several older poems. Occasionally the entire song is thus vamped.

The first class is by far the larger. As an example, we may take the beautiful "It was a' for our rightfu' King," because Mr. Henley's researches in regard to it are peculiarly interesting and valuable. Published in Johnson's *Musical Museum*, it was not known to be by Burns. Sir Walter Scott assumed it to be an old Jacobite production—an opinion since generally adopted. Hogg even gave the author, a Captain Ogilvie, who fought at the Battle of the Boyne. But it is now proved to have been written by Burns; and Mr. Henley shows that it was founded on the ballad of "Mally Stewart," one copy of which (in the collection of Mr. Ebsworth) is of the date 1746, and which in its turn is derived from a black-letter ballad earlier than the Battle of the Boyne. Thus Mr. Henley disposes utterly of the supposed Jacobite authorship; and the song is henceforth an undisputed Burns. Now "Mally Stewart," as given by Mr. Henley, opens and closes thus:

"The cold Winter is past and gone, and now comes in the Spring,
And I am one of the King's Life-guards, and must go fight for my King,
My dear,
I must go fight for my King.

"The trooper turn'd himself about all on the Irish shore,
He has given the bridle-reins a shake, saying 'Adieu for evermore,
My dear,
Adieu for evermore.'"

We need not quote the well-known Burns. It is obvious that from the first stanza of the above he got the bare idea of his own first stanza; while the last stanza he has taken almost unaltered for his own third stanza. And that third stanza is the gem of his poem, though the first two lead nobly and adequately up to it. This fairly exemplifies the first class of his poems. His own words

are a setting for the jewel he borrows, showing it off without vying with it; yet never too conspicuously below it—even when they are less fine than in this specimen; and always in perfect keeping.

Of the second class an admirable example is a poem into which Mr. Henley has gone minutely, with results so interesting that they would alone justify the value of his Notes. As this is a matter of closer comparison, we quote Burns's song entire:

"O, my luve is like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
O, my luve is like the melody
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

"As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
Sae deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

"Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

"And fare thee weel, my only luve,
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile!"

This beautiful and famous song is almost entirely a cento from no fewer than four different sources, as Mr. Henley with great labour and clearness shows. The first stanza is from a black-letter, *The Wanton Wife of Castle Gate*.

"Her cheeks are like the Roses
That blossom fresh in June,
O, she's like a new-strung instrument
That's newly put in tune."

The greater part of the second stanza is Burns (for anything yet known); but its last line and the whole of the third stanza are compounded from two different stanzas in a couple of songs, both in a collection which it is highly probable was in Burns's hands. (They are inscribed with his name in a boyish writing, says Mr. Henley, but the signature has not been authenticated.) One is:

"The Day shall turn to Night, dear Love,
And the Rocks melt with the Sun,
Before that I prove false to thee,
Before my Life be gone, dear Love,
Before my Life be gone."

The other runs:

"The seas they shall run dry,
And rocks melt into sands;
Then I'll love you still, my dear,
When all those things are done."

The fourth stanza has a resemblance to one in the former of these two songs; but it appears to be derived more particularly from a chap-book poem in the British Museum, "The True Lover's Farewell":

"Fare you well, my own true love,
And fare you well for a while,
And I will be sure to return back again,
If I go ten thousand mile."

Here, then, thanks to Mr. Henley, we are able to show a perfect and undoubted example of our second class; a song which—except three lines—is entirely a mosaic, as composite as the case of a caddis-worm. The piecing is done with admirable, even wonderful skill. It is like the dish of a

Roman epicure, composed of the picked and choice bits from many sources. The rudenesses of the originals are removed with the fewest, slightest, and deffest touches. The whole is put together so that not a juncture shows. It is a poet's work, not a doubt of it. Is it a poet's poem? If it be, we shall have to lower the standard of admission to the crack corps of song. Spartan law holds good in literature, where to steal is honourable, provided it be done with skill and dexterity: wherefore Mercury was the patron both of thieves and poets. But such an Autolycus as Burns was never "littered under Mercury" before. The poem we have analysed is among the beautiful things of literature. But twenty such could only entitle Burns to the regency of some Parnassian Petticoat Lane, and would rank him very much below the great translators. Therefore this second class of his songs must be put out of court in considering his place as a master.

There is yet a third class: the songs which are pure Burns. It is small, but obviously important. It includes such things as "John Anderson," "Bonnie Wee Thing," "Ae Fond Kiss," "The Silver Tassie," "My Wife's a Winsome Wee Thing," "Ye Banks and Braes"—to name a few at random. To the question whether Burns could write fine songs without another man's *motif* to hang them on, I think these furnish an undoubted affirmative answer. In this survey I have tried to show the conclusions to which Mr. Henley's searching investigation of Burns's indebtedness points; and his summary of the matter seems to me sound, well-weighed, and free from all partial emphasis.

"Here," he says, "is Burns's chief claim to perennial acceptance. He passed the folk-song of his nation through the mint of his mind, and he reproduced it stamped with his image, and lettered with his superscription: so that for the world at large it exists, and will go on existing, not as he found, but as he left it. . . . No such artist in folk-song as he has ever worked in literature. But a hundred forgotten singers went to the making of his achievement and himself. He did not wholly originate those master-qualities—of fresh and taking simplicity, of vigour and directness and happy and humorous ease, which have come to be regarded as distinctive of his verse; for all these things, together with much of the thought, the romance, and the sentiment for which we read and love him, were included in the estate which he inherited from his nameless forebears; and he so assimilated them that what is actually those forebears' legacy to him has come to be regarded as his gift to them. . . . He is thus national as no poet has ever been, and as no poet ever will, or ever can be, again."

These are hearty words, and, I think, just. Burns, like Homer, is not merely a poet, but a literature. He has succeeded in fulfilling the old savage ideal—he has eaten up all his predecessors, and become possessed of their united powers. It is useless to haggle overmuch about what he borrowed: one can only envy the gigantic luck of his chance. Such vamps as the one I have analysed from Mr. Henley's notes can only be credited to him as brilliant luck brilliantly used. But the pieces I enumerated

of the third class prove that he could write charming songs without such luck; though I think, on the whole, they prove that he wrote still better when he borrowed. There is more inevitable felicity when he can work on an old groundwork. "John Anderson," indeed, has a homely pathos which stands by itself. And the early "Mary Morison," together with the opening of "The Silver Tassie," show possibilities of a finer and more romantic sentiment, which might have placed him higher (to my mind) as a purely original poet had he lived in another atmosphere than that of tavern revels and village wenchings. But the poems to the better-known "Highland Mary," though one of them has a line of concentrated passion, singularly recalling Mr. Coventry Patmore, are touched with something of eighteenth century artificiality—as usual, when he meant to be very fine. Taking him, borrowings and all, the merit of his songs lies in the partly dramatic kind; they display, vividly and pictorially, the life of a whole peasantry, as it has not been displayed in English literature. But it has been the tradition to claim for them a value as *absolute* poetry, equal to that of the finest lyric work; and here I must add something to what has been said by Mr. Henley. Looked at from this standpoint, I cannot but feel that the bulk of this volume is far from complete mastery. It needs Burns's excuse that he wrote hurriedly and for a purpose. Songs begun arrestingly, trail off ineffectually; eighteenth century elegances sometimes follow on the speech of simple passion. "Bonnie Wee Thing," charming and tender, ends with such an insipid eighteenth century stanza. He, too often, does not know where to stop. "It was a' for our rightfu' King" should have ended with the third stanza; the rest, far from poor, is nevertheless an anti-climax. It is not easy to select songs which are throughout up to the lyric high-water mark. As absolute poetry, I cannot think the bulk of these poems fit to rank with the exquisite Elizabethan lyrics, nor yet with some of the lovely snatches of the old Scottish Border muse. That muse had a magic in its simplicity not matched in these songs. Burns strangely considered "Helen of Kirkconnel" "silly to contemptibility"; yet it is more exquisite than anything unborrowed which he has written. He had emotion equal to any demands of song; but he had little imagination. He had passion and fondness; but only in one or two lyrics does he show the power of tenderness—which is not a quality very indigenous among a coarsened peasantry. Imagination and tenderness demand either the refinement of education or the refinement of pure and sweet life. These things *might* be in peasant song. They are in the songs of the Dimbovitza, which are higher as absolute poetry than anything within Burns's compass. Not because those songs are the outcome of greater genius, but because they are the outcome of a healthier and sweeter rustic state; a state in which the women were chaste and tender, the men brave and sober. Burns could well have sung it had he known it. But he found about him no higher joys than whisky

and coarse amours; and the wonder is what he made of it all, not what he failed to make of it. I believe that Burns had genius, in another age and community, to have been a very great poet indeed. As it is, he was the greatest poet he saw his way to be. But how many of his lyrics would one put in an anthology of the very finest flower of song?

At any rate, our thanks are due to Mr. Henley for a masterly edition, which will enable each man to answer the question for himself. One question, however, he forces upon us, so much more pertinent than these merely personal objections of mine, that I have reserved it for the last. Most great poets have adapted pretty freely, and with genius. Burns has adapted with genius to an unparalleled extent. But what about a great poet in whom the adaptations are usually the best parts of his poems? It requires a little consideration—perhaps a little reconsideration. And the pith of Mr. Henley's work is, I think, that it compels the question, which may impel the reconsideration—of, may it be, that adjective "great"? Even this may come of what Mr. Henley has done, by making the extent and character of Burns's adaptations, for the first time, a thing certain and indisputable.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

DEAN CHURCH'S WRITINGS.

Occasional Papers. By the late R. W. Church. (Macmillan & Co.)

WHEN Dean Church was elected to an Oriel fellowship, a shrewd don observed, "There is such a moral beauty about Church that they could not help taking him." Certainly, Dean Church is to Anglicans very much what Cardinal Newman is to Catholics; the "moral beauty," the gracious spirit, the delicate austerity of the Oxford Movement at its noblest are at their finest in these two. Both masters of a pure, strong style, both saintly satirists, both fighting anchorites who knew the world, and were not of but in it, unspoiled and unsoiled, like the three children in the fire: both had a genius for spiritual things, plain to see in their very face and air, an impress of holy awe and habitual "recollection." These were white souls, Christian Virgils, wistful, subtle, touching, with a note of majestic melancholy in their speech about human life. Their writings, passionately sincere, lift everything on to the highest plane, where there is no room for the littlenesses and poverties of controversy, though plenty for righteous anger and a most angelically scathing scorn. There is a classic touch of high-bred courtesy, adorning their humility; they are true courtiers of the Courts of Heaven and "Knights of the Holy Ghost."

Newman's inferior in many things, and certainly in general range and effectiveness of genius, Church was his superior in literary knowledge; he might have been, and Newman never could, a man of letters, critic and historian, by secular profession. It is easy to think of him as an Anglican Mr. Leslie Stephen, or Mr. Goldwin Smith, or

Mr. Lecky, or Mr. Bryce. He writes studies and biographies of Bacon, Spenser, Dante, St. Anselm; he investigates the "Beginnings of the Middle Ages"; he concerns himself with the origins and growths of religion, of civilisation; he has a personal passion for the arts and sciences. But his master passion was spiritual, an absorption in the life of the spirit, in religious faith, and for the achievements of humanity only as viewed in the light of that; "little else is worth study," says Browning, one of Church's favourites, than "the development of a soul," and Church was ever showing how through Christianity alone the soul finds the satisfaction of its desires.

These two volumes contain his contributions to the *Guardian*, the *Times*, and the *Saturday Review*; it is almost strange to note how the least theological or ecclesiastical of them contrives to bring its theme into a religious relation. They are admirable journalism, full of keen wit and vigorous handling, with no "smell of the sacristy" about them; yet they remind us of the saying of a famous Catholic priest in America, that were St. Paul alive to-day he would be a journalist. These reviews are not sermons, but they are steeped in high ethical feeling, in disciplinary purpose. Sometimes there is a touch of the mystic in his gentle impatience with such religious writings as the fictions of Renan and Mrs. Humphry Ward; he sighs a half humorous, half mournful, "You don't know!" He partly rejoices over Renan's *Souvenirs*, because they show so clearly that his doubts and griefs and difficulties were purely intellectual, questions of history and philology; that Christianity was never a real thing to him, a life lived intensely from within. And such writers ignore the standing miracle of the presence of Christianity throughout the ages, never impotent, never obsolete, never changing: "in the world, as the family is in the world, as the state is in the world, as morality is in the world, a fact of the same order and greatness." They do not face the problem fairly: the prolonged and vast existence of Christianity as a moral power, profoundly intertwined with the world's progress, and interspersed into the life of civilisation, as satisfying to the highest intellect now as to the lowest two thousand years ago, essentially unshaken by the most momentous events and discoveries, often illuminated and supported by them, is an historic fact indefinitely more vital than tentative theorising about the date of the Book of Daniel or the precise structure of Isaiah. The moral beauty and strength of Christianity must be faced; so, too, the extreme difficulty of supposing them to be the fruits of a "delicious legend," assisted by pious or scarce conscious fraud, by teaching self-deception. As Church, writing upon the *Vie de Jésus*, pleasantly puts it: "History has seen strange hypotheses; but of all extravagant notions, that one that the world has been conquered by what was originally an idyllic gipsying party is the most grotesque." Christendom given as an effect, with its heroic conquests, its army of martyrs, its long roll of moral victories, its triumphant and persistent vitality, where shall we find a cause com-

mensurate? Not in the perilously fragile fancies of Renan, to whom Christianity was nothing more than a picturesque feature in the history of the world.

From such inadequacies of criticism and exegesis Church turns with eager respect to "Ecce Homo," so weighty and rich in its analysis and knowledge of character, so methodically impartial. Wherever he finds a certain *gravitas*, a "high seriousness," some sense of the unbounded importance to mankind implied in religious questions, he is a cordial critic of schools and men opposed to him: Maurice, Robertson, Stanley, Bunsen. He sees the greatness of Loyola or Lamennais, and can be just to Pattison or Bishop Fraser; and he loves to dwell upon the winning candour, the fierce zeal for truth, of his former companion and master, Newman. He had that high-minded catholicity which can appreciate to the utmost aliens and adversaries, and has no love of scoring points against them; he is a statesman among critics, not a politician. His scholar's instinct also comes to the help of his Christian courtesy and charity; he is averse from all pedantry or haste, content to stand midway in a golden mediocrity between the more confident extremes. Like the other chief men of the Oxford Movement, he shrank from display, emphasis, excess; his writing is beautifully calm, lucid, temperate, reserving its passionate capacities for due occasions. Never was an ecclesiastic, holding very decided convictions, less of a partisan, less tainted by the spirit of "the religious press" or "the clerical party," which delight to say in their haste, and sometimes in their leisure, that all but themselves are liars. The seven papers upon questions of ecclesiastical politics are patterns of moderation and judicial equability. To view the questions, men, books, events of the day *sub specie æternitatis*, in the light of eternities and verities, more stable than Carlyle's, how rare it is!

One of the Dean's predecessors at St. Paul's, the marvellous Donne, prayed that his "intermitting aguish piety" might "change to evenness"; Church was ever "even," keeping the "noiseless tenour of his way" with steady purpose, with vacillation as little as with violence. In him we see the "beauty of holiness," its æsthetic superiority to indifference or revolt. But it is a beauty born of distinct faith faithfully carried into practice, not the vague "charm," which is the main thing for Renan. He is thoroughly modern and of his age; yet we can think of him in company with Walton's hieratic heroes, with Saunderson and Hooker: he enriches the poetry of Anglicanism; that grave and gracious temperament, which marks its best men in Jacobean and Caroline times, was notably his. Of these volumes we cannot say what their author had but too much occasion to say of Pattison's posthumous *Essays*: "This is a very interesting but a very melancholy collection of papers." For Church had what Pattison lacked, vigour of intellect not soured into spitefulness and scorn; scholarship, which recognised the limitations of scholarship; strong convictions, which did not excommunicate their antagonists.

PRINT COLLECTING.

Fine Prints. By Frederick Wedmore. (The Collector Series.) (George Redway.)

THE fine art of collecting prints is not one to be learnt from books; Mr. Wedmore would, we fancy, be the first to confess it. Yet books about collecting, if written in the proper spirit, may be of use as well as pleasant. And Mr. Wedmore certainly writes in the proper spirit. He sets his face against the mere accumulation of treasures, the easy ambition of the merely rich; he authorises no fad, no carefully fostered fashion of the hour; he has many wise hints about deliberation of choice and about the kinds of impression which are desirable. On such matters Mr. Wedmore is an admirable guide. The price of prints is a different question. Is there such a thing as a price? We doubt it. It is so largely an affair of accident, even when the particular kind of print happens to be little affected by fashion. And, again, fashions may be created in any kind of print. A little while ago it was Bartolozzi who was pushed into vogue. Mr. Wedmore justly says that this chief of a "nerveless school" has been "absurdly puffed"; and he is equally just and severe upon the colour-prints which are now the rage. Woodcuts printed in one or two colours—"chiaroscuros," as they are called—are, indeed, some of them fine things, especially those done in Germany and the earliest of those done in Italy. But it is not these which fetch high prices, but the mostly tasteless and nearly always unsuccessful attempts at colour-printing from copper, generally made when the plate was too worn to print decently in honest black and white, and in the best examples—even those of Janinet and Debucourt—not to be compared with the real masterpieces of engraving. One never knows what the next rage may be; and consequently no record of prices current can be secure against becoming obsolete in a few months. And even of prints whose price is supposed to be more or less fixed, how difficult it is to say what one may have to give for them! Mr. Wedmore gives us the prices which certain Rembrandts and Dürers have fetched at certain famous sales: that is all one can do, no doubt. But one has to remember that the prestige of great collections must be paid for. On the other hand, it often happens that fine prints sell for something far below their value at sales which take place at bad seasons of the year, or are, for other reasons, ill-attended.

The moral of all this to the collector is that he must learn his subject thoroughly. When he has learnt to know fine impressions at sight, let him use his knowledge boldly, and take advantage of all opportunities, attending sales whenever he can. The printshops do not yield finds now as they did once; but if only the collector knows his subject well enough, he need not despair of being rewarded now and then. At least he may congratulate himself on the fact that there is no place in the world so rich as London in the little shops where treasure-finding is possible.

Mr. Wedmore's book will be to him rather a companion than a guide, at least in the severely practical sense. But whoever is in doubt as to what kind of print he should collect will certainly profit by Mr. Wedmore's trained and fastidious taste. If any criticism is to be offered on Mr. Wedmore's counsel in choosing, it must be that his choice is rather too limited. The etchings of Piranesi, for instance, might surely have a mention. Perhaps they do not appeal to Mr. Wedmore as Méryon's do, but they are not things to be passed over. The most serious omission, however, in the book is the entire neglect of woodcuts. Mr. Wedmore apologises for the omission, and seems to suggest that they are scarcely worthy of being collected. But what of Dürer's "Life of the Virgin"? or of Holbein's "Dance of Death"? or of Campagnola's cuts after Titian? or Jegher's after Rubens?—to say nothing of Altdorfer and Ugo da Carpi, and their rivals in Germany and Italy. True, the wood-block yields a far greater number of impressions than the copper-plate; but fine impressions of woodcuts are just as rare as fine impressions of etchings, and the difference between the fine impressions and the poor impressions is just as great—a fact not generally realised.

Mr. Wedmore makes up for his neglect of woodcuts by a chapter on lithographs, in which, as in his chapter on modern etchers, he has some good things to say by way of criticism. It is a pity that it should have been thought necessary to illustrate the book. The collector, surely, should have only the finest things in their finest state before him as his standard: these cheap and bad reproductions will only familiarise his eye with miserable parodies.

A SUCCESSFUL NOVELIST: OLD STYLE.

Tobias Smollett. By Oliphant Smeaton. "Famous Scots Series." (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

"A SCHOLARLY man, sir, although a Scot." So Dr. Johnson used to touch off Smollett. There is hardly the beginnings of a portrait in the description, for Smollett was neither a typical Scot nor a ripe scholar. Yet how many people who have laughed over Winnifred Jenkins's letters or the humours of Commodore Hawser Trunnion and Godfrey Gauntlet know what manner of man he was who gave us these creations? It was time, on the whole, that the existing biographies of Smollett should be supplemented by this handy, inexpensive volume.

Tobias Smollett's father died not much honoured, and it was to his grandfather and uncles that the boy owed his education. In 1740, being then nineteen, he came up from Edinburgh to London, qualified to be a surgeon, but only eager to write. He had about him a few guineas, and the usual tragedy.

The rejection of *The Regicide* by the theatres embittered Smollett for nine years, when, having won fame with *Roderick Random*, he published it by subscription with a vitriolic preface. It fully vindicated

the managers. His guineas were off his mind much sooner, and we find him engaging himself as a surgeon's mate on the *Cumberland*, one of the vessels taken out by Sir Challenger Ogle to the assistance of Admiral Vernon in the expedition against Carthage. Carlyle picks him out in the crowd as "one Tobias Smollett, looking over the waters there and the fading coasts, not without thoughts." His thoughts, whatever they were, could not have told him that he was going to the Indies to obtain materials for *Roderick Random*, or to find a wife in Nanny Lascelles, a young Kingston heiress. To be correct, she was an heiress when he wooed her; but, her wealth going astray, he won only a good woman, who loved him dearly. Leaving his bride or *fiancée* (there is some vagueness about the date of the marriage) in Jamaica, Smollett returned to drive his pen in London. He did so to some purpose, writing satires that were read, and that provoked a friend to ask him: "Dost not fear the Government, Smollett?" "Fear the Government!" he answered. "No man need fear a Government provided he does not show he fears it." Smollett's courage in one situation would turn to obstinacy in others. Rich asked him to write the libretto of an opera for Covent Garden. He wrote it, and Handel wrote the music. Rich wanted a few alterations; Smollett absolutely refused to make them, and the piece was withdrawn from rehearsal, to Smollett's loss. Handel said, with a shrug: "That Scotchman is ein tam fool; I would haf made his vurk immortal." However, Smollett was about to do immortal work on his own account.

In January, 1748, appeared Smollett's first novel, *Roderick Random*. Mr. Smeaton reminds us that *Clarissa Harlowe* had been out a year; *Tom Jones* was announced. Smollett thought he saw room for himself; and Mr. Smeaton explains how:

"He was of too original a caste of genius to sink into the mere imitator of either Richardson or Fielding. He noted carefully that the former had monopolised the novel of sentiment, as the latter had taken as his own the novel of character. But he also saw that the novel of incident was still unappropriated in English fiction. This department he determined to make his own. Taking the *Gil Blas* of Le Sage as his model, he endeavoured as far as possible to make his tale interesting by the number and variety of the events introduced, feeling assured that the portraiture of character would not be of an inferior type, if only he could draw on his past experiences for material."

Smollett shrank and expanded within his limits, but he never essayed to go beyond them. He knew what he could do, and what he could not; and in the domain of his literary work his self-guidance might have been consciously framed on Jacob Böhme's fine saying: "Whoso lives quietly in his own will, like a child in the womb, and lets himself be led and guided by that inner principle from which he is sprung, is the noblest and richest on earth." Alas, outside his work Smollett did not live quietly, did not control himself. The tragedy of his biography lies in a great part between the huge successes of his books and the undammed flow of his misfortunes. After *Roderick Random* came *Peregrine Pickle*, into

which he worked some of the incidents of a visit which he paid, with Mrs. Smollett, to Paris. Then came an irrelevant return to surgery at Bath, dictated by Mrs. Smollett, who hankered to see her husband in a "respectable" calling. It only ended in a house at Chelsea, and a new squaring of Smollett's elbows to his desk. In 1753 *The Adventures of Ferdinand, Count Fathom*, not a desirable book, appeared, and sold largely. But Smollett remained poor, and just about this time he caned one of his critics. The costs in the action for damages which followed made him poorer still. The hounds of debt were on his track. Already he could write to a friend: "My life is sheer slavery; my pen is at work from nine o' the clock the one morning until one or two the next." Why follow the *cortège* of his hopes? What though his *Don Quixote* (1755) advanced his fame (the publishers had advanced the money); what though Edinburgh fêted him as it fêted Burns forty years later; what though his *History of England* (1758) allied his name to scholarship; what though *Humphry Clinker* wedded it for ever to romance!—debts and quarrels and failing health would not be expelled from his life. Raging against his enemies, dodging his duns, plying his pen to ever meaner issues, yet never repining or letting Nancy repine, Smollett went down the hill. In the cemetery at Leghorn, in sight of the sea, he found his first—last—rest.

Mr. Smeaton has produced a very readable and vivid biography, but he might have indexed it. His fault of style is a tendency to use stilted language, as when he writes of Smollett's father: "He was one of those interesting individuals whose idleness enables his Mephistophelic Majesty to make a strong bid for the fee-simple of their soul."

SOME INDIAN HOUSES.

The Moghul Architecture of Fathpur Sikri. Part II. By Edmund W. Smith. With 103 plates. Archaeological Survey: N.-W. Provinces and Oudh. (Oudh: Government Press.)

THE admirable work begun by Mr. E. W. Smith last year shows every sign of fulfilling the promise of its first volume. It is satisfactory to find that the architecture of our Indian empire is gradually being recorded in as accurate and full a manner as are the *Monuments Historiques* of France. Nothing approaching to a scientific or complete description of the buildings near Agra has hitherto existed. For the work in Agra itself we must still wait with what patience we may. In the meanwhile, we have this careful record of the smaller Fathpur Sikri where Akbar was the first to live and the last to build. The greatest glory of the town is, of course, the mosque, which will be dealt with in a future volume; the book before us gives an elaborately-detailed description of two buildings only: the home which Bir Bal, Akbar's favourite Minister, made for his daughter in 1571; and the dwelling-place of the Sultana Jodh Bai. Rarely have any royal ladies been

more exquisitely shrined; and though several descriptions have been published of their houses, none has done so much justice to the laborious and patient skill of their decorators as these careful drawings which Mr. Smith and his staff have now given us.

Of those who lived here there is but little certain known. Bir Bal, a "dealer in encomiums" from Kalpi, had won his position of favourite at Akbar's court by his wit and his clear head. The one amused his master; the other was of real service upon several missions involving delicate diplomacy; and Akbar sincerely mourned his loss. The owner of the larger palace, a more shadowy personage, was one of Akbar's wives, probably the mother of that Jehangir who succeeded him to the throne in 1605, when terrestrial politics had ceased to interest either the daughter of Bir Bal or the consort of the emperor. The palace of Jodh Bai, though larger and more perfect in its preservation of the various forms of Eastern life, seems also more remote from ordinary human sympathy, for it has far less of that intimate appeal to personality or individual taste which is the chief charm of the residence which Akbar's Poet Laureate built.

To the north of that narrowing triangle above Gwalior, where the Chambal flows to meet the river Jumna, the road that winds from the existing town of Fathpur Sikri towards Agra leaves Akbar's buildings northward upon its left-hand side. Close by the royal stables, though screened from them originally by a high stone wall, is Bir Bal's house, overlooking the steep northern roadway to the Elephants' Gate, with western windows opening upon the lake that in the days of Akbar filled what are now merely low-lying open fields. Like all the buildings round it, the house is of red sandstone standing upon a spacious concrete platform, borne above pillars and flat arches, much after the fashion of the masonry of Holland. It consisted simply of four rooms upon the ground floor with entrance porches, and two square chambers above set cornerwise and covered by domes, in which the elevation gives no idea of the internal structure. This upper floor, reached by two narrow and steep staircases, is built of very thick and massive walls, thinned out at intervals by those deep carved recesses which are so characteristic of the Moghul architect. In Plate II. is shown one of the graceful balconies from which the ladies of the zenana might watch the royal barges plying on the lake beneath.

But if the plan of the house itself is simple enough, the ingenuity of its builders found full sway in the decoration of the walls. Like the "gigantic jewel-case" of Victor Hugo, this tiny palace is fretted over in every space and corner with a patient infinity of detail that is astounding. Much of it has suffered during recent years, and the house has been used as a visitors' bungalow; but Mr. E. W. Smith's careful drawings, while they preserve for us what must inevitably decay, will also direct attention to treasures of workmanship which need not suffer any further damage, it may be hoped, from careless ignorance.

We can refer but too briefly to Jodh Bai's Mahal, the second house so carefully described and illustrated by Mr. Smith. It is the oldest building in the city. There is a distinct Hindû feeling pervading the whole design; sculptures of Hindû deities have been found within it during recent years; and the *bell and chain*—one of the oldest of Hindû ornaments—is freely carved upon the piers. The early period of the work is also marked by the presence of colour decoration upon the parapet and the blue encaustic tiling of the roofs. The most beautiful examples of this interior decoration are the medallions in the domes, exquisite designs in which five concentric rows of rich filigree ornament (in stucco that was originally coloured) radiate outwards from the centre, after the fashion of the Moorish decorators.

We have only space left to point out what we consider the most beautiful example of carving in Fathpur Sikri, the perforated screen of red sandstone shown in Plate CIII. Its flowing tracery proves that it was a later addition to the completed building, and its position on the viaduct, standing out against the clear blue of the Eastern sky, is but one more proof of the excellent judgment and good taste of its owner. Such work was probably never executed from drawings, as is now the custom. The pattern was roughly traced out upon the stone itself by a pointer, and from this rude outline the mason matured his design, giving a free scope to his own fancy. This system has produced as excellent results—in very different mediums—as did the freedom accorded to the workmen long before upon the façades and capitals of the Gothic cathedrals.

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

Europe in the Middle Age. By Oliver J. Thatcher, Ph.D., and Ferdinand Schwill, Ph.D. (Murray.)

THIS somewhat alarming tome of 681 pages is stated in the preface to be meant as "a text-book for the use of the freshmen and Sophomore classes in the American college." It comes midway between the high school handbook and the treatise for specialists. Its form is primarily determined and its conditions laid down by the regulations for a course of general European history at the University of Chicago. The period covered is roughly from the coming of the barbarians and the break-up of the Roman Empire to the Reformation; and the object of the authors has been less to concentrate attention upon any one people than to provide a general survey of the origin and development of material and moral forces which profoundly affected the whole of Europe. They write the history not of nations, but of a civilisation, the Phoenix civilisation, which sprang up out of the ashes of the old Roman one. "The Migrations of the Nations," "Feudalism," "The Growth of the Papacy," "Mohammed, Mohammedanism and the Crusades"—such are the titles of some of their chapters. That they have altogether

succeeded in their ambition we will not say. The book is laborious, earnest, judicious; but it seems to us to lack the freshness of touch, the power of stimulus which, after all, is the first requisite in a book that makes mainly for education. It is, indeed, no easy task to dispose of twelve centuries and so vast a mass of matter upon the indicated lines—one that requires distinct and remarkable literary gifts, the vivacity of a J. R. Green, for instance, rather than the erudition of a Freeman. Still, in default of a work of genius, the essay of Drs. Thatcher and Schwill will probably be even educationally serviceable; and for the reader who is content to bring his own stimulus with him it is a compact and convenient summary.

Arden of Feversham. Edited by the Rev. Ronald Bayne. ("Temple Dramatists": Dent.)

Arden of Feversham, with its "bourgeois Clytemnestra," Alice Arden, is the best extant example of that favourite type of Elizabethan tragedy which drew its material from contemporary *causes célèbres*. It has been edited several times since its rediscovery by Edward Jacob in 1770, but never in so convenient a form as this. Edward Jacob had the audacity to boldly claim the play as Shakespeare's, and many recent critics have been inclined at least to hedge in the matter. Mr. Bullen, for instance, who edited it in 1887, suggests that it may have been "retouched here and there" by the master's hand. Mr. Bayne appears rather shy of defining his own precise opinion on the matter. But he points out that great as are the excellences of the play, they are not precisely those which we might expect from Shakespeare in 1592, when it was first published. Shakespeare was then a young man: the power of *Arden of Feversham* is essentially mature. This line of criticism might be pushed further with excellent results. The fact is, that there is absolutely no evidence for attributing the play to Shakespeare, except that it is anonymous and rather above the ruck of anonymous plays. No external indications connect it with the companies for which Shakespeare wrote: and the most cursory examination of its rhythmical and stylistic peculiarities will show that it could not be fitted into any known period of his work. Be this as it may, the volume is a welcome addition to the "Temple Dramatists," and we trust that the publishers will see their way to following it up with many more of the so-called "apocryphal plays of Shakespeare."

A Primer of English Literature. By Stopford A. Brooke. (Macmillan & Co.)

MR. STOPFORD BROOKE's second revision of this *Primer* is just published. It will be remembered that on its appearance, twenty years ago, Matthew Arnold reviewed the work at some length, suggesting several alterations which he considered would bring it still nearer perfection. Mr. Brooke, in the second edition, was found to have accepted almost every hint: one of the rare instances of the criticised profiting from the critic. Here, in the third edition, various

other emendations are made, although almost on the last page we find one slip—Coventry Patmore being spoken of as still living. The limit of the little book, which is one of the most remarkable pieces of compression in our language, is still the year 1832; but Mr. Brooke appends a review of later English poetry. In it we are glad to find this tribute to William Barnes, of Dorsetshire: "The time will come when the dialect in which he wrote will cease to prevent the lovers of poetry from appreciating at its full worth a poetry which, written in the noble tongue of the poor and of his own heart, is as close to the lives and souls of simple folk as it is to the woods and streams, the skies and farms, of rustic England."

The Soldier's Song-Book. Edited by F. A. Cellier and George Miller. (W. Clowes & Sons.)

A LITTLE threepenny collection of soldier songs—words and music—with the above title, lies before us. The cover is the true military red, and from the Commander-in-Chief comes a concise testimonial. "Troops," writes Lord Wolseley, "that sing as they march will not only reach their destination more quickly and in better fighting condition than those that march in silence, but inspired by the music and words of national songs, will feel that self-confidence which is the mother of victory." Cromwell knew this too. Indeed, there can have been little concerning the private soldier that Cromwell did not know. But Cromwell's men sang hymns: they did not sing "The Girl I've Left Behind Me." For the selection of these songs Mr. F. A. Cellier and Mr. George Miller have been responsible, picking out four-and-twenty from the lists sent to them by various adjutants of regiments. The original idea belongs, it seems, to Col. Sir Howard Vincent. The songs seem well chosen. We miss one or two: "John Brown's Body," for example, and "The Wearing of the Green," which we have always looked on as marching favourites, but doubtless the adjutants know best. Also there is nothing by Mr. Kipling, but that, probably, is the fault of his composers. Music before words—that is the rule in such matters.

Reliques of Old London. Drawn in Lithography by T. R. Way. With an Introduction and Descriptions by Henry B. Wheatley. (George Bell & Sons.)

MR. WAY has drawn upon stone a number of old London buildings which have lately vanished, or whose existence is being prolonged by good luck and the prayers of antiquarians. It is cause for joy to some of us that, being young, we have yet seen Temple Bar and Sir Paul Pindar's house in Bishopsgate. But these are past mourning. We shall soon see the dissipation of that seventeenth century gloom which Holywell-street alone can offer us, and the White Horse in Fetter-lane is going or gone. Mr. Way has recorded both. He has also given us back Nell Gwynne's house in Drury-lane, to which only six years ago one might have

made a pilgrimage. The Strand, Wych-street, Cripplegate, the Borough, and Holborn furnish other objects for Mr. Way to draw and for Mr. Wheatley to describe. A handsomer volume than theirs rarely comes into a reviewer's hands: the cover design, composed of a background of dull red brickwork, bearing a tablet in buff and gold for the title, is particularly happy. But we do not know why the bricks are represented as of Flemish bond instead of Old English, seeing that every brick building pictured by Mr. Way was reared before the Flemish was introduced into this country.

The Literary Year-Book, 1897. Edited by F. G. Aflalo. (George Allen.)

A LITERARY year-book is a good idea, and one can afford to be indulgent to a first attempt to carry it out. But the book before us is too sentimental. It should be scientific. Mr. Ernest Rhys's "Literary Cause" is a breathless composition, in which more or less meaningless praise is meted out to more or less unknown writers, while works of real importance are omitted or very inadequately dealt with. Fourteen pages are allotted to a calendar which, we think, could have been well spared or compressed. The biographical sketches of active writers, each accompanied by a portrait, are a good feature, but the articles on "The Future of Books," "Long Books and Short," and similar subjects, are not specially pertinent to the year 1896, and are too slight to be valuable. No doubt the editors will recognise the importance of making their next issue a complete, orderly, and cool-headed summary of the literary activities of the present year. That is what is wanted. They will also doubtless thoroughly revise their Directory of British Authors, which in its present form is made ridiculous, alike by its omissions and inclusions.

Pius the Seventh. By Mary H. Allies. (Burns & Oates.)

THE diplomatic contest which Miss Allies has set out to record began with the present century and lasted fourteen years. Already Bonaparte's foot was upon the last rung of the ladder. In France he had restored order out of chaos. One thing only was lacking to perfect the social edifice—the moral force of an established religion. That there should be a clergy to sing *Te Deum* for his victories, a pontiff to assist at his coronation, and a submissive hierarchy to teach the rising generation its duty towards "our Emperor Napoleon," was demanded, he thought, not less as the complement of his own glory than as the necessary condition of dynastic and national stability. And it came as a surprise to his magnificent egoism that, whereas kings and peoples were prostrate at his nod, a mere principle should stand upright. Throughout the whole of his long contest with the occupant of the Chair of Peter he was fully convinced that nothing but a wrong-headed obstinacy stood between him and the accomplishment of his end. It is a squalid story that follows—of the infirm old man hurried from town to

town, buried in Savona, cut off from his friends and counsellors, subjected to alternate bullying and cajolery till, lest his reason should desert him before his life, he longed for death. It was in such a paroxysm of perplexity that he set his name to the fatal Concordat of Fontainebleau, from which, with tears of shame and contrition, he afterwards withdrew his consent. With painful accuracy Miss Allies traces the details of this persecution, and with a controlled indignation that lays hold upon the reader's sympathy. It is a story that a Catholic can well afford to write, for, unpleasant as are the details of pusillanimous truckling on the part of the less worthy ecclesiastics, the event served still more closely to cement that unity which is the special boast of the Roman Church. Never in the history of the Church has that organic unity been so rendered manifest as when, by a stroke of his pen, Pius VII. deposed a whole national episcopate. And this unprecedented exercise of Apostolic jurisdiction was instigated by one who compared himself to Henry VIII., and grudged to Augustus the "Summus Pontifex" of his superscription.

The People's Bible History. Edited by Rev. Geo. C. Lorimer, LL.D. With an Introduction by Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. (Christian Commonwealth Co.)

THE popular edition of the above work, just issued, can hardly fail to receive a very wide welcome. This is probably the best and most comprehensive aid to Bible study which scholarship has yet given to the intelligent but not learned reader. The genesis of the work is interesting. As a first step in the undertaking an endeavour was made to gauge the actual need of such an historical accompaniment to the Bible. A very large number of inquiry circulars was sent out to the American public, with the result that 219,000 replies were received stating that such a work would be a boon. The work was then undertaken. It was published at a price which, while within the means of a large number of students and libraries, was prohibitive to a larger and not less eager public. But the present issue of a popular edition at prices ranging from £1 to £1 10s. fulfils the real objects of the undertaking; it brings an organised body of the best modern Biblical scholarship within the means and comprehension of the average man. The volume which accomplishes this is a handsome quarto of more than nine hundred pages, printed in double columns on good hot-pressed paper, and well illustrated with maps and reproductions of pictures by Raphael Bida, David Roberts, and such photographs taken by modern travellers as could best add grace to the book. The coloured maps are clear and good. The text was entrusted to eighteen writers, including Mr. Gladstone, whose general introduction has been recognised as an eloquent and touching plea for the authenticity and moral authority of the Bible. Prof. A. H. Sayce follows Mr. Gladstone with a special introduction to Old Testament literature and history, in which the aims, the limits, and the great *mater* Biblical

research are named and briefly discussed. With a paper on the Manuscripts of the Old Testament the preparatory section of the work is completed, and the recital of the Bible story period by period, and by scholars selected for their respective attainments, is begun.

* * *

Eras of the Christian Church. Edited by John Fulton. (T. & T. Clark.)

This series of books, American in origin, is designed to explain the existing divisions of Christendom, and promote their effacement, by "a calm and impartial study of the history of the Church in its long and varied experience under the guidance of the Holy Spirit." There will be in all ten monographs, each concerned with a single epoch in the life of the Church. Three volumes are already published, and they are: *The Age of Hildebrand*, by Prof. M. R. Vincent, D.D., of New York; *The Age of the Great Western Schism*, by Clinton Locke, D.D., of Chicago; and *The Age of the Crusaders*, by J. M. Ludlow, D.D. There is a thoroughness in the get-up, arrangement, and indexing of these volumes that inspires confidence. The period treated in the first-named volume is that which begins with the papacy of Hildebrand. The claims of Hildebrand, as expressed in the *Dictates*, would, says Mr. Vincent, "make a nineteenth-century head reel. To attempt such a scheme might have appalled Charlemagne or Napoleon." The eventful story of this colossal enterprise, from the election of Leo IX. in 1049 to the death of Innocent III. in 1216, is the subject of this volume. *The Age of the Great Western Schism* takes the student through the fourteenth century, concerning which Mr. Locke writes: "Consequences which we feel now in religious and in political life had their causes then, and blows struck then for religious and social liberty cut so deeply that in this very hour we note their effects." The third volume, *The Age of the Crusaders*, covering the eleventh and twelfth centuries, may be read as a romance. But the author justly remarks on the puerility of ascribing these vast and prolonged movements to the influence of one man, and the utter impropriety of attributing "these unfortunate and ill-timed ventures to the Almighty."

* * *

Soudan '96. By H. C. Seppings Wright. (Horace Cox.)

"Go to Egypt at once." Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright obeyed this mandate from the *Illustrated London News* office, and, to use his own words, "it was not long before I was hurrying across to the land of the Pharaohs to play my small part in the operations against the Dervishes." This book—a shilling paper-bound volume—is the story of his adventures as a war artist in the Dongola campaign. By way of frontispiece we have a portrait of the author (against a photographic artist's drop-scene) clad in full field costume and pith helmet, with pipe between his lips and pencil on sketch-book. Mr. Wright might have instructed the photographer to insert a bursting shell or two in the background!

FICTION.

King Noanett. By F. J. Stimson. (John Lane.)

SUCCESS does not often crown the effort of a man to weave a romance over the skeleton of another's masterpiece. Failures at that task within recent years could be recalled; but, as the masterpieces were the subjects of parody, not of emulation, the cases need not be mentioned. Now, however, arrayed in the mantle of a great Englishman, an American writer walks into our presence without being either impertinent or ridiculous. *King Noanett*, by Mr. F. J. Stimson, is not inferior to the bewitching *Lorna Doone*. That is all the more remarkable because in its main outlines, and in its way with words, it is almost identical with Mr. Blackmore's work. Like John Ridd, Bampfylde Moore Carew is a young man of humble station roaming over the Devonshire moorlands; like Lorna Doone, "Miss" St. Aubyn is a maid of high degree, who casually meets the hero in the romantic solitudes. As in Mr. Blackmore's tale, love arises betwixt these twain, despite a bitter feud between the classes to which their families belong. The maid's family is for the King; the young man's is for the Commonwealth. Their stolen interviews, in the earlier chapters, are no less sweetly told than is the timid dalliance of John Ridd and the immortally charming daughter of the Doones. The lovers are separated, of course; and then Mr. Stimson makes a slight digression. John Ridd ranged himself against the Doones, and fought with fury; Moore Carew promptly sheds his anti-monarchical Puritanism, and draws his sword in support of the Royalists. He has not only our sympathy, but our admiration also, on account of that apostasy. It is not in any creditable human nature to remain a Roundhead with a Miss St. Aubyn to inspire us otherwise. The proper harmony of Carew's sentiments with the cause for which the lady's father was fighting did not affect the fortunes of the Civil War. Returning from a meeting with her, Carew

"heard a plaintive cadence of melody over the evening moor; it was a man's voice, but no roistering cavalier melody, only just that sad and simple little tune to which the cause of the Stuarts died—

"Her whom ye love
For him ye shall leave,
He is thy King, if Queen she shall ever be;
Now ye may prove
How love ye do love
Dying so loyally, living so tenderly . . ."

That song, although we are not told so at the time, was warbled by one Miles, a young Irishman whose acquaintance Carew makes when both of them, for treason against the Commonwealth, are voyaging, in a convict ship, to Virginia. With them on that unwilling errand is a maid, little Jennifer, who becomes much attached to the Irish Royalist because of his thrashing some men on board who had ill-used her. Arrived in the community of Pilgrim Fathers to which they had been

consigned, the two exiles find it necessary to pass off little Jennifer as Miles's wife; and she has to share all their subsequent adventures in the same guise. This complexity of affairs is managed with delicate skill. The adventures themselves are thrilling in the extreme. Particularly so is the culminating crisis, in which, quite after the manner of John Ridd in *Lorna Doone*, Miles and Moore storm an Indian fort. Who should they meet there but Miss St. Aubyn? and by what were they attracted but by the strains of the Jacobite song which Miles himself had poured forth on the Devonshire moorlands? Her father, at a disadvantage with the King's enemies at home, had gone to harass their sires and their uncles abroad, and had become King Noanett, a chief of the Red Indians. It turns out, alas! that, although not with equal sanction, the two Royalist exiles had been buoyed up through all their years of trial by love of the same woman. We do Mr. Stimson an injustice in telling his tale thus, as, indeed, we should do in telling it at all; but we have not told it wholly, and the last is the greatest scene. There are many romances in which one would fain, here and there, reconstruct a sentence or obliterate a chapter; but there is not a word in *King Noanett* which we should wish to change. In its reticent ease, its tenderness, its cleanly strength, the story is admirable.

Tatterley. By Tom Gallon. (Hutchinson & Co.)

To the reader who likes old-fashioned sentiment, and simple people, and elemental human nature, and a happy ending, we could not recommend a better story than *Tatterley*. In *Tatterley* he will find them all, and good writing to boot. The central figure of the novel is a rugged, implacable skinflint, of the Ralph Nickleby and Scrooge order, and the scheme of the book is to show his regeneration and humanisation after the manner of *The Christmas Carol*. We are, indeed, reminded of Dickens at every turn, although Mr. Gallon, while no imitator and strong enough to stand very squarely on his own feet, has merely taken a sound convention as the basis of his work. How Mr. Caleb Fry proceeded from cynicism and miserliness to something sweeter and gentler we must leave the reader to discover; remarking simply that Mr. Gallon's sympathy and art have so well served him as to convert in our mind an improbability into a shining fact. We believe in *Tatterley* through thick and thin; we believe every word of his story; and we are glad that the ranks of the novelists have been strengthened by so clear-sighted and kindly and efficient a recruit as its author.

The Man of Straw. By Edwin Pugh (Heinemann.)

SINCE *L'Assommoir* no more lively drama of moral deterioration has been constructed than this story of Mr. Pugh's. And the terror of it is enhanced by the admixture of elements which find no place in M. Zola's work. Here you have, in complete contrast with the self-centred lunatic whose moral

decline is the main theme, the idealistic girl who marries him. As the one goes forward along the path of squalid dissipation to madness and crime, the character of the other matures, waxes strong, and prevails; her girlish illusions give place to a grave recognition of things as they are, her lively intelligence grows ripe, and her will more confident. Eva married John Coldershaw, captured partly by his beauty and partly disposed to believe that as his form answered to her ideal of masculine grace, so also his soul must have integrity. Something over a year of marriage disenchanted her, in spite of much tender endurance, and the discovery of his vulgar intrigue with one of her domestics precipitated a crisis. They parted; she divided her little fortune with him and established herself as a milliner, in which career she greatly prospered. Her husband, the man of straw, went from depths to lower depths, blackmailed her, developed a homicidal mania, and escaped the gallows and died in his bed by the considered treachery of the nurse—his wife. We need not scruple to give so much of the plot, for the value of Mr. Pugh's work is in its detail. The characterisation, not only of the two principal personages, but of John's honest parents, of his simple toady Dick Anderton, and of the unfortunate crack-brained gentleman who was Eva's father, is extremely fine; and the accessory detail is excellently vivid.

Gentleman George. By Mrs. Herbert Martin. (Hurst & Blackett.)

MRS. MARTIN's story, which is "without a heroine," has for hero one George Carey, known to the village folk as "Gen'lman Jarge." He is a middle-aged ne'er-do-weel, who has been expelled from home as a youth for a forgery committed in his cups, and has since supported existence upon a weekly postal order. He has never done anything for a living, and has, therefore, retained enough good breeding to impress even the local curate. "Gen'lman Jarge's" rehabilitation is on this wise: The wife of his brother, now the owner of the paternal estate, takes flight from her husband, and is found by George dying in a hop-garden. George brings up the child who has accompanied her, and ultimately carries it to the father's house. Here the child is received with open arms, and George with arms partially open. There are some tears and reminiscences of boyhood's days. The prodigal is installed in a cottage on the corner of the estate, and the curtain falls. The book will probably have its readers, for it is wholesome in tone, and requires no mental exercise. It is conceived throughout with all the fantastic improbability which belongs to the old circulating library convention. The minor characters are of traditional antiquity. There is the child of four who remarks of the grotesque village natural,

"I don't like his face, but I likes him."
 "A good distinction, Sukey. What is it you don't like? What is it you call *him*?"
 "Why, I dunno—his inside, ent it."

We had thought that this youthful and intelligent rustic had died out of fiction.

The Last Recruit of Clare's. By S. R. Keightley. (Hutchinson & Co.)

MR. KEIGHTLEY is one of the most entertaining of those who, after Dumas and Stevenson, essay the tale of romantic deeds and hairbreadth 'escapes. The five stories in this volume are excerpted from the memoirs of one Anthony Dillon, Chevalier of St. Louis, Jacobite and swordsman of the Irish Brigade in the French service. A light-hearted soldier of fortune is Dillon, and admirably drawn by Mr. Keightley: in prosperity a rollicking blade, in adversity courageous and resourceful. A touch of chivalry in the man endears him, *miles gloriosus* though he be, to the imagination. His adventures, now with the Master of Langdale after Preston, now in the more dangerous service of Mme. de Pompadour, will stir the blood of those who, in a quiescent age, love to tickle their fancy with the clash of steel. Mr. Keightley has the gift of telling a good story both simply and lucidly. He does not, as do some of our latter-day romancers, bewilder himself and his reader in a complicated maze of intrigue. Nor does he irritate us with that pseudo-archaic jargon, peppered with obsolete oaths, which is popularly understood to be cavalier English. The faint mannerism of his style is just sufficient to give the necessary air of aloofness from ordinary speech. Mr. Keightley has written an easy, unaffected, unpretending book.

Madge o' the Pool, The Gypsy Christ, and other Tales. By William Sharp. (A. Constable & Co.)

THESE four stories, known already to some of Mr. Sharp's readers in the Chicago edition of 1895, certainly deserved rescue from comparative inaccessibility. We rather wish that "The Graven Image," which appeared in the American edition, had been allowed to replace "The Coward." "Madge"—really the finest story of the four—is rather aptly described as "a Thames etching." The Pool is a low riverside quarter, whose inhabitants so overwork their sole adjective that once when one of them had occasion to describe a coal-bunker it "might almost be taken for a slaughterhouse escaping in disguise." But Madge, whose vocabulary was as that of the other Poolites, is nevertheless an admirable heroine. She prayed "that she might have strength to refrain from all ugly horrors of speech, except, of course, such acknowledged ornaments of conversation as"—well, as the adjective just alluded to, and the verb which theologians employ to denote condemnation. Her heroism, her quaint nostalgia of the Pool, and the grotesque, mistaken tragedy of her self-destruction, form the story—a singularly unpliant material handled with courage and craftsmanship: etching is not a medium for amateurs. The reader who values "treatment," as such, may find satisfaction in this story. "The Gypsy Christ" may better please another reader. It is a story almost as bloody as the bargee's coal-box. Perhaps it is not wholly satisfactory, "but you are surprised to find it done at all." "The Lady in Hosea" is a study in caustic. It

would be interesting to take a census of "general" readers, and ascertain how many of them had perceived that the supreme tragedy of this story lies in its closing sentence.

Under the Circumstances. By Archie Armstrong. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

MR. ARCHIE ARMSTRONG can tell a story very pleasantly and he has an instinct for a plot. *Under the Circumstances* might have been spun out without unduly boring the reader. There is not even a detective in it, and what might not Wilkie Collins have made of Mrs. Pung in Mr. Armstrong's story? The unravelling of the mystery of the late Mr. Haggerston's housekeeper and widow would never have been left to chance and a casual young doctor. However, we have to thank Mr. Armstrong for a good short story, which might have been, but has not been, developed into an elaborate detective drama. The elements are there, and Mr. Armstrong may be encouraged to try a higher flight next time. His characters are quite in the Wilkie Collins style. Mrs. Pung; Raymond Wilson, the would-be bigamist; Blanche Chedworth, who will have a romance at all costs; Sir Henry Waterville, the hero with a past; and May Daryll, an old-fashioned heroine, who is none the less sweet and interesting; not forgetting Morden Carthew, whose very name spells the useful solicitor—all these are legitimate descendants of the fiction of thirty years since. But there is nothing out-of-date about Mr. Armstrong's method or incidents. His plot moves easily and rapidly, and his dialogues are natural and brightly written. In short, this is a very readable story with no pretence about it.

With the Red Eagle. By William Westall. (Chatto & Windus.)

IT is a mistake to pack a book with incident as you pack a trunk with clothes. This "historical romance" is so full of adventures that it leaves an impression of some one having sat on the lid to squeeze them in. That is a pity, for, taken one by one, the episodes are thrilling and well told. If you can imagine Falstaff as escaping a dozen times, instead of twice, from the house of Mistress Ford, and each time in a totally new and unexpected way, you will get some idea of Mr. Westall's method. He takes an Englishman of ninety years ago, casts him into the midst of the Tyrol rebellion, smothered him in deeds of valour, and encumbers him with hairbreadth escapes. The hero fights with tens against thousands, and routs them. He is the object of desperate pursuits, and the author of amazing stratagems. He is eternally taken prisoner; but you soon cease to be alarmed on his account, his resource and his luck are so wonderful. It will be guessed that Mr. Westall's perspective is at fault. His style is excellent; his matter is often admirable; but his imagination is a sad spendthrift. The political economy of literature forbids that "plots" should be squandered abroad as a fairy-tale monarch scatters his largesse in the streets.

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THE WEEK.

CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

[This article is a chronicle of books published during the week. Reviews will follow in due course.]

THE events of the day are apt to be reflected in the books of the day. Intention and coincidence both work to this result. The large output of books relating to the Navy was very noticeable at the time when naval matters occupied the public mind, and, indeed, this branch of publishing has been vigorous ever since. Just now it is curious to note how South Africa and Constantinople dominate a section of the book world.

MR. C. P. LUCAS'S *Historical Geography on the AFRICA AND CONSTANTINOPLE British Colonies* reaches its fourth volume, which deals with the history and geography of South and East Africa, at the moment when we want the truth about this part of the world. Mr. Lucas is a permanent official of the Colonial Office. He therefore enjoys access to materials of the first importance; and he can deal with those materials with the skill which comes of daily practice. This fourth volume is really two volumes, being divided into two parts, of which the first deals with the history and the second with the geography of our South African possessions and protectorates. Each volume contains maps in which, wherever it is necessary, the possessions of Great Britain, Portugal, Germany, and the Boer Republics are distinguished from each other by special colours.

MR. WILLIAM HOLDEN HUTTON'S *The Church of the Sixth Century* consists of six lectures delivered at Trinity College, Cambridge, and notes of a visit last year to Constantinople. The book is illustrated with views and plans of cities and buildings in Con-

stantinople connected with the history of the Christian Church in that century. Mr. Hutton feels the charm of the surroundings in which the fortunes of the Church were then centred. He writes in his preface:

"There is an extraordinary fascination about Constantinople, just as there is about the history of Justinian and Theodora; and it is a fascination which seems to appeal peculiarly to moderns. There is a significance about Victorien Sardou's melodramatic treatment of the central figures of the sixth century; still more in the grim tragedy of *Equal Love*, which we owe to the romantic fancy of 'Michael Field.' But the scenes are even more enthralling than the persons, as we know when we watch them in the prose of Pierre Loti, or the verse of Théophile Gautier or 'Violet Fane.' . . . If it seems strange to quote these lines in the preface to a book on Church History it will seem strange only, I think, to those who have not felt the wonder of the New Rome as she was, or as she is. In the very atmosphere is romance, and in every spot is history."

DANTE AND WORDSWORTH.

FROM the great house of Hoepli, of Milan, come the first twelve parts of a new and sumptuous edition of the *Divina Commedia* of Dante. The work is beautifully printed in large type, and illustrated with a great many collotype plates and photographic views. Many of the illustrations are taken from old pictures and portraits. The views chiefly represent scenes and towns in Italy mentioned in course of the poem. It is, indeed, an *édition de luxe*. The editor is Signor Corrado Ricci, well known as the author of *L'Ultimo Rifugio di Dante*.

Two new volumes of the "Eversley" Series become the repository of Wordsworth's prose writings. The first volume contains the "Letter to the Bishop of Landaff," the Advertisement, Preface, and Appendix to the *Lyrical Ballads*, "The Convention of Cintra," &c.; the second, the "Guide to the Lake District," "Upon Epitaphs," the Preface to the *Excursion*, &c. The circumstances under which these works were written and first published are matters for future notice. But the following passage in Mr. William Knight's preface to the volumes may be quoted for its intrinsic interest:

"Some quite extraordinary accident has befallen the MSS. of Wordsworth's prose. I have made numerous efforts, in manifold quarters, to see the originals; but I have been baffled in all directions. Everyone knows how MSS. mysteriously disappear, and are afterwards irrecoverable; but it is strange that none of the Wordsworth family—the representatives of the poet by lineal succession—and none of those with whom he corresponded, now possess these originals. The MSS. of Dorothy's and Mrs. Wordsworth's *Journals* exist, and a MS. copy of the *Fenwick Notes*. Nevertheless, the originals of these prose works, which existed in 1876, cannot now be found, either by the Wordsworth family or by any other investigator."

ARTIST AND SOLDIER.

THE *Memoirs of Baron Lejeune* is the title of the latest addition to the ever-growing Napoleonic library. Lejeune was a young artist when the Revolution broke out, and he joined the "Compagnie des Arts" in defence of his country. He

was with Napoleon at Valmy, Wagram, Leipzig, Marengo, and Austerlitz. His duties were mainly those of an aide-de-camp, in which capacity he served Marshals Berthier, Davoust, and Oudinot. Adventures continually fell to him, and on many a battle-field he used his brush and pencil as well as his sword. A collection of his drawings was recently shown in Paris.

THE TWO HOUSES.

The Book of Parliament is all about Parliament and Parliamentary ways, and it is dedicated, by permission, to the Old Parliamentary Hand. The author, Mr. Michael Macdonagh, knows the Houses thoroughly, and in these pages he has traced

"the progress of a Parliament from the General Election, when it is constituted by the vote of the people, until the day the Sovereign, on the advice of the Cabinet, pronounces the sentence of its dissolution."

The titles of the chapters—"Wooing the Electors," "At the Polling Booths," "M.P.," &c., &c.—confirm this prospect of a thorough treatment of Parliamentary life.

CHURCH BELLS.

ONE half the world does not know what the other half is interested in. Hence the astonishment one feels when a book like *The Church Bells of Buckinghamshire* swims into one's ken. Not that swimming can come easily to a book which weighs 5 lbs. 2 ozs., and which measures 10½ in. by 7 in. by 2½ in. All this about the church bells of a small English county! Without anticipating our reviewer's account of this work we may say that the editor, Mr. Alfred Heneage Cocks, flies, in his introduction, to the question of why bells crack. Clergymen and sextons, it seems, forget that a bell is a machine and requires attention, and that what was hung by one generation requires oiling by another. Mr. Cocks thus describes the neglected state in which the investigator will find some belfries:

"In many cases—I had almost written most cases—he will fancy himself no longer in the church, but in a farmyard, or possibly on one of the guano islands off the coast of Peru. It is no exaggeration to say that the bell-chamber frequently contains cartloads of sticks, straws, and other rubbish brought in by birds for their nests. The avi-fauna comprise jackdaws, starlings, house-sparrows, and sometimes a pair of barn owls, and occasionally domestic pigeons; the invertebrates, which are easily overlooked at the moment, will demonstrate their presence during the night ensuing by keeping the explorer awake: these are lice and fleas, parasitic on the starlings; while very likely everything—bells, stocks, frame, &c.—will be as white from the deposit of guano as if they had been whitewashed."

CHAFFERS'S *Marks and Monograms on Pottery* has been the standard work on its subject since 1863. The seventh edition, greatly augmented since the previous ones, appeared in 1886, and was reprinted in 1891. The eighth, edited by Mr. Frederick Litchfield, is now before us. Mr. Litchfield's name is well known in connexion with his

works on porcelain and furniture. He undertook his present task eighteen months ago, and he claims to have added material of value to each section. Since the previous edition Lady Charlotte Schreiber's collection of porcelain and enamels has passed into the South Kensington Museum, the Edkins collection of Bristol china has been dispersed, and many monographs by specialists have been published. These and other developments are, of course, used by Mr. Litchfield. Simultaneously with this work comes Chaffers's *Handbook to Hall Marks on Gold and Silver Plate*, edited and extended by Mr. Christopher A. Markham, who says that this edition may be considered almost as a new work. The marks have been revised and many re-drawn.

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FICTION.

MISS BEATRICE HARRADEN, whose *Ships that Pass in the Night* had a considerable vogue a few years ago, is responsible for a volume containing two stories, *Hilda Strafford* and *The Remittance Man*, both stories of Californian life. Mr. A. J. Dawson's *In the Bight of Benin* is graced with the following dedication: "To a beautiful woman, some happy pickaninnies, several 'white' negroes, and a few interesting blackguards, now resident in West Africa, the author sends greetings, and — some reminiscences." *The Young Clanroy* is a romance of the '45 by the Rev. Cosmo Gordon Lang. The narrator is supposed to be a Highland gentleman who was out in the '45. The dedication is to "the boys to whom it was told by their friend the Dean." *The Flight of the Eagle*, by Standish O'Grady,

"is not a romance but an actual historic episode, told with hardly a freer use of the historical imagination than is employed by the more popular and picturesque of our professed historians."

The Touchstones of Life is a new novel by Ella MacMahon, whose career as a story writer began anonymously with *A New Note*. This, and her second volume, *A Pitiful Passion*, showed a cleverness and originality which augured well for her future progress. Messrs. Hutchinson & Co., who publish *The Touchstones of Life*, also issue a new story by Mrs. Orpen, called *Perfection City*, in which the author portrays the humours of communism as they developed themselves in a small settlement on the Kansas prairie. Mr. Ernest Rhys has picked ten good old tales and put them into a book which Messrs. Kegan Paul have dressed handsomely. The first in *The Garden of Romance* (as he calls it) is "The Story of the Lame Young Man" from the *Arabian Nights*, and the last is "The Old Bachelor's Nightcap" from Hans Andersen; and between them come "The Story of Balin and Balan," "The Story of Le Fevre," Scott's "The Tapestry Chamber," Poe's "Fall of the House of Usher," &c. The book is in large square octavo size, and is pleasantly light in the hand. The output of the week contains no novel of particular distinction.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGY.

PRESENT-DAY PRIMERS: WHERE WERE OUR GOSPELS WRITTEN? The Religious Tract Society. 1s.
CHRISTIAN CLASSICS SERIES: THE WRITINGS OF ST. PATRICK. By Rev. Charles H. H. Wright, D.D. Religious Tract Society. 2s.
CHRISTIANITY AND IDEALISM. By John Watson. James Maclehose & Sons. Macmillan & Co.

BIOGRAPHY.

ANN JANE CARLILE. By Fredk. Sherlock. Fredk. Sherlock Christian Men of Science. By Various Authors. With Introduction by J. H. Gladstone. The Religious Tract Society. 1s. 6d.
AN ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND WORKS OF DR. ROBERT WATT. By James Finlayson, M.D. Smith, Elder & Co. 3s. 6d.

FICTION.

THE TROUBLES OF AN UNLUCKY BOY. By John Strange Winter. F. V. White & Co. 1s.
THE HISTORY OF TOM JONES. By Henry Fielding. Bliss, Sands & Co. 2s.
THE EVOLUTION OF DAPHNE. By Mrs. Alec. McMillan. F. V. White & Co.
THE YOUNG CLANROY. By the Rev. Cosmo Gordon Lang. Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.
THE MISFORTUNES OF ELPHIN AND RHODODAPHNE. By Thomas Love Peacock. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. Macmillan & Co. 8s. 6d.
THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB. By Charles Dickens. Edited by Andrew Lang. Vol. II. Chapman & Hall.
WITHOUT BLOODSHED. By Harold E. Gorst. The Roxburgh Press. 6d.
THE GARDEN OF ROMANCE. Edited by Ernest Rhys. Kegan Paul. 6s.
IN THE BIGHT OF BENIN. By A. J. Dawson. Lawrence & Bullen.
THE FLIGHT OF THE EAGLE. By Standish O'Grady. Lawrence & Bullen.
MARGOT. By Sidney Pickering. Lawrence & Bullen.
HILDA STRAFFORD AND THE REMITTANCE MAN. By Beatrice Harraden. William Blackwood & Sons. 3s. 6d.
PERFECTION CITY. By Mrs. Orpen. Hutchinson & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BOOK OF PARLIAMENT. By Michael Macdonagh. Isbister & Co. 6s.

POLITICS.

BRITON OR BORN? By George Griffith. F. V. White & Co.

EDUCATIONAL.

SELECTIONS FOR FRENCH COMPOSITION. By C. H. Grandgent. Isbister & Co. 1s. 6d.
PRAKTIISCHE ANFANGSÜBUNGEN. By Hermine Stüven. Isbister & Co. 2s. 6d.
MÄRCHEN UND ERZÄHLUNGEN. By H. A. Guerber. Isbister & Co. 2s.
STUDIES IN HISTORICAL METHOD. By Mary Sheldon Barnes. Isbister & Co. 2s. 6d.

ANTIQUARIAN.

THE CHURCH BELLS OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE. By Alfred Heneye Cocks, M.A. Jarrold & Sons.
CHAFFERS' HANDBOOK TO HALL MARKS ON GOLD AND SILVER PLATE. Edited by Christopher A. Markham. Gibbings & Co., Ltd.
MARKS AND MONOGRAMS ON EUROPEAN POTTERY AND PORCELAIN. By William Chaffers. Gibbings & Co., Ltd.

PSYCHOLOGY.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE ANALYSIS OF THE SENSATIONS. By Dr. Ernst Mach. Translated by C. M. Williams. The Open Court Publishing Co.

GEOGRAPHY.

A HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE BRITISH COLONIES. By C. P. Lucas, B.A. Vol. IV.: South and East Africa. Part I.: Historical; and Part II.: Geographical. Clarendon Press. 6s. 6d.

TRAVEL.

ON THE TRAIL OF DON QUIXOTE. By August F. Jaccaci. Illustrated by Daniel Vierge. Lawrence & Bullen.

HISTORY.

HISTORY OF THE ARMENIANS IN INDIA. By Mesroub J. Seth. Luzac & Co. 7s. 6d.
THE CHURCH OF THE SIXTH CENTURY. By William Holden Hutton. Longmans, Green & Co. 6s.
THE STORY OF THE HOUSE OF LANCASTER. By Henry Hartwright. Elliot Stock. 6s. 9d.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE *National Observer* has been acquired by the proprietors of the *British Review*, and will henceforth be incorporated in that journal.

THE *National Observer* was started some eight or nine years ago as the *Scots' Observer*. It was published in its bantling days at Edinburgh: it appealed mainly to Scotsmen, and was controlled by Mr. James N. Dunn, the present editor of *Black and White*. After a year or so of respectable but uneventful existence, the editorship was accepted by Mr. W. E. Henley, who quickly impressed his individuality upon its pages. Soon it was determined to appeal to a wider public. The offices were removed to London, the title was changed, and the *National Observer* began to flame among the politico-literary weeklies.

THE note was militant; the criticism virile; authors were slashed and bludgeoned and occasionally praised; but the point of view remained from first to last consistent. The distinction of the paper apart from criticism was Mr. Henley's genius for discovering new talent, and his gift for extracting a man's best. In its pages appeared many of Mr. Kipling's "Barrack-Room Ballads," his "Blind Bug," and his "Tomlinson," R. L. Stevenson's "Father Damien," and some of Mr. Barrie's most characteristic things. Among the writers whose work was published in the pages of the *National Observer*, and who acknowledge the stimulus of Mr. Henley's encouragement, were Mrs. Meynell, Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson, Mr. Charles Whibley, Mr. Arthur Morrison, Mr. G. S. Street, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. G. W. Steevens, Mr. Gilbert Parker, Mr. Kenneth Grahame, and Mr. Murray Gilchrist.

ABOUT three years ago the paper passed to another proprietor. Mr. Henley resigned, and was succeeded by Mr. J. E. Vincent. Under Mr. Vincent it was outspoken, and although not a "fighting paper," was always readable. Among Mr. Vincent's discoveries was Mr. Owen Seaman, whose satirical verse is among the best of its kind. *The British Review*, with which the *National Observer* is to be incorporated, was started in the autumn of last year under the editorship of Mr. W. H. Mallock.

ANOTHER new weekly will see the light this month. It is to be edited by Mrs. Roy Devereux, author of *The Ascent of Woman*. *Mayfair* will be the title of this new venture. It is to be the size of the *World*, and it will deal with matters social, literary, artistic, and fashionable.

SOME idea may prevail that the library at Lambeth Palace is inaccessible during the outside repairs now in hand; this is not the case, and the MSS. and books have been consulted as usual, daily, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. (Saturday excepted), by scholars and students. The Kentish local collection of prints and pamphlets continues to be of much service to those interested in their parochial history, a branch of antiquarian lore well worthy of greater attention and research.

THE following dates have been settled upon by Miss Dorothy Leighton and Mr. Charles Charrington for their season of Ibsen at the Independent Theatre: "The Lady from the Sea" will be given from May 10 to 14; "The Wild Duck" from May 17 to 21; "A Doll's House" from May 24 to May 28.

THE Booksellers' Dinner will be held at the King's Hall, Holborn Restaurant, on Saturday, May 8, when Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, M.P., has promised to occupy the chair.

On another page there is a review of the third volume of Messrs. Henley & Henderson's *Burns*. This week also comes the news that before long the recently discovered correspondence between Burns and Mrs. Dunlop may be published, together with a number of MSS. of poems, "some new, and some with various readings." There seems no finality in the art of editing poets: something fresh is for ever coming to light.

It is a little surprising to read that Miss Beatrice Harraden's *Hilda Strafford*, which was published only last Saturday, has already reached a seventh edition. The explanation is that the first edition was three or four times subscribed, and the demand since has been so large that Messrs. Blackwood are now forced to go to press again. It would be interesting, by the way, to know of how many copies each edition consisted. The same publishers will shortly publish a long novel by Miss Harraden, called *I, too, have come Through Wintry Terrors*, a title that should take the popular taste as effectually as *Ships that Pass in the Night*.

A PICTURE by the late Sir John Millais has been presented to the National Gallery by his half-sister, Mrs. Hodgkinson. It is "The Yeoman of the Guard"—not the best example of his genius—which was exhibited at the Academy twenty years ago. Before long I hope that a representative work by this painter will find its way into the national collection.

AMONG the literary recollections of Prof. Max Müller in the current *Cosmopolis* are some relating to Tennyson which the papers have very eagerly copied. And I will not deny that they make good copy. But at the same time I find myself blushing for Prof. Max Müller. He asked the late Laureate to dinner and to breakfast, and in writing now about the meals he states that his guest behaved exceedingly badly: the late Laureate found fault with the food, and showed little consideration for the feelings of his host and hostess. Yet considering how his host was some day to hold up this illustrious guest, his foibles and his shortcomings, to the merciless eyes of the world, one cannot feel about Tennyson's conduct quite as Prof. Max Müller would seem to wish. The host charges his guest with bad manners; but we end by forgetting the conduct of the guest in that of the host.

IN a volume of *Registres Gascons* (1474-1514), recently published by the municipality of Bayonne, Mr. S. R. Gardiner has discovered mention of a truce, hitherto unknown, between France and England, proclaimed at Bayonne, October 20, 1482. The same volume contains documents relating to a considerable trade in woad (for dye) between Bristol and Bayonne during these years. Of this commerce no previous record was known.

THE prospectus of the forthcoming edition of *Don Quixote*, by Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly and the late John Ormsby, has just been issued. This Spanish text follows as nearly as possible that of the first edition of 1505. It will form a handsome quarto, printed by Messrs. Constable of Edinburgh, with Mr. David Nutt as London publisher. The prospectus is written in Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly's liveliest strain, and is a fair challenge to all opponents to do their worst. He describes Hartzenbusch's treatment of the Quixote as that of "a true German pedant." This is applying the principle of nationality with a vengeance. How the shade of Cecilia Bohl de Faber (Fernan Cabellero) must tremble, too, at this: the author of *Los Amantes de Teruel*, over which the fairest eyes of Spain have shed delicious tears, "a true German pedant"! As well call the author of "Romeo and Juliet" a Welsh border boor! But, for all this, it will be difficult to find Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly tripping in bibliographical details, and his text will give matter of discussion to the keenest critics.

MR. R. H. SHERARD, the journalist whose distinction it is to have written the most-contradicted interview with Ibsen that has yet appeared, seems to be on the brink of a new kind of fame. A correspondent in Christianity has written to him saying: "Your article has been much commented upon here, and the Norwegians are furious, proposing to immortalise you as a noun and verb, i.e. to say, 'Oh, that's a Sherard,' when they mean an inaccuracy; or, 'We were Sherarded by that man,' i.e., 'maligned by that man,' for they quite accept Ibsen's statements concerning his talk with you." Mr. Sherard's comment is: "It would ill become an ardent philologist to object to anything by which a starveling and unpicturesque language may be enriched and beautified."

I SAID a "new kind of fame," meaning, of course, new only for the journalist. Other men become nouns and verbs very easily. We pack our Gladstone, we consult our Bradshaw, we Boycott our neighbour, and there was a time, when party feeling was running higher than it does just now, when an inaccuracy was called a "Salisbury." But those days are over.

THE note of the new *Pick-Me-Up* is, I am told, to be smartness without vulgarity. The words "Smart, but not vulgar" will appear over the title week by week as an earnest of this change of heart. The first revised number will be dated March 13,

and, it is hardly necessary to state, will contain drawings by Mr. Phil May, Mr. Raven Hill, and Mr. Dudley Hardy. A picture by Mr. C. D. Gibson, the American draughtsman, and one by an artist of promise, who is less well known, Mr. William T. Horton, will also appear. The admirable "Jingle," whose sprightly criticisms of the drama were the best things in the letterpress of the old *Pick-Me-Up*, is to continue his weekly task. The rather too emotional gentleman who called himself, not without reason, "The Amorist," will, I presume, have to seek another outlet for his feelings.

Pick-Me-Up henceforward is to emerge from the offices of the *Illustrated London News* and *The Sketch*. A paper seems to have a much better chance in the struggle for life if it can fight its way under the protecting shoulders of an elder brother. Mr. Shorter now has the cares of four considerable periodicals, while two others—*The Sporting and Dramatic* and *The Lady's Pictorial*—are also connected with the *Illustrated London News* office.

A LIBRARIAN's list of readers' blunders in asking for books yields the following specimens: "Abraham's Nights" (*Arabian Nights*); "Dickens' Tootpick Papers"; "The Stinking Minister" and "The Stuck-up Minister"; "A book describing place where they keep leopards on Sandwich Islands" (? where they keep leopards on sandwiches); and "Black Beauty, a little book by Zola." This last is saddening. It is bitter to think of the innocent classic of our childhood thus maligned.

AT this time of year one expects poetical quotations in the journals, although possibly one would not grieve over their absence. But for misquotation there is no excuse. In the *Westminster Gazette* I find it written of Dr. Joachim that he is like the daffodils, "that come before the swallow dares, and deck the winds of March with beauty." Alas! If Shakespeare's good genius was ever vigilant at his side it was when it prompted the poet to write of the yellow flowers that they "take the winds of March with beauty."

THE following extract is from a book catalogue:

"Stirling, James H. Text-Book to Kant. The Critique of Poor Reason. 8vo. N. Y., 1882."

I OBSERVE that on the Rand the reviewer is a person of authority. A bookseller of Johannesburg has been telling an interviewer that new books are ordered for Africa purely on the strength of London reviews. The books which just now are being most read are all the works of Mr. Kipling and Miss Corelli, and the later works of Mr. Crawford, Mr. Crockett, and Mr. Barrie. Also Mr. Besant's *City of Refuge*, Ian Maclaren's *Mind of the Master*, Mr. Wilson Barrett's *Sign of the Cross*, and Mark Twain's *Tom Sawyer, Detective*. The standard novels, in cheap form, sell well too. A large trade in Bibles and prayer-books is also carried on by the firm which gives this information.

THE one event of interest to chronicle this week, "G. S. S." writes, is that Richard is himself again at the Lyceum, and everybody's congratulations are due on Sir Henry Irving's recovery. He is too thoughtful an actor—there are those who say thought is here a vice—absolutely to stereotype a part, but his playing on Saturday was, in the main, a repetition of that on the first performance. That is to say, Richard was a consciously artistic and almost a comic devil; the grim humour was emphasised as before—as before, the hopelessness of a contemporary audience making much of the tragedy was implicitly recognised. "Amen, and may I die a good old man"—that was the sort of speech which was most emphasised in its satirical significance, and once more one regretted that a brilliant comedian has been practically lost to classic comedy. But I expressed my poor opinion of Sir Henry's Richard at sufficient length some while ago; and of changes I noticed only that he played the scene with a better pretence of sincerity—certainly an artistic alteration—and that the Anne (Miss Julia Arthur) was appreciably better than before.

THE ONLOOKER.

By an error it was stated last week that the forthcoming work to be entitled *The Art of William Morris*, by Mr. Aymer Vallance, would be published by Mr. Quaritch. The publishers are Messrs. G. Bell & Sons.

MR. EDWARD ARNOLD has in the press two volumes by Prof. Karl Pearson. The volumes contain several scientific essays dealing with chance in various aspects, from the chances of death to games of chance, the problems of modern political progress, and those in connexion with the position of women.

SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, BART., M.P., will publish shortly with Mr. Edward Arnold a book of sketches of nature under the title of *Memories of the Months*.

THE Delegates of the Clarendon Press have arranged for the publication, at short intervals, of a series of five books on Musical History, to be issued under the general editorship of Mr. W. H. Hadow, Fellow of Worcester College. The first volume, dealing with *The Ecclesiastical Period*, has been undertaken by Prof. H. E. Wooldridge; Dr. Hubert H. Parry deals with *The Seventeenth Century*; and Mr. J. A. Fuller-Maitland with *The Age of Bach and Handel*. The editor has in preparation the fourth volume, treating of *The Viennese School and its Times*; and Mr. E. Dannreuther will close the series with an account of *The Romantic Movement*.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK announces, as the new volume of the "Book-Lovers' Library," *The Novels of Charles Dickens, a Bibliography and Sketch by F. G. Kitton*. The work will give in a condensed form the information which is available concerning the circumstances under which Dickens's various stories were written, and will furnish a complete bibliography such as has not hitherto been obtainable. A useful feature of the book will be a record of the present value of the earlier editions of Dickens's works.

GEORG EBERS.

TO the tribute which the world of letters and of science in Germany has with generous enthusiasm paid to the fame of its greatest living novelist, Georg Ebers, on the occasion of his sixtieth birthday, we hasten to add our English congratulations. Since Gustav Freytag passed away no foreign writer of fiction has appealed more successfully to the taste of English readers than the author of *A Princess of Egypt*.

It was in Berlin, in a house on the Tiergartenstrasse, on March 1, 1837, that Georg Ebers was born. When he came into the world the grass was already green over the grave of his father, a banker and manufacturer of repute. To compensate for this loss all the affection of his mother was lavished on the posthumous child. Georg Ebers owed a deep debt of gratitude to this talented, intellectual woman, well known in the literary society of Berlin; and few higher tributes to the beauty of motherhood have been penned than the passages in the *History of My Life*, in which Georg Ebers acknowledges what he owes to the memory of his mother. The atmosphere in which the boyhood of the future savant and novelist passed was congenial. In the same house in which his mother lodged lived the brothers Grimm, the great grammarians and treasurers of the wealth of Teutonic folklore. To their influence, we may take it, the scholarly bent of young Georg's mind is due, and his association with them, probably, can be traced many years later in the three charming "Märchen," which came as a surprise to those who had known Ebers only as the writer of historical romances. After the usual course at the Gymnasium, Ebers read law at the University of Göttingen. During his student career there fell on him a dangerous illness, which brought him to the verge of the grave and from which he did not wholly recover for many a long year. This illness was the turning-point in his career. Feeling unfitted for the rough-and-tumble of active life he decided to devote himself to academic studies in the sciences which had always attracted him, Egyptology. Jakob Grimm introduced him to that eminent, if somewhat crabbed savant, Lepsius. The first-fruits of his study was *A Princess of Egypt*. Lepsius, hearing of his disciple's achievement, expressed contemptuous surprise that a scholar should waste his time on such "allotria"; but to the general reader the book opened out a new world. For the first time the dry bones of scholastic research had been endowed with the breath of life. So lifelike were the characters that some critics pretend to recognise the personalities who had inspired them. Rhodopis was held to be his mother; Pharaoh Amasis was only Frederick William IV. in Egyptian guise. Be this as it may, the scholarship Ebers displayed in his treatise on *Egypt and the Books of Moses* won the recognition of the learned, and in 1864 he was appointed to a professorship in his university. Shortly afterwards he married the woman, a daughter of the burgomaster of Riga, who was to prove a worthy helpmate of his busy life. After

a short journey to Egypt, from which he was recalled to fill the chair of professor of Egyptology at the University of Leipzig, he revisited the land of the Pharaohs in 1872. During his excavations at Thebes he discovered the papyrus dating from the second century B.C., which is still known by the name of its discoverer.

On his return to Leipzig he resumed his round of lectures and duties, which helped to train many Egyptologists of the present day. In 1876, some twelve years after the appearance of his first romance, came *Uarda*, perhaps the finest of all his novels. *Homo Sum*, *The Sisters*, and *The Emperor* followed in quick succession. In 1881, in his *Frau Bürgermeisterin*, Ebers surprised his readers by transferring his *mis-en-scène* from Egypt to a theatre nearer home, a success he followed up two years later with *Ein Wort*. More recently he struck out a new line in his *Gret*, a Kulturbild, a wonderfully graphic description of popular life and thought in the mediæval Nürnberg. In all, sixteen historical novels have flowed from his prolific pen, in addition to numerous learned treatises, fairy tales, biographies, and two great works of reference on *Egypt* and *Palestine*. Indeed, every year for the last quarter of a century has seen the publication of some work from his pen. His industry, apart from his achievement, is amazing; for until he retired, in 1889, he was engaged in exacting scholastic duties at Leipzig. At the age of fifty-nine he wrote his most recent novel, *Barbara Blomberg*, containing the freshest and most fascinating of his heroines, a wonderful picture of Ratisbon during the Middle Ages. If rumour be true, this will be his last novel; for it is said that, now he has entered on the evening of his days, he has decided to lay his pen aside.

ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

XVII.—SAMUEL PEPYS.

SAMUEL PEPYS, Admiralty clerk, takes his stand among our English classics purely by accident. He kept a diary in cipher for his own amusement, and behold! when translated into longhand it turned out to be literature, and is now numbered with the books that will not die; whereas such writings as were made by Pepys in the ordinary manner have as little interest as yesterday's paper. And the reason is that the diary is Pepys, and Pepys can never lose his savour. We are as interested to-day in what he was doing two hundred and fifty years ago as he was at the time.

Look, for example, at the account of two red-letter days in April of 1661: "So to Captain Allen's (where we was last night, and heard him play on the harpsichord, and I find him to be a perfect good musician), and there, having no mind to leave Mrs. Rebecca, I did what with talk and singing (her father and I), Mrs. Turner and I staid there till two o'clock in the morning, and was most exceeding merry, and I had the opportunity of kissing Mrs. Rebecca very often. At two o'clock, with very great mirth, we went to our lodging



SAMUEL PEPYS (AT 34)

From the Picture by John Hayls in the National Portrait Gallery

and to bed, and lay till seven, and then called up by Sir W. Batten; so I rose, and we did some business, and then come Captain Allen, and he and I withdrew, and sang a song or two, and among others took great pleasure in 'Goe and bee hanged, that's twice good-bye.' The young ladies come too, and so I did again please myself with Mrs. Rebecca; and about nine o'clock, after we had breakfasted, we sett forth for London, and indeed I was a little troubled to part with Mrs. Rebecca, for which God forgive me. [Pepys had a wife waiting for him at home.] Thus we went away through Rochester. We baited at Dartford, and thence to London, but of all the journeys that ever I made, this was the merriest, and I was in a strange mood for mirth. Among other things, I got my Lady to let her mayd, Mrs. Anne, to ride all the way on horseback, and she rides exceeding well; and so I called her my clerk, that she went to wait upon me. I met two little schoolboys going with pickers of ale to their schoolmaster to break up against Easter, and I did drink of some of one of them, and gave him two-pence. By and by, we come to two little girls keeping coves, and I saw one of them very pretty, so I had a mind to make her aske my blessing, and telling her that I was her godfather, she asked me innocently whether I was not Ned Warding, and I said that I was, so she kneeled down, and very simply called, 'Pray, godfather, pray to God to bless me,' which made us very merry, and I gave her two-pence. In several places I asked women whether they would sell me their children, but they denied me all. . . ."

Here, in this delightful passage, written two and a half centuries ago, yet as fresh as this morning's buds, we have Samuel Pepys in high spirits as the epicure of life. That was his true character and his great worth. It is as the epicure of life that he is so alluring. His self-revelations are valuable in some degree, and his picture of the times makes him perhaps the finest understudy a historian ever had; but Pepys is greatest in his appreciation of good things. He lived minute by minute, as wise men do, and he extracted whatever honey was to be had. Who else has so fused business and pleasure? Who else has kept his mind so open, so alert? Whenever Pepys found an odd quarter of an hour he sang or strummed it away with a glad heart; whenever he walked abroad his eyes were vigilant for pretty women. No man was more amiable. He drank "incomparable good claret" as it should be drunk, and loved it; he laughed at Betterton; he ogled Nelly Gwynne; he intrigued with men of affairs; he fondled his books; he ate his dinner—all with gusto and his utmost energy. Trivial he certainly was, but his enjoyment is his justification. Samuel Pepys was a superb artist in living. He was a man of insatiable inquisitiveness: there was always something he considered "pretty to see." This gift of curiosity made him one of the best of Londoners. He knew the London of his day well: he saw the great plague and the great fire, and played his lute innocently through both.

Our portrait shows Pepys at the age of thirty-four: he lived to be seventy.

TWO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF SAMUEL PEPYS.

In 1854 my father picked up for eighteen-pence, at a bookstall in London, a bound volume containing 113 letters in MS., the majority of which he recognised at once as being in the handwriting of Samuel Pepys. In order, however, to make assurance doubly sure, and to ascertain whether anything was known of them, he sent the book to W. J. Thoms, the founder, and at that time the editor, of *Notes and Queries*, with a request that he would submit the letters for verification to Lord Braybrooke, the editor of *Pepys' Diary*, who pronounced them to be genuine, in a letter which is printed below. Two of the letters, probably the most entertaining of the collection, were kept back for the family autograph-book, now in my possession; the rest were presented, I believe, to Eton College.

[LORD BRAYBROOKE'S LETTER.]

"Lord Braybrooke has very carefully examined the Pepys Papers, and cannot return them without expressing his best thanks to Mr. Alfred Francis Barnard for his courtesy in submitting them to his inspection. There is no doubt as to the originality of the Letters, which in all probability were left in Pepys' House in York Buildings, when his library was removed to Clapham some years before his death, and which, with many other books and papers, were sold and dispersed instead of passing into the hands of his executors. Dr. Rawlinson, however, rescued a great portion now in the Bodleian Library. The old volume appears from the figures in pencil [each letter was numbered in pencil] to have been very much mutilated, as only 113 letters remain out of 604. The correspondence is exclusively relative to the abuses and reforms of Christ's Hospital, and is of interest as showing how much trouble Pepys took in investigating any subject, in spite of his age and infirmities, to which his attention was directed. . . . It would appear from the Table of Contents, which is in the same form and handwriting as many others in the Pepysian Collection, that there were in the volume letters of Sir Isaac Newton, but they have disappeared, with many others, perhaps handed over to collectors of autographs at different times. Samuel Newton, from whom there are some letters, was Teacher of Mathematics at Christ's Hospital. . . . The old book is worthy of being preserved. It is possible, too, that it might be prized by the Governors of the Hospital and placed amongst their Records. Nathaniel Hawer, of whom Pepys seems to have had a bad opinion, was Treasurer of Christ's Hospital.

"N. Burlington Street, 11 May 54"

The first letter, a holograph by Pepys, is a draft, in a neat and clear hand, of a reply to the Samuel Newton mentioned by Lord Braybrooke, and is written on the back of Newton's letter. As the latter relates chiefly to business details of no present interest, I have extracted from it little more than those passages which contain the excuses that explain Pepys' indignation.

[NEWTON'S LETTER.]

"Hon^d Sir,
"I have sent the Certificate Y^r Hon^r was pleased to call for, and had waited on Y^r Hon^r before this time, if the trouble of removing my Books and Family had not prevented me. I much admire that the unparall'd Mr. [afterwards Sir Isaac] Newton has not yet wrote to our Tr^s [Treasurer, Nathaniel Hawer]. . . . The last Sunday some of my Relations from Y^e other end of the town came to dine (unexpectedly) with me, and have engaged me by promise to returne their Civility by dining with them Y^e next Sunday. so Y^e I fear I shall not have Y^e opportunity of waiting on Y^r Hon^r that day, but

intend to be in York buildings to morrow afternoon, when I should think it not onely my greatest hon^r but strongest Interest to receive Y^r further Instructions.

"Y^r Hon^r most obliged faithful and humble servant

"S. NEWTON.

"June, 7th. 1695."

[PEPYS' REPLY.]

"June 11th, 1695, at Noone.

"MR. NEWTON,

"You made me lose all Saturday in Y^e Afternoon; not so much by Y^e not coming (for that might many ways be justifiably prevented) but by Y^e not sending me word that I was not to wait for you. For thō I think no time too much that I employ usefully, I think Y^e least too much that is taken from me to no purpose. Therefore, once for all, pray give me no more occasion for this kind of Complaint.

"I would be glad to see you, there being occasion for it, and Y^e sooner Y^e better. And that you may meet with no disappointment (for I would be as careful of Y^e Time as of my own) pray send me word in Y^e Morning of Y^e Evening when you mean to come, & I will againe stay within and dispose of my Business on purpose for you. And pray bring Y^r Instructions along with you, which you tell me you have now Signed, & have (I presume) a Counter part of from Y^e House. I am

"Y^r truly affect^d Friend & Serv^t

"S. PEPYS."

The second letter in Pepys' hand is a beautifully written holograph, apparently a duplicate of a reply to John Reeves, under-clerk of Christ's Hospital, who seems to have been guilty of the same remissness, and receives a similar rebuke, as Samuel Newton. A copy of the letter from Reeves which called down upon him the wrath of Pepys appears as an endorsement by the latter.

[REEVES' LETTER.]

"Hon^d Sr,

"For not coming according to promise I begg your pardon. But Thursdays raine and yesterday's Comm^{tees} prevented. And for this Morning I am upon payment of Money which is the occasion of sending this from

"Y^r Hon^d Serv^t

"JOHN REEVES.

"20 July, 1695."

[PEPYS' REPLY.]

"Saturday morning. July 20th, 1695.

"MR. REEVES,

"I thank you for Y^e Papers to day, only I would be glad when you are at any time prevented in coming to me when promis'd, you would send me word of it, for I stayd at home all Thursday expecting you, lest you should have come & been disappointed of seeing me; And for Y^e Raine, I would & will at all times bear Y^e Charges in Coach-hire, rather than sett business aside on purpose for you, & not see you. It being Saturday, I am stepping into Y^e Countrey for a little Aire till Monday, & so cannot presently pass Y^e Papers of Y^e Mathematical Acc^t; but shall as soon as I come back. And for Y^e gener^l ones, shall then alsoe satisfy myselfe therein from Y^e Court-Book of Y^e 20th Feby last, whereto you refer me; and to that purpose, if you can spare it, pray let Y^e Beadle bring it me hither on Monday noone.

"I remaine

"Y^r truly affect^d friend

"S. PEPYS."

The numbers pencilled on the above letters are: Newton, 527; Pepys (1), 528; Reeves (not separately numbered); Pepys (2), 575.

F. P. BARNARD.

THE BOOK MARKET.

TWO PENCE OR THREE PENCE?

WE referred last week to the revival of interest in the question of discount in the bookselling trade, and we recorded the opinion of a high authority that a change was not likely to be effected in the near future. It has occurred to us, however, that it would be fair and interesting to collect opinions on the subject from booksellers generally. We have accordingly made inquiries, and these have elicited the courteous and instructive replies from the Trade which we print below.

That the discount system is a born absurdity is, we believe, admitted by everyone, including the happy book-buyer who tenders two shillings and eightpence for a book that is advertised to be worth three shillings and sixpence. But is the book-buyer so happy as he believes himself? Does he get three-and-sixpence worth? Certainly not.

The threepence gained has perhaps been threepence lost. It has meant limited stocks, inferior assistants, uncomfortable shops, and, in a word, the deterioration of the bookseller. This is the confession of the Trade itself. Undoubtedly there are still high-class booksellers, men who read books as well as sell them, and who, even under a system which they stigmatise as "degrading" and "pernicious," can maintain the dignity of an ancient and refined calling; but even these are hampered and discouraged.

Unfortunately there is no exaggerating the strength of the position held by Discount: it is so strong that the proposal to abolish it is no longer mooted; and the proposal actually before booksellers is to reduce threepence to twopence. Could even this be effected, the results, according to our correspondents, would be marked and beneficent.

MESSRS. W. GEORGE'S SONS (Bristol) write:

"The matter of alteration of discount has not been put into a form definite enough to much interest the country trade. If matters can be arranged between the London trade and the copyright owners, the provincials are not likely to make objections; they are tired of the present state of things; but if the publishers of copyright books mean to sell their property in the same old way of many various prices for one article, no benefit will result to the public, and they might as well leave the thing alone."

MR. CHARLES LINNELL, of Messrs. Cornish Bros. (Birmingham), writes:

"The proposal made by the Publishers' Association to the booksellers, that we should revert to the old discount of 2d. off the shilling, cannot be considered as a serious proposal. We have not been enlightened or made aware of the means whereby the general public are to be allured from 3d. to 2d. We should, of course, appreciate the change immensely; but there are no hopes of such a transformation, for the practice of selling new books at prices little above cost has become general: we cannot recede. If all the booksellers in the kingdom were unanimous to-day, would they be like-minded on the morrow? We trow not. As the publishers have a burning desire to improve the condition of the country bookseller, let them begin by sending their books to us carriage paid. The present system

curtails profits. The lack of a greater profit is to the detriment of the general public, for that which should be given to well-educated and well-trained assistants is given away in discount. A living can be made, and very often a good one; but the book business requires an amount of application, persistence, and bull-dog perseverance that in any other occupation would very likely lead to fame and fortune. We must live ever hopeful of the future, notwithstanding our dissatisfaction with the present."

MR. FRANK MURRAY (Derby) writes:

"Whether the efforts of the reformers will ever meet with success, even to the limited extent of reducing the discount by 1d. in the 1s., is very doubtful. If the bulk of the trade agree to the proposal, the publishers will then say to the remainder—"If you will not agree to these terms, I shall not charge you the same that I do the others." The selfish man will then buy his books of the middle-man, and continue to sell at 3d. in the 1s.; and it is with this same middle-man that the difficulty will arise; he is very powerful; the publisher cannot do without his support; he gets terms which enable him to sell at the same price as the publisher. Possibly the publisher will be able to bind him as he proposes to bind the bookseller; but it will be difficult, and the middle-man will have this to consider—that every underseller means one more customer for him, and so he will not be too ready to bind himself, while at the same time the publisher depends too much upon him to risk losing his support by enforcing terms. It is this fear of the underseller being able to continue cutting, despite the publisher, by the help of the middle-man which will deter many of the trade from sending in their adherence to the proposals of the associations."

MESSRS. HODGES, FIGGIS, & Co., LTD. (Dublin), write:

"We are scarcely in a position to offer an opinion on the question of '3d. in the shilling,' as we—in company with all other Dublin booksellers—have never gone beyond the '2d.,' and are determined that we never will. We fully recognise that such a discount would be disastrous. Under it high-class bookselling would be impossible, and, in order to pay working expenses, 'remainders,' 'stationery,' and 'fancy goods' would have to be resorted to. The fact that Dublin sets an example of unity and common sense in this matter may surprise and interest their English *confrères*, and, we trust, will strengthen those who regard 'unity' as impossible. We hope that the efforts now being made by the 'publishers' and 'booksellers' associations will eventually destroy the pernicious system."

MESSRS. TRUSLOVE & HANSON (London) write:

"The proposal made by the Publishers' Association that the discount on books should be reduced from 3d. to 2d. in the shilling is, in our opinion, well worth adoption. It is admitted by publishers that existing terms upon a large number of copyright books are most unsatisfactory, as they do not allow a living profit; and as prospective arrangements with authors preclude publishers from giving better terms, we think their alternative suggestion should be accepted. It is the most practical proposal that has been made since the discount system became general, and if carried out would be the means of securing to the bookseller a fair remuneration for his work and intelligence employed in carrying on his business."

MESSRS. THOMAS BREAR & Co. (Bradford) write:

"Next to a total abolition of all discount, we are entirely in favour of the proposal, which, if carried out, would give the country bookseller some chance of a reasonable profit. Under the present condition of things the new bookseller exists with difficulty out of London, and if by the proposed return to 2d. in the shilling discount some relief was gained, the public would also reap benefit in the way of increased attention and intelligent service. At present it does

not pay to invest either brains or money in the book trade. Although buyers are now thoroughly demoralised with the 25 per cent. discount system, we do not think, if the trade is unanimous, that they will object to the extra penny, and it is to be hoped that London booksellers, who have no carriage to pay, and thus do not feel the strain, will throw off their selfishness and fall into line with their less-favoured country cousins."

MESSRS. D. B. FRIEND & Co. (Brighton) write:

"The proposal of the Publishers' Association to reduce the discount to 2d. in the shilling seems to be the most feasible suggestion yet introduced to assist the booksellers; and the scheme should receive the hearty approval of the whole retail trade. No combination of booksellers alone can effect the desired end, but by the publishers uniting to enforce the adherence to the new terms of supply the terrible system of underselling should be effectually remedied on a very large proportion of books issued."

MR. B. H. BLACKWELL (Oxford) writes:

"It is a fact that where 3d. in the shilling is given the stock must either be confined to books in everyday demand, bought in large numbers, or supplemented by miscellaneous goods which bear a 'living' profit. The bookseller who keeps a large and varied stock, ventures in works by new and unknown authors, and keeps a *bookshop*, takes greater risks, and gives 2d. in the shilling discount. Were the smaller discount generally adopted the public would get better bookshops, authors be better represented; while, by the reduction in the nominal price of books which would ensue, the 1d. would, in practice, be shared between the bookseller and his customer."

MR. GEORGE GREGORY (Bath) writes:

"I should be glad to see the discount off new books abolished altogether, and therefore I should gladly support the reverting to the 2d. in the shilling as a step in the right direction. The matter is entirely in the hands of the publishers. Let them promptly close every man's account (and not open it again) who takes a penny discount off the published prices and there's an end of the matter. Of course all the publishers must agree, or any such action would be useless. The cursed discount question is *degrading* and demoralising alike to buyer and seller. I may say personally I sell no regular new books since 3d. in the shilling has been the rule in this town."

MR. JAMES G. COMMIN (Bournemouth) writes:

"The proposal that the rate of discount from the published prices of books should be limited to 2d. in the shilling to the public instead of as it at present exists in many of the larger towns of 3d. in the shilling, is one that, if uniformly carried out, would be of undoubted benefit to both booksellers and publishers, and at the same time would make no appreciable difference to the public. The ruinously small margin of profit that exists under the present arrangement is especially detrimental to the publisher, inasmuch as it prevents the bookseller from keeping in stock any but the most popular works and low-priced series, to the exclusion of the more standard and important publications, which, although perfectly safe stock, are not sufficiently rapid in their sale to prove remunerative on the present terms. I have no doubt under altered circumstances this state of things would gradually change for the better. Booksellers would improve the character of their stock. The public would then have an opportunity of seeing the better books as they were published, and having this inducement would be sure to increase their purchases to their own advantage, and to the benefit of the publisher and bookseller alike; and lastly (and not least) the trader would be stimulated to take a more intelligent interest in his business as a bookseller, and not devote his attention to stationery and fancy goods as so many have found themselves compelled to do in order to make both ends meet."

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

THE general reading and writing public is probably quite unaware of the amount of trained ability and exact knowledge expended in these days on what they would superciliously throw aside at the first glance as "only school-books." We have before us a fresh batch of such publications in the department of English literature, some of which show excellent work. In the Cambridge Milton for Schools (Pitt Press) Mr. Verity gives us the ninth and tenth books of *Paradise Lost*, and so completes his scholarly and sensible edition of the great epic, the last two books having been published earlier. Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, by Dr. Evans (Blackie), is a serviceable little exposition of the poet's masterpiece, but unlucky in appearing at the same time as the edition by Mr. Churton Collins; and Mr. Steele's judicious selections from his namesake's contributions to the *Tatler* (Macmillan) forms a very proper addition to the list of literary class-books, though certain of the notes are just a little simple. Besides these there are four numbers of Longmans' English Classics, all by American editors, but with a common preface by Mr. P. A. Barnett: Macaulay's *Essay on Milton*, Scott's *Woodstock*, Irving's *Tales of a Traveller*, and the *Ancient Mariner* of Coleridge. The apparatus of introduction, chronological table, and notes is on a similar plan in each, and each is, in addition, provided with a useful chapter of hints as to methods of study or instruction which are calculated to lay a sound foundation in the elements of criticism. To this treatment the *Ancient Mariner*, of course, lends itself the most readily, and the casting of a large proportion of the notes into the shape of leading or suggestive questions is a rational device that contributes in a natural manner to that end. Some of the notes in the Scott, however, and many of those in the Macaulay, are surely unnecessary for any English standard above that of a kindergarten. Still, we must remember that the series is also intended for use in the United States. To one reared on the old Spartan system under which four-fifths of the weekly time-table were devoted to classics, and the remaining fifth was allowed for toying with French or mathematics, the introduction of one's favourite play-books into the class-room seems a strange thing. Nevertheless, if carried out with judgment and kept within certain limits, this is unquestionably one of those changes that are changes for the better, and most heartily do we welcome in scholastic harness that master of English who is far too little read to-day, "the father of American literature," Washington Irving. The hours we stole in boyhood and gave to *The Conquest of Granada*, or *The Tales of the Alhambra*, till we knew their pages almost as well by heart as we knew the inspiring lines of the *Propria quæ maribus*, were always thus spent more or less in defiance of the still small voice that whispered the prior claims of Bland's Hexameters or the *Præcis Iambica*.

THE following spirited piece of guess-work appeared in a recent number of a

school magazine as having been executed in an examination:

French.

"Dans un passage très élevé des Alpes où la neige ne fond jamais et s'entasse à une grande hauteur, des religieux ont bâti un hospice pour les voyageurs. Ils ont avec eux des chiens auxquels ils ont appris à chercher les malheureux perdus dans les neiges. Lorsqu'une tempête survient, tous les chiens partent de l'hospice et se dispersent dans la montagne; ils cherchent les voyageurs égarés. Ils portent au cou une clochette avec une gourde pleine d'eau-de-vie. Quand ces bons animaux sentent qu'un homme est sous la neige, ils grattent jusqu'à ce qu'ils l'aient découvert, le réchauffent et aboient pour avertir les religieux."

English.

"In a passage very near from the Alps there the person found his way and waved his hat to a large caravan of religious, and good company for the voyagers. They have offered to take care of the dogs as well they have entertain to fully the quantities lost in the snow. Lorsque, a tempting servant, took the dogs into the hospital and see dispersants in the mountains; they sent the voyagers away. They went to the one closet among a low plain of the edifice. When the good man sentenced which man is of the voyagers, they granted justice to which they have discovered, the rechaffment and obedient servants for averting the religion."

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE HEBREW MONARCHY.

London: Feb. 26.

Mr. Andrew Wood seems to doubt whether Prof. Sayce has arrived at any definite conclusions with regard to the chronology of the kings of Israel. I give here the passage which I had in my mind at the time of writing, the italics being mine:

"These contemporaneous accounts of the Western campaigns of Tiglath-Pilezer, which have been rescued from the mounds under which they were so long buried, have at last cleared up the chronology of the later kings of Samaria. The synchronisms established between them and the kings of Judah by the compiler of the Books of Kings have been the despair of chronologists, and various expedients have been devised for reconciling the conflicting dates given in the Scriptural record. . . . The cuneiform annals of Tiglath-Pilezer have swept away all these ingenious schemes. *The Biblical chronology must be rejected, and the synchronisms established by the compiler must be regarded as based on an erroneous calculation of dates.*" (Sayce's *Higher Criticism*, &c., 3rd ed.; London: S.P.C.K., 1894, p. 406.)

Here is a conclusion most unequivocally stated. It is, of course, open to Mr. Wood to disagree with it or to disprove it. But if he thinks he puts it fairly before divinity students by stating in a note that "some scholars" consider the durations of the reigns discredited, Bishop Usher's chronology being all the time placed at the head of the page, I can only say that his standard of literary fairness differs from mine.

YOUR REVIEWER.

A TEST ON DIVERSITY OF OPINION.

Madison, Wis.: Feb. 15.

Any careful reader of my logical test, republished by "H. C. M." in your columns (January 16), would have observed that the piece of reasoning was offered not for solution,

but as a means of testing diversity of opinion. In my letter to *Science* this is made additionally clear by the following words, which were not reprinted in the ACADEMY: "It is always interesting to test diversity of opinion, particularly on questions of exact reasoning. It is quite difficult to obtain a test which is at once significant and general," &c. The heading of my letter is "A Test on Diversity of Opinion." It is unfortunate that you should have headed it "Prof. Jastrow's Puzzle," as it was in no sense offered as a puzzle. It was chosen not as a problem of special difficulty, but as one about which variation of opinion was likely.

Regarding the problem itself, I have been fortunate in receiving quite a number of interesting replies, mainly from those who have given great attention to the study of logic. Judged by the answers of these scholars, Mr. Blackburn's solution must be pronounced irrelevant and unsatisfactory. His suggestion that the problem is as old as Aristotle indicates that he has not quite appreciated the point of the reasoning. Let me add that, in order to maintain an independence among the answers submitted, I much prefer to have replies sent directly to me.

JOSEPH JASTROW.

RATIONAL EDUCATION.

Sydenham: March 1.

Your correspondents complain that I have avoided their point. I have re-read their first letter, and find, as I thought, that they there claimed that their school was founded in 1889 to translate into fact principles on which we are happily agreed. In showing from their own prospectus that this was not the case either as to matter or manner I thought I was answering their main contention. They now, however, say that this was so in 1894, if not in 1889, and maintain the assertion of plagiarism, without which I should not think of joining issue.

Three points I make essential in carrying out the principles in question: Good school apparatus for teaching by things rather than by descriptions of things; Herbartian methods of instruction; a programme of connected courses adapted to the age of the learners, proceeding from simple to complex subjects and from inductive to deductive instruction.

As to the first, little or no apparatus being supplied to me (quite rightly from the point of view of the headmaster, of course, but not from mine), I had to buy over £24 worth, and still have both the receipts and the articles. As to the other two, had I found them practised at all as I understand them I might have set aside other objections and put my name to the final agreement presented me for signature, and thus become one of the "permanent" masters of the school. But this was not the case.

The time-tables which are cited to overwhelm me can be paralleled by those of almost any school which considers the morning hours best for headwork; and there being as many divergences as similarities, the resemblance does not strike me as strong enough to support the weight of the accusation built on it, especially as the whole of these time-tables might have been omitted from the book without affecting its substance.

I have now shown that however excellent may be the way in which theory is translated into fact at this school, it does not tally with the way in which I think this should be done, and this, with the additional fact that four out of six of the staff are no longer at the school, were two out of sundry good reasons why I did not quote its practice.

Of the detail to which I have referred as original (I said nothing about value), only a small part of this is given in the book—being extracts from the term book of co-ordinated courses, chap. vii., § 5. I have worked out many of these in detail, lesson by lesson, and I regret to say quite alone. But the book is its own witness. I do not fear that any one who reads it on its merits will think it is the result of one year's work, or copied from any source soever.

But in this field there is room for so much hard work that none need be jealous of another, and the perfect system must be the outcome of so many different ways of applying proved principles that I must perforce wish this, and any school which attempts reform all success in carrying it out. The more widely these principles are recognised and applied, the better will be the practice which will ultimately survive; nor need zeal for one's own methods lead one to condemn all others. There is not yet a sufficient body of authority to define orthodoxy!

The suggestion which my critics have misunderstood was that instead of scenting about the book for plagiarism, which does not exist, they should make their criticism constructive, if they must needs break the golden silence.

Mr. Dalton's letter calls for no reply. It says nothing with which I cannot entirely agree.

THE WRITER OF "FOUNDATIONS
OF SUCCESS."

[This correspondence must now cease.—ED.]

CAMPION'S "SILENT MUSIC."

London: Feb. 27.

The reviewer of Mr. Churton Collins's *Treasury* is in error in stating that "Campion's *Silent Music* . . . has appeared in the *Golden Treasury*." I do not find any poem answering to the notice of it in Mr. Bullen's two volumes of *Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-books*. 1387-1888, nor am I acquainted with it. Collins's beautiful "Ode to Evening" is the only unrhymed lyric contained in my collection. May not the *lapsus calami* be that the verses are in Mr. Beeching's *Paradise*?

F. T. PALGRAVE.

MUSIC.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

ON Saturday afternoon I did perceive a divided duty. The Crystal Palace with its *in memoriam* Schubert programme seemed the proper place to go to, and yet, like many enjoyable concerts, there was little to notice in it. The "Rosamunde" music and the Symphony in C, two works originally produced in England by Mr. Manns, were safe to be interpreted by him with all due reverence and enthusiasm. At the Queen's Hall, on the other hand, two novelties claimed attention: a "Tragic" Symphony by Felix Draeseke, and the introduction to the second act of Humperdinck's latest opera, "Königskinder." The latter is bright and melodious, scarcely important enough, however, to make much effect in a concert-room. The Symphony is long, but its length was not like the one in the Palace programme, "heavenly." To the composer, judging by the title which he gave to it, the music evidently appeared

tragic; the public received it coldly, for they evidently found it tedious. There is plenty of clever writing in the Symphony, especially in the slow movement, which opens in an impressive manner, and in the Scherzo; but much, nay most, of the music lacks soul and meaning. The composer was evidently very much in earnest, yet his ambition was in excess of his strength. I fancy that, like Beethoven, he worked to a picture in his mind, possibly a noble one; but, unlike his great exemplar, Draeseke was not able to find the musical equivalents for the thoughts and feelings excited by his picture: clever technique and colour—the orchestration generally is too noisy, yet some of it is decidedly effective—do not atone for thematic material which only here and there rises a little above the commonplace. Draeseke is now professor of composition at the Dresden Conservatorium. Besides the "Tragic" he appears to have written two other Symphonies, which, unless they are made of much stronger stuff, are not likely to obtain a hearing. Mr. Wood does well to introduce novelties, if only he takes care to select interesting ones. The public never rush after them, and a disappointment like that of last Saturday will have a bad effect. The fact of a new work being included in one of Mr. Wood's usually excellent programmes ought to be a sufficient guarantee that it is one of importance, that it deserves, at any rate, more than one hearing.

DR. JOACHIM made his first appearance this season at the Popular Concerts on Monday evening, and, as is his wont, selected one of the Rasoumowski Quartets (No. 3, in C). Many remarkable quartets have been composed since Beethoven, and yet for depth and nobility of thought, also for powerful workmanship, the master has never been surpassed. The more one hears his music the more wonderful does it seem—wonderful in its skill and in its simple grandeur. Dr. Joachim has shown himself master of many styles: he interprets Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Brahms admirably; it is, however, in Bach and Beethoven that he has won his greatest triumphs. A few seasons ago his intonation was faulty, and it seemed as if his powers were on the wane. Such, however, was happily not the case; the defect may have arisen from ill-health or temporary deafness. On Monday he was in his best form, and together with his worthy associates—Messrs. Ries, Gibson, and Paul Ludwig—gave an earnest and able reading of the Quartet. Another fine performance was that of the Brahms Sonata in G (Op. 78) for pianoforte and violin, in which he was sympathetically supported by Miss Fanny Davies. I could not help mentally comparing the rendering of the violin part of that sonata by Joachim and by Sarasate. They both play it in most finished style, but the latter never gets, as it were, to the heart of the music. Joachim really feels what he plays, Sarasate only fancies that he does so. Miss Davies gave as piano solo Mendelssohn's "Presto Scherzando" in F sharp minor. The piece is a difficult one, and she inter-

preted it well, but it can scarcely be called effective. Her encore—for after much persuasion she yielded—was the showy Op. 7, No. 7, by the same composer, which she performed in exceedingly neat and brilliant manner.

MR. MARK HAMBURG gave a farewell recital at the Queen's Hall on Tuesday afternoon. The programme was too long, and the performances most unequal, and yet the concert proved a great success. In the matter of technique, in life and vigour, Mr. Hamburg's playing is quite remarkable, but when he interprets Beethoven or Chopin you feel that the will must sometimes be taken for the deed. This is as it should be, for the artist is as yet in his teens. The Allegro of Beethoven's Sonata in E flat (Op. 31, No. 3) was given in somewhat rough and unequal manner, and the Scherzo lacked delicacy; the Minuetto and Presto were more satisfactory. The Chopin Sonata was rendered with intense vigour, but not with sufficient poetry; the "Marche Funèbre" left one cold. The "Faschingschwank" of Schumann was the best piece of the afternoon; the first movement, especially, was given with great charm and refinement. The Paganini-Brahms Variations were brilliantly performed; also the difficult Leschetizky "Impromptu" in octaves was dashed off as if it were a mere bagatelle. A clever Gigue by Leschetizky and a graceful Menuet by Paderewski were well rendered, yet neither provoked much enthusiasm.

J. S. S.

It has been given to a couple of English musicians to revive the forlorn art of *ensemble* playing on two pianofortes. The recital given by Messrs. Ross and Moore on Monday evening at the Queen's Hall was, in many respects, remarkable. Both of these gentlemen have a purity of method and execution as rare as it is deserving of all praise. In comparison with much of the pianoforte playing which is now found acceptable in many quarters, their style is as a chime of bells to the dull blare of a gong. Every note had its true value and significance, and, in the reading of each phrase, there was not feeling only, but—that greater power—the right reserve. There was no vulgar straining to convey more than the composer meant, or to express emotions which do not belong to music at all. It would be difficult to over-praise their delicate performance of two preludes and two studies by Chopin. To those who, brought up on the traditions of the Schumann school, may have objected that Henselt's arrangement of *Si oiseau j'étais* was taken a few degrees too slowly, it may be said that they have never observed birds on the wing. The motion of flying is peculiarly calm, even, and majestic. Henselt's little piece is generally executed at a terrific pace—in violent contradiction to its beauty and intention. We congratulate Mr. Ross and Mr. Moore on their unusual talents, their wholly exceptional training, their conscience in art.

SCIENCE.

THE article in the *Times* which threw, if not cold, at least tepid water upon the National Physical Laboratory scheme has caused considerable indignation in higher scientific circles, and the opinion is freely expressed that the *Times* would do well to vary its scientific articles occasionally with something that bears neither the stamp of prejudice nor the marks of distinctive idiosyncrasy. Lord Lister has gone to the length, for him, of answering the article in detail; but the *Times* is unrepentant in its opposition, even to the verge of casuistry. The main point on which it bases its objection to a State-built laboratory for research is the lack of scientific enterprise displayed by British manufacturers in comparison with their German rivals. The latter, it considers, have earned a right to the use of the famous Reichsanstalt which was so dear to the heart of Von Helmholtz, because they led the way for it, and can appreciate its benefits. On the other hand, the *Times* in its reply ignores Lord Lister's statement that the little testing observatory at Kew earns considerably more in fees than the whole of the Reichsanstalt—which is a point in favour of the British manufacturer—and contents itself with a quibbling retort that the Berlin laboratory is "self-supporting to an extent which for Germany is considerable." One might add by the same reasoning that the British manufacturer is self-supporting to an extent which for Germany is inconceivable.

But the British manufacturer has terrible limits, it is only fair to admit, and one of these is his obstinate aversion to foreign weights and measures. It is doubtful whether he realises how much he is handicapped by insularity in this respect; but if he cares to know I think he would be edified by a perusal of the extracts from consular reports collected by the New Decimal Association, established to promote the adoption of a decimal system of weights, measures, and coinage in the United Kingdom. They will be found, neatly condensed, in a report presented to the Committee on Weights and Measures of the Boston Society of Civil Engineers, and printed in the American journal *Science* for February 19. They include testimony as to the disadvantage at which British trade is placed, from Rotterdam, Milan, Varna, Constantinople, Rouen, Flushing, Marseilles, Lisbon, Algiers, Vienna, Malaga, Madrid, and twelve other places. One consul writes:

"I think I may safely say that to the tradesmen of foreign countries our system of weights and measures is a constant stumbling-block. Not one in a thousand understands it; and rather than suffer the perplexity of it, or risk the loss that a miscalculation would entail, they pass on to our neighbours who write and speak to him, in his native language, of metres and kilos. He thereby knows what he buys, knows what he has to clear through the custom house without risk of fine or forfeiture, and knows the length and cube which leaves him a profit when he sells. For these reasons I doubt not that we lose much valuable trade.

Another gives a concrete instance of business lost owing to the unwillingness of British manufacturers to pander to foreign customs:

"Not long ago," he says, "a man came to me with the price list of a British machinery maker, and I converted for him the specifications into their metrical equivalents. He then said that the machine in question seemed just what he wanted, and that he would order one for trial and give a repeat order if it turned out satisfactory. Meeting me again a short time after, he told me that although he would have preferred buying the English machine, he had imported one of German make—first, because he could not be bothered with recurring calculations based on an unfamiliar system, and, secondly, because the measurements did not coincide with his existing plant of Continental make."

Perhaps the most convincing argument of all, however, if our manufacturers are shy of departing from the traditions of their fathers, is the fact that one of the leading engine-makers of the world, Messrs. Willans & Robinson, of Thames Ditton, have for some years past adopted the metric system of measurement throughout their work with marked improvement in the result. Their account of the matter is short and convincing:

"Our reasons for adopting the metric linear system were mainly two, both commercial: (1) to enable us to continue the interchangeable system on which we work with our Continental licences, and (2) to promote the sale of our engines in countries using the metric system."

"It was considered possible that, though a specialty, the fact of our engines being figured in inches might tell against them when competing with others figured in millimetres. The results have been most satisfactory in all departments. In the drawing office it has been found that the change makes it easier to design, calculate, plot dimensions, check and read drawings. No mistakes have been made that can be traced to the change. In the shops, where we chiefly work to gauges, there has been no difficulty in marking the latter, and marking off is easier. In a short time the men preferred metric measurements."

This is the last word on the subject so far as modern industrial conditions are concerned in this country. If the men prefer the metric system, then is it indeed twice blessed. It is the fear of the men, and of their invincible conservatism towards every change but those favourably affecting hours and wages, that has hitherto restrained many manufacturers from making the experiment.

SIR DOUGLAS GALTON is appealing for funds to carry on the work of the "Childhood Society." This is a society devoted to the scientific observation and classification of children, and it is stated that last year a report was published on no less than 100,000 children examined individually between the years 1888-94. The inquiries made by the society have also proved useful for purposes of social legislation, as in regard to children in reformatories and Poor Law schools. At present about £1,000 are needed to prosecute this work, and taking into account the light recently thrown on juvenile crime, no one can doubt that it is of the highest importance.

H. C. M.

ART.

THE Fine Art Society's roomful of Du Maurier drawings are chiefly done within late years, and have less beauty of execution than has the work of the earlier half of his career. This is, needless to say, a different thing from beauty of design, which never failed him. The chief feeling with which we now look at it all—the line, the drawing, the invention, the literature—is that the vulgarity of *Trilby* sends back a retrospective blight upon the wit, the delicacy, the elegance that greatly pleased us once. There was something well-bred and even spiritual in the *Punch* drawings of many years; their wit was exceedingly intelligent; and the publication of *Peter Ibbetson* helped the conviction that it was so, and added to the list of the Du Maurier graces a tenderness and a sense of the past which seemed of high quality. Then came *Trilby*, which must needs make any sensitive reader who had liked Mr. Du Maurier's work doubt his own judgments. The cheapness and essential commonness of the book and the play—the intolerable literary manner especially—at once caricatured the man's whole talent. For a time it seemed impossible to admire its most gracious work—the work that had seemed so gracious in no unfastidious or ignoble eyes. The very things that had been done with delicacy in *Punch* and in *Peter Ibbetson* were done in *Trilby* with familiarity; in spite of a certain tenderness and feeling, the book was a real offence, or rather it was the more an offence because those true qualities were in it. But why waste words to complain of vulgarity? No complaint can reach it.

Forgetting *Trilby* then, if possible, we shall find many an intelligent idea and many a beautiful human shape in this collection. Mr. Du Maurier's wit is singularly free from folly; it has great good sense, gentle good taste, and quite a curious perception of the processes and the interceptions of human communication as it is among ordinary men, women, and children. Some of the passages of the simplicity of children are very charming, and he fits them with lovely expression in lovely faces. There is nothing prettier than the candid doubt in the look and attitude of a little boy: "How pretty that lady is, Papa!" "Very pretty indeed, Tommy!" (Pause.) "I think she's the prettiest lady I ever saw, Papa!" "Really, Tommy?" (Pause.) "Are you quite sure you still love Mummy best, Papa?" Another humorist (before *Trilby* one would have said a vulgar humorist) would have made a common dowdy joke of this by giving "Mummy" as an ugly woman. "True Humility," again, is an admirable drawing. Here the very young curate, breakfasting at the Palace, assures his Right Reverend inquiring host that parts of his egg are excellent. The curate, the bishop, the bishop's wife, are all fine comedy. And there is some of the finest comedy in many slight, accessory, background faces, throughout the drawings. One wishes for more landscape, in which Mr. Du Maurier has done exquisite things.

A. M.

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The controversy is mainly on the old subject. Mr. Max Müller and the philo-

logical school explain the problem of mythology by a "disease of language." They analyse ancient mythical names, disengage their original meanings, and, in the light of these meanings, explain the myths. The anthropological school object to the whole method. They point out—quoting Shrader, Tiele, Curtius, Mannhardt, and other scholars—that the analysis of old mythical proper names is a perilous task. This they substantiate by showing that there are almost as many discrepant analyses of the names Athene and Artemis and Achilles, and almost as many alleged original meanings of these names, as there are scholars who attempt to solve the problems. They then object to the logical processes by which the meanings of names, as directly given by divers etymologists, are made to explain the myths. And they point to myths very similar among races who never heard the Greek or Sanskrit names. Meanwhile the anthropologists explain the ugly myths of civilisation as "survivals" among Aryans or Egyptians, from a stage of savagery. Analysing the savage stage of intellect, they demonstrate that the ugly civilised tales are in harmony both with savage thought and ritual, and with the tales which savages actually tell.

This theory and method have assuredly superseded the philological theory and method to a considerable extent. The names of Mr. J. G. Frazer, Prof. Robertson Smith, Mr. Farnell, Mr. Jevons, the folklorists generally (with exceptions), speak for England. Dr. Tylor is the founder, as it were, of the method, in recent times, though he usually applies it to other subjects. In Germany, Mannhardt (*ob.* 1880), rather as folklorist than anthropologist, sets the most powerful example. Hedoubted, at least, the adequacy of the philological method; he formulated the other method. "The study of the lower races is an invaluable instrument," and so on, while the philological method "in its practical working shows a fundamental lack of the historical sense." Dr. Oldenberg, to judge by Mr. Max Müller's polemic, has applied anthropology to the Veda. In France, M. Henri Gaidoz, with many others; in Italy, Prof. Enrico Morselli, and others, follow similar paths. Against all this view, Mr. Max Müller skirmishes rather than fights a regular battle.

In vol. i., p. 4, our author writes, apropos of the metamorphosis of Daphne:

"Mr. Lang quotes an illustration from the South Pacific that Tuna, the chief of the eels, fell in love with Ina, and asked her to cut off his head. . . . Two cocoanuts sprang up from the buried brain of Tuna. How is this, I may ask, to account for the story of Daphne?"

How, indeed? But who ever said that it did? Mr. Max Müller, as usual, gives no reference. What Mr. Lang says in *Myth, Ritual, and Religion* (i. 159) as to Daphne is this:

"We may venture to suppose that the story of her change into a laurel is either one of the old stock of similar myths, such as we find among savages, or has been moulded by a poet on the same model. . . . These myths are nature myths, as far as they attempt to account for a fact in

nature—namely, for the existence of certain plants and for their place in ritual—the view of Mannhardt."

Such myths, stories to account for a fact, of any sort whatever, are known as "ætiological." So Mr. Max Müller himself writes: "The Tuna story belongs to a very well-known class of ætiological plant-stories, which are meant to explain a no longer intelligible name of a plant, such as snakes-head," &c. Precisely. Where is the difference? Mr. Lang would probably say that such ætiological plant-myths sometimes explain the peculiarities of the plant or "its place in ritual"; sometimes explain the etymology of its name. These latter are myths of "folk-etymology," as when Duddingstone Loch, near Edinburgh, is explained by the tale that Queen Mary as a child "dudded," or made "ducks and drakes" with stones on the water. Or, again, "marmalade" is *Maria malade*—Queen Mary having eaten marmalade when sea-sick as she came over from France. Folk-etymologies try to explain the etymology of a name of a plant, person, place, or what not. Does the myth of Daphne attempt to explain the etymology of a name? Does the myth explain the name to an ancient Greek? In Mr. Max Müller's oft-repeated theory, Daphne = Dahanâ, Ahanâ = Dawn (ii. 630). How far other scholars agree with him here, and as to Athene = *Dahad*, may be learned from the works of Welcker, where Athene is "a feminine personification of the upper air"; of Benfey, who looked for Athene in Zend; of Curtius, who voted for "the root *dh*"; of Preller, who prefers *aiθ*, whence *aiθnp*, or *ivθ*, whence *avθos*: of Schwartz and Furtwängler, who hold by Athene as "the cloud goddess," or "the goddess of lightning"; while Robertson Smith, reasoning from the ægeus, connects Athene with a Goat tribe of Totemists! Do "folk-etymologies" produce this amusing unanimity of scholarly opinion? And did Mr. Lang, who tells the story of Tuna in a crowd of other plant stories, say that it accounted for the story of Daphne? He referred it (if really a myth, and not a late poetical invention) to a notorious habit of the savage intellect, the "levelling up" of men, beasts, plants, and inorganic nature. *Without* this intellectual habit, such stories (as Sainte-Beuve acutely remarks) could not be told at all. A modern man—say Mr. Herbert Spencer—who had never in all his life heard a tale of metamorphosis could not invent one. His intellect has not the necessary categories with which the savage stage has supplied us.

As a little clear exposition is worth a world of bickering, we shall explain this matter of folk-etymologies. The village of Stanton Harcourt has given rise to an ætiological myth. An English king, in a battle with the Danes, called out to his general (doubtless, also, his kinsman), "Stand to un, Harcourt!" This etymology, explanatory of the origin of a name, gives birth to a myth. Well, but is the story of Daphne a myth of folk-etymology? Certainly the original Greek narrator did not know that Daphne meant Dawn any more than the English rustic knew what Stanton Harcourt means. But when the rustic in-

vented the fable of "Stand to un, Harcourt!" he had explained the etymology of the name Stanton Harcourt to himself and his friends. He had got what he wanted. On the other hand, when an early Greek said that a laurel grew out of the place where the earth opened and swallowed Daphne as she fled from Apollo, what had he got? Had he explained the etymology of the word "Daphne"? No; he had invented a tale to account for the sacredness of the laurel ("daphne") to the remorseful Apollo. He had not rendered the name "Daphne" by an etymology intelligible to himself. Marmalade = *Marie malade*, renders marmalade by an etymology intelligible to the popular mind. Stanton Harcourt = "Stand to un, Harcourt," renders Stanton Harcourt by an etymology no less acceptable. To say that a daphne plant sprang from the spot where Daphne was buried does not give an etymology of the word "Daphne," does it?

The process—Mr. Max Müller's process—of the development of myth by "a disease of language" is absolutely distinct from the development of myth by folk-etymologies. Folk-etymologies give a mythical explanation of the etymology of a name. Myth caused by disease of language does nothing of the kind.

Thus, an Aryan, before the separation, said, "The keeper of the gates of the sun pursues the light one." The Aryans separated; those of India kept the original word for "the light one," in the form "Ahanâ," "Dahanâ." The Aryans of Greece kept it (losing its meaning) in the shape "Daphne," the name of a shrub. They also retained the Aryan word for "the keeper of the gates of light" in the shape "Apollo." They also held on, amid changes of language which rendered its original form partly unintelligible to them, to the Aryan phrase, "the keeper of the gates of light pursues the light one." Out of this phrase the word for "pursues" remained perfectly clear, while "keeper" and "light one" (Apollo and Daphne) had lost all intelligible sense and became meaningless proper names. The phrase, the old surviving Aryan phrase, now stood, in Greek, "Apollo pursues Daphne." But the Greeks had a plant called daphne, sacred to Apollo. Why? They did not know, so they combined their information. The Daphne that Apollo pursued, in the unintelligible phrase, must mean that the plant—the daphne, or laurel—grew up on the spot where the earth opened and swallowed the nymph whom Apollo loved.

We know of no proof that verbs retain their meaning in language, in a phrase that persists, while adjectives and nouns become unintelligible proper names. But, even if this is so, does the story of Daphne explain to any Greek hearer the etymology of the words "Daphne" and "Apollo"? Folk-etymology is one thing, the "disease of language" of Mr. Max Müller's hypothesis is another. Seldom do two scholars, in any given case, diagnose the disease in the same way. Therefore, and for other reasons many, their competing discrepancies of interpretation are no basis for another science, that of mythology. Our space is exhausted. But (ii. 737) Mr. Max Müller explains the

Athenian custom of ἀρκάειν (to dance a bear-dance) thus: "They [the dancers] were Arkades [Arcadians], and why not ἀρκτοί (bears), and if ἀρκτοί, why not clad in bear-skins, and all the rest?" (ii. 738). Why not, indeed? only the bear-dancers were not Arcadians. They chanced to be Athenian maidens, as Mr. Max Müller had just quoted Harpocration.

MILL ON POETRY.

Early Essays of John Stuart Mill. Selected by J. W. M. Gibbs. (G. Bell & Sons.)

BETWEEN 1829 and 1844 Mill was making his mark as a critical and polemical writer in the columns of the *London and Westminster Reviews*. He afterwards put together such of these early essays as he thought worth preserving into a volume *On Some Unsettled Questions of Political Economy* (1844)—not, as Mr. Gibbs says, "his first book," for the *System of Logic* was published in 1843—and into four volumes of *Dissertations and Discussions* (1859-1875). Both these works are now out of print, and Mr. Gibbs has thought it worth while to reprint the former, together with a few miscellaneous pieces, of which most are to be found in the *Dissertations*. It need hardly be said that these writings, interesting as many of them are, do not give us Mill at his best. They are but journalism after all—careful and serious journalism, but journalism still—and Mill had not those ready felicities of style which alone make reprinted journalism tolerable. They will not stand even by the more substantial treatises on the *System of Logic* and the *Principles of Political Economy*, much less by that remarkable "human document," the *Autobiography*, or those thoughtful and robust essays *On Liberty* and *On Representative Government*, which for so many have been the first impulse towards an enlightened political and social speculation. With some of the contents of the present volume we cannot now occupy ourselves. The interest of Mill's early studies in economics is by this time little more than historical, and much the same may be said of the essay on Jeremy Bentham, a sufficiently luminous analysis of the doctrine from which Mill's own philosophy took its rise—"the hole of the pit whence he was digged." But there is a group of essays which are curious as marking something of a crisis in the writer's career, and of these perhaps a few words may be said. They are respectively headed *What is Poetry?* (1833), *The Two Kinds of Poetry* (1833), and *Tennyson's Poems* (1835). In that stupendous upbringing of Mill which the *Autobiography* relates, poetry played a very insignificant part. The elder Mill, it is recorded, "never was a great admirer of Shakespeare"; and though, of course, the boy read Homer and Virgil, Sophocles and Horace, and the rest—he read everything—yet it is clear that the whole stress of his training was laid upon the orators, the historians, and the philosophers. It was in 1828 that he first read Wordsworth, and this event synchronised with a very marked change in his mental

attitude, which must probably be ascribed to the influence of James Sterling and of F. D. Maurice. Henceforward the spiritual elements in human happiness became of greater significance to him; he ceased to subscribe to Bentham's dictum, that the pleasure of reading Shakespeare and Milton only differed in quantity and not in kind from the pleasure of playing pushpin; he paid attention to poetry; and he formed the celebrated conviction that when the goal of progress had been reached the human race would still find its highest function in the perusal of Wordsworth.

Readers of *The New Republic* will remember the famous remark of Mr. Herbert when this was repeated to him: "Did Mill really ever say anything so sane as that?" It is of this period, then, in Mill's life that the essays now before us are characteristic. It is perhaps natural that he should approach poetry in the mood rather of the philosopher than of the critic. It is his impulse to ask the abstract question, "What, essentially, is poetry?" But this question is notoriously the starting-point of all the formulas by which poetry has ever been sterilised: for it leads at once to the conclusion, "This, or that, falls outside the definition: therefore it is not poetry"; while the critic, beginning at the other end with "This, or that, by the pricking of my thumbs, is poetry: what are its characteristics?" is certainly more likely to arrive at some fruitful result. In any case, whether it is desirable to define poetry or not, Mill, at least, does not succeed in reaching an adequate definition. Having come to poetry through Wordsworth and Shelley, what he does define is, very naturally, lyric poetry. Poetry, he says, is "the delineation of emotions"—Wordsworth, by the way, put it better, "emotion remembered in tranquillity"—and then our good logician proceeds unconsciously to refute himself by the deduction that "an epic poem, in so far as it is epic (i.e., narrative), is not poetry at all."

When we follow Mill from the definitions to the *media axiomata* of poetics we soon find that he has not the sure touch nor, in that special sphere, the adequate knowledge of the true critic. He makes the quite true antithesis between the poetry of culture and the poetry of temperament, and applies it, we venture to think, quite wrongly to Wordsworth and Shelley. Wordsworth wrote often enough merely from the brain; but, surely, when he is at his lyrical best, as in "The Solitary Reaper" or in "Three years she grew in sun and shower," his note is every bit as temperamental, as inspired, as Shelley's. The criticism of Tennyson's early volumes is similarly defective. One need not lay much stress on the general recognition of Tennyson's merit; Mill was singularly fair-minded, and, moreover, the *Quarterly* had taken the opposite point of view. But it is curious that while Mill distinguishes and fully appreciates the young poet's power of creating natural scenery in harmony with human emotion, yet he fails to see what to us now seems the one pre-eminent feature of these early poems, and actually comments upon a supposed imperfect and unmelodious versification as their chief fault. The essay on Carlyle's *French Revolution*, which Mr. Gibbs

here reprints for the first time, is an interesting bit of wreckage. It is a mere review, consisting, indeed, of quotation to a larger extent than the modern reviewer thinks permissible; but it reminds one of the curious way in which Mill was bound up throughout with the fortunes of the book. It was his studies in the French Revolution which originally supplied much of the material upon which it was based, and then, when the MS. of the first volume was completed, it was by one of Mill's servants that it was accidentally burnt. One may well think highly of the friendship which could survive such a catastrophe.

ABOUT SOUTH AFRICA.

South Africa: a Study in Colonial Administration and Development. By W. Basil Worsfold. Second edition. (Methuen.)

South Africa as It Is. By F. Reginald Statham. (Fisher Unwin.)

It is not surprising that a second edition should so soon be required of Mr. Worsfold's serviceable manual of South African affairs, the first having appeared late in the year 1895. Despite its somewhat uninviting equipment, small type, poor binding, and crowded pages unrelieved by a single illustration, despite even of a distinctly jejune style, his unpretentious little volume has gained the public favour, thanks to its excellent arrangement, clear and concise exposition, and especially its painstaking efforts to get at the truth amid the clouds of prejudice and misrepresentation by which the actual relations continue to be obscured in our South African Colonies and dependencies.

Within the space of a little over 300 pages the author has contrived to give a succinct and remarkably lucid account of historical and political events, from the first Dutch Settlement in the middle of the seventeenth century, down to the present imbroglio. Room has even been found for an interesting chapter on South African Literature, in which the writings of Thomas Pringle and Olive Schreiner are duly appreciated.

A few slips and inaccuracies, inevitable in a book overflowing with details of all sorts, may be noticed in view of future editions. The award to the Free State for the surrender of its claims to the Griqualand diamantiferous area was, we believe, £90,000, not £100,000 as here stated (p. 46). The "eastward" expansion in North America should obviously be the *westward* (p. 63). The area of the British coal measures is a good deal more than 4,000 square miles (p. 154). "America" must be a misprint for *Australia* in the reference to "the change from alluvial to quartz mining in both the United States and America" (p. 162). *Monomotapa* is still spoken of as a "district" (p. 106), although it is now known to have been a personal title ("Lord of the Mines"), not a territorial designation. The Congo State is not "traversed" by the Stevenson Road (p. 264), but runs just within British territory between Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika. More

serious is the statement (p. 114 and elsewhere) that the Bantus encroached from the north on the Hottentot domain south of the Zambesi synchronously with the arrival of the Dutch and Portuguese in the same region. The whole of this region was, beyond doubt, originally held by the Hottentots and Bushmen, as long ago shown by Lichtenstein. But the Bantu encroachment is not a recent, but for Africa a prehistoric, event, long prior to the advent of the Europeans or even of the Arabs. The Hottentots had been dispossessed of the south-eastern lands some thousands of years ago, or almost certainly before the appearance in those parts of the gold-seeking Himyarites, or whoever were the builders of the Zimbabwe monuments described by Mr. Theodore Bent.

Mr. Statham's claim to navigate these stormy South African waters is based, he tells us, on a twenty years' residence in the capacity of a journalist, and on a personal acquaintance with most of the leading characters in the eventful drama which he describes. Nevertheless, he cannot be accepted as a trustworthy pilot, for he has obviously launched his vessel almost confessedly in the interest of one of the rival parties. The period dealt with is restricted to the last two decades, that is, from the temporary annexation of the Transvaal in 1877 to the Jameson raid and its immediate consequences.

It may be freely admitted that the stirring incidents of this boisterous period are treated in brilliant fashion and in a clear, fluent style, which makes the book very pleasant reading, especially for those who share the author's views on the main points at issue. But others may be less favourably impressed by a picture which certainly betrays a regrettable lack of the artistic sense. One side, the British, is all black, the other, the Dutch, is all white; while the utter absence of tone seems to betray the special pleader, who has a brief in hand, rather than the serious historian anxious for the truth, and careful to weigh his judgments.

This is a heavy indictment, almost as heavy as that brought by Mr. Statham against the English administration and against nearly all the prominent British residents or settlers in South Africa from Livingstone to Mr. Cecil Rhodes; but it will be found fully justified by a large number of passages stamped by palpable bias and partisanship. The outrages inflicted by the Boers on Livingstone are euphemistically spoken of as "misfortunes," for which he had to thank the British Government rather than "any action by Dutch settlers in the Transvaal." Mr. Rhodes is, of course, the incarnation of all evil, regarding whose conduct "toleration and silence would be little short of a crime." Hence the granting of the charter is naturally

"regarded as the most extraordinary usurpation of power ever perpetrated since the Popes gave over the Peruvians into the hands of Pizarro. . . . It was an act which would have been paralleled if, in the middle of the last century Great Britain had made half a dozen private persons a present of the whole American continent westward of the Mississippi and Missouri."

Well, but that is about exactly what Great Britain did do, when, in 1732, George II. granted James E. Oglethorpe and a few others the "Georgia Charter," which actually covered the whole region from the Savannah and Altamaha Rivers to the Pacific Ocean. And has Mr. Statham never heard of the East India, Virginia, New England, and Hudson Bay Charters? Dr. Leyds, the deadliest foe to Imperial British interests anywhere south of the Zambesi, is, of course, canonised as "the ablest and most cultured official in South Africa," while the intrigues to bring about a German intervention, of which he was and still is the chief instigator, are described as "seeking the moral (*sic*) support of friendly Powers." Similarly the Emperor's telegram was merely "a congratulatory message without any *arrière pensée*, though perhaps a little officious." Then the Outlanders have no grievances; "the majority do not want the franchise," and presumably also do not want education, this matter being also pooh-poohed, while we are opportunely reminded by Mr. Worsfold, who deals in facts, that "out of £103,000 set apart for education for the current year, £800 only is assigned for English schools."

In his account of the continuous conflicts between the Imperial and the Boer Governments, Mr. Statham never once refers to the "Apprentice" question, on which almost everything turned. His version of the filibustering Boer raid into Bechuanaland and the ephemeral Stellaland Republic is equally silent as to the true inwardness of that incursion, which, as everybody knows, received the "moral support" of Germany, its real object being to block the highway to the North, to cut off the English from access to the interior of the continent, and eventually enable the Transvaal to join hands with German South-West Africa. The scheme was thwarted by Sir Charles Warren's expedition of 1885, and that able officer consequently shares the fate of all other champions of the paramount Power. He "returned to England to confound those who had most warmly supported him in South Africa with an exhibition of his intemperateness as a Commissioner of Police." Surely no further proof of animus can be needed than this unworthy sneer at the leader of an expedition which, as we are again opportunely reminded by Mr. Worsfold, "stands out in the history of South Africa as perhaps the one completely successful armed intervention of the Imperial Government," which "restored to Englishmen the prestige and position which they had enjoyed in former days."

Mr. Statham's book is well printed in bold type on stout paper, but it has been supplied neither with an index, an adequate table of contents, nor even a map. These sins of omission are not pardonable in a work dealing with problems which no one seems to understand too well, and which even the alternately dull and humorous proceedings of the Royal Commission may leave, after all, to be settled by the co-operation of forces too wide and vast to be controlled from any one quarter.

THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS.

A History of the Coldstream Guards from 1815 to 1895. By Lieut.-Col. Ross of Bladensbury, C.B. (Innes & Co. 1896.)

THIS is an excellent account of the achievements of the Coldstream Guards, from 1815 to 1895, written by Col. Ross of Bladensbury, a well-known Irishman, and once a distinguished officer of that famous regiment. We wish that the author had extended his research to the annals of the corps, from its first origin, especially as his work carries us back to the past, in its numerous illustrations of the arms, the accoutrements, and the soldiery of the seventeenth and the eighteenth centuries. The narrative, however, within its limits, is very good; indeed, the *résumé* of the events of the Crimean War is one of the best and most judicious we have ever read. The only fault we have to find with the book is that it runs rather too much into general history; and the errors we have noticed are extremely few. Macmahon, not Bosquet, led the French at the fall of the Malakoff; Surgeon Wyatt was not present "at the Siege of Paris," a misprint, no doubt, for that of Sebastopol; Malplaquet was not one of "Marlborough's greatest triumphs"; Ligny was anything but "a delusive victory." The narrative begins at the close of the campaign of 1815; Col. Ross has very fairly described its incidents. The Coldstreams held Hougomont on the great day of Waterloo. Their heroic defence of the post and that of the other British regiments powerfully contributed to the result of the battle, for it weakened the left wing of the French Army, and changed into a disastrous attack what was meant for a feint. The names of Sergeant Graham and of Col. Macdonnell stand out, among others, for a grand deed of valour; they closed the gate of the château in the face of the enemy, and probably saved the entire position. The Coldstreams formed part of the allied army, which occupied France, under the command of Wellington; their conduct, like that of all the British soldiers, contrasted honourably with that of the ferocious Prussians intent on humiliating and trampling down France. During the long peace from 1818 to 1854 the regiment was chiefly engaged in ordinary home duty, and was only for a time—in Canada—on foreign service; but it always maintained its high standard of discipline and true military worth. Yet the British army, as a whole, declined in this period, in organisation, and as an instrument of war; this was but too evident when the trial of the Crimea came. Col. Ross, we have said, has admirably described this contest; he has risen here to the level of real history. We must, however, pass over most of his narrative; suffice it to say there is scarcely so good an account of the vacillation which prevailed in our councils, of the tactical blunders seen at the Alma, of the administrative failures that wrecked our army, of the strategic mistakes committed before the siege, of the appalling sufferings of the winter of 1854-5—the whole forming a sorry passage of war, if we consider it in its broad aspects, but a passage illustrated by mighty deeds of

heroism, constancy, and noble endurance. Col. Ross, we may add, rather absolves Lord Raglan from much of the blame that has fallen on our Commander-in-Chief.

The Coldstreams had more than a proportionate share in the glories and the disasters of the Crimean War. They did not play a very decided part in the closing scenes of the siege of Sebastopol, but they struggled through the ordeal of the trenches for months; and at one time they were so reduced in strength that they only mustered 100 men under arms. Their excellence in the field was most apparent in the earlier stages of the chequered contest; they formed part of the Guards in the fight on the Alma; the steadiness of their advance and the precision of their fire as they pressed forward to the aid of the Light Division attracted the admiration of thousands on the spot. It was the old duel between line and column, as old as that of legion and phalanx; the extended formation was successful, for it was composed of better men. "Our men could not have done it," a French officer exclaimed. The most conspicuous instance, however, of what the Coldstreams were seen on the terrible day of Inkermann, the grandest exhibition history has shown of the heroism and stubbornness of the British infantry. Col. Ross's account of this battle is especially good: it is impartial and picturesque alike; it places in full relief the great deeds of the regiment. The Russian generals, no doubt, committed mistakes; they were much hampered by unforeseen obstacles; but, had their troops been men nearly as good as our own, had their unwieldy masses been more easy to handle, their attack could hardly have failed of success. A handful of Guards on the Kitspur and in the Sandbag Battery fought and defeated enemies sixfold in number.

Col. Ross dwells at length on the numerous reforms which have been made in the British army since the period of the Crimean War; but this is rather outside the scope of his subject. He is a *laudator temporis acti*, and it has yet to be seen whether the short service system, without a conscription—its true supplement—will stand the trying test of experience, and whether our military organisation is not still defective. The standard of the education of our officers has, however, been raised; the training of the soldier has been much improved; the army, as a whole, stands on a greatly higher level. The Coldstreams, since the close of the Crimean War, were engaged in Egypt, under Lord Wolseley, and took part in the admirably conducted campaign which came to an end at Tel-el-Kebir. They had a detachment, too, employed in the advance which unhappily failed to save Gordon—the result of fatal indecision at home; and they had a sharp struggle with the hordes of the Mahdi and Osman Digna in the march from Suakim. The regiment retains its high place in the service; and should the occasion present itself, it will be what it was at Malplaquet, at Dettingen, at Waterloo, at Inkermann.

Col. Ross's book has been well published. The illustrations are numerous and valuable.

GRIMM'S "MICHAEL ANGELO."

Life of Michael Angelo. New Edition, with Additions, illustrated with Photogravure Plates. By Herman Grimm. Translated by Fanny Elizabeth Buntrell. (J. M. Dent & Co.)

THOSE who are familiar with this *Life of Michael Angelo* will readily understand why it has reached an eighth edition—those who as yet do not know it will find the history of a most perplexing period set forth with a rare discrimination, a deep insight, a convincing logic, and with a power of enlisting the reader's interest and sympathy which never loses its hold.

Florence, the fertile mother of an immortal family of artists; Rome, the seat of God's vicegerent; faithless, intriguing nobles; fickle, passionate people; popes and cardinals, pre-eminently dissolute and avaricious even for that unprincipled age; France and Germany incessantly fighting and intriguing for the fair cities and vineyards of Italy; and the Pope ever striving to be on the side of the strongest battalions—these make up the sombre fabric of the times through which run those wonderful golden threads of art which have delighted our eyes ever since.

For whether from a real love of beauty, or from vanity and a desire to have their names associated with works likely to live in men's minds and veneration, from whatsoever cause, these men—scheming, vicious and faithless—nevertheless hungered and thirsted after art and held artists in high esteem, and in his own lifetime they were able clearly to anticipate the verdict of posterity by placing Michael Angelo above all artists in the world.

Herr Grimm's criticisms are as just as his history is logical, but both history and criticisms have occasionally to be rewritten owing to the constantly shifting perspective of advancing time, and though what he says or said of Michael Angelo is true—as much to-day as when the century was only half through—we who see are changed; and those qualities which our fathers felt perhaps with emotion leave us cold, while that which moves us was almost ignored by them.

Michael Angelo and Raphael—the one from his Titanic force and daring sublimity, the other from a combination of qualities—had entirely dominated men's minds. Now as these two were the roof and crown of the Renaissance, the ultimate expression of that great artistic epoch, all criticism was founded upon them; and as improvement seemed impossible, so imitation became the only resource for artists unfortunate enough to be born after this last word had been spoken.

Michael Angelo was the greatest exponent of force that has ever lived. His times were troubled, evil days, but they were times of energy; the very sins were the result of a passionate, ungovernable, irresponsible force of character. See Julius II., Michael Angelo's best patron, hurrying from his sick-bed to carry on sieges and wars; defeated, but never overcome; old, but never tired; thwarted in one scheme, he would hurl himself into another—this iron old pope was a type of his time.

Changes were so rapid from utter defeat to supreme success that the hopeless pessimism which clogs our actions, that plethora of experience that chokes initiative, did not exist, and Michael Angelo, the grandest soul of his time, full of its energy but devoid of its base passions, has hewed an imperishable memorial of this splendid force out of the white rocks of Carrara.

But there are other sentiments that govern men besides the emotion produced by great forces. It would be an idle criticism to say that Michael Angelo felt none other, still it must be conceded that of those tenderer qualities that lie in the one word *charm* he was barren. He astonished and overwhelmed, and it is not given to mortals to overwhelm and charm us at the same time. Space does not allow us an analysis of that train of causes which have brought about the modern reaction in favour of earlier schools. Men like Donatello and Sandro Botticelli touch us through their very reserve and modesty; and even with their immature powers of expression we feel that their appreciation of nature was nearer to ours than that which came after, and so perhaps from our very limitations, perhaps partly from the mere swing of the pendulum, it has come to pass that the springs of inspiration that for three centuries had flowed from Michael Angelo and Raphael have in these latter days become dried up.

The illustrations throughout this delightful book are excellent process reproductions from the works of artists mentioned in the text.

SMALL BEER.

Selections from the Letters of De Brosse.
Translated by Lord Ronald Gower.
(Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

CHARLES DE BROSSES' two limit-dates were 1709 and 1777. Between them he read many books and wrote one or two, greatly concerned himself with the government of Dijon, became first President of the Burgundian Parliament, travelled a little, and penned many letters. The first French collection of these letters was published in 1839, and since then there have been half a dozen editions. Lord Ronald Gower's is the first English translation. Lord Ronald Gower calls them "immortal," and tells us in his preface that his great aunt, Lady Granville, writing to her brother in 1842, said, "You have no idea, the amusement of reading 'De Brosse's Letters' over again here. His fun, his perfect simplicity, his good-natured malice and joyous recklessness, make him an enchanting companion." To the changes in thinking that have come about since 1842 we may, we hope, attribute some of our own incapacity to share this opinion. We have given the book the attention that is demanded by the correspondence of a witty Frenchman, and have come out at the end unrewarded. We have found little malice, less fun, and no joyous recklessness at all. On the other hand, we have skipped pages and pages of very excellent guide-book stuff and have been interested in descriptions of customs, ceremonies, and, especially, of persons, quite the most interesting of whom

is the Old Pretender, who was then holding his court in Rome as King of England.

"The Pretender [De Brosse wrote] is easily recognised for a Stuart; he has it written in his face. He is tall and thin, and resembles the portraits of his father, James II., very closely, and also the late Marshal Berwick, his natural brother, only that the Marshal had a sad and severe expression, whereas the Pretender's is not only sad but silly. He does not lack dignity in his manner, and I have never seen a prince hold a court circle with so much grace and ease. He has occasionally to appear in public in spite of the retirement in which he lives, although he has none of the actual glitter about him appertaining to other sovereigns; but he does his best to make himself liked in a town to which he owes much, and he occasionally exerts himself at public ceremonies, when his sons do the honours, while he only appears for an hour or two. He is ultra *dévo*t, and his mornings are passed in prayer at the grave of his wife in the Church of the SS. Apostoli."

There is much more in the same minute manner (pp. 178-183). De Brosse, however, has not often such good luck in celebrities. People who would like to know how Rome and Genoa, Florence and Naples, struck an intelligent man a century and more ago, will find these letters entertaining enough. We quote, finally, a good story of one of the spies of James III., a certain Baron de Stock:

"Hardion was showing several people, including our friend the Baron, the King's chamber at Versailles. All at once a certain gem, well-known to you by the name of Michael Angelo's seal, was missed. A diligent search was made, everyone looking for it high and low without success. Hardion then said to the Baron, 'Sir, I am personally acquainted with all the company, you alone excepted; besides, I feel anxious about your health. You look very yellow, which shows that you are bilious; I cannot help thinking that a little emetic, taken on the spot, will do you good.'"

This is quite in the manner of Sherlock Holmes. The remedy, immediately applied, had the desired effect: the Baron had swallowed the gem. In conclusion, we ought to say that both Lord Ronald Gower and his publishers have acquitted themselves well of a not very necessary task.

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

The Country of the Pointed Firs. By Sarah Orne Jewett. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

A GOOD book was never made of slighter material than that which Miss Jewett has so deftly manipulated in this pretty story of a New England fishing village. From beginning to end there is nothing in the nature of what we call incident, nor is there a single love passage—indeed, there is hardly a character under sixty years of age,—yet to readers at all fond of quiet humour and gentle, simple folk, and unaffected, unassuming literary grace, this book will be real enjoyment. The intimacy of the home among the lowly is a sweeter thing in Scotland and New England than it is with us. The English are neither so simple nor so contented. Contentment is, indeed, the

great secret. Similarly, Scottish and New England writers are more in love with this beautiful hearth-life than are English writers: they see it with clearer vision and describe it with more tenderness. Miss Jewett's book is a little epic of contentment; and it is here that she differs most markedly from Miss Wilkins, whose eyes are more ready to see what is melancholy. *The Country of the Pointed Firs* is rich in human kindness; and Mrs. Todd and Mrs. Blackett are notable additions to that gallery of good women which most readers like to wander in now and again.

The History of Tom Jones. By Henry Fielding. (Bliss, Sands & Co.)

A CURIOUS note is prefixed by the anonymous editor of this generous book. "This reprint," he writes, "of the first edition of *Tom Jones* is as accurate as it has been possible to make it. In a few instances corrections of obvious misspelling have been made. The quotations have, however, been left with their errors. It is curious to note that, since the first appearance of the novel in 1749, no less than 21,000 alterations have been made in the original text, some of them, indeed, of such a peculiar character that the entire sense of sentences has been completely changed. At times one sentence has been divided into three or four; at others, three sentences have been knocked into one. This volume professes to be merely a restoration of garbled versions, and is presented to the reader in the state in which it was intended to be presented by the author, Henry Fielding." The publishers have done their best to make a readable edition for a small price.

The Pickwick Papers. Vol. II. "Gadshill Edition." (Chapman & Hall.)

THIS, the second and concluding volume of *Pickwick*, under Mr. Andrew Lang's editorship, calls for little comment in addition to that which we made when the first volume appeared. We still believe that such a book is better in one-volume form; and there our objections end. Mr. Lang has made his notes as brief and as few as possible: one upon Lant Street, one on Prooshan Blues, one on Profel machines, one on Tipcheese (which Mr. Lang thinks to be the game Bunyan was playing when he had a "call"), one on Fanteegs, one on the Fleet Prison, one on the Red-faced Nixon, and one on Crumpets. These are all.

The Misfortunes of Elphin and Rhododaphne.

By T. L. Peacock. (Macmillan & Co.)

WITH this volume the illustrated reprints of Peacock's novels in the "Peacock" series are completed, and altogether they make as delightful a set of books as one can want. In many ways the last is, we think, the best. It contains that magnificent drinker, Seithenyn, and the incomparable War Song of Dinas Vawr:

"We brought away from battle,
And much their land bemoaned them,
Two thousand head of cattle,
And the head of him who owned them."

Peacock's irony is also at its mellowest, and in none of his writings is his intellect fuller-blooded. To this reprint Prof. Saintsbury supplies an interesting preface, and Mr. F. H. Townsend a large number of illustrations, for which we have little but high praise. The pictures on pp. 63 and 72 are as good as anything that Mr. Townsend has done, and there is spirit and intelligence enough in all his work to make him one of the best of living illustrators. The printing of the pictures might be better.

* * *

A Dictionary of the Language of Mota. By the Rev. H. R. Codrington and the Ven. J. Palmer. (S.P.C.K.)

THE language of Mota has nothing to do with those that ride on motor-cars, though it may not, at times, be less strange. The language of Mota is the tongue spoken by some eight hundred persons on Sugarloaf Island, which is one of the Banks' group lying to the north of the New Hebrides in the Pacific; and this little dictionary has been prepared for the use of Melanesian missionaries. It seems to have been well done. Although not tempted to acquire Mota for ourselves, we must admit a desire to say some of the soft simple things that come naturally to a Sugarloaf Islander. Thus: "Ineia usurik, nau we mule we gaw o ororo we map avune qatuna." That, at first sight, is not too perspicuous a remark. It means, however, "He is my father's sister's husband, I go and take up a handful of dust and put it on his head." Even in this country, which is so perfect that it can furnish forth Melanesian missionaries, that is a proceeding for which sometimes there is justification—many of us have uncles who deserve similar treatment. Another pleasant Sugarloaf custom is glanced at in the phrase, "Bleg matmateas," which means "To sing a song on returning from dunning a debtor that he may hear."

* * *

A Pilgrimage to Beethoven. By Richard Wagner. (The Open Court Publishing Company: Chicago and London.)

THIS sketch, miscalled a novelette in the preface to the translation, and miscalled, on the title-page, a novel, though well known to students of Wagner's life, has, we believe, not before been issued in English in separate form. The present version was made by Otto W. Meyer. We quote part of the invocation "Indigence with which the spirited little masterpiece opens:

"O Indigence! thou care-bringer! protectress Divine of the German musician (unless he have reached the haven of director at some court-theatre)! O carking Indigence! as I ever do, so let me now, in this reminiscence from my life, first bring dutiful obeisance to thy praise and honour! Let me sing of thee, thou stedfast companion of my life! Always loyal, never hast thou forsaken me! With a strong palm, thou hast warded from me all shocks of propitious luck. . . . But if it may be, pray do thou at length find some other foster-child than me. For, indeed, I should—if it were only for the sake of curiosity—like to learn from personal experience what manner of existence I might manage to lead without

thee. . . . But, ah! I see that I grow impious. Forgive, O thou divine protectress, the blasphemous wish which just escaped me. 'Twas but momentary; for thou seest within my heart, and well thou knowest how wholly thine I am, and ever shall be, though it came to pass that there were a thousand court-theatres in Germany! Amen!"

Had Wagner given to literature the time and thought he gave to music, there would still be a Wagner Society.

* * *

Through London Spectacles. By Constance Milman. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

A DOMESTIC essayist, to hold us, must have either a fascinating personality or a fresh and whimsical way of looking at things. For up to a certain point every man is his own essayist, can supply his own embroidery to common matters: it is therefore necessary before he can be persuaded to buy the lucubrations of another that he should be much tempted. Miss Milman, the author of the pleasant book which lies before us, though she is agreeable company, is never, we fear, quite indispensable: she never says more than the ordinary thing in an ordinary manner. She says it with good humour, and we are conscious of an active mellow intellect at the back of the book; but that is all. At the social evenings of an amateur literary society these papers would have noticeable merit, but print demands something better still. The subjects are well chosen—Miss Burney, and Miss Edgeworth, Sir Thomas Browne, and Charles Lamb, Old Ballads, and Margaret of Newcastle; Brilliant Endings, and Cornish Echoes, and so on—and Miss Milman, at any rate, is never dull.

* * *

In Childhood's Country. By Louise Chandler Moulton. (James Bowden.)

WE cannot understand this book at all. From the design on the cover, and the title, and the dedication ("For Beryl Kernahan"), and the size of the type, we suppose it to be meant for children. Yet the illustrations, by Miss Ethel Reed, are too affected and sophisticated ever to please or interest children (except, perhaps, as puzzles), and the verses are strangely mixed in character. Thus on one page is this little piece, called "The Happiest Folks"—

"I think the dolls are the happiest folks!
Nobody plagues them with practical jokes;
They have a nice house with a parlour-maid,
And the rent of it never has to be paid;
They wear their best clothes whenever they please,
And have nothing to do but to take their ease"—

which is appropriate enough; but, later, we come to roundels and rondeaus, which are tiresome reading even to adults, and this scrap, called "The Lily's Rival"—

"I saw a flower in the garden,
She said her name was Rose!
Ah, Lily, pity and pardon,
She robbed me of my repose."

The last line in the mouth of anyone is silly enough, but no child possibly could

say it. Again, there is a quatrain called "Monk and Maid"—

"All day they sit, demure on the shelf,
The Bronze-Brown Monk and the Blue-Delft Maid;
But whenever the lights are out at night,
They kiss and whisper, I am afraid."

Why "afraid"? No child would say "afraid." These poems, we might remark in passing, are printed each on a separate page measuring about nine inches by seven. There are longer pieces, too, and some of them are rather pretty, particularly "The Robin's Funeral"; but the book has been ill-considered by its author.

* * *

Industries and Wealth of Nations. By Michael G. Mulhall. (Longmans & Co.)

IN his preface to this book Mr. Mulhall modestly disclaims anything like originality, and explains that all he has done was to select from the works of others, and to bring the results into a narrow compass. He has proved himself, as on previous occasions, a master in the art of compression, and his small volume is a mine of detailed and useful information. We have first a general survey of the position of the nations of Christendom considered in relation to such questions as population, agriculture, manufactures, transport, mines, commerce, railways, earnings per inhabitant, taxation, and debt. Then each country is considered in greater detail by itself. Some idea of the advance of the English-speaking peoples may be formed from the statement that while during the last sixty-five years the European nations have increased 62 per cent., the people of the United States have increased 626 per cent., and of the British Colonies 510 per cent. Our language, which in 1831 was spoken by 35,000,000 people, is now the common tongue of 120,000,000 persons. Some of the most curious figures are those grouped under the heading of agriculture. Thus it is startling to find that while in Europe a farm labourer is credited with the production of three tons of food, the American is credited with twelve tons. The European peasant works harder than an American farm hand, and yet the American produces four times as much. The American labourer cultivates twenty-one acres, while nine acres is the average per man in France, and eight in England. The improved agricultural machinery in use in America accounts for this difference, and, of course, in the States the land is cultivated far less intensely—the average value of the crop per acre being only 43s. as compared with 84s. in France, and 126s. in the United Kingdom.

And yet we cannot help fearing, however, that in spite of all its clearness, this volume will often prove a trap for the unwary. Thus the reader sees that Ireland and France stand together with the lowest birth-rate in the world. The figures are clear, but there is nothing to explain that this is not because the average of children to a marriage in Ireland is small, but because it is the land of the very old and the very young, a large proportion of the persons of marriageable age having emigrated. Ireland and France may rank together at the bottom of the list, but they owe their places to different causes.

Whitaker's Almanack, 1897. (12, Warwick-lane, E.C.)

THE editor of *Whitaker* in his preface invites suggestions for the improvement of the Almanack, and as it is a pity that one of the most important of its divisions should fall so far below the general excellence of the rest as to be of but little use to the inquirer, we venture to call his attention to the unsatisfactory character of those portions of the educational section which come under the headings: "The Great Public Schools," "Metropolitan Grammar Schools," "Provincial Colleges and Grammar Schools." On what principle the exalted title of "Great Public School" is conferred it is impossible to conjecture. An examination of the catalogue of institutions so honoured makes it evident that the selection as a whole is not based on claims of antiquity, numerical superiority, scholastic brilliance, social dignity, or any combination of these or other conceivable recommendations. On what grounds certain schools are included, and certain schools are excluded, we confess ourselves unable to understand. Whether some are treated with injustice, while others enjoy more than justice, at the hands of the compiler, is a consideration which, perhaps, matters little to *Whitaker*; but it does matter to *Whitaker* that any of its information should be ludicrous to the expert and misleading to the layman. Again, what is the meaning of the second heading, "Metropolitan Grammar Schools"? A large proportion of those so designated never were "grammar schools" at all, either in title or in type; and if they were, or had been, the term "grammar school" has long ceased to possess any definite connotation, embracing as it does schools of the first, second, and third grades, and ranging inclusively from some of our most aristocratic boarding schools to many a modest foundation in the smaller provincial towns or larger villages. The footnote to this column is ridiculous. An analysis of the motley collection which appear in the category of "provincial colleges and grammar schools" would reveal similar absurdities. Technically there is but one way of classifying English schools—that is, to arrange them in separate lists according to their various grades as laid down in their schemes. Probably, however, for practical purposes, the best method to adopt would be to place those schools which are represented on the Head Masters' Conference in one list, and to relegate to a second list those represented on the Head Masters' Association only; indicating in each case whether it be a day school, or a boarding school, or a mixed day and boarding school. With regard to assistant masters, it would be sufficient to print the names of those who are masters of boarding houses. To render it of any value the whole of the school section of the Almanack needs recasting on these lines. As it stands, it conveys to the parent no notion of the real position, educational or otherwise, of different schools; and so far from being a general guide to such system of Secondary Education as exists in this country, an inspection of its pages merely makes confusion worse confounded.

FICTION.

Clarissa Furiosa. By W. E. Norris. (Methuen & Co.)

TRULY Mr. Norris has the pen of a ready writer. Far be it from us to grumble at the frequency with which he gratifies his admirers. Our complaint is with the bulk rather than with the number of his achievements. The story of *Clarissa Furiosa* careers gently on for some four hundred pages, and we are bound to say that three-fourths of these are made up of what, in the case of a less distinguished author, we should not hesitate to call padding. The story is, of course, imperturbable, cheerful, and philosophical, written in a vein of happy optimism. The subject is the salvation of a good old family by the acquisition of filthy lucre. The son, who has a past, marries, with the help of his mother, an heiress. Unfortunately, the heiress has views on the equality of the sexes, and the past, together with the present, which is made in the same image, soon leads to a separation. *Clarissa* goes off with her dollars and gathers about her a crew of knickerbockered ladies and minor poets with long hair and slimy morals, who do the business at the back of the stage, while the match-making mother tries again in the foreground. It is her daughter this time who is to become the bride of a rich French Vicomte; and the question is whether, with *Clarissa's* warnings in her ears, she will accept him. Of course she ought not to, but this would not be optimistic, and so, after several chapters of elaborate deliberation, she does. Truly an impotent and empty conclusion, in which principles that have been paraded are gently laid down, and one closes with a yawn upon the orthodox bridal-wreath. Surely there must be those among Mr. Norris's most devoted readers who sometimes sigh for the touch of a vanished hand, the hand that wrote *The Rogue*, and *Major and Minor*, and *My Friend Jim*.

Hilda Strafford. By Beatrice Harraden. (W. Blackwood & Co.)

THAT wistful story, *Ships that Pass in the Night*, so wound its way into the hearts of its readers that a new book by its author is an event. But the volume before us will, we fear, come as a disappointment; for Miss Harraden's peculiar charm is missing from its pages—that gift (so apparent in her first long story and also in some of the tales in *In Varying Moods*, her second book) of attracting sympathy to a central figure, half visionary, half spoilt child, and wholly lovable. We cannot consider Miss Harraden a novelist of much range: her characterisation is weak; she has not observed life with much acuteness; but she is strong on two counts—one being this faculty for giving to her admirers just the kind of pathetic figure they want, and the other her very extraordinary understanding of the difficulties that beset the stricken, the lonely, and the disappointed. In *Hilda Strafford* there is little of Miss Harraden's old gentleness, and none of that humour lying very near to tears which lit up the story called *At the Green Dragon*—a quality which Miss

Harraden alone can supply. *Hilda Strafford* is the bitter history of a woman who left England somewhat against her will to join her lover on his ranch in California, and to become his wife. Once there, ill-fortune comes; the husband is over-anxious, and *Hilda* is consumed with regret for a life she deems misspent and with longing to be at home again. How she passes through the ordeal we must leave the reader to discover. We are not ourselves convinced that Miss Harraden has accomplished her desire: to such a nature as *Hilda Strafford's*, and to such a struggle, a mere short story cannot do justice; and there is much which the reader is entitled to expect that is not here related. As it stands, the story interests, but it does not, as it might, we think, bite itself into the mind. The other story, *The Remittance Man*, is but a sketch, pleasant enough but very slight. Throughout the book Miss Harraden is eloquent of her new love, California.

Gilbert Murray. By A. E. Houghton. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

THERE is a kind of book which perplexes the reviewer. He cannot extol it loudly or condemn it heartily, for neither its merits nor its demerits are so prominent as to draw attention to themselves. He does not like to damn it with faint praise, the invariable resource of the slovenly critic; nor to be churlish about a book which will probably give pleasure to hundreds. *Gilbert Murray* is that sort of book. It is eminently readable and eminently wholesome; its plot is as interesting as the plots of most other novels; its characters are nearly as human, and its situations almost as exciting. Yet one can find very little to say of it which is not merely explanatory. The hero finds himself suddenly plunged from affluence to poverty. He begins the world by driving a baker's cart; he goes as a waiter to a *fête*, where he spills a cup of tea over the dress of the young lady whom he afterwards marries; he becomes a clerk; he writes for the magazines—a favourite recreation of all save the most self-denying heroes; and eventually gets a post as secretary to an M.P. Meanwhile, his fortunes have been curiously interwoven with those of an old college rival, who becomes also his rival in love, and is in the end saved from suicide by the unselfish *Gilbert Murray*. There is a large field for novels which one can read of an evening without danger of nightmares, and which one can read of a morning without neglecting the day's duties to finish them; and Mr. Houghton's book will help to fill an unexceptional corner of it.

God's Failures. By J. S. Fletcher. "Key-notes Series." (John Lane.)

THE local colouring of Mr. Fletcher's stories is that of some wapentake of rural Yorkshire, not on the high moors, but where the great shire slopes down to the homelier English scenery of the Midlands. In the description of village landscape and village life, Mr. Fletcher shows much of the temper of the idyllist. He moves among fields and hedges with a patient observation and a close tenderness. But in his delineation of

human life and fate as set against the country background, it is the tragic rather than the idyllic that he affects; and we must own to finding a certain monotony in his tales of ruined careers with their inevitable ending in a convenient halter or the nearest ditch. Sombre passions and morbid temperaments spring like buttercups in Mr. Fletcher's pastures. However, a writer must needs seek an artistic unity in his own fashion, and if the range of these stories is limited, their manner is at least restrained and conscientious. There is no flashy or insincere work in them. For the touch of humour in it, we may be allowed to name "Poor Dan'l" as our favourite among the rest. The selection of the story bearing the title "Light o' Love" for the first place is, one supposes, a concession to the taste of the "Keynotes" Series. It is, at least, no indication of the tone of the volume.

The Sentimental Vikings. By R. V. Risley. (John Lane.)

WE have nothing but welcome for translations from Celtic or Scandinavian saga. They bring a fresh and vital stimulus into letters, new fire from heaven. But of the deliberate imitation or adaptation of such models which is so favourite a modern archaism, we are not quite so sure. Even the genius of William Morris never induced us to thoroughly enjoy his prose romances, or to feel that the epithet "Wardour-street" was altogether undeserved. And if even Mr. Morris, then much more Mr. Risley must come under the condemnation. His Viking tales are put in the mouth of a contemporary minstrel, who tells in days of old the fortunes of his lord in war and wooing. There is a good deal of bloodshed and also a good deal of ale. But if you like the convention, then you should like Mr. Risley's application of it. He has the gift of picturesque and poetic narrative, and has happily caught the vague outlines and the overhanging melancholy of Old Norse romance. Of the story of the Oar-Captain he says:

"The story is rough, like the natures of men, and full of storm of nature and sea, as if a fury had run down the pages. But there are soft threads in its rough woof—I tell it just as the Oar-Captain told it."

The quotation may perhaps serve to explain the title.

A Comedy of Three. By Newton Sanders. "Little Novels Series." (T. Fisher Unwin.)

MR. SANDERS loves violent contrasts. Fiction knows no greater miracle of selfishness than Patricia Crewdson; her sister Rachel is a paragon of meekness and other virtues not commonly found; Herbert Omerod, who completes the trinity, is the most devoted lover you will meet with in three months' conscientious perusal of erotic novels. And, indeed, one need not pine for the reappearance of the sort of man who lets himself be consistently flouted by his *fiancés* in her days of poverty, who does not expect a single love-letter during an indefinite absence, who is practically turned out of the

house by her when he goes to tell her that her mother is dying, but who, nevertheless, calmly jilts her sister and returns to his old allegiance when her short-lived affluence is past. Even the minor characters of the book leave the same impression of being personified abstractions. Mrs. Crewdson might be Peevishness, Mr. Dennington-Parker Respectability, and Mr. Bernard Dennington-Parker Stolidity. Mr. Sanders would achieve better effects if he were content to use lower tones. We know that extremes meet; but so numerous a convocation of them as is found in this *Comedy of Three* fails to convince.

A Slight Indiscretion. By Mrs. Edward Cartwright. "Little Novels Series." (T. Fisher Unwin.)

THIS is an unpretentious little study of the ethics of flirtation. The lady knows it is a flirtation. The gentleman does not, and when he finds out he shoots himself. The theme has been treated before, but Mrs. Cartwright's variation is abundantly justified by its simplicity and insight. The character of Maud, the flirt, is well drawn.

A Laddy in her ain Richt: a Brief Romance. By Mrs. Tom Kelly. (Hurst & Blackett.)

THERE is one delectable thing about *A Laddy in her ain Richt*, and that is an excellent reproduction (by way of frontispiece) of a portrait—by whom we know not, but set down as—of the lovely "Alicia, Countess of Karmore." That portrait piques our interest and predisposes us to be taken with the story of the lady. But, alas! and alas! disappointment and weariness grow as we read. It proves mere windiness of sentiment and wordiness of speech; and yet it had possibilities. There is a very picturesque Highland glen; there is also a good Highland character, Niel MacCrin, the gamekeeper; and there is a runaway daughter with a love-match. Moreover, there is an immense amount of shooting; so much that we cannot determine whether the "brief romance" which the secretary, Robert Graeme, purports to tell is truly of love or of sport.

A Golden Autumn. By Mrs. Alexander. (F. V. White.)

A NOVEL by an old and practised hand like Mrs. Alexander is like a bit of character-acting by an old stager: the "go," the inspiration may be wanting; but the long exercise, the smooth and facile method are all there, producing with little or no effort an artistic effect which youth and inexperience may toil to compass with much striving and many tears, and fail egregiously. *A Golden Autumn* is a well-contrived and well-conducted story of matrimonial friction between a pair, who are well enough mated, but for *les convenances*; they separate and come together again, after some while, and that is their "golden autumn." It is a sufficiently interesting and amusing story, done—as we have said—with the ease, skill, and the calculated effect of the old hand; and Lady Mary Damer is particularly well and freshly rendered.

Judy, a Jilt. By Mrs. Conney. (Jarrold & Sons.)

"THE girl is impossible," was the Hon. Mrs. Hunter's comment on the young lady in question. It is too true. Judy was impossible. She was the sort of girl who spends half her life in doing things which she spends the other half in regretting. The tempestuous progeny of a sharper and a ballet girl was not suited to the equable atmosphere of drawing-rooms, though she took kindly enough to the hunting field and to the officers of the 25th. The circumstance of her becoming engaged to the grizzled colonel of the regiment, instead of to the officer who bestowed his hand on a rector's daughter, supplies sufficient explosive material to make an interesting novel. Judy is, indeed, a very clever study of feminine character in one of its most fascinating phases. The girl who does heartless things while not herself heartless may be a contradiction in terms, but the world is still illogical enough to admit her as a fact. Poor Judy, though she is in love with another man, tricks herself out in all her finery with intent to entrap the miserable lout who is coming to visit her mistress, his aunt. She succeeds: to her own undoing. *Judy*, it should be said, is a tragedy.

Weighed in the Balance. By Harry Lander. (John Lane.)

THERE is a desperate earnestness about the composition of Mr. Lander's *Weighed in the Balance* which nearly compromises its real power. The writer has produced a strong piece of work, but its strength repels for want of a single attractive character in the story. Yet as a picture of a money-making society, and a psychological study of a "man of the people" with such a man's ideals of success, this book is a notable one. And its succession of scenes, from the Yorkshire manufacturing district to the roughest mining camp in America, are drawn with considerable talent. The latter part of the story is a picture of unredeemed Mammonism. And yet it is the writer's purpose and not his limitation. There lingers in the memory that description of the Yorkshire lad's boyhood and his finer possibilities. Here is one scene from the Calvinistic chapel, when Hannah Sarah, the most popular lass in the mill, made her "confession":

"However infamous the others might be, she, at all events, was pure and unsullied as an angel. As she spoke I had a mist before my eyes, and turned hot and cold with horror, for she seemed to be the worst sinner there. Wringing her hands, with her face wet with tears, she confessed to half-a-dozen 'unpardonable sins,' one 'thorn in the flesh,' a stumbling-block, and a cloud between herself and the Lord.

"I sprang to my feet and cried, 'Mr. Downey, don't ee believe she, our Hannah Sarah be th' best lass o' th' toon. Thee ask our John Thomas and neighbour Norton . . .'
" 'Jimmy,' said the minister very kindly, 'you're too young to understand the goodness of God and the blessed sacrifice of Christ.'"

This earlier part is first-rate; but "The World," "The Flesh," and "The Devil" are depressing. Let Mr. Lander give us more about Yorkshire.

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1897.

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THE WEEK.

CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

[This article is a chronicle of books published during the week. Reviews will follow in due course.]

MR. MEREDITH ON COMEDY. THE expected reprint of the essay on Comedy which Mr. Meredith once upon a time contributed to the *New Quarterly Magazine* comes at last, 105 pages strong, cased in brown buckram. The magazine article, it should be mentioned, was itself a version of a lecture delivered at the London Institution on February 1, 1877. Mr. Meredith has not thought it needful to write a preface, but we quote the following passage in which he touches on the rarity of true comedy under the sun:

"There are plain reasons why the comic poet is not a frequent apparition, and why the great comic poet remains without a fellow. A society of cultivated men and women is required, wherein ideas are current and the perceptions quick, that he may be supplied with matter and an audience. The semi-barbarism of merely giddy communities, and feverish emotional periods, repel him; and also a state of marked social inequality of the sexes; nor can he whose business is to address the mind be understood where there is not a moderate degree of intellectual activity.

"Moreover, to touch and kindle the mind through laughter demands more than sprightliness, a moral subtle delicacy. That must be a natal gift in the comic poet. The substance he deals with will show him a startling exhibition of the dyer's hand, if he is without it. People are ready to surrender themselves to witty thumps on the back, breast, and sides; all except the head: and it is there that he aims. He must be subtle to penetrate. A corresponding acuteness must exist to welcome him. The necessity for the two conditions will explain how it is that we count him during centuries in the single number."

A COLLECTION OF BALLADS. MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL have begun to issue a new series of duodecimo volumes called "Chapman's Diamond Library."

The series is intended to include the masterpieces of English literature mainly in the form of anthologies or collections. Thus the first volume, just published, is *A Collection of Ballads*. Mr. Andrew Lang has edited this. The next two volumes will enshrine Sonnets, and Epigrams and Epitaphs. From Mr. Andrew Lang's preface to his selection of old English and Scottish ballads we quote the following passage, in which he indicates the beginnings of song in all countries:

"Poetry begins, as Aristotle says, in improvisation. Every man is his own poet, and, in moments of strong emotion, expresses himself in song. A typical example is the Song of Lamech in Genesis:

'I have slain a man to my wounding
And a young man to my hurt.'

Instances perpetually occur in the Sagas: Getin, Egil, Skarphedin are always singing. In *Kidnapped* Mr. Stevenson introduces 'The Song of the Sword of Alan,' a fine example of Celtic practice: words and air are beaten out together, in the heat of victory. In the same way the women sung improvised dirges, like Helen; lullabies, like the lullaby of Danæ in 'Simonides'; and flower songs, as in modern Italy. Every function of life, war, agriculture, the chase, had its appropriate magical and mimetic dance and song, as in Finland, among Red Indians, and among Australian blacks. 'The deeds of men' were chanted by heroes, as by Achilles; stories were told in alternate verse and prose; girls, like Homer's Nausicaa, accompanied dance and ball play, priests and medicine-men accompanied rites and magical ceremonies by songs."

THE late Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson finished the chapters of his *Vita Medica*, now published by Messrs. Longmans, on the evening in which his last illness seized him. How noble and fervent was Dr. Richardson's conception of his own calling appears in the following passage, which he quotes in his preface from an address delivered by him in 1867 to the St. Andrews' Graduates' Association:

"The glories of that happier time, for which all creation yearns, what are they but the glories of life relieved from pain, from want, from care? Are not these reliefs our duties? Is it not our office to be the first of men to pluck the curse of pain from the whole earth? Is it not our office to economise the gifts of Nature, and lend her wealth to health? Is it not our office to soothe the troubled mind and bring the disturbed brain to equilibrium of power? If these be not our offices, who are the blessed that claim them? If they be—then the sweetest singer of Israel, telling of the times when 'there shall be no more thence an infant of days, nor an old man that hath not filled his days'; and the Roman poet singing the

'Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas
Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo';

and the mighty apostle, thundering through the ages, 'The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death'; then these are our prophets, proclaiming to us our mission, and assuring us that,

if the mission be faithful and their prophetic visions true, we, in life or in death, shall be as kings in the kingdom of our Father."

The unselfish activities and enthusiasms which pulsed through Dr. Richardson's career are surely reflected in the dedication which he chose for his book: "To the Student of the Future."

TWO works on educational OTHER BOOKS. methods, issued by the Cambridge University Press, call for mention. The one is entitled *Chapters on the Aims and Practice of Teaching*, and is edited by Mr. Frederic Spencer, M.A., of the University College of North Wales; the other—which might well bear the same title though it belongs to a remote epoch—is a series of essays on education by Vittorino da Feltre and other Humanist educators. Mr. Spencer has committed the various branches of school work—Greek, Latin, French, History, Geometry, Chemistry, &c., &c.—to separate hands for treatment, while the tone of the work is indicated by his insistence that the important thing is not to determine what shall go into a curriculum or be kept out, but how best to teach whatever is taught. The essays of Vittorino da Feltre and his fifteenth century contemporaries are edited by Mr. W. H. Woodward, who has undertaken his task in the belief that it will serve a good purpose to consider "the experiences and the avowed ideals of a period in which our classical education of to-day received its first and, in some respects, its noblest impress." *Beauty and Art* is the comprehensive and problematical title of a nicely published book by Mr. Aldam Heaton. The title-page is decorated with three gentian flowers in all their blueness. Mr. Aldam's essays, which are outspoken, are concerned with "Taste," "Beauty in Form and Colour," "The Decoration of the Home," "Fabrics," and "Furniture and Decoration." Several of these have been read before various architectural associations. *Eastern Persian Irak*, by General A. Houtum-Schindler, is published by the Royal Geographical Society through Mr. John Murray, and is practically a first account of certain *terra incognita* in Persia.

A NEW edition of "Burns," NEW EDITIONS. bound in buckram, prodigally gilded, and displaying an excellent "Lemercier-gravure" of Nasmyth's portrait of the poet opposite a designed and rubricated title-page—such is Messrs. Bliss, Sands & Co.'s latest enterprise in cheap publishing. This stately volume of nearly 600 pages is issued at three-and-sixpence, and will be sold at the usual discount by the bookseller. The edition claims to be very complete; a glossary is not wanting, and the preface is the one which Burns wrote in the Kilmarnock edition of 1786. The "Temple Classics" series is slowly taking all literature for its province. It now gives us the first volume of a new edition of Florio's *Montaigne*. This supplies the want—which was becoming acute—of

an inexpensive, yet worthy, presentation of the most persuasive and reasonable of moralists. The present edition is edited by Mr. A. Rayney Waller, who will supply notes, appendices, and glossaries to each of the volumes, the sixth, and last, of which will be seen by November. Mr. Percy Faraday Frankland's *Our Secret Friends and Foes* has reached a third edition. Into it Mr. Frankland has put a new chapter dealing with the most recent applications of bacteriological knowledge in medicine and agriculture. It should be remembered that the book is for the general reader. The official *Year-Book of the Church of England* for 1897 is before us; it forms the fourteenth annual issue of this useful publication.

* * * *

Flames, by Mr. Robert Hichens, the author of *The Green Carnation* and *An Imaginative Man*, is a very bulky novel, and, judging by the opening chapters, is likely to make the flesh of a good many of its readers creep. *A Passing Madness* is Miss Florence Marryat's new and perhaps ninetieth novel; and its title may be taken in the most literal sense, the story being concerned with a clouded mind into which we believe the sunshine of reason pierces its way again. *Guavas the Tinner*, by S. Baring-Gould, looks like strong meat. The frontispiece gives us a wild moor, in the foreground of which we see a man, a woman, and a wolf. The man is standing against a high post, with his left hand raised above his head and transfixed to the post by a knife driven through the palm. Entering to him on the right is a tall and stately woman. The half-tamed wolf glares at her approach. The man is Eldad Guavas, a tinner, thus punished for appropriating gold, the due of the Crown according to law. The time is that of Elizabeth. The woman—but the story is Mr. Gould's. Mr. Joseph Forster makes, we fancy, his first attempt in novel-writing in *From Grub to Butterfly*. From this early sentence, "My story opens in the small, dirty back kitchen of a sordid-looking tenement very near Walworth-road Station," we are perhaps justified in thinking that the vogue of the "mean street" is not without attractions to the author. *The Career of Claudia* is a new novel by Frances Mary Peard, the author of *The Rose Garden* and other stories. We may say that this is a story in which the impact of an advanced girl on her old-fashioned cousins in a country house is described and elaborated. *Quo Vadis* is the latest translation from the work of Sienkiewicz, the Polish novelist. It has just been issued by Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. in the English of Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, who, in a short, interesting introduction, reminds us that, whereas Sienkiewicz's three earlier stories—*With Fire and Sword*, *The Deluge*, and *Pan Michael*—were concerned with the early struggles between Poland and Russia, *Quo Vadis* carries us away into the great conflict of moral ideas with the Roman Empire—that conflict "from which Christianity issued as the leading force in history." *Quo Vadis*, we may add, has been a great success in America.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGY.

TEXTS AND STUDIES. Edited by J. Armitage Robinson, D.D. Vol. V. No. 1: Apocrypha Anecdota II. By M. R. James. Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d.
THE APOSTOLIC MINISTRY IN THE SCOTTISH CHURCH. By Robert Herbert Story. Blackwood & Sons. 7s. 6d.
A DEAD MAN'S THOUGHTS. By Rev. Edgar Foster. The Roxburghe Press. 3s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHY.

VITA MEDICA. By Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson. Longmans, Green & Co. 16s.
THE STORY OF ALBERT THE GOOD. By W. J. Wintle. The Sunday School Union. 1s.
FOREIGN STATESMEN: MARIA THERESA. By Rev. J. Franck Bright, D.D. AND JOSEPH II. By the same author. Macmillan & Co. 2s. 6d.

HISTORY.

THE STAPLETONS OF YORKSHIRE. By H. E. Chetwynd-Stapilton. Longmans, Green & Co. 14s.

ANTIQUARIAN.

ENGLISH CATHEDRALS: WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL. By the Very Rev. Dean Farrar. WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL. By the Rev. Canon Benham. ST. ALBAN'S ABBEY. By the Rev. Canon Liddell. YORK MINSTER. By the Rev. Dean Pury-Cust. Isbister & Co. 1s. each.
THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE LIBRARY. Edited by George Laurence Gomme. English Topography: Part IX.—Nottinghamshire, Oxfordshire, Rutlandshire. Elliot Stock.

GEOGRAPHY.

EASTERN PERSIAN IRAN. By General A. Houtam-Schindler. John Murray. 8s.

FICTION.

FROM GRUB TO BUTTERFLY. By Joseph Forster. Ward & Downey. 6s.
FLAMES. By Robert Hichens. Wm. Heinemann. 6s.
THE CAREER OF CLAUDIA. By Frances Mary Peard. Richard Bentley & Son.
A PASSING MADNESS. By Florence Marryat. Hutchinson & Co. 6s.
ALL IN ALL. By Corinna Bruce. Hurst & Blackett. 6s.
SELF-SEEKERS. By André Raffalovich. Leonard Smithers.
GUAVAS THE TINNER. By S. Baring-Gould. Methuen & Co. 6s.
A SPOTLESS REPUTATION. By Dorothea Gerard. William Blackwood & Sons. 6s.
"QUO VADIS." By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. J. M. Dent & Co.

EDUCATIONAL.

CHAPTERS ON THE AIMS AND PRACTICE OF TEACHING. Edited by Frederic Spencer, M.A. Cambridge University Press.
VITTORINO DA FELTRE, AND OTHER HUMANIST EDUCATORS. By William Harrison Woodward. Cambridge University Press. 6s.
UNIVERSITY TUTORIAL SERIES: CHAUCER—THE PROLOGUE AND THE MAN OF LAW'S TALE. Edited by A. J. Wyatt, M.A. 2s. 6d.
PITT PENS SERIES: BACON'S ESSAYS. Edited by Alfred S. West, M.A. Cambridge University Press. 3s. 6d.

PSYCHOLOGY.

UNTHINKABLES. By Frederic H. Balfour. Richard Bentley & Son.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

ON VELDT AND FARM. By Frances Macnab. Edward Arnold. 8s. 6d.

POETRY.

CHAPMAN'S DIAMOND LIBRARY: I. A COLLECTION OF BALLADS. Edited by Andrew Lang. Chapman & Hall, Ltd.
THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS. Bliss, Sands & Co. 3s. 6d.

ART AND BELLES LETTRES.

BEAUTY AND ART. By Aldam Heston. W. Heinemann. 6s.
AN ESSAY ON COMEDY. By George Meredith. Archibald Constable & Co. 5s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE OFFICIAL YEAR-BOOK OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND: 1897. S.P.C.K. 8s.
THE NARRATIVE OF MY EXPERIENCE AS A VOLUNTEER NURSE IN THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR. By Anne Thacker. Abbott, Jones & Co. 3s. 6d.
THE ANNUAL CHARITIES REGISTER AND DIGEST. Longmans, Green & Co. 4s.

SCIENCE.

OUR SECRET FRIENDS AND FOES. By Percy Faraday Frankland. S.P.C.K.
UNITED STATES GEOLOGICAL SURVEY: SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT, 1895-6. Part III.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE first number of the new paper to be produced by amalgamating *The British Review* and *The National Observer* will be dated March 20. Its title will be *The British Review and National Observer*. Mr. W. H. Mallock will be the editor, having the benefit of Mr. Vincent's advice; and the price will be threepence. Lord Dunraven, who was the owner of *The National Observer*, will retain a proprietary interest.

YET another daily paper! The new venture is to be called the *Daily American*. It will be published by Mr. Arthur C. Pearson; and, as its name implies, will be the organ of the American colony in London. Arrangements have been made for a special telegraphic service from the United States.

THE real feature, as all connoisseurs are aware, of the great Wallace collection which is left to the country upon terms so easy to acquiesce in, is its stupendous treasures of French Art—not chiefly, as has been pointed out erroneously, the now perhaps over-rated works of the "Romantics," from Delacroix downwards, but, rather, the far more characteristic, epoch-making works of the French school; the masters of the eighteenth century, from Watteau to Fragonard. French eighteenth century art is not represented in the Wallace collection by drawings, as in the De Goncourt, or by fine prints, as in the De Behague collection; but by furniture and pictures. In the gallery of Hertford House there is assembled an all but unparalleled collection of Reissner marquetry, of Buhl cabinets, of delicate and costly things fashioned by Gouthière. All over the house the collection of French paintings attests the taste not only of the late Sir Richard, but of the late Marquis.

THE Watteaus, though it is true that they do not rival the treasures of Potsdam—where, among other things, the engraved version of "L'Embarquement pour Cythère" is to be found—and though they do not include among their number any one thing comparable with a certain picture which it is the privilege of Edinburgh to display—are yet of a kind to remove from us the reproach that the National collections in London possess no instance of Watteau's art. Bouchers, which used to be looked down upon, and which, no doubt, the devotees of the Primitive still sneer at, are present in fine quality; and among the Fragonards there is the gay and famous picture called "Les Hasards Heureux de l'Escarpolette"—a pretty lady happy, and, by her prettiness, the cause of happiness to others, as she sits in a swing.

To the late Dr. Cobham Brewer, who has just died at the age of eighty-seven, all journalists, and a considerable proportion of the public, owe a debt of gratitude for his admirable books of reference—*The Reader's Handbook* and *The Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*. Dr. Brewer's was a busy life. His

Guide to Science, written in both English and French, has given thousands of children their first intelligent interest in the laws of nature.

ONE of the last of the race of great print-sellers passes away by the death of M. Bouillon, of the Rue des Saints-Pères. Like Clément, whom he succeeded, he held the honoured post of "Marchand d'Estampes de la Bibliothèque Nationale"; and, though he was not at all a frequent traveller, the very greatest print sales, whether in London, Vienna, or Berlin, saw him, in his unemotional and semi-Flemish way, the sure acquirer of treasures worth a thousand guineas apiece. Some of the finest and rarest Rembrandts that ever came into the market had passed through his hands. Sitting—where he was generally to be found—in his little front shop only a door or two up the street from the quay and the river, M. Bouillon had seen and judged, and given the most honest and capable advice upon, the class of engravings of which people of the wealth of the Rothschilds are accustomed to dispute the possession.

M. BOUILLON—he was known only as "Monsieur Jules" in the great days of Clément—was not actually old—he was of comfortable middle age—but he was of the old school. The modern conditions of what is called the "print market" do not tend to the perpetuation or repetition of such a type; yet even now, fortunately, the collector in London or in Stuttgart, in Berlin or Vienna, is not at a loss in obtaining sound judgment upon things of value—there are younger men in the field. But M. Bouillon was of a time when Marc Antonio was rated as the equal of Dürer, and when, in etching, Ostade and Berghem were collected in preference to Méryon.

MR. H. G. WELLS, who will be the guest of the evening at the next dinner of the New Vagabond Club, is already at work upon a new novel. The story he lately finished—*The War of the Worlds*—an eerie account of those who dwell in Mars, and the effect of their sudden appearance upon these islands—will appear serially in *Pearson's Magazine*. Mr. Frankfort Moore is no less indefatigable than Mr. Wells. Two novels from his pen may be expected shortly—*The Jessamy Bride* (which recently ran through *The Illustrated London News*) and *The Millionaire*.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING has recently finished a new story, of some twelve thousand words in length, which he calls *Slaves of the Lamp*.

MR. W. B. YEATS, the Irish poet, has three books in preparation. These are *The Sacred Rose*, a volume of fantastic stories; *The Shadowy Waters*, a volume of poems; and a novel to be called *The Benisons of the Fixed Stars*. Good titles, all three.

THE English scholar and the American scholar, when it comes to "howlers," are much on an equality. The *Atlantic Monthly* cites a few recent mistakes of American origin. Answering a literary paper, one student referred to Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations of Immortality felt in Childhood"; another summarised D. G. Rossetti's poetical achievements by saying, "Rossetti wrote a number of sonnets and put them in his wife's coffin; they were called the 'House of Wife.'" Another said "Shelley lived in the clouds and was struck by lightning"; another, "Shelley tried to penetrate the ruling principle of life, but it easily eluded him."

OUTSIDE of literature, as the students would say, the statements are not less welcome. "King Charles," wrote one competitor, "did not realise that anything important had taken place until he was executed." "The early Germans," wrote another, "had no word for what we term a carbuncle, but the pain experienced from stepping on one was so great that a forcible term had to be borrowed from the Latin."

In connexion with the appearance of Mr. Meredith's *Essay on Comedy* I might remark that "C. K. S.," writing in the *Illustrated London News*, says that there are rumours in New York of a stage version of *Evan Harrington*.

In the same paragraph "C. K. S." mentions that Mrs. Hodgson Burnett is dramatising *A Lady of Quality*, and Mrs. W. K. Clifford one of her stories. Meanwhile, a version of *Tess* has been produced in New York very successfully. On the other hand, Mr. Marion Crawford's attempt to turn *Dr. Claudius* into a play has been a conspicuous failure. Why *Dr. Claudius* should have been chosen out of all Mr. Crawford's novels I cannot conceive; for there is nothing dramatic in it, except the ascent to the masthead, and that is the kind of incident that occurs "off."

THE first four volumes of Messrs. Isbister & Co.'s series of little monographs on the English cathedrals are very attractive. In Miss Kate Douglas Wiggin's humorous tale, *A Cathedral Courtship*, there is a character—Aunt Celia—quite typical of the cathedral lover, to whom they should all be dedicated. The books, which are extremely slight, have been entrusted to authorities. The Dean of Canterbury writes of Westminster Abbey; the Dean of York, of York Minster; Canon Benham, of Winchester Cathedral; and Canon Liddell, of St. Alban's Abbey. The illustrations, which by their very nature cannot do justice to the dignity of the architecture, but, at any rate, convey a rudimentary idea of it, are by Mr. Herbert Railton, Mr. Alexander Ansted, and Mr. F. G. Kitton. I rather wish that white parchment had not been chosen for the covers, because it so quickly soils; but otherwise one has only praise.

LONGFELLOW's Wayside Inn, which is situate at Sudbury, Massachusetts, has, I

am glad to say, fallen into good hands. A Boston antiquarian has bought the house for the purpose of converting it into a permanent memorial of the poet. He intends to restore it to the condition in which it was when Longfellow wrote there, and to add objects of interest. The Wayside Inn will thus become more of a shrine than ever.

I FIND in the *Journal of Education* a "gumption paper" recently placed before the boys in a school at Clapham to test their knowledge of the life around them. It seems to me a very excellent plan to ask these general questions. I quote a few of the Clapham questions, of which there are twelve in all—

"Name the authors of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, *Paradise Lost*, *Bleak House*, *Utopia*, *She, The Earthly Paradise*, *Sartor Resartus*, *A Tale of Two Cities*.

"In connexion with South Africa, give (a) the name of the President of the Transvaal; (b) the names of three of the leaders of the recent raid into that country; (c) the name of the English Colonial Secretary. (d) Where are the leaders of the raid at the present time?"

"What planet is now a brilliant object in the S.E. sky at 8 p.m.? Make sketches of the Great Bear and Orion. During what months are meteors most common? Compare the weather of October and November of this year.

"In connexion with cricket, give (a) the champion county for 1896; (b) the name of the Australian captain; (c) the name of the batsman who made the greatest number of runs last season; (d) the winner of the 'Varsity match; (e) fill in the names to the following initials of celebrated cricketers: W. G. —, K. S. —, J. T. —, W. W. —, K. J. —, S. M. J. —.

"Sketch, side by side, a leaf of an oak tree and one of a Spanish chestnut."

In a symposium in the *Temple Magazine* on the art "of writing" a short story, Mr. Robert Barr quotes the following piece of counsel once offered to him by the late Captain Mayne Reid: "Never," said the gallant captain, "never surprise the British public; they don't like it. If you arrange a pail of water above a door so that when an obnoxious boy enters the room the water will come down upon him, take your readers fully into your confidence long before the deed is done. Let them help you to tie up the pail, then they will chuckle all through the chapter as the unfortunate lad approaches his fate, and when he is finally deluged they will roar with delight and cry, 'Now he has got his dose!'"

I TURN always with particular readiness to the remarks of the East Aurora School of Philosophy which are published at the end of the vivacious and belligerent *Philistine* month by month. In the current number the East Aurora come "down" on Mr. Edward W. Bok, of the *Young Ladies' Journal*, and on the hub of the universe. This is how Boston is treated:

"Let's see, let's see, what's that they pursue in Boston? Oh, yes, Culture, that's it. In East Aurora we don't have to pursue for Culture—she feels at home and abides with us."

At the annual meeting of the corporation of the Royal Literary Fund, held on Wednesday at Adelphi-terrace, Sir Theodore Martin presented the registrar's report, which showed that thirty-three grants had been made during the year, to the amount of £2,080, as compared with forty-three grants, amounting to £1,905, in 1895. The cash account showed the receipts for the year to have been £3,067, and the disbursements £2,639, leaving a balance of £428.

THE bidding for the original MSS. of Keats's *Endymion* and *Lamia* at Messrs. Sotheby's on Wednesday was spirited. Mr. Pearson carried off both prizes, for the sums of £695 and £305 respectively.

THE ONLOOKER.

THE loan collection in connexion with the Amateur Art Exhibition will this year consist of portraits by Count d'Orsay and A. E. Chalon, R.A., old English enamels (Battersea, Bilston, &c.), and Marcasite jewellery. The Hon. Mrs. C. Eliot, hon. secretary, would be much obliged if anyone willing to lend any of the above would communicate with Lady Stephenson, 46, Ennismore-gardens, S.W.

At the forthcoming meeting of the Folklore Society, to be held at 22, Albemarle-street, Piccadilly, on Tuesday next, at 8 p.m., under the presidency of Mr. Alfred Nutt, a paper "On the Fetish View of the Human Soul," which promises to be of exceptional interest, will be read by Miss M. Kingsley, the well-known African traveller, who will also exhibit some Fan charms.

MR. ELKIN MATHEWS will publish shortly *The Canon*, by Mr. Lewes Hartley, an historical work dealing with one of the most difficult of modern problems—namely, what constituted the canon of the priest, artist, and writer of antiquity. Everybody knows that there was a literary and artistic canon regarded among Greeks, Hebrews, and Christians as something venerable and holy. The writer points out that mysterious secrets, similar to those of the old Pagan cults, are contained in the description of the Tabernacle, Solomon's temple, Ezekiel's visions, and the new Jerusalem of the Apocalypse.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL are publishing this week a work entitled *Cecil Rhodes: a Biography, and an Appreciation*, by "Imperialist," with map and portraits and supplementary chapters by Dr. Jameson, entitled "My Reminiscences of Cecil Rhodes." This is the only authoritative biography of the Right Hon. Cecil Rhodes, and contains important matter not hitherto given to the public. The book, in crown 8vo, cloth bound, contains over 400 pages.

PROF. GILBERT MURRAY's *History of Ancient Greek Literature*, the first volume in Mr. Heinemann's new "Literatures of the World" Series, will be published on March 12.

MESSRS. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York, have secured the American copyright of the new *Dictionary of the Bible* which is being edited by the Rev. James Hastings, D.D. They will publish it simultaneously with Messrs. T. & T. Clark, of Edinburgh.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSEN.

MR. SHERARD, whose record of a conversation with Ibsen recently lent vivacity to the pages of *The Humanitarian* and caught Christiania by the ears, now, in the March number of the same magazine, passes Björnson under review; but with only a fraction of the spirit with which he tackled the author of *Little Eyolf*. Admonished, perhaps, by the reception which was given the Ibsen interview in Christiania, he no longer adopts the interview form, and we have from him but one remark in Björnson's own words, and that a question. "What, sir," he asked of Mr. Sherard, "may have impressed you most in our capital town?" Mr. Sherard's reply occupies some two hundred words, and he then adds: "I cannot remember what was Björnson's comment on my remark." After this, except that it contains one or two other of the novelist's opinions, the article becomes an account of Björnson's characteristics, such as any perceptive critic might have prepared without a visit to the man at all. One is disappointed in Mr. Sherard: he led us to expect more to him, if to no other in these dull times, the present writer looks for something of recklessness and the vivid historic present. It is hard when our sharpshooters, the raiders of journalism, such as he, baulk us of our hopes. Yet it must be conceded that Björnson, both as author and as personality, is less interesting than Ibsen, that other Scandinavian luminary. Side by side they shine, but Ibsen's is the stronger light, although were Ibsen eliminated Björnson would be no mean literary hero for a nation to exult over. As a force he is not to be equalled. Ibsen is the greater genius, but Björnson fills a larger place in the field. He is always the man of action, the unrelenting, reforming force. Ibsen stands by and observes.

Let us, however, see what manner of man Björnstjerne Björnson may be according to the chastened "study" which Mr. Sherard offers. He is sixty-five and yet a boy. His "enthusiastic optimism is that of the merriest lad." "He is buoyant, he is exuberant, a man of torrential eloquence." Christiania, on the occasion of the Nansen reception, was "ringing with Björnson's leonine voice"—such is Mr. Sherard's graphic way of putting it—while the disappearance of Ibsen was everywhere commented upon. Yet the disappearance of Ibsen should by this time be understood. Mr. Sherard was indeed so struck by the bonhomie, the sociability and joviality of the man, that he ventured to say something of the contrast such a temperament offered to the "gloomy moroseness of one whom the world has come to look upon as the expositor of the Norwegian characters." This was daring, but successful. Björnson answered, "repudiating that person's claim to represent the Norwegians in any way." "That person" is an illuminative phrase; and it is a little hard on the author of *Pillars of Society* and *Brand* if it is not allowed that he represents the Norwegians "in any way." The rift between Björnson and Ibsen must be gaping horribly for such a remark to be possible. Of his other contemporaries Björnson did not

choose to speak. He seemed, says Mr. Sherard, somewhat to resent a question whether he knew personally such or such an author. Such discretion proves that Björnson at any rate knew Mr. Sherard.

Björnson is a patriot. His patriotism takes the form of protesting against the preference for Sweden which in King Oscar is so evident. It does not, however, keep him as a dweller in his beloved Norway; Copenhagen is his headquarters, and he is often in Paris, often in Italy. When in Christiania he uses a hotel; his Norwegian home is at Aulestad, where one of his sons is an agriculturist, about eight hours distant. In this house Björnson, though no teetotaler, enforces teetotalism. He holds that at a time when the drink difficulty is so serious as it now is in Norway, a Norwegian who loves his country's good must abstain from alcohol for the sake of example.

Besides the son who is an agriculturist, he has one in the Chinese Customs and one an actor. His daughter, Fru Sigurd Ibsen, is reputed the wittiest and prettiest woman in Christiania. Björnson's favourite among his own works is the play *Ueber die Kraft*. Such is the extent of the information about Ibsen's brother in letters which Mr. Sherard is disposed to give us. An interview with a man of "torrential eloquence" might have yielded more.

MR. WILLIAM WATSON AS CRITIC.

AN OLD FEUD RECALLED.

MR. RIDER HAGGARD is now so retiring a writer, and so chastened is his imagination, that only by those whose memory for literary events is good would it be believed that he was once the cause of a very Donnybrook row among the critics. Few authors—and probably no writers of tales intended solely to entertain—have been more turbulently attacked and defended. For Mr. Haggard's defence Mr. Andrew Lang—in the reviews—and schoolboys—everywhere—were chiefly busy, although he numbered, and still numbers, many other good intellects. For the prosecution the late Mr. James Runciman was prominent, backed by a large force. Among these was a certain anonymous writer who made the *Fortnightly* his arena, and of whose prowess (and the anti-Haggard turmoils generally) we are reminded by an article in the current *Westminster Review*. This article, which is signed "M. C. Hughes," is an appreciation of Mr. William Watson, and the statement is there made that the unsigned attack upon Mr. Haggard in the *Fortnightly* of September, 1888, called "The Fall of Fiction," which excited such controversy for a few weeks, was from Mr. Watson's pen. To those within the pale the secret was known at the time, but the public was not initiated, and Mr. Watson did not reprint the article in his *Excursions in Criticism*. His indictment of Mr. Haggard is memorable for more reasons than one: for the vigour of its style—it is quite the most vigorous thing in prose that Mr. Watson has done; for the invincible and whole-souled hostility which it displayed to Mr.



EDMUND WALLER

From the Picture by John Riley in the National Portrait Gallery

Haggard's peculiar genius; and also for the spirited reply which it drew from Mr. Lang in the October *Contemporary*. Mr. Lang was never in better form: he met his adversary as squarely as it is possible to meet a man who conceals his identity, and hit straight from the shoulder, blow after blow. We do not propose to re-open the matter. It would be fair neither to Mr. Watson, who may have changed his opinions, nor to Mr. Haggard, who has lived down the outcry against him. But it is, we think, of interest to admirers of Mr. Watson to know where they may find the poet in this Berserk mood. Readers of *The Year of Shame* know that mood in poetry. In prose it is unfamiliar.

There is, however, a passage in Mr. Lang's article in protest against Mr. Watson's contention that because Mr. Haggard was popular fiction had therefore fallen, which for its temperateness and sound sense may well be quoted to-day:

"It is not possible," wrote Mr. Lang, "as far as history shows, that any form of literature should be perpetually 'culminating.' We have not a Thackeray, we have not a Dickens; in the face of the admirers of *Robert Elsmere* I shall not say that we have not a George Eliot. But have we not, as befits an advanced democracy, the small change, *la monnaie*, of these authors? Would Dickens not have delighted in much of Mr. Besant's work, which, indeed, is often as enjoyable as Dickens'? Would Thackeray have failed to recognise a worthy follower in Mr. Norris, who is, indeed, the Thackeray of a later age? As to Mr. Stevenson, if Sir Walter would not have been proud to sign many passages in *Kidnapped*, if Hogg would not have given 'a herd of paulies' to have written *Thrawn Janet*, my taste is the more sadly to seek. The student is not to be consoled with who has a novel of Mr. Christie Murray's 'by his bed-head' or in his railway carriage; in Mr. George Meredith we have a mine of gold, perhaps needing a little to be worked over by the explorer; and for unassuming diversion, and a merry heart that goes all the way, we have Mr. James Payn. He who can read *High Spirits* and not be convulsed almost hysterically may go write articles on 'The Fall of Fiction,' and may therein forget the existence of Mr. Thomas Hardy, and of Mr. William Black, and of Miss Rhoda Broughton. Fiction has not fallen; fiction can never fall while human nature lasts."

To the writer in need of a literary subject we might recommend a history of the literary disputes—plagiaristic and otherwise—of the last quarter of the century.

ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

XVIII.—EDMUND WALLER.

IF you ask a high-school girl concerning Edmund Waller, the chances are she will quote you the first two lines of "Go, lovely rose," and come to an hesitancy. The imperfectness of the information matters the less, because, like so many other men, Waller is not represented at his best in the anthologies. The thin prettiness of the stanzas to a rose conceals a sentiment which is partly false, and, so far as true, is familiar to every lyricist since Ausonius. But it is not the utmost that Waller can do. His muse has

but a scrannel pipe, and is much dependent upon superficial occasion, yet now and again she does most unmistakably catch the ring of authentic poetry. Had one to swear by a single specimen, it would be the lines to Sacharissa's sister, Lady Lucy Sidney.

"TO A VERY YOUNG LADY.

- "Why came I so untimely forth
Into a world which, wanting thee,
Could entertain us with no worth
Or shadow of felicity,
That time should me so far remove
From that which I was born to love?"
- "Yet, fairest blossom! do not slight
That age which you may know so soon;
The rosy morn resigns her light,
And milder glory to the noon;
And then what wonders shall you do,
Whose dawning beauty warms us so?"
- "Hope waits upon the flowery prime;
And summer, though it be less gay,
Yet is not looked on as a time
Of declination or decay;
For with a full hand that does bring
All that was promised by the spring."

The diction, though redeemed by two happy Latinisms, will not throughout bear a searching analysis; but the neatness and polish of the whole are undeniable. The thought is not altogether a commonplace, and it is enunciated with a simplicity and a precision of which the age into which Waller was born could show him few examples. Simplicity and precision were, indeed, sadly to seek in the Caroline school; and it would be hard to match among the sons of Ben Jonson the happy lucidity of Waller's experiment in the metre dear to Wither:

"TO PHYLLIS.

- "Phyllis! why should we delay
Pleasures shorter than the day?
Could we (which we never can)
Stretch our lives beyond their span,
Beauty like a shadow flies,
And our youth before us dies.
Or would youth and beauty stay,
Love hath wings and will away.
Love hath swifter wings than Time:
Change in Love to heaven will climb.
Gods, that never change their state,
Vary oft their love and hate."

The inspiration has burrowed beneath a half-century of "metaphysical" verse, and derives straight from the limpid rills of Elizabethan pastoral.

But Waller is rarely inspired. Essentially his temperament was not that of the poet, but of the ready courtier and eloquent politician. The larger part of his biography is occupied by intrigue, always with something of the histrionic touch in it. It is not a pretty part that he plays. He shifts from faction to faction, gets entangled in a silly plot, betrays his fellow-conspirators, makes his peace with Cromwell, panegyricizes him, and at the Restoration cancels his panegyric with an epigram. For serious poetry, as for serious statesmanship, he had hardly the instinct. Yet his verse was all the vogue at the courts both of the first and the second Charles. His tombstone records him as "inter poetas sui temporis facile princeps": and until the Romantic revival discredited him, this was his effective reputa-

tion among the critics. He had, of course, the knack of gallantry, and if My Lady Carlisle put on mourning, or the scandal was bruited abroad that My Lady Sunderland painted, Mr. Waller's ready pen was always at hand to tag the affair into a compliment. And his importance in the history of English verse is out of all proportion to his merit or his genius. He did much—as much as Cowley or any man—to recall the world from the charms of the strained and the fantastic, to the charms of the simple in artifice. He was of the pioneers who gave the first check to the domination of Ben Jonson and of Donne, and made straight the ways for the clarifying reigns of Dryden and of Pope. It is with the evolution of heroic verse that Waller's name is most closely bound up; but it is upon the octosyllabic rather than the decasyllabic couplet that he has the finer touch. With a happier fate this metre, rather than that, might have become the poetical instrument of a century, and it would at least have had the advantage of declining to challenge the rhythms of blank verse. However, the gods were on the side of the decasyllables, and in the forging and tempering of the heroic couplet into the trenchant rapier it was to become Waller had "a whole hand, or at the least a main finger." In his old age the wit who had epigrammatized his way through life wrote some lines in which, for once, he touched upon the rarer wisdom and the deeper pathos.

"The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er,
So calm are we when passions are no more!
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age describes.

"The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lies in new light, through chinks that time
has made;
Stronger by weakness, wiser, men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new."

PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

THE pompous announcement of M. Edouard Pailleron's latest contribution to modern French drama led us to expect something of the value of *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*. But nothing could possibly be slighter than his volume of *Pièces et Morceaux*. One must be an Immortal to give such importance to mere fugitive work and drawing-room trifles. The three short dramatic pieces of which the volume is partly comprised are light, amusing reading, but scant entertainment, even with the aid of the most delicious toilettes of Paris and the charming grace and talents of Mlle. Reichemberg, Bartet, and Marsay for the audience of the classical Comédie Française.

"Mieux vaut Douceur" is not by any means so good as its pendant proverb, "Et Violence." The first shows the volatile Parisian husband overcome by the artistic mildness of his

wife, a subtle *ingénue*. The second exhibits the same form of unsatisfactory monster captivated by the violent jealousy of a wife far from simulating the *ingénue*—on the contrary, a suspicious widow some years older than her adored and just married partner. The scene between the jealous wife and her husband's wise and witty cousin, Henriette, is quite worthy of the author of *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*. Hearing that the wife, in order to test her husband's virtue, has given him a false rendezvous, Henriette exclaims: "You want your husband to betray you without betraying you, to learn if he would be likely to betray you!" and her asides on jealousy and passion are delightful. "To say that she adores him, I ask myself what more could she do if she hated him!" The wife cries: "Oh, women! there isn't one who is not perfidious, lying, depraved, except you and me; and you, even——" Henriette protests. She is secure from the ravages of passion because she is never bored or curious. Her diatribe against passion is capital. Tyrannical, selfish, brutal, hateful, she qualifies it. Stupid when a woman is free; dirty when she is married. She is too proud to allow a *monsieur*, on pretext that he adores her, begin by insulting her in showing her that he wants her, and end by insulting her in showing her that he has had enough of her. The excellent reasons that follow against the *discomforts* of a *liaison* are as witty as they are sensible. The scene of reconciliation is, for such delicate workmanship, somewhat spun out and puerile. But clever as these two *proverbs* are, they are in terrible contrast with classical work of the same kind. To reach Musset by this road is an achievement beyond the inferior talent of a Pailleron. Nevertheless, one must laugh aloud even in library stillness at the brilliant little piece, "Un Grand Enterrement." The wit has none of Musset's exquisite grace, charm, delicate brilliance, and social polish. But there is a good deal of fineness in its less suggestive satire, and the characters are in capital relief. Pégomas, through the undertaker's protection, is going to speak at the great man's funeral, and explains all the splendid things he intends to say at the grave.

"You knew him, then?" asks somebody. "Not the least in the world. I called at his office three times, and was shown the door. That I could not say, but the spontaneous and respectful homage of a heart overflowing with gratitude, a revelation of a charity all the more ignored as it never existed, in causing a delicious surprise, will honour his character as well as mine, and, besides, my name will appear in all the evening papers."

The scene is very Parisian, very modern and amusing in the fullest sense.

To say that we are not yet done with the literature of *Elle* and *Lui*, and that round the graves of those miserable, unfortunate lovers of Venice, the strident voice of scandal continues not to murmur, but to clamour, is a pronouncement of destiny against illustrious frailty more excessive than that even merited by such sins against taste and passion as those of George Sand and Alfred de Musset. Hardly a month ago we had M. Paul Marieton's *Histoire d'Amour*, the defence of Musset; to-day we

have *La Véritable Histoire d'Elle et Lui* by the Vicomte de Spoelbesch de Lovenjoul. It is sentence enough, one would think, to possess such a name; but the intrepid viscount adds to this misfortune the duty of defending at this late hour (and after the melancholy Sainte-Beuve-Sand correspondence!) great George, *le parfait honnête homme*, of these somewhat ghastly so-called romantic thirties! Oh, the ins and outs, the contradictions on both sides, the mountain of lies accumulated round that eternal correspondence of George and Alfred! The goings to and fro of friends, relatives, outsiders, and enemies to decide whether the love-letters of this unhappy pair shall be burnt, or delivered before witnesses into the hands of one or the other, or their representatives! Now it is George who copies out the mutual correspondence (worse than eating cold soup, surely), and offers it for the cool inspection of Sainte-Beuve. Then Alfred gets both series of letters, in two packets, tied with black ribbon and sealed alike. Being drunk, he cannot tell which is which, and calls in his attorney to decide. The attorney calls for George Sand's man of affairs. Neither possess the clue, the Immortal continuing half or whole seas over. Meanwhile he dies, with the momentous question still unsolved. Which is George, which is Alfred? Nobody knows. The packets are identical. Whose property they are remains a vexed question. One thing we may decide in this tale of lies, invectives, statements that can never tally, that the meanest of the squalid trio is Paul de Musset, and the honestest, the cleanest, and fairest, in spite of her lies and frailties, is undoubtedly the only honest one of the party—misguided, magnanimous George. With a little humour, and less tense a feeling of the historic value of her amatory correspondence, she might have been spared a considerable portion of this posthumous scandal. From the first she would have burnt Musset's worthless correspondence, and insisted on his burning hers, and thus escaped this tragically farcical prolongation of her "entrance into the poetry of the century" in company with her sorry Romeo, her melancholy representation in the century's psychology "as an example, unique and extraordinary, of what the romantic spirit can make of creatures become its prey." To live in obscurity may be a relative blessing; but no one, after this deluge of indiscretions enduring two-thirds of a century, and forming a colossal literature round two poor human beings, will be disposed to deny that it is an unquestionable blessing to love and part in obscurity.

H. L.

NEW BOOKS.

La Véritable Histoire d'Elle et Lui. Vicomte de Spoelbesch de Lovenjoul.

Hortense de Beauharnais. C. d'Arjuzon.

Les Matinales. Paul Reboux.

THE BOOK MARKET.

SOME CITY BOOKSHOPS.

THERE are less effectual ways of feeling the pulse of the reading public than to stroll through the streets with a weather-eye to the booksellers' windows. That theory, at all events, was strengthened by a journey made one afternoon this week from Liverpool-street to St. Martin's-le-Grand. The sky was clear, the air vernal, and the wish to be abroad was no doubt father to the thought just expressed. Still, a bookseller's window is not "a concatenation of fortuitous coincidences"; on the contrary, it is an appeal to the public eye dictated by interest and planned by knowledge. This was demonstrated in the very first window that came under notice—that of Mr. Stoneham's shop in Liverpool-street, immediately opposite the Great Eastern Hotel. Here a considerable section of window space had been set aside for Prayer-books and Bibles, a feature which clearly pointed to the Lenten season. This was, of course, compatible with the usual display of current and standard literature, and we noted that Liverpool-street bookbuyers are being angled for with *Ziska*, *Phroso*, *Trooper*, *Peter Halket*, *Mr. Magnus*, and Messrs. Chapman & Hall's new shilling edition of Dickens's complete works. But this was not all. It was clear that a sufficient number of strenuous young clerks, doubtless of both sexes, pass Mr. Stoneham's shop to make it worth while to keep a good stock of Nuttall's Dictionaries, Cassell's French and German Dictionaries, and other educational aid books.

Now in New Broad-street Mr. Stoneham dresses another shop in another fashion. The dictionaries vanish; the sixpenny novels also; and the display is some degrees more literary, and many degrees more stately. Here *Phroso* and *Ziska* reign, with *Hilda Strafford* quietly prominent; while the Chandos and Scott "libraries" make a brave and orderly show. The Liverpool Street Station sends out two great streams of foot passengers—one to the Bishopsgates, the other toward the Bank—and we fancy Mr. Stoneham has discerned differences in the two crowds and allowed for them. Moving West we do not move out of Mr. Stoneham's domain. His shop opposite the Stock Exchange cannot be ignored. Here is no Lenten literature; but room is found for nearly two dozen copies of *The Directory of Directories*, and several of a still bulkier work, *The Stock Exchange Year Book, 1897*. The shilling edition of *Made in Germany* is also suggestively to the front, as also a shilling pamphlet, born of the hour, called *Irish Finance, an Un-Royal Commission, and a Lady*, a name evidently distilled from a title more familiar. Here, too, *Phroso* offers healing to worried brains. But the colour note of all is the Corellian blue of *Ziska*. In all Mr. Stoneham's shops the appeal of the window is, if we may say so, to the hurried man of business, nowise to the careful book-taster or student. The book of the hour comes to the front because it is the book of the hour, and safe buying.

This is City-like. Yet the shop of Messrs. Jones & Evans, in Great Queen-street, is different. Here the book of the hour is not underlined. Often as not the best places are filled by good books published a season or more ago, and the latest work of a popular author is often less visible than his latest but one. Thus not *Margaret Ogile*, but *The Little Minister* represents Mr. Barrie; and works like *The Bondman*, *Rodney Stone*, the *Herb Moon*, and *Jude the Obscure* still display their frontispieces close to the window-pane. Here bookish books, too, find favour; belles-lettres; standard libraries like the "Peacock Library" of Messrs. Macmillan, and the "Temple Classics" of Messrs. Dent; and sumptuous and antiquarian books that are more commonly seen in the literary West than the commercial East. Messrs. Jones & Evans's is distinctly the shop for the City bibliophile.

Everyone knows how, as one passes westward into Cheapside, high finance and wholesale trade give place to roaring retail business. The labyrinths of streets to the right and left of Cheapside are populous of young employés and employées. Hence in his Cheapside shop Mr. Stoneham—for his territory is not yet traversed—has provided a window, gay, various, and appropriate. Here cycling maps and road books give colour. Humorous books and thrilling books, and books with frontispieces that rivet the eye, are the most honoured. And here, again, Lent receives its due. Can it be Lent that has dictated a lavish display of Mr. Coulson Kernahan's *God and the Ant*, and *The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil*? And it is pleasant to find the window peculiarly rich in editions of Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, Ainsworth, Lytton, and Dumas. Nevertheless, not here, nor elsewhere, is the reign of *Ziska* disputed. Such is the fact. Where Cheapside at last divides stands the Peel statue, and behind this and its attendant flower-girls Mr. Dunn's great bookshop—the largest probably in the City—spreads its title-pages to the willing eye. The windows stretch round into the cool and quiet of Paternoster-row. There is room for impartiality, and we find it. *Phroso* and *Ziska*, *Peter Halket* and *The Man of Straw*, and *Hilda Strafford* and Mr. Hichens's new novel, *Flames*, can be given the precedence due to their freshness, yet they do not knock too fiercely at the door which flew open to many a good book of older date. Mr. Dunn was, we believe, the first bookseller to bind large quantities of books in calf and half-calf as gift-books. These gift-books have been a speciality of the firm for many years, and the display they make in the Paternoster-row window of Mr. Dunn's Cheapside establishment is a fine one. Prayer-books and Church of England hymn-books have always been largely stocked here, a circumstance which is explained by the solemnizing nearness of St. Paul's. To continue—and to be negligent of appropriate sequence—Mr. Dunn shows a very large number of Messrs. Chatto & Windus's good old-fashioned two-shilling novels in the well-known pictured covers. Here Huck Finn holds up his dead rabbit; here the English tourist in *Prince Otto* gazes at the prostrate

Princess (in three colours); here Mark Twain's hero tenders his million-pound note. We have admired the pictures on these novels from childhood; and our wonder grows that they have been produced systematically by only one firm. By the way, Mr. Dunn's shop occupies the site of the house where Cowper's John Gilpin, whose real name was John Beyer, once dealt in linen.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"MR. HENLEY'S 'BURNS.'"

Crowborough, Sussex: March 8.

The very generous article which Mr. Francis Thompson has devoted to vol. iii. of *The Centenary Burns* appears to be written on the assumption that the book and the work are "Mr. Henley's." Permit me to say that any such assumption is absolutely baseless.

The plain truth is, indeed, that had Mr. Henderson's collaboration not been available I should never have undertaken the task of producing *The Centenary Burns*; and that there is not a sentence, not an opinion, not a conclusion in our part of *The Centenary Burns* for which Mr. Henderson is not jointly responsible with myself.

W. E. HENLEY.

THE DISCOUNT SYSTEM.

London: March 9.

Not the least interesting feature of the reformed ACADEMY to many of us is "The Book Market," and especially valuable to publishers are the reports of your correspondents. The art and mystery of selling books is never learnt, except behind the counter; and those of us who have not the advantage of meeting face to face those excellent people who spend their substance in bookshops must needs depend for our information as to the manners and customs, the needs and aversions, of the bookbuyer entirely upon such reports as you give us weekly under this head.

Holding these opinions, I shall not be inconsistent, although I may seem audacious, if I hint that the less editorial comment we get the less occasion there will be to find fault. In your issue of March 6, for instance, there is rather more comment than usual, and, consequently, rather more to find fault with.

Speaking of "The Discount System," you venture upon what I think is a very questionable statement. You say: "Unfortunately, there is no exaggerating the strength of the position held by discount; it is so strong that the proposal to abolish it is no longer mooted."

Now I think you will find, if you look more closely into the matter, that although there is less talk about "discount" than before, its foes are not fewer nor less active. Indeed, a silent revolution is taking place, and the "writing on the wall" may be seen by all who are not wilfully blind in such a chronicle as the monthly lists of new books. I refer, of course, to the steady progress of the "net" system. Look at the record for a busy month like December, and you will see that out of 536 books issued 111 of them are published at net prices. At Christmas, therefore, every fifth book asked for was a net book. I shall be told, no doubt, that I am wrong because comparatively few of the popular books (novels) are issued at net prices; but I reply that novels are ephemeral, and at the end of five years the proportion of net books in steady demand would be in a far greater proportion; for, speaking generally, it is the "discount" books that will die, not the "net" books. How many of the six-shilling novels now issued at

that absurd price for purposes of discount will live even six months? The public that buys books is growing too wise to pay even 4s. 6d. for two or three hundred pages of fiction.

When I ventured, two or three years ago, to predict the downfall of this rotten and ridiculous plan of advertising books at about one-third more than their value, many of my *confrères* regarded me as a too sanguine person; but I think that you will see reason ere long to modify considerably your opinions as to the "strength of the discount system," now that it has been proved that the public will have a good book if it is to be got, whatever the price may be. Those who have tried it will affirm that at all prices, from 31s. 6d. to 2s. 6d., you can sell net books in hundreds and thousands with only one reservation—they must be books that book-buyers want.

GEORGE REDWAY.

[When we wrote that the abolition of discount is no longer mooted, we were contrasting former proposals with the present official and, as we hope, practicable one of reducing three-pence to twopence. We think a third of a loaf is better than no bread; but we made our dislike of any discount plain. We should rejoice to believe that we had exaggerated the strength of the system as a whole.—ED. ACADEMY.]

A R T.

AT THE PAINTER-ETCHERS.

THE Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painter-etchers shows the continued vitality of the art of Etching in England; and though it contains nothing by Mr. Whistler, Mr. Raven Hill or Mr. Edgar Wilson (who, indeed, are not members of the Society), nor by Mr. Frank Short, (who is, and whose absence vexes me sincerely), the exhibition is in the main thoroughly representative. It has variety, and it has strength. The general level that is attained this year is distinctly a high one. There is, I hope, less than ever of purely popular work, of meretricious attractiveness—work as certain to be radically bad in the pictorial arts as it is in Literature: it appeals only to the outsider, the inexpert, the ill-informed, and the ill-organised; and with these no serious artist in any art need be concerned. If pure etching, the simple bitten line, is less exclusively relied upon than may have once been the case, that is no misfortune, and implies no decline in the merit of the exhibited work; for under the term of Painter-Etching every form of original engraving may take shelter—the line engraving of Mr. Sherborn, that recalls Aldegrevier, may lie down with the soft-ground of Mr. Oliver Hall, that recalls Cotman, with the aquatint of Mr. Urwick, say, which recalls Girtin, and with the mezzotint of the veteran President, Sir Seymour Haden, which, going exactly as far as it is safe to go, with the medium employed for this particular purpose, is wholly and delightfully original. Continuity of line—line always closely observed, yet very flexibly rendered—characterised the etched landscape of Sir Seymour, which the collector cherishes, and now in his later years the President has found in pure "scraping" the opportunity for conveying, none the less

certainly, a dignified conception, and realising a luminous effect.

To make the tour of the Gallery in regular order is to see first the etchings of Col. Goff—a charming and varied group, in which it is permissible to place first either “The Forge,” which has a delicate and homely charm, or the “Destruction of the Chain Pier,” which is most vigorous and legitimately telling, or even “Pine and Olive Trees, Monaco,” which has unquestionable grace. One of Mr. D. Y. Cameron’s prints has a needlessly abrupt, a far too arbitrary, contrast of shadow and light; but we can readily forgive Mr. Cameron that one mistake, so firm a draughtsman is he, so able to impress us with varied themes—now decorative book-plates, large and simple, now such a rendering of old Rouen houses as would have done no discredit to Méryon’s hand, and has something of his spirit. Perhaps Mr. Watson has not quite Col. Goff’s or Mr. Cameron’s variety; but as an architectural etcher he has always had firmness and knowledge, and now he gets into his work something of the engaging mystery, something of the artistic uncertainty and charming fancifulness which was to be desired, so that the work becomes, in a measure, creation as well as record. For a whole long generation, Mr. Legros has been practising, without compromise of any kind, his austere and dignified art. Charged it is sometimes, for all its austerity of line, with dramatic action, with human emotion, as in “Le Triomphe de la Mort.” Give me, for choice, however, the absolute restfulness, the delicate reticence, of “Le Pont du Moulin.” “L’Allegro” is a graceful, almost a luxurious, drypoint by Mr. A. W. Bayes: “Grief,” a majestic nudity by Mr. E. Slocombe. M. Helleu, though not at his best, is ever an engaging artist. Favourable words are spoken justly of several of the prints of Mr. Holmes May, Mr. Bryden, Mr. Charlton, Miss Bolingbroke, Mr. Charles Holroyd—admirably, indeed, does Mr. Holroyd assert the range and dignity of his art. But in this particular place there is but room enough, or time enough, to insist, ere I close, upon the quiet and sterling worth, the restful charm of Mr. Oliver Hall, who looks at Nature with the large style and with the traditions of our classics, and to make mention of the imaginative grasp and technical resource with which Mr. William Strang addresses himself to an interpretation of *The Ancient Mariner*—in itself the most imaginative thing in Nineteenth Century Literature.

F. W.

MUSIC.

“ALSO SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.”

SUCH is the title of Richard Strauss’ latest tone-poem, produced for the first time in England at the Crystal Palace last Saturday afternoon. According to Mr. C. A. Barry, the analyst, this extraordinary composition is as great a puzzle as the composer’s

“Eulenspiegel.” In the latter work, although it was not easy always to make out the particular merry prank which was being illustrated, the music was there to enjoy and, to a certain extent, to admire. In “Zarathustra,” on the other hand, the programme seems the chief thing, for music, in the proper sense of the term, is, for the most part, conspicuous by its absence. The section headed “Of Delights and Passions” is interesting; it contains characteristic thematic material worked up into a fine Wagnerian frenzy, quite suitable to the superscription. Then, again, the opening of the work, with its “Nature” *motif*, treated also in Wagnerian style, is impressive. But the rest seems a Babel of sounds with little sense.

A POEM of Friedrich Nietzsche, in which he expounds his peculiar philosophy, was the source whence Strauss sought inspiration. Nietzsche, like Plato, Shakespeare, Goethe, and other poet-philosophers, dreamt of a race of men nearer perfection than at present exists. According to Zarathustra—that is, Nietzsche himself—man finds no real consolation in religion, no real satisfaction in the pursuit of knowledge; force of will and love of earth will be the distinguishing features of the new man, or, in Goethean phraseology, the *Uebermensch*. For art purposes such a programme does not seem altogether unreasonable: a solemn, followed by a scientific, section, and then a kind of glorified ending after the manner of Liszt in some of his symphonic poems. Mr. Barry is right when he says that, in this composition, facts and events are subservient to feeling and emotion. Still, certain indications in the score show—as do the headings of many of the movements in Kuhnau’s “Bible” Sonatas—that the composer desired the thought which prompted the mood to be revealed. Berlioz, in the preface to the score of his “Symphonie Fantastique,” tells us that he considered his music quite capable of standing on its own merits, apart from the fantastic explanatory programme which he drew up. And there is much truth in his contention, except, perhaps, with regard to the highly realistic movement entitled *Marche au supplice*. Strauss’ work, however, so novel in form, so peculiar in conception and treatment, is certainly in need of a clue; and yet although a clue through the labyrinth of sounds is given, it only serves to show the hopelessness, the folly of much of the undertaking. The section typical of religion is dull, and the one relating to science is intensely ugly—still, the use of the Gregorian intonation of the “Credo” in the one, and of the fugue form in the other, convey a certain meaning. But what about such headings as “Of Back-Worlds-Men,” or “The Convalescent One”?

WAS Strauss really in earnest when he wrote this work, full of clever effects, yet also full of atrociously discordant sounds? Or was he showing the absurd results to which programme-music leads, if pushed to excess. I would like to think the latter was his object, yet I fancy that in such a

case he would have made his intention clear. Anyhow, he seems to me to have sounded a loud note of warning to himself and to all composers who are inclined to make music express what is actually beyond its powers. Strauss is an able musician, and if only he pursue a right course may rise to eminence. If Nietzsche’s philosophy attracts him, let him follow it, and seek to become an *Uebermensch*; but when he is engaged in his art let him cast that philosophy to the winds.

RELIGION, so far as I can understand Nietzsche, with the hopes which it engenders of a future and a nobler life, is but a mirage which deceives man and prevents him from realising all his latent powers; it is a mark of weakness, not strength. To discuss the validity of such opinion is not within my province. Yet I would call to mind three works, the evident outcome of religious feeling, which justly rank among the noblest treasures of art: Bach’s Mass in B minor, Mozart’s Requiem, and Wagner’s “Parsifal.” The materialistic philosophy of a Nietzsche may be capable of raising man to a higher stage of existence, but Christianity, even if only a dream, seems more congenial to musical art which, in its highest form, is by no means of the earth, earthy.

THE rendering of Strauss’ difficult work under the direction of Mr. Manns was not altogether without reproach, yet for a first performance deserves praise. The conductor opened the concert with a fine specimen of “back-world” music, namely, one of the six symphonies written by Haydn for the Loge Olympique, Paris. It may not display either the depth of thought or the sublimity of a Beethoven symphony, but its charm, brightness, and freedom from all feeling of effort served to intensify the ugliness, gloom, and labour of the modern work: the one refreshed, the other wearied. Between the two came Schumann’s piano-forte Concerto in A minor, interpreted by Mlle. Hona Eibenschutz. Her technique was excellent, but her reading of the work lacked dignity and repose.

UNTIL last Monday I had not had the opportunity of hearing the Bohemian String Quartet (MM. Hoffmann, Suk, Nedbal, and Wihan). Their third programme included Haydn’s Quartet in D minor, surnamed, probably from its opening theme, the “Quinten Quartett,” and Dvorák’s Quartet in A flat (Op. 105), two works in which the Bohemian element prevails, though in the case of the older master it is more under control. The admirable ensemble, finish, and spirit of the performances fully justified the enthusiastic reception given to the interpreters. Miss Fanny Davies joined them in Brahms’ magnificent pianoforte Quintet, and the warm and national influence of the Bohemians evidently inspired the lady, who was heard at her best. A fourth concert is announced for next Monday.

J. S. S.

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REVIEWS.

EPIC AND ROMANCE.

Epic and Romance. Essays on Mediæval Literature by W. P. Ker, Professor of English Literature in University College, London. (Macmillan & Co.)

WE have had from France for many years excellent criticism of mediæval literature; the honoured name of Gaston Paris (whose recent election to the Academy was but a fitting acknowledgment of long and fruitful work) will occur to everyone in this connexion, and there are younger scholars, MM. Bedier and Jeanroy, for instance, whose studies have been not only illuminative, but also good reading. In other countries something, too, has been done—Ten Brink has made a praiseworthy attempt to estimate the position of many Middle English writings. Criticism on a few mediæval authors, such as Dante, Villon, Joinville, has been ample in bulk, though not always so satisfactory in quality. But, in general, it may be fairly said that the great majority of literary mediævalists have had to work at the publication of MSS., to settle questions of language, to toil at glossaries and charters, in order to investigate, and even resuscitate, dialects and establish the correct texts of even the better known masterpieces that engage their energies and enthusiasms. The labours of two generations have resulted in a great mass of more or less satisfactory material: what must be done now is to criticise this from every point of view that is likely to give insight. Mediæval classics demand the treatment that has long been accorded to the classics of Greece and Rome, the same patient and trained consideration, the same æsthetic instinct, the same broad intelligence. No criticism can be other than imperfect that assumes to settle the Homeric problems without knowledge of the epical developments of other literatures: the early

phases of the Greek drama are curiously enough best illustrated by the chorus-plays of Mægala—to multiply instances were needless. The general history of literary developments in the West of Europe postulates the careful and delicate criticism of mediæval literature before it can pretend to explain the rise and progress of those modern forms in which thought and fantasy are enshrined for our own generation, as they were (with a difference, of course) for the generations of Shakespeare, of Pope, of Byron, and Scott, and Shelley. Marot and Spenser were not merely amusing themselves when they went back to Villon and Chaucer, as painters go back to the master-painters of the past, for encouragement and warning and suggestion; though the work of the Court psalmist and songster is a world apart from that of the vagabond and criminous clerk; and there is a deep gulf fixed between the Elizabethan Platonist and the Edwardian Epicurean—Italianate, indeed, both, but how opposed in style, in feeling, and in humour!

This book of Mr. Ker's is the forerunner, we would hope, of many good English books of criticism devoted to literature expressed neither in Latin nor Greek. The field is enormous, bovates unmeasured only waiting for the skilled husbandman. Englishmen have proved themselves shrewd, sober, and sagacious critics of the "tongues" and "humanities": they may do great things in this wider scope that is open to their efforts. And this performance of Mr. Ker is surely of good augury.

The purport of his book, then, is, briefly, this. After an introduction defining terms and range, and bringing out the peculiarities of the two tendencies, epic and romantic, in Teutonic literature, with much keen observation and much acute reflection, markedly free from exaggeration and prejudice, intent always upon the main themes, the author devotes his second chapter to the epic poetry of the Teutons, giving full and serious treatment to each phase and outcome of its spirit. Their oldest epics (*carmina antiqua quod unum apud illos memoria et annalium genus est*, according to a revered authority) are noticed, and their character, as it may be divined from the extant fragments and paraphrases, and from descendent poems, is aptly drawn. Next the English and German lays of the heroic cycles of Theodric and Beowulf, where it is noticed that there was a development going on which was turning the short episodic lays into regular epics "not by a process of agglutination," but by a change in spirit and imagination; the plan of the old story being kept in its simplest irreducible form, while the poet sought incessantly for

"the force and magnificence of a lofty and eloquent style. It was for the attainment of this pitch of style that the heroic poetry laboured in *Waldere* and *Beowulf* with at least enough success to make these poems distinct from the rest in this group."

The history of the Northern or Scandinavian epic is "the converse of the English development." It tends, with some exceptions,

"further and further away from the original common Teutonic type, from which all these

common forms and phrases have been derived that are found in the 'Poetic Edda,' as well as in *Beowulf* or the *Heliand*. . . . The rhetorical expansion of the older forms into an equable and deliberate narrative was counteracted by the still stronger affection for lyrical modes of speech, for impassioned, abrupt, and heightened utterance."

The infection of foreign models in one case, in the other the strengthening of the dramatic element in the old poetry (an element absent in England and Germany, save in a few surviving folk-forms), is clear, as Mr. Ker would admit; but he is concerned with tendencies and the underlying preferences that, under different vital conditions, were gradually making themselves felt, and he accurately describes these.

After a critical survey of the Scandinavian heroic lays, he concludes that they are neither of the *ballad* nor of the *conventional epic* class. They are not ballads, because their style is different—it is a style ambitious and capable of progress—not conventional epics, because they are essentially short, incapable of agglutination, artistically complete in themselves (whether they follow the older *episodic* type or the later *summarising* type); and also because of their strong dramatic and lyrical ethos.

"If ever epic poetry was made by a conglomeration of ballads, it must have had other kinds of material than this. . . . The need of a comprehensive epic of the Niblungs was not imperative. Neither was there any demand in Athens, in the times of Sophocles and Euripides, for a comprehensive work—a *Thebaid*, a Roman de Thèbes—to include the plots of all the tragedies of the house of Cadmus. It was not a poet, but a pure journeyman, who did this sort of work in the North; and it was not till the old school of poetry had passed away that the composite pure history of the Volsungs and Niblungs, of Sigmund and Sinfliotli, Sigurd, Brunhild, Gudrun and Atli, was put together out of the old poems. The old lays, Northern and Western, whatever their value, have all strong individual characters of their own, and do not easily submit to be regarded as merely the unused materials, waiting for an epic composer who never was born."

Here as regards the matter in hand one cannot but agree with Mr. Ker, and much that he says is worth the consideration of those who are concerned with the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. He is no less convincing when he touches on the "besetting temptations" of the heroic poets English and Scandinavian—the tendency to flat, didactic tameness in the former, the danger of over-emphasis and conceits in the latter.

"The triumphs of alliterative poetry in the first or English kind are the lay-swellings passages of tragic monologue, of which the greatest is in the Saxon *Genesis*—the speech of Satan after the fall from heaven. The best of the Northern poetry is all but lyrical: the poem of the Sibyl, the poems of Sigurd, Gudrun, Hervor. . . . Almost as if they (the Northern masters) had known the horror of infinite flatness that is all about the literature of the Middle Ages, as if there had fallen upon them, in that Aleian plain, the shadow of the enormous beast out of Aristotle's *Poetics*, they chose to renounce all superfluity, and throw away the makeshift wedges and supports by which an epic is held up. In this way they did great things, and *Voluspá* is their reward."

This is well said, and though some might prefer, as I do, the Helge lays and the old Atle lays to Voluspá, Mr. Ker's decision agrees with that of the best judge I have known.

The analyses of the various Northern treatments of the Sigurd and Atle cycle episodes are excellent and convincing. Their variations are clearly explained to be

"different presentations of the same subject not produced by accident or by casual and faulty repetition of a conventional type of poems, but by a poetical ambition for new forms. . . . As in the Athenian or English drama the story of *Œdipus* or of *Lear* might be taken up by one playwright after another, so in the North the Northern stories were made to pass through changes in the minds of different poets. . . . The relation of the *Atlamal* and *Atlakviða* is like the relation of *Euripides* to *Æschylus*. . . . The idylls of the heroines, *Brunhild*, *Gudrun*, *Oddrun* are not random and unskilled variations, they are considerate and studied poems expressing new conceptions and imaginations."

And this theme is carefully and ingeniously worked out.

In *Beowulf's* lay the *Grendel* and *Grendel's* Dam adventures interest Mr. Ker most, and he looks upon the Dragon part as rather

"that of a late school of heroic poetry attempting, and with some success, to extract the spirit of an older kind of poetry, and to represent in one scene an heroic ideal or example with emphasis and with concentration. . . . But, while the end of the poem may lose in some things by comparison with the stronger earlier parts, it is not so wholly lost in the charms of pathetic meditation as to forget the martial tone and the more resolute air altogether. . . . The virtues of *Beowulf* are not those of a fictitious paragon king, but of a man who would be missed in the day when the enemies of the Gauls should come upon them."

Whether one agrees with this estimate or not, it is worth thinking over.

The description of the *epic proper* is good and distinctly quotable:

"The epic keeps its hold on what went before and on what is to come. Its construction is solid, not flat. It is exposed to the attractions of all kinds of subordinate and partial literature—the fairy story, the conventional romance, the pathetic legend—and it escapes them all by taking them all up as moments, as episodes and points of view, governed by the conception or the comprehension of some of the possibilities of human character in a certain form of society. It does not impose any one view on the reader; it gives what it is the proper task of the higher kind of fiction to give—the play of life in different moods and under different aspects."

But the best part of this volume is, to my thinking, that on those wonderful prose epics the Icelandic Sagas:

"The life of an heroic age—that is, of an older stage of civilisation than the common European mediæval form—was interpreted and represented by the men of that age themselves with a clearness of understanding that appears to be quite unaffected by the common mediæval fallacies and 'idolisms.' This clear self-consciousness is the distinction of Icelandic civilisation and literature. It is not vanity or conceit. It does not make the Icelandic writers anxious about their own fame or merits. It is simply clear intelligence,

applied under a dry light to subjects that in themselves are primitive, such as never before or since have been represented in the same way. The life is their own life; the record is that of a dispassionate observer. . . . The conventional form of the Saga has more of the common mediæval restrictions of view. . . . The invention of the common form of the Saga is an achievement which deserves to be judged by the best in its kind. . . . In their temper, also, and in the quality of their heroic ideal, the Sagas are the inheritors of the older heroic poetry. . . . They are imaginative dealing in actions and characters; they are not ethical or sentimental treatises, or reviews of chivalry."

This is, surely, sound shrewd appreciation. Excellent, too, is the individual criticism of of the Sagas analysing the simple tragic and broadly comic elements they contain. *Laxdæla*, *Hrafnkels Saga*, *Bandamanna Saga*, *Sturlunga* are each discussed, and the contrast between Joinville and Sturla is brought out in a masterly and convincing way. Mr. Ker has felt the Herodotean charm of the Icelandic masters, and has understood and expressed the powerful and keen qualities of the prose instrument they devised and employed, anticipating many of the finest properties and possibilities of the modern novel.

The chapter on the old French epic has much new and good in it. The place of the *Chansons de Geste* among the other Teutonic forms of epic is exactly and ably indicated. Its "gas-engine" propulsion, *par une suite d'explosions successives, toujours arrêtées court et toujours reprenant avec soudaineté* (as M. Gaston Paris puts it), its narrative neither stunted nor laboured, though continually broken, its massive diffusiveness, its style not *prismatic* but *diaphanous*, its contracted acquiescence in simple formulas, its too frequent inability to grapple really effectively with its story, its capacity of representing "strenuous and unruled life in a comprehensive and liberal narrative, noble in spirit and not much hampered by conventional nobility or dignity," its clumsy comedy, its long struggle with the invading romantic element, and final complete overthrow are all aptly noticed. With Mr. Ker's judgment on *Roland*, *Garin*, *Raoul of Cambrai* and *Huon* most students of these poems will heartily agree. Perhaps he is a little too stern towards the Orange cycle, whose glorious episodes atone for the wearisome super-plenitude of hapless Moors, and the stupid brutalities of *Rainoart au tinel*.

In his final section on the old romantic schools of France there is much fine and careful criticism, many enlightening remarks. It is not with the romantic spirit and its best manifestations that he is so greatly concerned as with the mass of the romantic output. He is considering less the sublimities of the *Grael* and the *Lancelot* prose than the elegant, fluent sentimentalities of *Benoit* and *Chrestien*, or the quaint pseudo-classicism—as, for example, the corrupt following of *Ovid* (which was through the *Vetula* to end later in such splendid results as *Celestina*). He is not tracing the influences of the Celtic magic, but rather the working of the classic leaven, the fermenting orts of the Greeks' and Romans' confection.

The book ends with an admirable exposition of the position and achievement of Chaucer—

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"is the poem in which mediæval romance passes out of itself into the form of the modern novel. . . . Instead of leaving it a romance, graceful and superficial as it is in Boccaccio, he deepened it, and filled with such dramatic imagination and such variety of life as had never been attained before his time by any romancer, and the result is a piece of work that leaves all romantic conventions behind."

Personally, I think Mr. Ker rather overrates Chaucer; but it is a pleasure to find the case for him put so wisely and well as he has put it here.

After reading the charming versions of the appendix, one puts down the book with a hope that another volume of studies by the same hand may follow before very long. Above all, one would wish Mr. Ker to undertake the historic and æsthetic criticism of the Arthurian cycle, for the "matter of Britain" is of supreme importance in mediæval letters. One would like to hear what he has to say on *Rutebeuf*, on *Villon*, on *Long William*, on *Walther*, on *Henryson*. He must not try and escape the "burden of Dante." There is plenty of work for an earnest and capable student, endowed with the love of his subject and that balanced judgment and self-control that mark the true critic.

I have said my say, and while I have tried to let the book speak for itself, I hope I have answered the author's kindly request for my opinion. I can only deplore that my master and fellow in those Northern studies which Mr. Ker has so warmly and judiciously advocated may never behold a book in which he would, I am sure, have taken unmixed delight.

F. YORK POWELL.

THE OLD GRAMMAR SCHOOLS.

English Schools at the Reformation. By A. F. Leach. (A. Constable & Co.)

It is not too much to say that this is the most important contribution to the history of English education below the universities that has yet appeared. Students of the subject have for some time past entertained grave and growing doubts with respect to the validity of the position claimed for Edward VI. and the Reforming party as the patrons and promoters of higher education. It has been left to Mr. Leach to vindicate these doubts, and to demonstrate

that the fabric of this claim is based upon a vision. His book will clear away once for all any misconception that may still exist upon the subject—at any rate, so far as historical scholars are concerned; but popular delusions die hard, and that the commonly accepted view which he has clearly proved to be erroneous will be discarded forthwith by the multitude is too much to hope for. Still, the fable has received its death-blow, and its decease is but a matter of time.

Mr. Leach's book is not written to assert an iconoclastic theory or a startling paradox. His conclusions are founded on the contemporary records, and his authorities are placed before his readers in full. Every statement made in the first part of his volume may be checked and verified by reference to the second portion. "Edward VI.: Spoiler of Schools," is a trumpet-blast that will startle the smug complacency of many a good Protestant clergyman in his country parsonage: yet, if such a one can still hug his *gratissimus error* after reading the evidence set forth, he must, indeed, be of a stiff-necked generation. "With Edward VI. personally, of course," says the author, "we are not concerned, the expression 'Edward VI.' is only a short form for the predominant protector of the moment." The number of grammar schools (and the term includes Winchester and Eton) in 1535 is estimated at over 300; and they performed the same functions as those schools which prepare boys for the universities at the present day. Besides these, there were chorister or song schools, and elementary schools; a complete system, in fact, of primary and secondary education. The grammar schools were, as a rule, departments of cathedral churches, monasteries, collegiate churches, colleges, hospitals, chantries, or gilds, while some were, like St. Paul's School, independent foundations. All but the last class would necessarily be affected by any legislation that dealt generally with religious and semi-religious institutions; and the Act of 37 Henry VIII., which dissolved the greater monasteries, including as it did colleges, hospitals, and other ecclesiastical establishments, swept away a large number of schools. The survivors were left as victims for the Chantries Act of Edward VI. Although the King states in his Journal (*Literary Remains of Edward VI.*, p. 414) that the sale of the possessions of the chantries, colleges, and free chapels was "for the payment of my dettes," it was intended that the grammar schools should be endowed with a portion of the landed estate, or of the proceeds of the sale, and a temporary provision in the shape of fixed payments was directed to be made pending the issue of a "further order" which was to carry out the endowment scheme: but owing to the disorders of the time, and the financial embarrassments of the government, that "further order" never came. In response to the dissatisfaction which was strongly expressed at the making away with the schools and "the devilish drowning of youth in ignorance," a few schools were refounded by Letters Patent, and a portion of the ecclesi-

astical estates restored to them or other lands given in their place. But the great majority had to remain content with the fixed stipend, which, though fairly adequate in some instances for the time being, became, through the diminution in the purchasing power of money, steadily less so, and eventually too infinitesimal to be of any value for the purpose intended. The result in a great number of cases, where no future benefactors came forward, was the extinction of many of these schools, and those that did survive were sadly crippled in their usefulness. On the other hand, those to which endowments in land had been re-granted, came in for all the advantages of the "unearned increment," and

"by their wealth and by their good works we can measure the loss sustained by their contemporaries and compeers, who were restricted to a fixed sum that has long since shrunk to a miserable pittance."

With the grammar schools went the song schools and the elementary schools, and the blow inflicted on musical education by the disappearance of the former is dwelt upon with some pardonable bitterness. That England was, relatively to the conditions, far better provided with secondary schools than it has ever been since was more than suspected by those who have investigated the subject of mediæval education, and Mr. Leach shows that this was so. His figures work out for the country at large as one grammar school among every 8,300 of the population, instead of one for every 23,000 as appears from the Schools Inquiry Commission's Report to have been the case in 1865. In some counties the proportion is even higher: as in Herefordshire, which had 13 among 60,000, and Essex, which had 16 among 22,000. The attendance also was large: "wherever numbers are mentioned they are surprising for their magnitude." The standard of the teaching, too, in Latin at least, obviously could not have been low. As regards the class that frequented the grammar schools in town or country, it was "the younger sons of the nobility and farmers, the lesser land-holders, the prosperous tradesmen." Touching the moot point of the meaning of the phrase "free school," Mr. Leach rules in favour of Dr. Johnson's guess, but supports his ruling with facts and arguments which seem to place the question beyond further controversy: so that after all a free school meant "a school in which, because of the endowment, all, or some of the scholars, the poor or the inhabitants of the place, or a certain number, were freed from fees for teaching." Finally, to sum up,

"as for poor Edward VI., meaning thereby the ruling councillors of his day, he cannot any longer be called the founder of our national system of secondary education. But he, or they, can at least claim the distinction of having had a unique opportunity of re-organising the whole educational system of a nation from top to bottom, without cost to the nation, and of having thrown it away."

We have noticed one slip: "head master" for "high master" of St. Paul's School on p. 57, though the latter is rightly put on p. 90.

A SPECULATIVE GEOLOGIST.

Autobiographical Sketch of James Croll, LL.D., F.R.S., &c., with Memoir of his Life and Work. By James Campbell Irons, M.A. (Edward Stanford.)

NATURE gave James Croll a purely philosophical mind, and it was in the application of this gift to geological and cosmical speculation that he achieved success. He drifted into geology, but his eye often looked beyond the circumstances in which the necessity for existence had placed him, to the airy region of metaphysics, where stones and strata give place to ideals, and the entire universe is reduced to a process of determinations.

"There were," he wrote in his autobiography, "two important and, to most people, interesting sciences for which I had no relish, namely, chemistry and geology, more particularly the latter. . . . In truth, it was more by accident than by choice that I became a geologist."

It was only after spending a precarious life as millwright, joiner, tea-dealer, temperance hotel-keeper, insurance agent, and janitor of Anderson's College and Museum, Glasgow, that, at the age of forty-six, he was given a post of comparative comfort on the staff of the Geological Survey of Scotland, his duty being to act as secretary and accountant of the Survey at Edinburgh. This was in 1867, but before that time he was known in the scientific world as an original speculator on perplexing problems in physics and geology.

The paper which laid the foundation of Croll's scientific reputation was on the causes of the changes of climate during the glacial epoch. It is very well known that over a large part of this country, North America, and the Continent, evidences of ice-action are found in the form of grooves and deep scratches on smoothed rocks, boulders which must have been conveyed far from their original homes, and rounded blocks. These features have long been regarded as witnesses to the former existence of abundant ice and glaciers in regions which now enjoy temperate climates. Various theories have been propounded to account for the change of climatic conditions which must have occurred, but none have been so widely accepted as that worked out by Croll. Starting with certain astronomical facts as to the change of form of the earth's path around the sun, and of the direction of the earth's axis, when long periods are considered, he arrived at the conclusion that the length of winter varies regularly in consonance with these cosmical mutations. At present the winters are eight days longer than the summers, but the excess may be as much as thirty-six days, in which case the summer's sun would be unable to melt all the winter's frozen mantle, and the accumulation of ice and snow thus brought about would eventually produce an Arctic climate in temperate latitudes. With a view to determine when the conditions capable of producing this result had occurred in the past and would recur in the future, Croll calculated the form of the earth's orbit for three million years back

and one million years onward. As a result of his computations, he assigned the commencement of the last glacial epoch to a date 240,000 years ago, and regarded it as ending 80,000 years before the present time. For a generation this astronomical explanation of cold periods in the earth's history dominated geological thought, but opinion has lately gone against it.

Philosophy was Croll's first and last love; his first work was on the "Philosophy of Theism," and when old age was creeping upon him, he renewed his metaphysical studies, and reverted to the consideration of such subjects as force, matter, determinism, causation, evolution, &c., his thoughts upon them being afterwards formulated in *The Philosophical Basis of Evolution*, published shortly before his death. In this work, Croll contended that evolutionary processes betokened intelligent purpose, and that the course of nature must be under the direction of a Supreme Will.

Croll's life was not without its interesting incidents. Before his appointment upon the Scottish Geological Survey could be secured, the Civil Service Commissioners expected him to pass an elementary entrance examination, but he was plucked in arithmetic and English composition. Those who have likewise failed will cherish the remembrance of this defeat of genius. Notwithstanding the failure he obtained the appointment; for, upon the recommendation of Lord Kelvin,

"the Civil Service Commissioners, with a wisely liberal relaxation of their rules, accepted his great calculations regarding the eccentricity of the earth's orbit and the precession of the equinoxes during the last 10,000,000 years as sufficient evidence of his arithmetical capacity, his book on the Philosophy of Theism and numerous papers published in scientific journals as proof of his ability to write good English."

Croll was of a very retiring nature. Though he contributed as many as ninety-two papers to scientific literature, as well as many sporadic letters, he was only personally known to a small circle of friends. Even when the British Association met in Edinburgh in 1871, he did not attend any of the meetings, notwithstanding that he was then official representative of the Geological Survey Office in that city.

Many other points referring to Croll's scientific work and his characteristics could be mentioned, but enough has perhaps been said to exhibit the broad features of both. If we add to the geological dissertations already mentioned his book on stellar evolution and his papers on ocean currents, which he maintained were produced by the prevailing winds of the globe, we have a group containing his most weighty contributions to science. What stands out more clearly than anything else in his life and letters is the philosophic bent of his mind; his heart was never wholly given to geology, and he was glad when his retirement from the Geological Survey enabled him to go back to abstractions.

Mr. Irons is a deep admirer of Croll, and the trouble he has taken to build up a tribute to his friend's memory deserves a measure of praise. But for all that, we think he has not exercised sufficient dis-

crimination, and he seems to have included material simply because it was available. Another defect is the large amount of duplicated matter, practically all the biographical account being a repetition of the autobiography, or of statements found elsewhere in the volume.

A SUNNY BOOK.

On the Trail of Don Quixote. By August F. Jaccaci. Illustrated by Daniel Vierge. (Lawrence & Bullen.)

THE author and the artist who have made this book were to have journeyed together through La Mancha. This proving impracticable they went separately in the same year, Mr. Jaccaci following his friend, and using his drawings as an itinerary. The result is a delightful book, full of sunshine and silence; full, too, of glimpses of the gaunt Knight, to whom La Mancha has paid the homage of changing as little as possible, since his shadow quitted her plains. Most of M. Vierge's illustrations might be illustrations to the story told by Cervantes. Here are the dry, stony plains, the white-walled villages, the trains of muleteers, the surly goatherds, the inns filling and emptying with brown-skinned carriers and labourers, the crazy windmills dotting the distant slopes, the dust-raising flocks of sheep, and the freakish sunshine working its will on all. Perhaps nothing in Mr. Jaccaci's notes so connects the La Mancha of Don Quixote with the hardly less remote La Mancha of to-day as this alternation of sunshine and gloom. How many a page of Quixote's adventures comes back as we read:

"Decrepit buildings, half-ruined villages, ragged mendicants, have their daily hour of unrivalled splendour. Dilapidated objects and commonplace scenes touched by the sun of the south are turned by this incomparable magician into visions of loveliness. In the course of the day the glorious light dwells on each detail of the landscape, in turn giving it inexpressible charm and beauty, and leaving it a dull corpse whose life has departed."

We now understand how that wizard sun helped the Knight's madness. It was in the horizontal rays of the early morning, on the plain of Monteil, that he saw the windmills as giants; but says Mr. Jaccaci:

"Poor Quixote does not seem so mad after all when one first sees the row of mills [on the Campo de Crigitano] set irregularly on the crest of a hill, and looking like nothing one has ever seen, more like a collection of queer primitive toys stuck there by the weird caprice of a lunatic. As one approaches and views them one by one, those clumsy-looking affairs, propped up like very aged persons, are thoroughly fantastic. No wonder the worthy knight mistook them for giants."

In this paralytic land much chatter runs on the Knight, and the villagers quarrel to decide where Cervantes, or his hero, was born, or what Quixote did here, or what was done to him there. But their knowledge of the matter is small. This is how a lazy fellow, a connoisseur of bull-fighting, and a

loafer in the little inn at Argamasilla, delivered himself on the Book:

"Yes, Señor, Don Quixote was a funny chap. It's a great book though, and known to the whole world, even to the heathen and to the English, and the others. I read it, and found it droll reading, but the best of it I did not get. There is much in it for persons of learning. They all say who know that the science of the world is there, and that when you understand it you can get as rich as you want. But I am ignorant, and was only amused. Don Quixote was a very ridiculous fellow, surely! Think of his taking those wenches at the Venta for castle maidens! Jesu, what an ass he was! And Sancho, you say? Well, he is like you and me, he wants to eat and sleep and get along with everybody in a nice way. But, then, I don't know the book. There is something in it I can't get hold of, which makes priests and the like read it over and over. Don Federigo, a lawyer, who lives now in Madrid, says there is not another book like it, so full of politics and everything."

That is good. Mr. Jaccaci is to be thanked not only for a charming commentary on Don Quixote, but for having induced the greatest living master of pen and ink drawing to do for La Mancha and Quixote what he—a Spaniard—could alone have done. M. Vierge's drawings number nearly one hundred and fifty. Many of his subjects are so slight and commonplace that an inferior artist would have scorned them. Here they live and speak and allure.

"MAKE AND SHAPE."

The Points of the Horse. By Captain M. Horace Hayes. Second Edition. Illustrated. (W. Thacker & Co.)

It is safe to assert that no man in England knows more about the horse as a species than Captain Hayes does. He has spent many years in travelling the world over, teaching the secrets of training and breaking; and in course of his career must have handled examples of the majority of breeds known to man. It was this very breadth of knowledge which, in the eyes of English readers, impaired the utility of the first edition of this book; for it is certain that therein he accorded English breeds of horses no greater share of attention than others, and notably passed over the hunter classes with a lightness that amounted to heresy. Two years' residence in the shires has opened his eyes to this defect and its gravity; hence the new edition making amends for the sins of omission in the first.

The book now is one deserving of high praise. Captain Hayes is an acknowledged authority on horse flesh; but it is not every master who is at such pains to teach well what he knows himself. Every page bears indication of care and patience in collecting and preparing a vast mass of detail. The illustrations form a great feature of the work, and these betray an amount of inquiry and research which speaks eloquently for the thoroughness of the author's method. He has made it his object to secure photographs which shall show in greater or less degree every good point and every bad one that should be sought or shunned in the

conformation of the horse; a task which involved, he tells us, inspection of about ten thousand animals. We fully appreciate the difficulty of grouping some 400 illustrations, to very many of which frequent reference is required throughout the work, and therefore, we are disinclined to be critical; but we think that in arranging the plates the educational value of contrast has been somewhat overlooked. For example, we find facing p. 210 five photographs of legs showing large bone below the hock; facing p. 212 are photographs showing light bone: it would have been an improvement to transpose a couple of the figures for greater facility of comparison. Captain Hayes is well up to date in those sections relating to English breeds; but is he quite right in referring to extravagant action as being "greatly prized among fashionable harness horses"? We are inclined to think that fashion has condemned as the monstrosity it is, the showy equine absurdity which raised its knee to its bit and put down the foot about one-fifth of a natural stride from the spot whence it was lifted. Hyde Park on a fine June day is the best field for observing the fashion in carriage horses; and we are decidedly of opinion that the horse which throws out his legs and covers the ground has been more in evidence during the last few seasons than the "high stepper" which uses his forelegs like a pavior's rammer. We are glad to find confirmed by so good an authority the belief we have long held, that fast galloping across ridge and furrow is probably more trying than the jumping to the shoulders of the hunter. The repeated jar the rider feels when crossing such land proves the severity of the strain on the forehead.

SOME THEOLOGICAL BOOKS.

The Spirit on the Waters: the Evolution of the Divine from the Human. By Dr. Edwin A. Abbott. (Macmillan & Co.)

WHETHER or not one accepts all Dr. Abbott's conclusions — his version of the doctrine of the Trinity, of the Divine Sonship of Jesus, of the theology of St. Paul — it will not be possible to deny that he has made an interesting book. He writes temperately, sanely, and with evident conviction and sincerity; and the product of his labours may bear comfort and encouragement to many who, imbued with the sentiment of Christianity, are troubled by the results of criticism applied to its authentic documents and the past history of the Church. There is a wise saying, with which Dr. Abbott is familiar, as to the imprudence of putting unfermented wine into old skins; and it occurs to us that, in his attempt to express in the language of Christian theology his views as to the mystic truths of the spiritual life, the author has run a danger which he might have avoided. Ink would fail us to enumerate the heresies into which, in his attempt to rationalise Christian dogmas, Dr. Abbott technically falls; and if he has managed to preserve the terms, he has succeeded, in some instances, at the expense alike of the words themselves, which he has

wrested from their integrity, and of the lucidity which is so invaluable in a treatise intended for popular use. But it shall not be gainsaid, the book makes for righteousness.

Footprints of the Apostles as Traced by St. Luke in the Acts. By Herbert Mortimer Luckock, D.D. In 2 vols. (Longmans.)

IN these volumes the Dean of Lichfield pursues the narrative of the early days of the Christian Church, which he began under the title *Footprints of the Son of Man*. The book does not appeal to so wide a circle of readers as does, for instance, Dean Farrar's treatment of the same subject. The Protestant Dissenter, who gives the latter work a place of honour on his shelves, would reject Dr. Luckock's book, for he insists upon the Divine constitution of the episcopate. Even the Low Churchman must avoid the Dean's exposition of the Acts, for it is full of a kind of Popery, in respect of the sacramental system; and a Catholic must similarly keep clear of it, if for no other reason, because the writer ignores the supremacy of Peter, and because on the subject of grace his ideas are hard to reconcile with the teaching of the schools. There remains that section of the Church of England of which Dean Luckock is a distinguished ornament. For the clergy of that school of thought which has grown out of the Oxford Movement these volumes provide a singularly helpful magazine of Scriptural defences, and they will besides serve singularly to lighten the task of adapting to the popular understanding the comments requisite for the elucidation of the historical narrative.

The Influence of the Scottish Church in Christendom: Baird Lecture for 1895. By Henry Cowan, D.D. (A. & C. Black.)

DR. COWAN uses the term Scottish Church in the widest sense, so as to include not only the post-Reformation Kirk by law established, but the Catholic Church of the Middle Ages, and it would seem also the Protestant Episcopal communion existing, from the sixteenth century downwards, side by side with the first-named. These six lectures, therefore, cover a very wide field, and the breadth of their survey gives them an interest more than provincial. Yet not the least important lecture of the series is the last, upon the influence of the Scottish Church in the promotion of political liberty and spiritual independence. None of the Protestant Churches has so constantly maintained the principle of national responsibility for the provision of religious ordinances, and, at the same time, has so strenuously opposed every encroachment from the side of the secular power upon the doctrines of spiritual autonomy.

Village Sermons. By the late E. J. A. Hort, D.D. (Macmillan.)

OF a very different type are the two-dozen sermons which a well-advised filial piety has prompted Mr. A. F. Hort to arrange for publication. They are simple with the simplicity that waits upon consummate scholarship, fervent with the chastened

ardour of a cultivated man, sonorous and dignified with a style formed upon the music of the English Bible and the gravest writers of the National Church. There is nothing of Carlyle, Emerson, and Stevenson in them (we believe these were the three writers prescribed by a correspondent in a contemporary as the proper sources of inspiration for a curate who would be on a level with the times), but there is a great deal of Isaiah, Paul, and John. Twelve of the discourses are rather of the nature of lectures upon the books of the Bible. They are distinguished at once by tact and by sincerity; a child could understand them, and a scholar could hear them pleasantly and with profit.

The Hope of Israel. By the Rev. F. H. Woods. (T. & T. Clark.)

UNDER this title, Mr. Woods reprints the lectures lately delivered by him in Lincoln's Inn Chapel on the foundation of Bishop Warburton. Important from their intrinsic merit, they are doubly so as marking this vast change which has recently come over the Protestant Churches with regard to the interpretation of the Bible. The intention of the pious founder was, as Mr. Woods reminds us, "to strengthen that branch of Christian evidences which rests upon the fulfilment of prophecy." Yet his latest lecturer finds himself compelled to declare that "even religious men are seriously asking whether the prophets had any real predictive power at all" — a question which he himself answers by supposing that they were gifted with

"a strong creative imagination. . . . The announcement of God's judgments and goodness directed their minds to the future in which God's way would be justified. This, combined with natural clear-sightedness, produced those often vivid pictures of the future, which, though not fulfilled in all the details which their vivid imagination painted, nor quite as they themselves seem to have expected, were yet fulfilled in their main features, and point to a very remarkable, if we ought not to say supernatural, power of foresight, such a foresight as to justify their own claim to inspiration."

In elaboration of this, he points out that "the prophets were mistaken in all of what we may call the outward aspects of the Messianic hope," that "it would be an anachronism to say that the prophets predict an incarnate God," and that the beautiful figure of the "Man of Sorrows" in Isaiah liii. typifies only the Jewish nation. The apparent acceptance in the New Testament of the Davidic authorship of the (Maccabæan) Psalm cx., he gets over by assuming that "our Lord's knowledge on these points was really limited by the time in which He lived." On the other hand, he claims that "there is hardly a single element of the religious and spiritual side of Jewish prophecy which has not been partially fulfilled in Christian history." Everyone anxious to discover an intelligent reconciliation on such points between religion and science should read this book. To the profane critic the question "What would Bishop Warburton have thought of it?" will probably suggest itself.

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

The Land o' Cakes and Brither Scots. By T. B. Johnstone. (Alexander Gardner.)

SCOTSMEN who have lived in lands other than their own are in many cases excellent men; but when they take public speech "by the haun," or the pen of a ready writer, stay-at-home Scotsmen are apt to be a trial. They are convinced that in all respects, bodily, mental, and moral, theirs is a race which is superior to all other races; and they do not hesitate about saying so. Mr. T. B. Johnstone's work is like all the others of its large class. It is a monument of conceit and immodesty. Here, once more, we have familiar inquiry into "the characteristics of Scotsmen" and "the causes of Scottish characteristics," together with the usual tedious self-glorification. From the schoolmaster's point of view the book is written well; the chapters are fillets of history, creditably cooked; but, none the less, the performance will make any travelled Scot who reads it blush with vicarious shame. Sir Walter did not write as the modern Northmen do. He saw worth in Englishmen, in Flemings, and even in Muslims, and in his writings he did not withhold his appreciations. Respectfully calling to this fact the attention of the modern Scots, we assure them, in the friendliest spirit, that the less they write about their "characteristics" the more the characteristics will be perceived by Englishmen, and the better liked.

Golf in Theory and Practice. By H. S. C. Everard. (George Bell & Sons.)

THE new book on golf is not without faults. There is fearsome bombast in it. The iron clubs of bygone ages, we are told, "appear, from their enormous weight, to be better adapted to the sport of hammer-throwing than to the usual circumstances necessitating their use." Again:

"preservative against wet is a coating of dissolved gutta-percha; a few parings of balls may be put into a small stoppered phial and covered with bi-sulphide of carbon; but the learner should flee from the haunts of men, for the smell is as the quintessence of a thousand sewers, and to remain in the company of fellow-mortals with an unstoppered bottle is to court the malison of one's closest friend."

Likewise: "Knocking two strokes into one, you will have taken the bread out of your enemy's mouth, and the only cereal he will taste for the nonce will be the bread of affliction." If they judged by those citations only, our readers would conclude that Mr. Everard was a dull man striving to be bright. We make haste to say, therefore, that his lapses into vulgarity of style are very few. His book, on the whole, is quite admirable. His knowledge of golf and golfers is exceedingly minute and intelligent, and his gift of exposition is extraordinary. We should say that there is scarce a good golfer who will not become a better from studying the work.

Sophocles: the Seven Plays in English Verse.

By Lewis Campbell, M.A. (Murray.)

MR. CAMPBELL, the accomplished Greek professor at St. Andrews, publishes a new edition of his Sophocles in English verse. We are of those who vastly prefer prose translations of poetry to verse translations, except when a Shelley, or Fitzgerald, or Rossetti is the translator; and Mr. Campbell, though no mean master of poetic phrase and rhythm, is not a poet. His versions of Æschylus and Sophocles are obviously excellent in scholarship, but as poems they are decent, uninspiring, mildly interesting. No doubt, much may be said in favour of such translations, for those whose classical scholarship is either in its infancy or its decay: it stimulates or reminds such scholars to meet with the ancient tragedies upon a side purely artistic and imaginative, to recognise or to remember that, after all, the art and imagination are the things of immortal moment. But readers wholly innocent of classical learning, to whom Greek is an absolutely unknown tongue and the genius or spirit of Greece a mystery, will not profit by such means. For the secret of Sophocles, to take but him, lies in his language, inextricably interwoven with it: the English verse can give the general meaning and drift of his sentences, but not the subtlety of his magic, the elusive delicacy of his style, the artful grace of his ways. He sinks, in another language, from himself into a sort of Attic Racine—fine, indeed, yet frigid, shorn of his mellow glory. Most versions of classical poetry read like modern imitations of the originals: the vital spirit has left them, and we are conscious of a certain depressing deadness. As a death-mask, rigid and frozen, to the living features with their mobile play and animation, so are translations of ancient poetry to that poetry itself. It is not true that the language of literature is an accident, not an essential: it is not true that Dante is Dante in German, that Milton is Milton in French. As well might we transpose and transform the materials of painter and sculptor and think to lose nothing. "A very pretty poem, but you must not call it Homer," is a saying of universal application. Mr. Campbell's poetic translations have their merits, conspicuous and plentiful, but they are not Sophocles, not Æschylus; no, not even adumbrations of them. In the new preface the date of Mr. Matthew Arnold's death is misprinted 1883 for 1888.

A Midsummer Night's Dream. Edited by E. K. Chambers. (Blackie & Son.)

MR. E. K. CHAMBERS is assuredly among the foremost of our younger critical scholars, and has already done a goodly deal of excellent editing. To a great and patient erudition, especially in the literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, he unites a fine literary sense, a fresh and frank enjoyment of good art, which preserve him from any approach to dull or eccentric pedantry, to prosaic theorising. Much knowledge often seems to atrophy the sense of humour, to deaden the power of recog-

nising the impossible or the absurd: witness how many a German upon Homer and Shakespeare! But Mr. Chambers will never lose either his common sense or his good taste, and any book of his editing is sure to be edited worthily. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, recently published in the "Warwick Shakespeare" series, is no exception. It is wonderfully rich in illustrative matter, and no aspect or interest of the play is neglected. Perhaps the most valuable piece of work is the essay upon *The Fairy World*, as variously conceived or treated by Shakespeare's age; it is a fascinating theme, of which the investigation is rendered fruitful in the extreme, through the great progress of folklore in recent times. Not that the writer in any degree swamps poetry with anthropology, but there is just enough of sound science to stimulate a student and suggest thought. In his treatment of chronological and historical questions Mr. Chambers is modestly convincing and delightfully sane: two rare praises for Shakespearian scholars. In brief, here is an edition to be unreservedly commended.

The Sources of Spenser's Classical Mythology. By Alice Elizabeth Sawtelle, Ph.D. (Yale.) (Boston: Silver, Burdett, & Co.)

ANY work of literary scholarship with the imprimatur of Prof. Albert S. Cook, of Yale University, is likely to be meritorious, and Miss Sawtelle's little Spenserian "classical dictionary" is painstaking and useful. Perhaps it does not altogether make sufficient allowance for Spenser's debt to the Italians, and credits him too uniformly with a classical knowledge at first hand; but it certainly emphasises with great effect the undoubted fact of his studies, both wide and deep, in antiquity. Miss Sawtelle's work won her a doctorate in the English department of Yale, and she has well deserved it.

All-Fellows: Seven Legends of Lower Redemption, with Insets in Verse. By Laurence Housman. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

A KIND of fantastic Franciscanism, sometimes more bizarre than beautiful, yet always with elements of beauty—that is what Mr. Laurence Housman gives us here. Fellowship with piteous creatures, "lower" natures, outcasts and waifs, the orphans and starvelings of life, is here commended to us through parabolic legends, mystical folklore, little tales wrought gently and delicately in cunning words. Between them come snatches of verse, which seem at once aloof from the tales, yet subtly relevant to them, and illustrations, which are in Mr. Housman's happiest manner of design. It is a difficult, a perilous form of literary art that he practises: the excellently quaint is so near to the foolishly uncouth, the sensitive to the sentimental, and a forcing of the note would ruin all. But here there is none of this, only a very singular and choice success: it is a book of most pleasant beauty, and will find response to its appeal. Some of its touching tales are in the spirit of Arnold's "Saint Brandan" and "Neckan":

"O ruth of God," the priest cried out,
'This lost sea-creature saved!'

and the Neckan's sigh :

"The earth hath kindness
The sea, the starry poles;
Earth, sea, and sky, and God above—
But, ah, not human souls!"

And in such things there is more than a graceful, pathetic fancy: there is a very sound strain of theology. Mr. Housman's "Legends of Lower Redemption" have some of the highest saints upon their side, and some of the highest singers.

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The Eclogues of Virgil. Translated by Sir George Osborne Morgan. (Henry Frowde.)

WE have been both surprised and delighted by this little volume, with the modest promise of its preface, and the admirable performance of its appointed task. Our surprise is caused by the closeness with which the hexameter of the Eclogues can be rendered into English hexameters; our delight arises from the apparent ease with which the translator accomplishes a work which is really most difficult. The literalness of the translation is most remarkable, line after line showing a word for word rendering of the original, without the smallest sacrifice of rhythm or swing. Verse translations of the Eclogues are by no means numerous; of hexameter renderings we cannot call to mind a single one. But Sir George Osborne Morgan has effectually disposed of the late Lord Derby's denunciation of the English hexameter as a "pestilent heresy," and shown that it is the only metrical dress for Virgil's sylvan muse. It is a little remarkable that, in spite of the scholarly care that is everywhere manifest, the translator should have ventured—in the second line of the first Eclogue—on a spondee in the fifth foot. One can only grieve that the cares of public life have prevented Sir George from carrying out his original intention of translating the whole of Virgil. But even for this fragment—dedicated appropriately to Mr. Gladstone as one who has known how to lighten the cares of a statesman by the recreations of a scholar—every lover of Virgil will be grateful.

FICTION.

The Way of the Wind. By Charles Kennett Burrow. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

WE have a vague impression of finding Mr. Burrow's *Asteck's Madonna* among the more promising of first books. The promise is well redeemed in the maturer work with which he now comes before us. *The Way of the Wind* is a singularly beautiful and, within its limits, a singularly complete novel. Mr. Burrow's style is serene; he has made his ideal of the subtle and restrained, rather than of the vivid and the forcible. The choice has its element of renunciation; something that insists upon itself is needed to capture the multitude; but those to whom a patient art is dear will have their pleasure from Mr. Burrow's unaffected

English, with its sober charm and its careful attention to the architecture of sentence and paragraph. The story is not unworthy of its presentment. Frank Herriot and Arthur Barron are friends, old friends of college days. Herriot, an honest country gentleman, with poetry in his soul, marries in illusion. The wife amuses herself in town and leaves her husband to befriend his tenants. Arthur Barron is entrapped by her beauty into a genuine passion. After a long struggle temperament triumphs, and he goes "the way of the wind." The tragedy of the thing lies in the utter unworthiness of the woman, to whom two lives are sacrificed. She is a light woman, essentially a wanton, within the conditions of her birth and upbringing. She rises to the level of neither man; her husband she almost unconsciously dupes from the beginning; her lover she never makes an effort to comprehend. In the moment of passion she is a vague disappointment to him; his remorse bores her; and before long she leaves him and returns to Herriot. The drama is worked out with psychological insight and human pity, and with a profound sense of the genuinely tragical elements in life. We welcome in Mr. Burrow a notable recruit to the ranks of serious writers of fiction.

The Speculators. By John Francis Brewer. (Methuen.)

THE speculators are, heaven be praised, not Stock Exchange speculators. Their comedy has nothing to do with "slumps" and "options." At the opening of the story Lord Tremayne, George Colborne, and Frank Barrow are engaged in a triangular controversy on the origin of the moral sense in the pages of the "Modern Spirit," a review. It is, in fact, the familiar motive of the philosopher in love that Mr. Brewer puts before us. His polemical moralists, for all their theories, are the caprice of the earth-spirit, tossed about and made ludicrous by the promptings of purely human impulses and brute instincts. It is a pretty bit of comedy. To enjoy it, however, you must accept Mr. Brewer's point of view. It is not life that he gives you, but a fantasia of life: life as he chooses, with humorous intent, to interpret or frankly to distort it. And your liking for the book will depend on your sympathy with the interpretation, with the selection, for the purposes of exaggeration or caricature, of elements that of course are really there. In any case, it is undeniably a clever book, and would perhaps be a brilliant one, if much of the inspiration were not so obviously derivative. To write a novel in epigrams is not as easy as it looks. In its latter-day form it has become complicated with a desire to translate into literature the methods of impressionism in painting. Impressionism asks so much confidence that it is bound to be absolutely sincere; the least affectation, the least attitudinising, and you are gone. Mr. Brewer has wit and penetration, and he can write; but the conditions of his success are to take himself seriously and to abjure posing. At present he does not always command our confidence.

A Pearl of the Realm. By Anna L. Glyn. (Hutchinson.)

It is strange that it should be accounted a recommendation, in the case of a novel, that in it fiction has been made subordinate to fact. Such, however, is Miss Glyn's simple boast, and whatever credit is due to this subordination we willingly allow her. The writer seems to have received her first inspiration from a chance allusion to "the sumptuous House called Nonesuch" in a MS. "Life of the Earl of Arundel," where it is described as "a pearl of this realm." About this palace she has built up her tale. She expresses a modest doubt whether to readers unfamiliar with the parish of Ewart her story will have much interest. But, to tell the truth, the story depends very much less than its author supposes upon local associations. For our own part we derived most pleasure from the occasional glimpses of the Queen Henrietta Maria, with whom the little heroine, Margerie, took refuge from her wicked guardian, and some descriptions of old London. Considerable pains have been taken to reproduce the manners and speech of the period; the historical facts are accurately outlined; and though the story would have been improved by further compression, at least it gives evidence of conscientious and intelligent work. There are some pretty love scenes and a deal of thwarted villainy.

Charity Chance. By Walter Raymond. (Bliss, Sands & Co.)

Charity Chance is above all things a pleasant book and as such it ought to be very welcome. There is an old-world flavour, an utter lack of modernity, about Mr. Raymond's writings which makes them particularly attractive in these days of many problems. Somerset is at least a century behind the times, probably the most old-fashioned county in the kingdom, and *Charity Chance*, like the author's earlier work, *Love and Quiet Life*, is full of that great and restful quietness which is so characteristic of the county and so full of charm to the casual visitor whose brain throbs with the ceaseless hum of the cities. Mr. Raymond is, indeed, a somewhat superficial observer, absorbed in a poetical contemplation of the beauties of the country and the quaintness of its inhabitants and wilfully ignorant of the sordidness of much of the life around him. The steady degradation of the farmer is a sad reality: there is a wealth of hidden tragedy in the bitter fight ever raging between the old and the new.

Mr. Raymond strives after no originality of plot. He tells an old story, the history of a girl with aspirations engaged to a young man whose tremendous healthiness of mind and body refuses to sympathise with the vague restlessness that comes of doing nothing and dreaming much. The appearance of the inevitable poet with long raven-black hair and large, far-off, wandering eyes, a Radical "who does not believe in God, or Queen Victoria, or tithes," leads to the inevitable complications, but Mr. Raymond will have no tragedy. In his

hands we feel that the story ends naturally in the now unconventional showers of rice and old slippers.

The Supplanter. By B. Paul Neuman. (Methuen & Co.)

MR. NEUMAN sets a rather dangerous example in this book. *The Supplanter* is simply the story of Jacob and Esau, told in fifty chapters instead of a few verses, and framed in the nineteenth century instead of a prehistoric epoch. The fidelity of the transcript is daring. The Jacob of the narrative buys his elder brother's birth-right, not, indeed, for a mess of pottage—though a frivolous reader might say that the heir of the Jordans had messes enough and to spare—but for £1,000 down. He deceives his sick father by the Scriptural device of wearing his brother's coat—a “hairy” one, by the way—and so wins the blessing of the firstborn. Again, it is the mother who is the prime mover in these trickeries; and, when the fraud is discovered, it is to a distant relative (whose dealings with him are quite in the manner of Laban) that the impostor flees in fear of his life. All this is curious; but it is not a source of strength to the book—a clever, but unequal production. Once the Biblical theme is abandoned, the wheels of Mr. Neuman's inspiration manifestly drag; and the last part of the book, though interesting to readers of Mrs. Humphry Ward, shows a falling off in point of the qualities dear to the average novel-reader. Indeed, that person is likely to miss many of the beauties of Mr. Neuman's book, which is thoughtful to a degree rare in days when novels tend more and more to run in the serial groove. The character of Jim, who is a coward and knows that he is a coward and rebels against the knowledge, is a clever study.

Joan Seaton. By Mary Beaumont. (J. M. Dent & Co.)

IN this book the authoress proves that she not only possesses the capacity for writing short stories in a fresh and dainty style, as was shown by her first book published a year ago, but that she is also able to hold our interest in a more elaborate tale. As in *A Ringby Lass*, the scene is laid in Yorkshire, and the characters are racy of the soil. The story concerns itself principally with the Stansfelds, the Seaton, and the Pigots, families whose “forefathers had been battle comrades and private friends for centuries, with an occasional historic break in the friendship still remembered in the dale.” The interest centres in the loves of Humphrey Stansfeld and Joan Seaton; but there is a minor romance, which is frustrated by an ambitious mother: this is tenderly treated. The final repentance and confession of the proud and capable Mrs. Seaton is well portrayed. The character of Joan Seaton is attractive, and in her father we have a picture of a personality both strong and sweet. The Yorkshire character, with its common sense, its sarcasm, its outward roughness and inner

kindliness, and its pervading superstition, is well delineated, and the authoress leaves no doubt in the reader's mind of her familiarity with the class of people about whom she writes. Here is her estimate of the Dalesman: “But the ancient virtues still abide. The soil which has tenaciously cherished old superstitions has fostered in some minds a religious faith and a spiritual insight to be matched only in the lives of the greater saints.”

The Bloom of Faded Years. By Walmer Downe. (Greenock: James M'Kelvie.)

THE author of this work apparently knows nothing of literary style or structural coherence. Such sentences as the following should have been impossible: “. . . commenced to various tasks.” “Appearances go a long way with regard to everything.” “I despise to pull down a counterful of goods. . . .” The scene of the story is laid mainly in Edinburgh, though some of the characters pay flying visits to Ireland, the United States, and Havana. Half the characters talk in high-flown periods, while the other half express themselves in broad Scottish. Mr. Downe is at his strongest in dialect. When he writes English the result is best described in his own words: “Some people have a matter clearly defined in their own brain, and state it to another as they think quite satisfactorily, but in reality 'tis shrouded in ambiguity.”

Lady Jean's Son. By Sarah Tytler. (Jarrold & Son.)

WHEN *Lady Jean's Vagaries* appeared anonymously about two years ago none of the critics who welcomed it so warmly recognised in the writing of the bright Scotch story the experienced hand of Mrs. Tytler. On the title-page of the present volume, however, the authorship of the earlier story is formally acknowledged. *Lady Jean's Son*, a complete work in itself, forms an admirable sequel to *Lady Jean's Vagaries*, and, in style, treatment, and subject, is a worthy successor to that volume. Like its predecessor it is a story of Edinburgh in the eighteenth century, and deals for the most part with the celebrated Douglas case. That case was heard in Edinburgh before sixteen judges, who found for Andrew Douglas, but on being taken to the House of Lords that decision was reversed, and “Jock” Douglas, as his friends called him, was triumphantly reinstated. Into the comparatively well-known incidents of the famous trial Mrs. Tytler has woven the threads of a very pretty little love story. She takes for her heroines two Scotch girls, one the daughter of an earl and the other a simple gentlewoman, and so contrives that the result of the trial is inextricably bound up with their happiness. In fact, if Jock Douglas wins his case Lady Margaret is to bestow her haughty person on him, and little Jeanie Erskine is to marry the rising young barrister who conducts the defence.

The characters of the two girls and their admirers are interesting studies, and the effect on their respective temperaments of the weary waiting while the case drags on to a conclusion is admirably rendered.

The Finger and the Ring. By Charles James. (Ward & Downey.)

MR. JAMES has produced his novel thirty years too late. Had it appeared in the sixties, such a clever approach to Dickens' style might have been appreciated; but now Mr. Andrew Lang has told us that Dickens is not read by the new generation, and on this assumption we should not like to predict any great measure of popularity for Mr. James's clever and painstaking novel. We use the word painstaking advisedly, for the author follows his model closely in depicting a large number of characters, and in describing their actions at great length with a superabundance of detail. Mr. Treacle is a faint echo of Sam Weller, with a dash of Tom Pinch; the Marquis of Fritchington irresistibly recalls Mr. Dombey; Gerty, in the first portion of the story, has a distinct likeness to Miss Pinch; Judd's Rents might be a modern Tom-all-alone's; and Mr. Doran, the Preacher, and Mr. Snowdrop all remind one here and there of other characters by the same author. The style shows a similar want of originality, and many of Dickens' mannerisms are closely reproduced. At the same time, we do not wish to imply that Mr. James's book is not a clever one; it requires ability to produce even a good imitation of so great an original.

The Star Sapphire. By Mabel Collins. (Downey & Co.)

THIS is a book with a purpose, but the story is not sacrificed in the endeavour to teach a moral lesson. It deals with the problem of an inherited craving for alcohol, and the development of the tragedy is not weakened by exaggeration. Philip Tempest, the husband of the fated woman, is a strong, as well as pathetic, personality, and the story of his chivalrous care of the beautiful woman whose vicious habit has killed his love is effectively told. Laurence Monkwell, the “Star Sapphire” of the book—who in hard work as a hospital nurse strives to find solace for a hopeless love—is a strong and interesting character.

Molly Melville: a Tale for Girls. By E. Everett-Green. (Nelson & Sons.)

MOLLY MELVILLE is a lovable creation, and her career will be followed with sympathy by Mrs. Everett-Green's girl readers. The characters are well portrayed, and the interest of the story is maintained throughout. The book does not lack incident: a railway accident, a perilous experience in a subterranean cave, and a snowstorm, all help to bring incipient love affairs to happy issues.

POETRY.

Elfinn's Luck, and Other Poems. By A. E. Hills. (A. D. Innes & Co.)

The Love-Philire, and Other Poems. By Helen F. Schweitzer. (John Macquellan.)

FROM Lord Tennyson and Adelaide Procter the author of *The Love-Philire* has her literary derivations:

"So Tristram took the sea with fair Ysolt—
Ysolt the beautiful, Mark's destined bride—
And through the long blue summer days they sailed
Ever away."

Her volume begins with seven pages in that familiar manner. Tennyson himself, in his lifetime, was a little sore about imitation, for imitation is hardly ever, despite the proverb, a form of flattery. Moreover, the trick was well and easily caught, as the inventor knew when he wrote—

"Most can grow the flower now,
For all have got the seed."

The author of *The Love-Philire* cultivates the Muses' garden to most purpose when these are her flowers. The shorter pieces that follow, and have their poetical mother in Miss Procter, are less successful.

Mr. Hills has a way of his own as well as a Tennysonian way. When *Elfinn's* father decrees to him the bride who has refused his suit, the youth declares:

"Leave me to win the maiden: for her hand
Without her love were but a hiltless sword
Which cleaveth while one grasps it."

The whole tale of *Elfinn's Luck* is well and vigorously told; and the Boy Bard, who appears at the King's Court, says a monumental thing in its way when he cries out:

"And all earth's songs are in each song I sing"—especially, of course, Tennyson's songs. Other happy lines has Mr. Hills in his shorter poems, as where he says:

"Love is the only yes—all else denies."

His sonnet, "A Death-bed Judgment," expresses, with feeling and solemnity, a thought that belongs mainly to modern poetry. It has already been broadly expressed by another living poet in the lines:

"Is it the all severest mode
To see ourselves with the eyes of God?
God rather grant at His assize
He see us not with our own eyes!"

Mr. Hills's quite original rendering of the same reverent reversal of the familiar attitude is as follows:

"Weak-purposed, fallen; purposeless, wind-swayed, base,
Discredited, self-scorned; son of the sky
Condoning, half, the vileness of the sty,
Mire-splashed, plume-broken, recreant from the race,
Despairing, callous! Dost murmur, 'There is grace?'"

Scarlet turn snow because one haps to die!
Penitence real, when sin no more can buy!
With this dare meet Omniscience face to face!

"And yet at times I feel God knows, at times
God pities, times God strengthens—I might dare.

But there is one to whom I could not tell

My thoughts so needless vile, my follies, crimes:
Oh, my pure childhood's soul, thou couldst not spare—
Hurl thy scorned recreant into deepest hell!"

Two Decades of Song. By Capel Shaw. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

Shreds and Patches. By James Dowman. (W. Jolly & Sons.)

MR. CAPEL SHAW, in some "Lines from a Poem written to my Father," thus declares himself:

"Deem it not strange that I have further gone
Than thou thyself wilt go in casting off
The bonds that ignorance fastened on our race."

Emancipated as he is Mr. Shaw apostrophises Paradise as "the fabled home of rest," and "a dream of some pain-bitten mind." But Mr. Shaw had his dreams, too, it seems. He would use his "soul unfettered" and his "dauntless mind" to "scale the summit of glory" and "win the praise of my kind":

"Fruitless again! Have I won them,
Greatness and honour and fame?
Nay, they are still ungathered,
The people know not my name.

"Alas! I have done but little
Of all that I thought to do.
Little, too little, I say to my soul,
For one who is thirty-two."

As the book is entitled *Two Decades of Song*, the age of the author leaves us the loophole of supposing that some at least of the contents were written before the author had begun his teens.

Mr. Dowman would have done better to confine himself to verses of the "Coortin' in the Kailyard" order, in which he has a certain directness and melody. Mr. Dowman, too, is

"Disillusioned of old superstitions,
From dogma set free";

so, of course, he is very scornful of the "Maudlin Moralisers," of whom he says:

"With groan and gasp they will recite
Each evil grown gigantic."

And they are indicted again as to the dance:

"They can smell the social evil
In a polka or a reel,
And the waltz will play the devil
If the nerves a tremor feel."

Nevertheless, we have Mr. Dowman hymning Savonarola, who was, of course, the arch-Puritan of his time. But Mr. Dowman is not really at home except in denunciation. And who has it next? The poetaster:

"Of all who have sacrificed thought
None equal the class poetaster;
With sense he's successfully fought,
And dulness he rules as a master.
He longs for the Laureate's bays,
Imagines he shows inspiration,
And mumbles his meaningless lays
That gain well-deserved—execration."

If you have a sermon that teaches you nothing else, therefrom you can learn patience, says George Herbert. There are verses, too, themselves empty, from which you may draw your fill of the little ironies of our common human destiny.

Christ and the Courtesan. By R. H. Fitzpatrick. (W. Stewart.)

MR. FITZPATRICK is an admirer of Rossetti, and so far we have no grievance against him. But when his admiration seeks to express itself by the method of imitation we are bound to make a protest. The audacity of his subject might be excused if there were any sign of genius in the treatment; but when in the elaboration of a fantasy so repulsive there is betrayed so plentiful a lack of training in the elements of syntax, a sense of humour so rudimentary, and a self-assertiveness so immoderate, mercy seems out of place. For an instance of the writer's humility, see the prelude "Jesus," in which his august subject is implored not to weep that he is forgotten, but to take courage from Mr. Fitzpatrick's example and philosophy. Then, to console him, Mr. Fitzpatrick's white roses

"Shall draw thy ghost of beauty from above
To quicken a new birth."

For an instance of what a sense of humour would have suppressed, read—

"And then she sang. Ah, God! to see the moon
Out-leaning, all one ear, to revel in that tune."

The rhyme also is worthy of remark. And, finally, here follows an instance—and it does not stand alone—of Mr. Fitzpatrick's regard for Saxon syntax:

"For 'tis in moments thus [i.e., such as this] we live."

Another:

"And her bosom white was a land where grows
Lilies [sic] mingling with the rose."

Yet now and again we catch a glimpse of something better.

"The unshuttered eyes are empty, busy death
Is draping those fond windows"

is vivid, if not altogether novel, and a few such lines scattered over his fifty pages suggest that the day may come when Mr. Fitzpatrick will dislike *Christ and the Courtesan* as much as we.

Poems. By J. B. Selkirk. (W. Blackwood & Son.)

MR. J. B. SELKIRK's poems will doubtless interest the Scottish man. For the indifferent Southerner, we fear, too much seems to hang on dialect. What is commonplace in English gains a sanctity for the Scot by reason of being in the tongue hallowed by Burns. Stripped of dialect, his muse appears thus:

"GOOD-BYE.

"We stood together while the bell was ringing,
There in the busy station by the sea;
Near us a soldier's wife in tears was clinging
Close to her husband's side. No word said we,
But, looking both away, our own eyes met:
A quick confusion took me, and a blush
Went up her lovely eyes and face; but yet
No word was spoken, till there came a rush
Of hurrying feet, and in the buzz and crush
I held her hand a moment; I forget
What then was said, for speaking was cut short

By first the engine's whistle, then a snort—
'Twas off! O Lord, what trifles, more or less,
Can block a lifelong contract—No or Yes!"

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THE WEEK.

CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

[This article is a chronicle of books published during the week. Reviews will follow in due course.]

MR. HARDY'S NEW NOVEL. *The Well-Beloved* appeared as a serial under the fuller title of *The Pursuit of the Well-Beloved* in the *Illustrated London News* in 1892. Since then Mr. Hardy has re-written a few of the chapters, and the story now appears in six-shilling form, being the seventeenth of the Wessex novels. The Isle of Slingers, in which the drama is chiefly laid, turns out to be Portland Bill, and the importance of this localisation is made clear by Mr. Hardy in his Preface, from which we quote the following:

"The peninsula carved by Time out of a single stone, whereon most of the following scenes are laid, has been for centuries immemorial the home of a curious and almost distinctive people, cherishing strange beliefs and singular customs, now for the most part obsolescent. Fancies, like certain soft-wooded plants which cannot bear the silent inland forests, but thrive by the sea in the roughest of weather, seem to grow up naturally here, in particular amongst those natives who have no active concerns in the labours of the 'Isle.' Hence it is a spot apt to generate a type of personage like the character imperfectly sketched in these pages—a native of natives—whom some may choose to call a fantast (if they honour him with their consideration so far), but whom others may see only as one that gave objective continuity and a name to a delicate dream which, in a vaguer form, is more or less common to all men, and is by no means new to platonic philosophers."

The book is divided into three sections, under the headings: "A Young Man of Twenty," "A Young Man of Forty," and "A Young Man Turned Sixty." The following lines by Crashaw are quoted by

Mr. Hardy on the page facing the first section:

"Now, if Time knows
That Her, whose radiant brows
Weave them a garland of my vows;

"Her that dares be
What these lines wish to see:
I seek no further, it is She."

SOME HISTORIES. MR. HEINEMANN'S series of short histories of the Literatures of the World promises to be useful and interesting. The first volume, dealing with Ancient Greek Literature, is by Mr. Gilbert Murray, who is practical in his aims.

"I have tried," he writes, "at first unconsciously, afterwards of set purpose—to realise, as well as I could, what sort of men the various Greek authors were, what they liked and disliked, how they earned their living and spent their time. Of course, it is only in the Attic period, and perhaps in the exceptional case of Pindar, that such a result can be even distantly approached, unless history is to degenerate into fiction. But the attempt is helpful where it leads to no definite result. . . . It was not by 'classic repose,' nor yet by 'worship of the human body'; it was not even by the possession of high intellectual and æsthetic gifts, that they rose so irresistibly from mere barbarism to the height of this unique civilisation; it was by infinite labour and unrest, by daring and by suffering, by loyal devotion to the things they felt to be great; above all, by hard and serious thinking."

A series of books similar to the above, and equally important, is that which Prof. George Saintsbury is editing, illustrative of "Periods of European Literature." In chronological order the first volume of the series is *The Dark Ages*, by Prof. W. P. Ker, but Mr. Saintsbury's book on *The Flourishing of Romance and the Rise of Allegory*, which is second in that order, has appeared first. Mr. Saintsbury explains in a general preface the scope and character of the series, which will consist of twelve volumes. In the present one, written by himself, we find chapters on "The Function of Latin," "Chansons de Geste," "The Matter of Britain," "The Making of English and the Settlement of European Prosody," &c.

ACHIEVEMENTS OF CAVALRY. GEN. SIR EVELYN WOOD'S new book, bearing this title, is confessedly written for soldiers, but there is no doubt that many general readers will find interest in its pages. Sir Evelyn's aim is to show what cavalry can do when skilfully handled, and especially to stimulate English cavalry officers, on whom the system of umpiring on field-days has, he believes, pressed rather hardly of late years. Twelve notable examples of cavalry work are expounded in as many chapters, each achievement being awarded a map for greater clearness. The following passage in Sir Evelyn's preface is interesting:

"It will be observed that England, Poland, and Russia each furnished the troops for only one of the feats I have selected, Austria two, and France two, while North Germany is credited with five out of the twelve achievements. This is to be accounted for, so far as our cavalry is concerned, by the fact that though

it had many opportunities of achieving success in the Peninsular War, yet the leading of its commanders, being more indicative of courageous hearts than of well-stored minds, was often barren of results."

MR. ARTHUR SYMONS thus explains his poetic intentions in his new volume of poems entitled *Amoris Victima*:

"I wish this book to be read as a single poem, not as a collection of miscellaneous pieces. It is an attempt to deal imaginatively with what seems to me a typical phase of modern love, as it might affect the emotions and sensations of a typical modern man, to whom emotions and sensations represent the whole of life. It is a study, under the conditions of many moods, of a particular kind of personality, as it might be acted upon by the travail, exultation, and disaster of the only kind of passion which could be conceived as obtaining persistent dominance over it. Each poem is, I hope, able to stand alone, but no poem has been included without reference to the general scheme of the book, the general psychology of the imaginary hero."

The book is a slim octavo, and contains over thirty poems, mostly short lyrics. The free handling of the institution of Marriage which has obtained in Fiction and in real life during late years accounts for a book like *Marriage Questions in Modern Fiction and Other Essays on Kindred Subjects*. The subjects treated by Mrs. Chapman include "The Decline of Divorce," "Marriage Rejection and Marriage Reform," and "The Indissolubility of Marriage." The last paper won the emphatic support of Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace when it appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine*, seven years ago. *Essays in Liberalism*, by Six Oxford Men, is dedicated to Mr. John Morley. The Six Oxford Men, whose names are appended to these articles, were drawn together by the debates and elections of the Oxford Union Society. In a clear and modest preface they state their aim to be "the statement of a few definite principles applied to various departments of politics." The writers of these essays believe that the Liberal party has of late been too neglectful of principle, too enamoured of programmes and details. Their endeavour has been to re-assert Liberal doctrine in six papers: entitled "The Liberal Tradition," "Liberalism and Wealth," "Liberals and Labour," "Liberalism in Outward Relations," "A Liberal View of Education," and "The Historic Basis of Liberalism." The second and concluding volume of the late Mr. John O'Neill's *The Night of the Gods* has a preface by Mrs. O'Neill, and a brief memoir of the author by Mr. Grattan Geary. The chapter headings of this volume include "The Wheel," "Buddha's Footprint," "Dancing," "The Sphere," "The Number Seven," &c.

NEW FICTION. *Saint Eva*, a novel by Amelia Pain (Mrs. Barry Pain), is the first effort in fiction by this lady. The book has the advantage of a frontispiece by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, suggested, we may presume, by the character of the heroine. *Wilt Thou Have This Woman?* is a new novel by Mr. J. Maclaren Cobban, who has already given

us *The Red Sultan, Master of His Fate*, and other good stories. We observe that the narrative opens in a squire's country house on a golden September day, and ends practically at the Old Bailey. Between these extremes of locality there should be room for much incident, and Mr. Cobban's chapter headings give further promise of it. *Patience Sparhawk and Her Times*, by Gertrude Atherton, is a study of United States womanhood. In an explanatory dedication to M. Paul Bourget, Miss Atherton credits him with having alone, of all foreigners, "detected, in its full significance, that the motive power, the cohering force, the ultimate religion of that strange composite known as 'The American,' is individual will." Miss Atherton's aim is to show that this extraordinary independence of character, with all its dangers and advantages, makes "the quintessential part of the women as of the men of this race." The development of *Patience Sparhawk* fills little less than 500 pages. The cover and title-page are designed in a sort of play on the girl's name (Sparrow-hawk). A posthumous novel by Mrs. Hungerford is sure of a welcome. *Lovice*, published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus, contains about forty chapters, is very full of dialogue, and bears on its title-page the quotation:

"Be to her virtues very kind,
Be to her faults a little blind."

Secrets of the Courts of Europe, by Mr. Allen Upward, is a series of short stories with a strong political flavour; they are issued in book form after running through *Pearson's Magazine*. Lovers of the novel of adventure will probably seize upon *They That Sit in Darkness*, a story of the Australian Never Never. Mr. John Mackie, its author, writes:

"I figured, in a humble way, as a pioneer of civilisation in the wild country it has been my endeavour to describe in these pages. I was the first white man to build a house and settle on the Van Alphen River in the far Northern Territory, and it was there I supported life, for weeks together, on crows, hawks, snakes, and currajong roots."

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGY.

CAMBRIDGE GREEK TESTAMENT FOR SCHOOLS: THE EPISTLE TO THE PHILIPPIANS. By Rev. H. C. G. Moule. Cambridge University Press. 2s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

OSCAR RHODES. By "Imperialist." Chapman & Hall.
THE SEPOT REVOLT. By Lieut.-General Macleod Innes, V.C. A. D. Innes & Co. 6s.
A HISTORY OF ANCIENT GREEK LITERATURE. By Gilbert Murray. William Heinemann. 6s.
CENTURY CLASSICS: PAST AND PRESENT. By Thomas Carlyle. Ward, Lock & Bowden.
PERIODS OF EUROPEAN LITERATURE. By George Saintsbury. William Blackwood & Sons.
THE ORDER OF THE COIF. By Alexander Pulling. William Clowes & Sons. Second edition. 10s.

POETRY AND BELLES LETTRES.

AMORIS VICTIMA. By Arthur Symonds. Leonard Smithers. 6s.
THE CROSS BENEATH THE RING, AND OTHER POEMS. By E. F. M. Benecke. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 2s. 6d.
THE PIERROT OF THE MINUTE. By Ernest Dowson. With Frontispiece, &c., by Aubrey Beardsley. Leonard Smithers. 7s. 6d.
THE MONTHS. By Leigh Hunt. William Andrew & Co. 2s.

DRAMA.

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. AVON edition. Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d.

MILITARY.

ACHIEVEMENTS OF CAVALRY. By General Sir Evelyn Wood. George Bell & Sons. 7s. 6d.

FICTION.

THE WELL-BELOVED. By Thomas Hardy. Osgood, Mollvaine & Co. 6s.
SWORN ALLIES. By M. E. Le Clerc. Hurst & Blackett. 6s.
SECRETS OF THE COURTS OF EUROPE. By Allen Upward. J. W. Arrowsmith. 6s.
THEY THAT SIT IN DARKNESS. By John Mackie. Hutchinson & Co.
SAINT EVA. By Amelia Pain. Osgood, Mollvaine & Co.
SWEET IRISH EYES. By Edith E. Cuthell. Skeffington & Son. 3s. 6d.
WILT THOU HAVE THIS WOMAN? By J. MacLaren Cobban. Methuen & Co. 6s.
LOVICE. By Mrs. Hungerford. Chatto & Windus. 6s.
THE QUEEN OF THE MOON. By Frederic Adye. Macmillan & Co. 6s.
PATIENCE SPARHAWK AND HER TIMES. By Gertrude Atherton. John Lane. 4s. 6d.
A LAST THROW. By Alice M. Diehl. Digby, Long & Co. 6s.
'MIDST THE WILD CARPATHIANS. By Marius Jókai. Jarrold & Sons. 5s.

ANTIQUARIAN.

ENGLAND IN THE DAYS OF OLD. By William Andrews. William Andrews & Co. 7s. 6d.
YORKSHIRE ARCHEOLOGICAL SOCIETY: RECORD SERIES, VOL. XXI: YORKSHIRE LAY SUBSIDY. Edited by William Brown.

MYTHOLOGY.

THE NIGHT OF THE GODS. By John O'Neill. Vol. II. David Nutt.
THE POPULAR RELIGION AND FOLK-LORE OF NORTHERN INDIA. By W. Crooke, B.A. Second edition. 2 vols. Constable & Co. 21s.
RELIGION OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS. By Alfred Wiedemann, Ph.D. H. Grevel & Co. 12s. 6d.

POLITICS.

AMERICAN ORATIONS. Edited by Alexander Johnston and James Albert Woodburn. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5s.
ESSAYS IN LIBERALISM. By Six Oxford Men. Cassell & Co. 3s. 6d.

TRAVEL.

SOLDIERING AND SURVIVING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA, 1891-1894. By Major J. R. L. Macdonald, R.E. Edward Arnold. 16s.

EDUCATIONAL.

ARNOLD'S SCHOOL SHAKESPEARE: KING RICHARD II. Edited by C. H. Gibson, M.A. CHILDE HAROLD. Edited by Rev. E. C. Everard Owen, M.A. Edward Arnold. 1s. 6d.
EDUCATION OF GIRLS AND WOMEN IN GREAT BRITAIN. By C. S. Bremner. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 4s. 6d.
BLACKIE'S SCIENCE TEXT-BOOKS: AN ELEMENTARY TEXT-BOOK OF HYGIENE. By H. Rowland Wakefield. Blackie & Son. 2s. 6d.
A SECOND FRENCH COURSE. By J. T. Beuzemakers, B.A. Blackie & Son. 2s. 6d.
SELECTIONS FROM THE "SPECTATOR." With Introduction and Notes, by Rev. Henry Evans, D.D. Blackie & Son. 2s.

SCIENCE.

THE ELEMENTS OF ELECTRO-CHEMISTRY. By Dr. Robert Lüpke. Translated by M. M. Pattison Muir, M.A. H. Grevel & Co. 7s. 6d.

FOREIGN.

LES HOMES NATURE. Rachilde. Mercure de France.
L'ETAT ET LES EGLISES EN PRUSSE SOUS FRÉDÉRIC GUILLAUME IER. Georges Pariset. Armand Colin & Cie.

MISCELLANEOUS.

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY: MUNICIPAL REFORM IN THE UNITED STATES. By Thomas C. Devlin. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 4s.
MARRIAGE QUESTIONS IN MODERN FICTION. By Elizabeth Rachel Chapman. John Lane.
THE JUBILEE BOOK OF THE EDINBURGH PHILOSOPHICAL INSTITUTION.
HOUSEHOLD ECONOMICS. By Helen Campbell. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 4s.
STEPS TO THE TEMPLE OF HAPPINESS. By Henry Smith. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 5s.
FISH-TAILS AND SOME TRUE ONES. By Bradnock Hall. Edward Arnold. 6s.
THE VALUE OF LIFE. By C. E. Burke. With a Preface by Aubrey de Vere. Catholic Truth Society. 1s.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE Goldsmith Memorial has been successfully carried through by Mr. J. W. Hales. In November last he made the announcement of the intention to insert a window in honour of Oliver Goldsmith in the church of which, at the time of Goldsmith's birth, his father was curate. Since then it was found necessary to make a second appeal, or, rather, to emphasise the first. Now, however, Mr. Hales is able to state that enough money has been subscribed, and a design for the window has been approved. A Goldsmith window is also to be inserted in St. Saviour's, Southwark.

PROF. DRUMMOND left ample materials for a biography, though I believe no writer has been decided on. The general impression seems to be that Dr. James Stalker, who was his lifelong friend, will undertake the work. Prof. Drummond's was a charming personality, and that he had many sturdy champions was shown when his theological views were discussed at the Free Church Presbytery in 1895. During his illness many prominent men had journeyed long distances to visit him. Prof. George Adam Smith was often at his bedside. He retained full intellectual consciousness to the end, and one of his last messages was to Mr. Moody, the evangelist.

THE death of Prof. Drummond calls to mind the warfare that waged between the booksellers on the publication of *The Ascent of Man*. Prof. Drummond had great faith in the net system, and the book was issued at seven-and-sixpence net. Though the majority of booksellers sold it at the net price, there were exceptions. A large firm of London booksellers, for instance, declared that they did not recognise the right of the publishers to dictate terms, and sold the book at seven shillings. A large number of booksellers refused to stock the book at all, and, in the trade, the comparative small sale of 22,000 which *The Ascent of Man* has attained is generally attributed to this fact. This seems to show that, at least with high-priced books likely to have a large sale, the net system does not answer.

MR. JEROME's not very convincing list of authors (which was a little too much like the petition of the nine tailors of Tooley-street) at any rate proved that most literary men whose sympathies are with Prince George more nearly resemble Douglas Jerrold than Lord Byron in the present situation. Jerrold used to tell that he and Laman Blanchard once met in the street and fired each other with the idea of hastening to Greece to assist that luckless nation. "But," added Jerrold, "a smart shower coming on in the midst of our plans washed all the Greece out of us." And just now it is very showery.

THERE are, however, exceptions. Among the four British gentlemen who, fortified by a banquet at the National Liberal Club,

started on Monday last to lend their aid to Greece, was Mr. Allen Upward. As Mr. Upward is a novelist, a humorist, and a poet, Byron may be said in some measure to have set his example not in vain. Mr. Upward, who is a barrister by profession, is known to the readers of *The Idler* by a series of grimly comic descriptions of "The Horrors of London." His books, *Secrets of the Courts of Europe* and *One of God's Dilemmas*, show much promise. Mr. Upward is essentially a man of action, and once was so bold as to stand for Parliament.

ONE wishes that Miss Marie Corelli would acquire the art of silence. I do not mean that one wishes she would cease to write: I mean that one wishes she would cease to "answer back," as schoolboys say. In the current *London Figaro* Miss Corelli "replies to her critics" once again, ostensibly with the purpose of burying the hatchet; although, as it turns out, her idea of the right place of sepulture for this weapon is (like Mr. Whistler's) in her adversary's skull.

In this particular instance Miss Corelli is mainly incensed by the remark of a reviewer (by the way, she ought not to call all reviewers critics; but that is a characteristic looseness of diction) who accused her of appealing successfully to "the great heart of the vulgar," and her reply is as much a defence of the vulgar—that is, the reading public—as of herself. The vulgar might have been left to take care of their own affairs. At any rate, Miss Corelli hardly clears the reading public of aberrations of taste by remarking that they buy also the works of Mr. Barrie, Mr. Kipling, Mr. Weyman, Mr. Hall Caine, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and Mr. Wilson Barrett, who are "all working in the same field of literature with me." Not all, Miss Corelli. And there are many reading publics.

CONCERNING Mulvaney's death, still unrecorded, a girl living in Arizona has written to Mr. Kipling. She tells him that the return of Mowgli to the "man pack" of civilisation (more or less) was an outrage to her sense of the proprieties, and she implores the author at any rate to arrange for Mulvaney to die "a worthy death on Indian soil and not go back to England"—and respectability. This request is one in which all who know and honour Terence Mulvaney (and who does not?) will join.

MR. KIPLING wrote in reply. He began by saying that he had done all he could for Mowgli in making him a married man and a servant of the Government (see *In the Rukh*), and continued: "But as to Mulvaney, his fate cannot be altered. If you remember the curse of Shielygh laid on him by old Mrs. Sheehy, he was to 'die quick in a strange land seeing his death before it came and unable to stir hand or foot.' Some day I may tell how that came upon him." Mr. Kipling added that he couldn't write stories by sitting down at a table and dipping his pen in the ink-bottle. "Stories 'happen along,' as they say in this part of the world, and, unlike the cattle on your ranch, they cannot be hurried."

MR. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS also has been lately the recipient of letters concerning his best-known puppet, the incomparable Van Bibber. The inquirers wished to know if Van Bibber was imaginary or a presentment of Mr. Davis himself. The reply is that Van Bibber is imaginary. A doctor at Baltimore, however, where Mr. Davis once studied, probably supplied the name. Anyway, it seems that this gentleman is obliged to spend a good deal of time in assuring questioners that he is not the original of Mr. Davis's hero.

THE negro poet, Mr. Paul Lawrence Dunbar, whose *Lyrics of Lowly Life* will soon be published here, is reading in public in this country under the auspices of Miss Pond, the daughter of Major Pond, the American entrepreneur. Miss Pond had some doubts as to how the venture would turn out, for when engaging Mr. Dunbar she asked him if he could swim. He said he could. "Because," she added grimly, "we may have to swim back."

In the current number of *Education* there is a nice instance of the literal standpoint from which the healthy boy judges poetry. Dr. Joyce, giving evidence before the Manual and Technical Instruction Committee, was arguing that the results system had, to a great extent, relieved scholars of the necessity of taking thought. As a proof of his contention he told the Committee that he was accustomed to ask children the meaning of this verse:

"She is a rich and rare land,
She is a fresh and fair land,
She is a dear and rare land—
This native land of mine."

Few children knew what their native land was; and fewer the significance of the epithets. One boy considered "fair land" to mean good soil, and went on to explain that "She is a dear and rare land" was another way of stating that in his country the rents are too high.

MR. STEPHEN CRANE's *Maggie* was recently the half-subject, Mr. Morrison's *Child of the Jago* being the other moiety, of a careful article by Mr. H. D. Traill, in one of the reviews. It seems, however, that there is more than one way of approaching this work. A little New York girl, aged about ten, recently returned *Maggie* to a circulating library and asked instead for *Nelly's Silver Mine*, which is not, I fancy, quite of the same order. A bystander, amused at the incident, asked the child's opinion of Mr. Crane's book. She replied that she liked it pretty well, but added, "It is rather young for me. It is written for little children." Mr. Traill will like to know of this. It seems to stamp the "new realism."

MR. JOHN S. FARMER has in preparation a series of privately printed choice reprints of scarce books and unique MSS., which will be issued by Messrs. Gibbings & Co. The first of the series, to be issued immediately, will be Goddard's *Satirycall Dialogue*, of which only one copy is known to exist. Goddard

flourished in the early part of the seventeenth century, belonged to the Middle Temple, and was extremely caustic in his satire on women. He published three books, which Dr. Furnivall, in 1878, prepared for republication, but which were never issued. Dr. Furnivall's notes and material have now been placed at the disposal of the present editor.

THE ONLOOKER.

THE annual meeting of the Selden Society will be held in the Council Room, Lincoln's Inn Hall, on Wednesday, March 24, 1897, at 4.30 p.m. Lord Herschell will preside.

MR. F. C. BURNAND and Mr. Phil May have collaborated in a work which takes the form of a guide to Kent. The book will be more amusing than its title suggests, and will include a number of illustrations by Mr. Phil May of summer life in the prosperous seaside towns of the Garden of England. Mr. May has also almost finished an album of drawings under the title *From Petticoat Lane to Buckingham Palace*.

MR. CHARLES SAYLE has completed the correction of his anthology *In Praise of Music*. It is arranged on the lines adopted by the late Alexander Ireland, in his *Book-lovers' Enchiridion*, and contains extracts both in prose and verse from the writings of the earliest times down to the present day. It will be published by Mr. Elliot Stock almost immediately.

A UNIFORM cheap edition of the Hibbert Lectures is now being issued by Messrs. Williams & Norgate in monthly volumes at three and sixpence each.

MR. KIPLING's new story, "Slaves of the Lamp," will be published in the *Cosmopolis*, beginning in the April number.

MESSRS. OLIPHANT, ANDERSON & FERRIER will publish in a few days a biographical sketch of Lady Blanche Balfour, the sister of Lord Salisbury, and mother of the Hon. Arthur J. Balfour. The booklet, which contains a number of portraits and illustrations, is written by the Rev. James Robertson, D.D., of Whittingehame.

Mr. Devil's Head is the title of a story by Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy, written for Messrs. Tillotson's syndicate of newspapers, through which it will begin in May.

MR. LEWIS L. KROFF is translating from the Hungarian a romance by his famous fellow-countryman, Jókai, called *The Pasha's Darling*; or, *the Last Days of the Janissaries*. Mr. Redway is to publish the book.

MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. will publish next month *My Life in Christ, or Moments of Spiritual Serenity and Contemplation, of Reverent Feeling, of Earnest Self-Amendment, and of Peace in God*; being extracts from the diary of the Most Reverend John Ilitch Sergieff ("Father John"), of St. Andrew's Cathedral, Cronstadt, Russia.

MESSRS. JARROLD & SONS announce a novel by a new author, entitled *Allanson's Little Woman*, which they will publish within the course of the next few days in their Greenback series of popular novels.

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND.

(From a Correspondent.)

PROF. HENRY DRUMMOND died at Tunbridge Wells on March 11. For more than eighteen months he had been suffering from a general breakdown in health, and the end was not unexpected. He was only forty-six years old.

Henry Drummond came of a well-known Scottish family. His uncle, Mr. Peter Drummond, established the famous Stirling Tract Depository, which still issues yearly an immense amount of literature of the strictly evangelical order, and his father, who was a wealthy seed merchant at Stirling, took a prominent part in the religious life of his county. The late Professor was educated at Crieff, where "Ian Maclaren" was one of his greatest friends, and subsequently spent some years at the University of Tübingen. Throughout his life he always kept in close touch with current German thought and literature. At Edinburgh University he studied geology under Prof. Geikie, and would undoubtedly have obtained the degree of Doctor of Science had he not given up his scientific work to join Mr. Moody. He went through the complete course of theological training, and qualified for the ministry at the Free Church College, and was, I believe, actually ordained. In 1873 the revivalist, Mr. Moody, visited Edinburgh, and the young student came under his influence. For two years Prof. Drummond accompanied Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey through England, Scotland, and Ireland, and everywhere he addressed enormous gatherings; everywhere he made countless friends. Prof. Drummond, with his kindly persuasiveness and his wonderfully attractive personality stood out in strange contrast to the evangelist, whose rough-and-ready eloquence suited his message. It was characteristic of Prof. Drummond that although in subsequent years he considerably changed his point of view, he always remained a firm friend of both Sir Archibald Geikie and Mr. Moody. The latter especially stood by him, in face of the most bitter attacks, though he has been heard to say that the "apes were almost too many for me." In 1876 Mr. Moody returned to America, and Prof. Drummond was appointed, largely owing, I believe, to the suggestion of Prof. Geikie, Professor of Natural Science at Glasgow Free Church College—a post he held until his death. About this time, in addition to his ordinary lectures to the students, he delivered a number of addresses on social and religious subjects to working-men at the Possilpark Mission, of which he had charge, and out of this double work—the co-mingling of science and theology—grew the idea of the series of papers which was to make Prof. Drummond one of the most popular authors of his generation. The various addresses that are contained in *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* appeared in the *Clerical World*, a weekly twopenny paper edited by the Rev. Joseph Exell, which enjoyed but a short and chequered existence. The papers attracted some attention, and in a collected form they were refused by at least two

leading London publishers. Prof. Drummond, in describing the various vicissitudes through which his MS. passed, says: "To be served a second time with the black seal of literature was too much for me, and the doomed sheets were returned to their pigeon-holes and once more forgotten." Mr. M. H. Hodder, however, had read the articles in serial form, and, happening to meet the author one day in Paternoster-row—he had already come across him at Mr. Moody's meetings—he suggested that his firm should publish the book. The offer was accepted. Prof. Drummond re-wrote many of the chapters, and had just time to correct the proofs before he started on an expedition to East Central Africa, for the purpose of reporting on the natural resources of Nyassaland and the surrounding countries.

The reception of *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* is one of the most curious bits of literary history of this century. Prof. Drummond had certainly no idea of the success which was to attend his book; and I believe that it was only after considerable hesitation that he refused an offer of £40 from the editor of the *Clerical World* for the complete copyright of the articles. I have before me the figures of the first few editions. In April, 1883, 1,000 copies were printed and the book was issued at 7s. 6d. At first it failed to attract much attention, and a second edition of 1,000 copies was not called for until the middle of July. On August 4 a review appeared in the *Spectator* which unquestionably was the making of the book, and the sale went up by leaps and bounds. At the beginning of September another 1,000 copies were printed, in October 2,000, in November 2,000, and so on. In March, 1887, a cheaper edition was issued, at 3s. 6d., after 51,000 of the 7s. 6d. edition had been sold. The current edition bears on the title-page the words: "Thirty-second Edition, completing 119,000"! In view of the attacks which were subsequently made on the book by the strictly evangelical school of theologians—at least fifteen volumes, not to mention innumerable articles in various magazines, were at different times written as counterblasts to *Natural Law*—it is interesting to note that at first it was received with delight as the greatest answer to the prevailing materialism that had appeared. Several prominent Evangelicals went so far as to start a fund for the free distribution of *Natural Law*, and it was only after some years had passed that they discovered that the idea underlying the book was totally heterodox.

Prof. Drummond returned from Africa to find himself famous. Offers of work poured in upon him from every part of the kingdom; but he consistently refused to write to order, and his literary output is comparatively small. For many years he waged perpetual war with the reporters, and there must be an immense collection of addresses and lectures which have never been given to the world in any permanent form. Prof. Drummond was of an excessively modest and retiring disposition; he was an enthusiastic angler, and during the long vacations, when he was not travelling in Africa, Australia, the South Sea Islands, Java, the Malay

Peninsula and Japan, or lecturing for Mr. Moody to the students at Northfield, he was to be found in one of the small villages in the north of Scotland. I have met several who thus came into contact with him, and he has been described as one of the most delightful companions, a man "who never talked shop."

The Greatest Thing in the World was issued in book form at Christmas, 1889, when it was published in white paper covers with gold lettering at a shilling. The idea of such a "Christmas card" was new, the get-up of the book was attractive, the title caught the public fancy and the sale was perfectly unprecedented. In six months 185,000 copies were sold. The style was subsequently extensively copied, but the booklets still sell well. The figures at this time are: *The Greatest Thing in the World*, 330,000; *Pax Vobiscum*, 130,000 (whereas the first edition of *The Greatest Thing* consisted of only 20,000 copies, the first issue of *Pax Vobiscum* was 100,000); *The Changed Life*, 89,000; *The Programme of Christianity*, 80,000; and *The City Without a Church*, 60,000. Thirty-four thousand copies have been sold of *Tropical Africa*, Prof. Drummond's account of his various journeyings, and 30,000 copies of *Baxter's Second Innings*, a booklet for boys published in connexion with the Boys' Brigade, an institution in which the author took the deepest interest, and which he continually advocated in the Press, especially in an article in *Good Words*.

In the spring of 1893 Prof. Drummond delivered the "Lowell" Lectures in Boston. He had long contemplated a sequel to *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, a book that should appeal more especially to scientific men. He had, I believe, completed the lectures at least a year before he delivered them. The tremendous reception he received in America, where his books had sold by the hundreds of thousands, disconcerted him somewhat, and at the last moment he decided to re-write several of his lectures in a style more suitable for such popular audiences. The excitement in Boston was intense. A ring of speculators was formed to buy up a large number of the tickets, and these were sold at fabulous prices.

The Ascent of Man was the most criticised book of the year. It does not fall within the scope of this article to discuss Prof. Drummond's position either as a theologian or a scientific man; but it is, I think, admitted by all that the *Ascent of Man* was not final, and a definite statement of Prof. Drummond's position was eagerly awaited. I do not think, however, that he has left behind any exhaustive work of this character.

Prof. Drummond will be remembered not so much as the man who tried to reconcile science and theology, but as the greatest leader of young men the century has seen. He was a young man himself, keenly interested in all the movements of the day; and in his booklets he preached the gospel of a wider, larger, more joyful humanity, a gospel which will always appeal to young men. His books have been translated into nearly every European language, and his influence for good has been world-wide.

ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

XIX.—WILKIE COLLINS.

WILKIE COLLINS was at his greatest in construction. Many novelists have written better than he, but none has excelled him as the builder of a plot. Planning was with him a much more arduous task than writing; for, once schemed out, the story went briskly forward and gripped like a vice. Wilkie Collins did not pause on the road to be sententious or humorous or satirical, although it was in his power to be all three; nor did he expend labour on the examination of motives and temperamental subtleties. His business was to tell a story so that it would hold the reader to the exclusion of all else. And he did it. If on the way, without causing delay or relaxation of grasp, a character might be elaborated, well and good. Thus in *The Moonstone* we have the old servitor's babble concerning *Robinson Crusoe*, which, though not exactly indispensable to the narrative, is, at any rate, no blemish; and here we suspect it might be maintained that the old man's garrulity is another proof of Wilkie Collins's art: he gives him just enough discursiveness to excite the reader to increased curiosity.

Yet although his genius did not incline him to minute psychological studies, Wilkie Collins was still as concerned as any writer could be for the accuracy of his character drawing. No artist at any time has taken his work more seriously. A bundle of letters addressed by Collins to a London editor, which now lies before us, abundantly illustrates this point. From the careful corrections in his proofs, and his alarm lest any alteration should be made by another hand, we learn how thoroughly considered was every line of his stories and how significant every syllable. The following passage (which has not hitherto seen the light), on a subject near the heart of all editors who cater for the family, is particularly interesting:

"The other alteration [wrote Collins] I cannot consent to make. The 'damns' (two 'damns' only, observe, in the whole story) mark the characters at very important places in the narrative. The 'compromise' which you suggest is simply what they would *not* say. I know of no instances of a writer with any respect for his art or for himself who has ever made the concession which your friends ask of me. My story is *not* addressed to young people exclusively—it is addressed to readers in general. I do not accept young people as the ultimate court of appeal in English literature. Mr. Turlington [the character in the story in question] must talk like Mr. Turlington—even though the terrible consequence may be that a boy or two may cry 'Damn' in imitation of him. I refer your friends to Scott and Dickens—writers considered immaculate in the matter of propriety. They will find damn where damn ought to be in the pages of both those masters. In short, I am damned if I take out damn!"

In another of these letters Collins, after cursing the forgetfulness which has led him into an error, says:

"But the devil (I believe in the devil) lies in wait for one in these matters—and while he lets you see the large errors, he blinds you to the little ones. I enclose the corrected proof, and register my letter—in case the devil tries his

hand at some more mischief between France [where the letter was written] and England."

Wilkie Collins's most accomplished follower was the late Hugh Conway, whose *Called Back* and *Dark Days* were worthy of the older hand. Mr. B. L. Farjeon, in *Great Porter Square*, gave promise of continuing the tradition, but he soon abandoned it. Mr. Conan Doyle, our present-day mystery weaver, is at once more robust and more episodic. The time seems to have gone by for such sustained thrills, such debauches of suspense, as Wilkie Collins gave his admirers. It will be long before his books cease to be read. *The Woman in White*, *The Moonstone*, and *The Dead Secret*, lengthy though they be, will enthrall many generations yet.

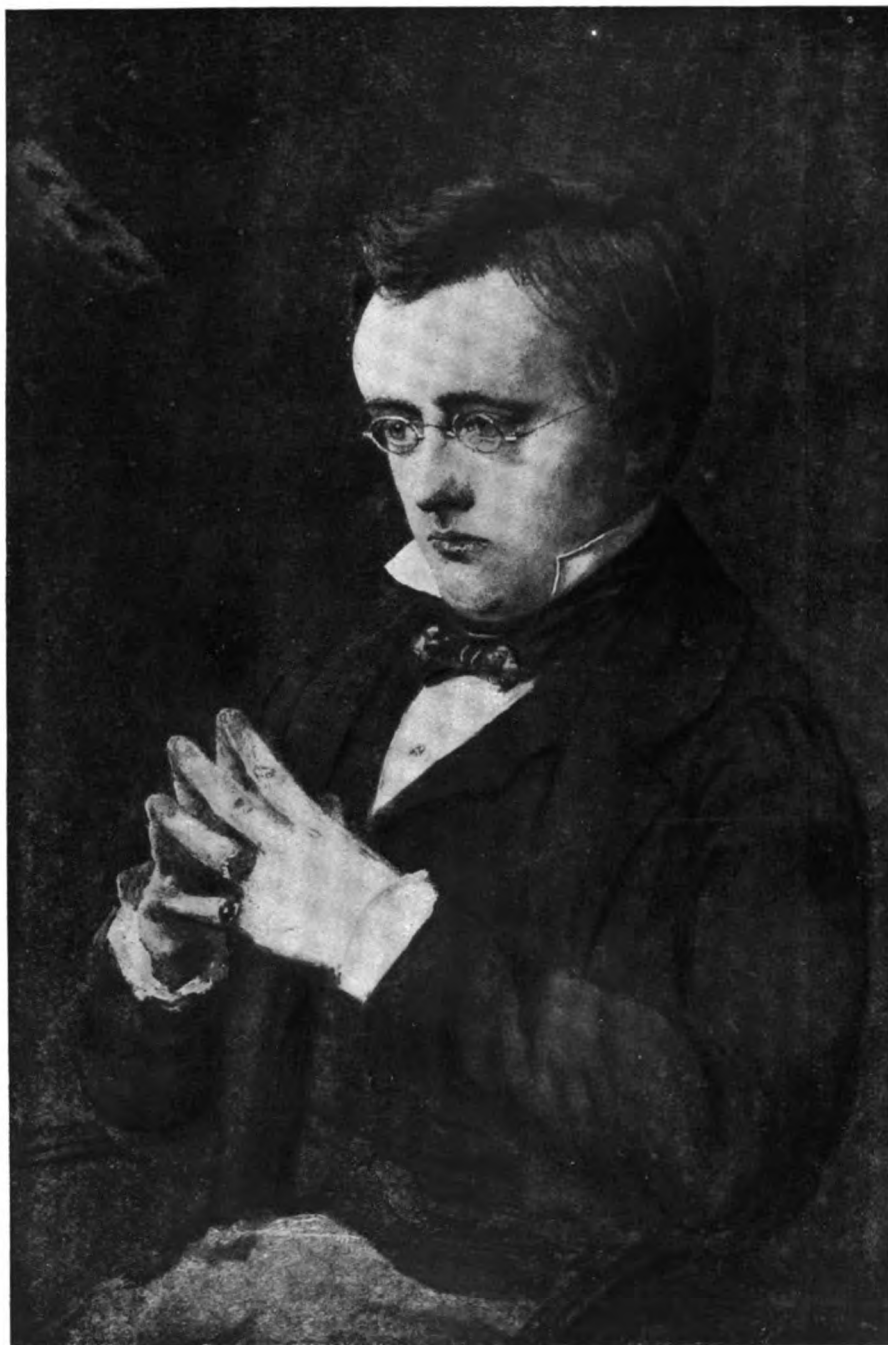
Our portrait shows the novelist in middle age. In later life he wore a beard. Wilkie Collins died in 1889 at the age of sixty-five.

THE BOOK MARKET.

SOME WEST CENTRAL WINDOWS.

LAST week our literary peripatetics brought us from Liverpool-street as far as Mr. Dunn's large shop at the head of Cheapside. This week a saunter through Holborn and the Strand seemed to promise entertainment. What better starting-point than Messrs. Bumpus's at Holborn Bars? There you enter the City; there you leave it; and a broad pavement and a gracious bend in the line of the street give emphasis and space to one of the best-known book strongholds in London. From the Furnival's Inn side of the street, or even from a passing 'bus, Messrs. Bumpus's window looks ever the same; but at close quarters it becomes a chronicle of literary events and a not illiberal education. Here you may gather information that will enable you to dine out with credit for a fortnight; and then you may come again. It is not superfluous to know that the twenty-five volumes of the latest edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is now to be bought for twenty-four pounds, less than a sovereign a volume. Chambers' *Encyclopædia* is here also, but being both of later date and much less costly it commands its full price. It is well to be reminded, too, that only three guineas stand between you and the illustrated edition of Green's *History of the English People*, which you have so long vowed, and so long neglected, to place on your shelves. But these belong to the old brigade. Their position is assured, their ticketing is modest; you need not hurry. With certain great books of the hour it is far otherwise. It would be strange indeed if Mr. Richard R. Holmes's *Queen Victoria* would brook your calm. This is the book of the year—in a sense, the book of the century. It is produced under the gracious supervision of Her Majesty in the proudest year of her reign; and the price, like the Jubilee fever, is going up, up. The edition on Japanese paper, published at £10, is worth £25 at the moment of writing. But to obtain it even at that price is barely possible. The

ordinary edition, published at £2 8s., is ticketed £3, and will rise in price—all the more certainly because considerable doubt exists as to the number of copies which Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co. will be willing to strike off. They have a splendid reputation to keep up in this matter, and the moment imperfection in the plates sets in printing will stop. Mr. Bumpus will try to get you a copy; but his despair grows more beautiful every day. Let us follow the sunset to Messrs. Cornish Brothers' shop, nearly opposite the Avenue Hotel. Messrs. Cornish, like other booksellers, will receive your subscription for the new and limited edition of the novels of Charles Lever, which Messrs. Downey & Co. will issue during the next two years, month by month, in half-guinea volumes. *Harry Lorrequer* leads the procession. At the first blush there may seem little chance in these days for so old-fashioned a humorist as Lever to exercise his old spell. But it must be remembered that no other uniform edition of Lever's works is now in the market, and that this edition will surpass all others, excepting, of course, the rare first editions in paper covers. The novelist's daughter, Mrs. Neville, is editing the series, which will be embellished by all the original plates etched by "Phiz" and George Cruikshank, over six hundred in number. These are to be supplemented in several of the later volumes by wood engravings by Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A., Mr. M. E. Edwards, Mr. Gordon Browne, and other artists. The printing of this edition has been entrusted to Messrs. T. & A. Constable, of Edinburgh, who have had a new bold, clear type cast for the work. The size of the page is octavo, and the volumes will be printed on laid paper specially made for this edition. Each volume will contain on an average 500 to 600 pages, and will be light to handle. The edition will be strictly limited to 1,000 copies for sale in Great Britain and America, and the type will be distributed after printing. Here again, therefore, delay is dangerous. It should be remembered that the Edinburgh edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's works, published at the same price and in the same quantity, has nearly doubled in value and is still keenly sought after. Not that Lever makes the same claim on this generation, but a "boom" in Lever is not the most improbable of all literary events. Messrs. Cornish have the novels of the hour well to the front, Mr. Crockett's *A Lad's Love* enjoying the most prominence, while Mr. H. G. Wells's *The Wheels of Chance* still "keeps its state in Rome," along with such later arrivals as *Ziska*, *The Well-Beloved*, *Peter Halket*, and *Guacac the Tinner*. Mr. Le Gallienne's *Quest of the Golden Girl* is not seen in the window, but Messrs. Cornish display the effective poster which Mr. John Lane has issued for its advertisement. This may be described as an arrangement in grey, black, and gold, disclosing a nun-like maiden. *The Quest* is in favour among booksellers, and is already in its third edition. Continuing yet a little westward we come to Mr. William Glaisher's shop, close to the Inns of Court Hotel. Mr. Glaisher is one of the largest "remainder" booksellers in London, and his shop is a



WILKIE COLLINS

From the Picture by Sir John Millais, P.R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery

happy hunting-ground to the more knowing among book-buyers. It is astonishing what good books become remainders. We recently found Mr. Glaisher selling Dr. Richard Garnett's *Twilight of the Gods* at a third of its original cost: it is a book of mature wit that has somehow missed public favour. Here many a fine art book of yesterday may be picked up at a large reduction. The costly edition of the *Tavern of the Three Virtues*, with Vierge's illustrations, is now offered at a little more than a fifth of its first price.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MACLEOD OF ASSYNT AND "PICKLE THE SPY."
Bernera, Stornoway, N.B.

Mr. Dunning MacLeod is a strange investigator, if he thinks there was not a vestige of truth in a story which is plainly shown in the course of his letter to have been hardly exaggerated even by presumably prejudiced historians. He admits that Neil MacLeod captured Montrose, and surrendered him to an accredited officer. What further baseness could constitute treachery? Shall we allow that open hostility is to escape censure, while hostility combined with strategy, in a single individual, is to brand descendants of the strategist and other members of the clan with everlasting infamy? Most people will surely see that there is but little practical difference between Mr. Dunning MacLeod's own admission and the version of the story that gave umbrage to his righteous spirit. Further, the hatred of the Edinburgh W.S. to the Clan MacLeod—a matter of not the slightest interest to a MacLeod, one would think—has in Mr. MacLeod's own admission fully as much reason as ever to overtake the important clan to which your correspondent belongs. Only let us charitably suggest that its force should be spent on the Assynt branch of the MacLeods, it being well known that all bearing a Highland surname are not necessarily, if even usually, of the ilk so called. Besides, the Edinburgh W.S. in question, your own reviewer, and other detractors of honest "Pickle the Patriot," as he might possibly be called, should rather see to it that they begin in earnest to hate themselves and other undoubted descendants of those anti-Jacobites who gave the *coup de grâce* to all Jacobite aspirations. And if the present generation is to hang its head for shame for the baseness of a former generation, they are very important persons indeed who should first show signs of contrition for the bloodthirstiness that set the price of £30,000 upon the devoted head of the young Chevalier. Hey, presto! rubicund countenances on this score should be more numerous down your way, across the Border, than here in Bonnie Scotland, where "nane wad betray."

But it is a much more agreeable thing to reprobate others than ourselves. And as to poor "Pickle," I feel sure that his employers were as blameworthy as the scapegoat of their treachery. In truth, however, did Pickle do the least real harm to the Stuart cause, or the least real good to the Guelph? Did he not rather earn an honest penny by duping the English Government—a matter for approbation, all good Jacobites would allow—with information which could not hurt the already hopeless Stuart cause? Further, if that was not so, I fancy there is, alternatively, very good material indeed available in Mr. Lang's book and elsewhere for a readable article headed "Pickle the Patriot." Surely there is in our midst some anti-Jacobite and sound Hanoverian who will exculpate MacLeod of Assynt, and rehabilitate MacDonell the Spy.

I am a bit of a Jacobite myself, but how could I wish that Montrose or Charles had won? Must not every man of sense admit that, to say the least, it might have fared badly with our country had either won, and that our real sentiments at the present day respecting sovereign government are scarcely consistent with contempt for men who only did what we should have applauded them for doing had we been parties in those stirring scenes. Really, common sense should have restrained the exuberant contempt of scribes descended from those who ruined Montrose and Charles.

The true apology for MacLeod of Assynt should be a plea for justification, and for Glen-garry of disinterestedness and anti-Jacobitism. Nobody of repute will think the less of Mr. Dunning MacLeod for his connexion with the former, while Mr. Lang and his publishers are the real gainers by the transactions of the Spy. Of the latter we dare say, *Requiescat in pace!*
HECTOR MACAULAY.

THE DISCOUNT SYSTEM.

London: March 15.

Mr. Redway's interesting letter in your last issue, anent the discount system, is very opportune, and pretty nearly covers the whole field of discussion on this important question. The remarks at the end of his letter, that books published at net prices must be books that book-buyers want, hits the right nail on the head.

The question, however, remains, Who is to discriminate between the good, bad, and indifferent books?

The public is capricious, and sometimes when a book is adversely reviewed, and even condemned, it often sells well.

Does Mr. Redway know the books that book-buyers want? If he does, how gladly would some of us beg for a little of that omniscience with which he is so abundantly blessed.

Alas! I am afraid it is now, and always will be, a case of *Chacun à son goût*.

That no language is too strong to denounce the absurdity of publishing a book at twice its proper value for the purpose of taking it off again is apparent to the youngest recruit in the publishing trade, and however devoutly we may wish to discontinue this practice, we have still to remember that existing customs are not so easily changed, and that English people are naturally conservative.

What we want is combination.

If the publishers will combine to bring out their books at net prices the difficulty will vanish, there being no alternative for the book-buyer. But unity is strength. There must be combination.
R. A. EVERETT.

COWLEY'S "HYMN TO LIGHT."

Clun Vicarage, Salop: March 11.

In the *ACADEMY* of February 27, p. 255, the reviewer of Mr. Churton Collins's *Treasury of Minor British Poetry* writes: "So far as we know, Cowley's 'Hymn to Light' has been given in no anthology before." Archbishop Trench, in his *Household Book of English Poetry*, gives eighteen stanzas of it (cviii., p. 119), including the exquisite lines—

"The violet, Spring's little infant, stands
Girt with thy purple swaddling-bands,"

and in the Notes, p. 403, defends the omission "of nine out of the twenty-six stanzas of which this fine hymn is composed, believing that it has gained much by the omission." He also prints the puzzling line—

"Of colours' mingled light, a thick and standing lake,"

as if "colours'" must be treated as a genitive plural, though he expresses himself as little satisfied with the result.
C. WARNER.

A R T.

IT is not a little strange to find a Water-colour Society with a diploma and distinctions, with a known name, with a council, a page of members, and every circumstance of state, offering to London such an exhibition as the present one at the Royal Institute, Piccadilly. These large rooms are filled, to speak with no more than a just and convenient generality, by drawings that might be the discouraging work of the pupils of an undistinguished water-colour painter of thirty years ago. It is through no weak prepossession in favour of new fashions that this date is mentioned as a reproach. The undistinguished work of thirty or more years ago had a commonness, a provincialism, and a dulness of its own day; anyone can verify this—Art is immortal, and the water-colours of the actual time are still to be seen. And while in Bond-street, close by, in the Royal Academy itself, in Pall Mall, even in Suffolk-street, times have moved, and artists have moved somewhat with them, there has been set up, it seems, a very temple of old-fashioned English water-colour in Piccadilly, and the period of the old fashion has been chosen, as it were, for its impotence. Not, of course, that there was any real deliberation in the matter. It has been nothing, evidently, but the helpless continuance of a mere habit. And that continuance might have been expected, considering our insular traditions, within the shades of the private schools of ladies. What is nothing less than astonishing is to see the results exhibited in a foremost gallery in London. The catalogue, by the way—we must be allowed to mention it—is solidly bound, has a string and a pencil attached, and is illustrated. The effect of laborious and faint-hearted pupilage, let us add emphatically, is as manifest in the work signed by names that are followed by the initials R.I. as in the work of the other contributors. Everywhere, if there is a figure-subject, it is inept, at a standstill, weak as water, perfectly undramatic. You can imagine a very young girl stippling away at the costumes in her natural feebleness. These groups, nevertheless, are seldom the work of girls. If there is a landscape, you have the lifeless, unskilful, untaught, unready execution, the lightless skies, the heaviness, the slowness, the lack of unity, the poor patchwork, the *added* finish, the small manner, the hesitation and perseverance at once—all the characteristics that go together to make a familiar whole. Above all, let it not be supposed that the artists of the Institute have intended anything so definite or so legitimate as a return to the methods of water-colour practised by the really early English masters of that art. They have gone no further back than the time when the art was at its worst. With this kind of matter the several rooms are almost filled. Among the few names that one finds signing work of alien aspect in such a spiritless company are those of Mr. Yeend King, Mr. Moffat Lindner, Mr. Alsop, Mr. Tuke, Mr. Alfred Parsons, Mr. Haité, Mr. Edwin

Bale, Mr. Minns, Mr. Cotman, Mr. Mackintosh, and Mr. Austen Brown.

A COLLECTION of the paintings and drawings of James Maris at the Goupil Gallery in Waterloo-place shows this admirable artist generally at his best. His river scenes, his quays and harbours, are painted with an emphasis all his own, foreground-shadow and distant light being the more usual comparison. Sometimes he looks towards the light, and gets the shadow side of things without the use of shadows from the sky; but oftener the light is behind him, it shines upon his distances, and picks out the pearls of bright city buildings, while strong cloud-shadows darken the reds and blues of barges in the nearer planes. There is so much vigour and interest that you are willing to ignore a certain suggestion of able manufacture. M. Maris's skies are much alike, but they are full of colour, movement, buoyancy, and life. They are fine skies, little less than masterly, and yet a little less. They have no magic or spirituality, even when, as in "The Three Windmills," he looses fugitive wild sunshine from the vapour of a storm. It is finely and aptly but not greatly done. The largest sky is in "Seaweed Harvest," and there the clouds fly high with a fulness of cloud structure, but neither here is the art above a certain mark which a supreme master *always* over-passes. For freshness—and, in spite of the brilliance of the execution, freshness is not the prevailing quality—"Stormy Weather" is conspicuous; and for harmony, "The Outer Oratory." This last, with a few like it, is in a different manner, with less of the fresh-air liveliness of the rest. M. James Maris's water-colours have hardly the light of the oil-paintings, in which the brightness of horizon or sky-line leaves the happiest memory.

FOR Miss Anna Nordgren's oil-paintings, water-colours, and pastels, at the Clifford Galleries, 21, Haymarket, there should be a cordial welcome. Visits such as hers should suffice to make the Institute impossible. She is at her best in the vibration of sun and atmosphere, as in "The Daughter of the House," an orchard scene of the utmost vitality and delicacy; but her work is finely complete and free in the "Interior from Brittany," where the things are just touched, but full of form and colour. Great brightness goes with a chilly colour in "Concarneau Church," but the chilliness is not that of a really bad colourist. The drawing of the boy's face is questionable in "Children," but the spring and action of the younger child are quite admirable. There is too much experiment, perhaps, in the painting of a face in shadowless daylight ("Britta and Baby"), and the effect is not quite happy. But it cannot be said that Miss Nordgren is weaker in heads than in landscape; see the excellent profile in "Music in a Cottage" and the secure drawing of "A Mother," though here the child has hardly sufficient weight—the commonest fault! But in the living landscape she is, perhaps, at her best—an educated painter with a spirit of her own.

A. M.

DRAMA.

"SAUCY SALLY," produced on the tenth of this month at the Comedy, is a rather poor play very well played. Mr. Burnand has got out of "La Flamboyante" a few situations that are in themselves decidedly, though rather mechanically, diverting, but to arrive at them, the conventions of farce—especially that of almost impossible coincidence—are stretched as far as I have ever seen them stretched in my life. The characterisation is conventional, which is more or less a necessity in farce, and it is not without of vastly amusing types. One part of it, however, impels me to a little disquisition. There is a lady in it called Cecile, who ought to be a *cocotte*. But the English being what they are, she is described (with a grin, you understand) as a lady "who gives music-lessons to a school in St. John's Wood." She plays the part of a *cocotte*, except that her "lovers" are suitors, and the audience understands her to be one; but it is supposed to be necessary for its feelings to invest her with this silly ambiguity. Now, the hypocrisy which demands such a thing is both foolish and vile; however, that is not Mr. Burnand's fault, and I do not blame him for paying homage to it, pending the disappearance of that stupid indelicacy of taste in England, which refuses to hear plainly of certain phases of life, and yet enjoys sly allusions to them. But this fiction of Cecile being a music-mistress is utilised in the plot for bringing the peccant husband's wife and mother-in-law into her apartments—the music-mistress had rooms in Jermyn-street—on the pretence that the wife was a former pupil. That makes the plot altogether absurd, which is a pity. A little directness in such matters would improve our farces; if contemporary English audiences are too holy to stand a simple *cocotte* they should do without her altogether. Let us be "moral," if we may not be "happy and free." The only character—to leave generalisations—in the play which had any dash of originality was that of a grateful sailor who insisted on giving presents to the supposed and embarrassed preserver of his life. The dialogue was not witty, but neither was it vapid. And Mr. Burnand must be given credit for fitting his cast very admirably. So much for the play.

It was extremely well played. Mr. Hawtreys was in his very best vein. He had to lie, which was lucky, and he was given fair scope for those little delicacies of touch and intonation which are his strength. I have never seen him play better. But, after all, I have seen him play as well, and taking him for granted to some extent, I was really more interested in watching Mrs. Charles Calvert, whose mother-in-law was a revelation in comedy to me. They are generally tiresome parts, and this one was not distinguished in the writing of it above its fellows; yet out of it Mrs. Calvert got as good a piece of pure comedy as I have ever seen. Expression of face, voice, and gesture were all severely admirable. In particular there was a moment when she

and others were supposed to be leaving hotel in a hurry on a false alarm; the others were bustling about with luggage while she stood still with her back to the audience; yet in that moment she absolutely possessed the stage, the very picture of matronly worry and trepidation. Mr. Hawtreys is extremely fortunate to have her in his cast. He is fortunate, too, in Miss Jessie Bateman, a comic actress of very considerable promise. I praised her some months ago for her acting in "Woman's World," a play which ran for an afternoon at the Court. Her part in "Saucy Sally" was an easier one, but it was also less effective—the stock young wife of farce—and it is much to her credit that she made it as noticeable as it was. She made every point with delightful *aplomb* and self-possession, and with a catching sense of fun. Mr. Hendrie played the eccentric sailor with much finish and consistency. Miss Abbott was clever and animated in the difficult part of Cecile: it was not her fault if it was inconsistent with itself. To finish, a far worse play would be worth seeing with such acting as there is at the Comedy.

"SAUCY SALLY" was preceded by "Byways," a one-act piece by Mr. G. S. Payne. The costumes were those of the "School for Scandal," and there was a fitful attempt to make the dialogue correspond thereunto. A young profligate had seduced a girl, and when he promised to marry her he was accepted by her parents (and apparently by the audience) as a paragon of sympathetic generosity. Will any casuist tell me if the moral was all that it should have been? I do not pretend to be a judge of such things; but I tremble to think of my fate at the hands of certain critics if I had put such a sentiment into a story. It was a rather pretty little play, moderately well acted.

I HAVE no objection to Nelson or any other historical person being put onto the stage, but he is being done to death a little too much at present. The cock-pit scene is all very well, but two editions of it in so short a time fatigue. Of the two, I thought Mr. Abingdon did better than Mr. Forbes Robertson: he may not have been more like Nelson, but he was more like a dying man. "The Mariners of England," by Mr. Robert Buchanan and "Charles Marlowe," is a better play than "Nelson's Enchantress," in the sense that in construction it is more like a play. In dialogue and in characterisation it is infinitely worse, which is saying a good deal. I mean that it is very silly and impossible, but that, of course, does not mean that it is not ever adapted by its authors to the tastes they designed to gratify. It is full of foolishly expressed patriotism and false sentiment and claptrap generally, and its plot is a farrago of nonsense. I hesitate to criticise its naval details, since I notice that Admiral Field has said they are realistic. I may say they are surprising. Mr. Charles Glenney was very manly and robust and affecting. Mr. Abingdon was distinctly good; he carried through a scene in which he had to dismiss a bad officer with dignity and verisimilitude.

Mr. Sleath, as the villain in question, was over-subdued for melodrama. He quite suggested a villain in real life. By the way, his repentance in the last act and his hand-shaking with the hero annoyed me very much; but that was Mr. Buchanan's fault or the fault of Charles Marlowe. There is some good "spectacular effect" in the piece, which is being played at the Olympic.

G. S. S.

SCIENCE.

IS the problem of colour-photography about to be solved? That is a question which a good many people are asking just now, and it may be as well to state exactly how far it can be answered. I have seen every process calling itself "colour-photography" which has yet appeared, and at the present moment there are no fewer than five such processes calling for recognition. I exclude, of course, anything in the nature of hand-tinted or artificially prepared photographs, such as the Zurich "photochromes," which are in every shop window abroad, and the gentle atrocities obtained by what is known as "cristoleum" painting, a form of boudoir art.

Of the photographic processes—more or less pure and none of them simple—two depend on the use of coloured glass screens to get the effects: one owes its colours to "interference," and the remaining two are *secrets*. The Ives method of colour-photography consists in taking three negatives of the object simultaneously on different parts of a plate, through red, green, and blue-violet screens respectively (the actual tints are subject to variation), corresponding to the supposed three primary colour sensations of the eye. These negatives are individually colourless, and so are the positives taken from them; but they differ materially in detail, so that if the three transparent positives are recombined through three tinted screens to form a single image once more, the original colours are reproduced with remarkable faithfulness. The explanation of the process is that the red screen weeds out all rays but those which are red or akin to red—in other words, allows only those parts of the object to be photographed which are radiating red light, and *appear to us* red; the green screen similarly admits only green rays or those akin to green; the blue screen only those which are blue or akin to blue. Yellow rays would pass in by the red and the green screens—not the blue; other compound colour rays would be separated up and allowed to pass in the same way through the proper screens corresponding to the colour nerves by which we are able to perceive them. Mr. Ives has been at work a great many years on his invention, the "chromoscope," an ingenious arrangement of mirror surfaces for splitting up and afterwards recombining his three images, and has recently succeeded in giving a stereoscopic appearance to his results.

EQUALLY beautiful and less complicated are the colour-photographs of Dr. Joly, shown not long since at the Royal Society. In this case a screen is also used both in photographing and reproducing the originals, but the primary sensations are represented by alternate lines of orange, green, and blue, engraved with extreme fineness on a sheet of glass resembling a diffraction grating, and the rays on reaching the screen are weeded out selectively by the lines of colour. The three complementary negatives of Ives are thus obtained in a blended form, distributed minutely over the image, and the positive, when viewed once more through the ruled screen placed to register, reproduces the colours brilliantly without greater offence to the eye than is the case with a fine-screen process block.

M. LIPPMANN, of Paris, has invented a method of reproducing colours directly which not only discards the use of tinted glass screens, but is also incomparably more delicate and ingenious than either of the foregoing. It depends upon the optical phenomenon known as interference, the action to which we owe the colours of thin transparent films, such as soap-bubbles. M. Lippmann takes a specially prepared sensitive plate, of which the gelatinous medium is exceedingly fine-grained and homogeneous, and backs it with a layer of mercury to give a mirror-surface. When rays of various colour-values strike this plate they are reflected back off the mirror, and, meeting the on-coming vibrations, set up what are called stationary waves within the thickness of the sensitive film. In this way the inventor has succeeded in giving the film a striated structure, in which the distance apart of the striæ varies according to the length of the waves. In viewing the photographs when white light is thrown at a certain angle upon such a film, it is reflected back as coloured light, in which the colour at every point corresponds to the colour of the original object. The worst of this beautiful discovery is that the photographs must be seen obliquely in order to perceive the colours.

THE remaining two methods which I shall mention are affairs of the moment, and one of them at least has practically never been seen in public until the other evening, when it was exhibited at a photographic club. These are the processes of M. Villedieu Chassagne (a recent protégé of Sir Henry Trueman Wood) and Mr. W. Bennetto, who among the solitudes of Cornwall appears to have hit on some extraordinary discovery. We have heard a good deal, at the Society of Arts and elsewhere, of M. Chassagne's coloured photographs. As results they are poor and unconvincing, like nothing so much as lightly tinted silver-prints. Their interest lies in the remarkable manner in which they are produced. According to the published accounts, M. Chassagne has discovered a colourless solution, with which he washes the plate he is about to expose. The resulting negative looks like all other negatives. He washes over the film to be printed in the same way, and the effect of this double washing is that when the print is dipped suc-

cessively into three coloured liquids—red, green, and blue—the colours attach themselves automatically to the right parts of the picture, blending to give the effects of mixed colours. Sir Henry Trueman Wood and Captain Abney say that they have seen the process carried out, so that at present one is not in a position to criticise the accuracy of the inventor's claims. But one thing is certain, should the process turn out to be genuine, the selective property transmitted to the film by the mysterious secret solution should open a way to some very interesting and novel researches in the domain of optical physics. Of Mr. Bennetto's process it is not possible even to say so much, for no details concerning it have been published. It appears, however, that Mr. Bennetto claims to have really discovered a film which will photograph natural colours—in other words, that his colours are produced directly by the action of light on chemical substances. If this be true, it is the final solution of the problem, and to judge by some of the tests which have been imposed, it must either be true or else the process is a fraud. Mr. Bennetto's photographs are singularly good as results, far more so than M. Chassagne's. It is a pity that the exigencies of commercial protection require that they should be kept a secret. Until the mystery is cleared away, and the process fully explained, one cannot do otherwise than accept them with a certain amount of reserve.

H. C. M.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

By the mistake of "inflating the most intense and profound of her convictions with an unreal and histrionic rhetoric," Olive Schreiner has "just missed writing a tale which might have produced something like the effect of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*." So the *Spectator*, instancing the "streams of flowery and pretentious eloquence" with which the Son of Man unfolds His commission to the trooper. The *African Critic* thinks the purpose of the book as "an anti-Rhodes manifesto" will be frustrated by its "evident desire to prejudice." To the *Pall Mall* this "passionate political pamphlet" is a blow "beneath the belt," and it "could wish it had been written by any one save the author of *The Story of an African Farm*." So also the *Standard* declares it to be "not fair fighting." The *Weekly Sun* is carried by "the earnest force, the pathetic note, the poignant art" out of "the lower levels of political bias." Mr. Courtney, in the *Daily Telegraph*, writes: "A novelist who . . . cuts the Gordian knot by assuming her views to be identical with those of the most sacred personage in history is guilty of . . . bad taste certainly, and, it may be, a serious lack of common sense. . . . Most people will read the book and be sorry it was ever written. . . . An effective indictment without doubt, full of literary force and charm. But what are we to say of a writer who attempts in this fashion to settle controverted issues?" As to its literary merits, the *Speaker* observes that there can be no question. "There are passages which

one reads with a sudden thrill of wonder and surprise." To the audacious introduction of our Lord into the narrative the reader is reconciled by the "skill and delicacy" of the treatment. While blaming the author for the form into which she has thrown her indictment, the *Speaker* believes that "she has spoken little that is not true, and has written no word in which she herself does not believe profoundly."

"It has to be acknowledged," writes the *Saturday* reviewer, "that 'Q.' does not rank, at present, among poets: he is not sufficiently the master of a charm exclusively his own." Rossetti and his sister, Shirley, Wordsworth, even Rudyard Kipling, "have passed into the crucible, and we are faintly conscious of their presence; . . . but it does not modify our impression of him as an excessively clever and interesting writer, who is more than justified in employing the medium of verse." "He has," writes the *Speaker*, "the true romantic spirit, and his ballads have something of a haunting quality." Having quoted "The Gentle Savage," the critic comments: "It will be seen that this work has just the faint ineffable touch and glow that make poetry. . . . It is a minor and technical defect . . . that he has sometimes difficult inversions and an occasional harshness of metre and awkwardness of construction." "His verse," writes the *Manchester Guardian*, "is scholarly; to an ear accustomed to the poets it is full (perhaps too full) of reminiscences, but the originality it shows is of the robust kind that is not killed by a knowledge of the achievements of others." "It is not all perfection," says the *Daily News*. "The poem 'Shadows' has a forced note, and 'Dolor Oogo' abounds in wilful obscurities which the old ballad writers never attained by the worst fortune of accident."

"A RETROGRESSION," says the *Chronicle*, "from the serious purpose of *Limitations*, but Mr. Benson must not complain if the public prefers it. The flesh is weak—and the Babe is often very funny."

"This genial production," writes the *Telegraph*, ". . . is open to none of the objections that were raised against Mr. Benson's first successful story"; it "is rife with clever definitions, as well as graphic character sketches." "Butterflies and champagne and fireworks are delightful in their way," says the *Pall Mall*, "but Mr. Benson gives you so much of them that it is well to take him in short stretches and with considerable intervals. He is too conscientiously funny, in short. . . . Excellent fooling, but . . . Mr. Benson's cap and bells are too persistently noisy." "If we except two episodes," writes the *Spectator*, ". . . the book is one long apotheosis of what the principal characters would call 'piffle' and 'footele.' Now and again Mr. Benson is genuinely amusing, but . . . for ourselves we find *The Babe B.A.* quite as irritating as the rose-coloured sentimental novel of University life, against which it may be regarded as a practical protest."

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REVIEWS.

MR. HARDY'S NEW NOVEL.

The Well-Beloved. By Thomas Hardy.
(Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.)

The Well-Beloved is offered to us as a sketch of a temperament. The temperament is that of Jocelyn Pierston, the descendant of a long line of dwellers on the peninsula known as Portland Bill, described by Mr. Hardy as the Isle of Slingers, where, by reason of its remoteness and independence of the mainland, customs die hard and racial instincts prevail long. The novelist insists upon this point with such emphasis as almost wholly to disarm criticism of his hero's conduct.

"Fancies," he says, "like certain soft-wooded plants which cannot bear the silent inland frosts, but thrive by the sea in the roughest of weather, seem to grow up naturally here, in particular among those natives who have no active concern in the labours of the 'Isle.' Hence it is a spot apt to generate a type of personage like the character imperfectly sketched in these pages."

Mr. Hardy, in laying his stories always in his own Wessex, has, as we have hinted, his critics somewhat at a disadvantage: we are forced to agree, to take it for granted, that Wessex is the home of such fatalistic, impulsive, grave, godless people as the men and women whose interplay of passions makes a great part of the fascination of these wonderful Wessex novels. Particularly, we must take it for granted that in Wessex there are such women. The men are more after the common pattern observable also in other counties: it is the Wessex women whom we have to accept on trust. In the present book, for example, Pierston is more easily apprehended by the reader than any of the three Avices or Marcia.

The father of Jocelyn Pierston, the hero of this story, and the possessor of the temperament, was a wealthy quarry owner;

Jocelyn, having the artistic sense, became a sculptor, and in time an Academician. He is a grave, passionless, self-contained, self-conscious man when we meet him first at twenty, and he has not changed when we take leave of him in his seventh decade. Had he not been distinguished by his peculiar temperament he would have been too dull a character for any novelist to employ. But it was his curious fate to pursue eternally an ideal of womanhood, to find it continually in this living woman and that, and to lose it again at the moment when it should be secure to him. His emotions were neither very deep nor disturbing: he collected them and studied them rather as other men collect *bric-à-brac*; yet he was entirely at the mercy of this obsession, and, wishing to be honourable in all things, was yet, at the bidding of this enchantment, now and again compelled to meanness and cruelty.

"To his Well-Beloved," says Mr. Hardy, in describing the Pierston of only twenty, "he had always been faithful; but she had had many embodiments. Each individuality known as Lucy, Jane, Flora, Evangeline, or what not, had been merely a transient condition of her. He didn't recognise this as an excuse or as a defence, but as a fact simply. Essentially she was perhaps of no tangible substance: a spirit, a dream, a frenzy, a conception, an aroma, an epitomized sex, a light of the eye, a parting of the lips. God only knew what she really was; Pierston did not. She was indescribable."

Given for material such a temperament (which is by no means rare), no novelist, least of all a writer so profoundly impressed with the irony of fate as Mr. Hardy, could fail to make an interesting story. But among novelists living and dead Mr. Hardy alone, we believe, could have brought to the theme such treatment as we find in *The Well-Beloved*. He has taken, after his wont in his recent books, the extreme case, and has presented it with the perfection of directness, himself retreating into the dimmest shadow of the background while the events follow each other with the certainty of sunset after sunrise. Extreme though the case is, Mr. Hardy has proved it. We believe unhesitatingly, when we lay down this record, that there was once a sculptor who, at the age of twenty, loved, but did not marry, a girl called Avice; that, at the age of forty, he returned to love, but did not marry, her daughter, Avice the second; that, at the age of sixty, he loved once again, but again did not marry, the daughter of this daughter, Avice the third. It is almost to state that Mr. Hardy has succeeded in his perilous task when we say that never at any moment does the narrative verge on the ludicrous, comic though the scheme of it is in the abstract.

Mr. Hardy works out his problem with his old unflinching mastery. Ibsen alone excels him in the art of dramatic progression—the steady advancement, unwavering and unhalting, to the logical end. To no one can we look with more certainty than to Mr. Hardy for grave and stately periods, in each new novel more and more interpenetrated with the sense of fatality and hopeless wrong. He is gradually becoming our saddest writer. It would be hard to find more fit and beautiful prose

than Mr. Hardy's: in describing a melancholy phase of nature he is alone. Here is the description of the funeral of the first Avice, watched by Pierston from a distance (and who does not know the strange influence exerted by such scene?):

"Among the graves moved the form of a man clothed in a white sheet, which the wind blew and flapped sadly every now and then. Near him moved six men bearing a long box, and two or three persons in black followed. The coffin, with its twelve legs, crawled across the isle, while around and beneath it the flashing lights from the sea and the school of mackerel were reflected; a fishing-boat, far out in the Channel, being momentarily discernible under the coffin also. The procession wandered round to a particular corner, and halted, and paused there a long while in the wind, the sea behind them, the surplice of the priest still blowing. Jocelyn stood with his hat off: he was present, though he was a quarter of a mile off; and he seemed to hear the words that were being said, though nothing but the wind was audible."

Could ten times the number of words better give the sadness of the scene? And here is another memorable passage, which, by its place in the book, precisely where such a note is desired, testifies to Mr. Hardy's consummate instinct for "atmosphere":

"The evening and night winds here were, to Pierston's mind, charged with a something that did not burden them elsewhere. They brought it up from that sinister Bay to the west, whose movement she and he were hearing now. It was a presence—an imaginary shape or essence from the human multitude lying below: those who had gone down in vessels of war, East Indianmen, barges, brigs, and ships of the Armada—select people, common, and debased, whose interests and hopes had been as wide asunder as the poles, but who had rolled each other to oneness on that restless sea-bed. There could almost be felt the brush of their huge composite ghost as it ran a shapeless figure over the isle, shrieking for some good god who would disunite it again."

Mr. Hardy loses strength, or, at any rate, convincingness, directly he leaves Wessex. London makes him cruel. He has been always too fine an artist to obtrude his own emotions on the reader—even in *Tess* his own pity for his heroine is never expressed, although we are able to infer it; but no sooner does he depart from Wessex soil than he relaxes a little this rule of isolation, and permits us to see him angered by quite harmless artificialities of society, which other men are content to take for granted. In the aggregate Mr. Hardy's novels are a sufficiently black indictment of what he deems the frustrating power at the back of things—his profound disbelief, his persistent pessimism, are implicit in all his work—but once in London, among rouge and insincerities, he allows himself to particularise; he shows his hand. We regret exceedingly this tendency. Mr. Hardy may be in as fierce a rage as he will, but he may well leave realistic touches to others. His discretion is not always to be trusted. For example, the minute account of Pierston's endeavours to cross the rooms at the dinner party, described early in the second part, on p. 95, is not needed. It does not help the story, and is done too savagely to be worthy as a discursion.

Again, on p. 111, in describing another social function, at which Pierston is partially stunned by the news of the death of Avice the first and yet has to be more or less agreeable to his fellow guests, Mr. Hardy writes:

"All that was eminent in European surgery addressed him in the person of that harmless and unassuming fogey whose hands had been inside the bodies of hundreds of living men; but the lily-white corpse of an obscure country-girl chilled the interest of discourse with such a king of operators."

The words which we have italicised are unpleasant and unnecessary. One more example: on p. 279, in the passage describing the arrival of Pierston with Avice the second and Avice the third in London, Mr. Hardy writes:

"It was one of those ripe and mellow afternoons that sometimes colour London with their golden light . . . and produce those marvellous sunset effects which, if they were not known to be made up of kitchen coal-smoke and animal exhalations, would be rapturously applauded."

Now this, again, is gratuitously unpleasant, and also it is untrue. Mr. Hardy surely cannot believe that the thought of "animal exhalations" deters anyone from extending admiration to a sunset. The thought does not occur to more than one mind in a thousand. Mr. Hardy's love of ironical contrasts occasionally leads him astray. A writer so capable of the employment of subtle *natural* irony has no need for mechanical effects.

So much for this new story from the master hand. In saying that it is absorbing in interest and set forth with all the old composure and distinction we have said no more than what is just. We cannot go farther and reach enthusiasm, because we believe Mr. Hardy to be on a wrong road. Thinking of what he has done in the days that are passed; thinking of *Far from the Madding Crowd* and *The Woodlanders*, of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* and *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, of their clash of passions and rich humanity, of their almost Shakespearean rustics and subtle sympathy with nature, of their emotional heights and freakish humour; thinking of these books and Mr. Hardy's great qualities generally, we are disposed even to resent *The Well-Beloved*. Masterpiece though it be, it is not quite worthy of Mr. Hardy's genius; it is a by-way study by a man fitted to keep the broad high road. Mr. Hardy is great enough to leave such material alone, or to touch it merely in a short story. None the less, we do not altogether regret *The Well-Beloved*, for we are tempted to hope (as we must admit we also were tempted to hope after finishing *Jude the Obscure*) that Mr. Hardy will now return to elementals and his woodland scenes. Just as Jude and Sue represented the ultimate state of that variety of lovers so dear to Mr. Hardy's mind, so surely must Jocelyn Pierston represent the ultimate development of the "pursuing" temperament. Mr. Hardy, we feel, could not possibly go farther in either direction; he could not provide Jude and Sue with additional disaster; he could not invent a Jocelyn who should love more than three generations of Avices—a great-granddaughter would be too much! The way is now made easy for a return.

BOOKS ABOUT THE NAVY.

The Effect of Maritime Command on Land Campaigns Since Waterloo. By Major C. E. Callwell, R.A. (William Blackwood & Sons.)

MAJOR CALLWELL has undertaken an ambitious task in writing on *The Effect of Maritime Command on Land Campaigns Since Waterloo*. Not only has he had to deal with the strategical aspects of eighty years of the world's wars, but he has taken up the story of the influence of sea power upon history where Captain Mahan set it down. The latter historian in his brilliant exposition of that subject brought us only to the downfall of Napoleon. Major Callwell carries on the thread of the American writer's argument down to the present day. And let it be said at once that he has fulfilled his task with remarkable success. It is true that his narrative necessarily lacks that completeness of detail and wide comprehensiveness which has made Captain Mahan's treatise a standard work for all time, but he has done what will commend him equally well to the general reader, if not to the leisured student of history. In the work which he has presented to us the advantage of maritime command since the Treaty of Vienna is set forth in a lucid and interesting form without any unnecessary detail, but with the salient points of the argument brought into prominence and treated in such a manner as to leave nothing but absolute conviction in the mind of the reader that the deductions drawn therefrom are incontrovertible. Let it not be supposed that the author bases his theories on unsupported assumptions; on the contrary, his argument is founded on solid fact, for the mere narrative of the wars of the last eighty years is more than sufficient to emphasise the continued soundness of the great doctrine propounded by Captain Mahan.

Needless to say the campaigns seriously treated by Major Callwell do not include all the world's struggles since 1816. Yet there are few wars of any importance which have not felt the influence of maritime command. The campaign of 1822, the Russo-Turkish wars of 1828-29 and 1853, the Crimean campaign, the Franco-German war, the American Civil War, the Russo-Turkish war of 1877, and many others are all examined with a view to showing the advantage derived from the command of the sea. In the Russo-Turkish war of 1828 "the influence of Russian maritime command had been decisive. Thanks to it Wittgenstein had been able to maintain his ill-organised force for months in the barren, inhospitable uplands of the eastern section of Bulgaria, and to compel the surrender of Varna." By its help, too, "a final blow was aimed at the very heart of the Ottoman empire." In the Crimean war "the dread of Allied descents along the coasts of the peninsula broke the Russian army into fragments." The fleet, in short, was the prime factor in governing the course of the struggle; by its means "the Allies established themselves in a remote corner of the Czar's dominions," and by the grip which its support enabled them to hold on the position the Colossus of the North was

effectually checked. As the author points out, "the Crimean war was a struggle in which sea-power was pitted against military force, and vanquished it decisively. The lesson is one which the people of this country cannot lay too much to heart." The American Civil War was also essentially one in which the naval forces were bound to play an important part. The enormous length of coast line, the contiguity to the sea of all the strategical points, and the necessity for maintaining the effective blockade of the commercial ports, made it inevitable from the beginning that the struggle would be fought out to a great extent on the sea or rivers; and that the Federals fully recognised this fact at the outset was evidenced by their hasty destruction of the Confederate dockyard at Norfolk. Although Major Callwell refers to it, he perhaps hardly lays sufficient emphasis on the importance of the command of the Mississippi to the belligerents. The great water-way so long as it remained in the hands of the Confederates was a connecting link between East and West, but once it fell into the hands of the enemy it formed an impassable barrier between the forces on its opposite banks. The capture of the river indeed rendered the cause of the Confederates practically hopeless.

It is impossible, with the space at our disposal, more than merely to touch on the numerous and highly instructive illustrations which Major Callwell gives us of the truth of his argument. As has already been pointed out, he confines himself entirely to an analysis of history. He does not enter the dangerous ground of prophecy or deal with campaigns that might have been. Had he done so he would doubtless have referred to the extraordinary proof of the "influence of sea-power upon history" which has been presented to us during the past twelve months. The ambitions of Germany in Africa are well known, and had the British Navy not been so overwhelmingly strong her designs in the Transvaal and elsewhere might long ere this have taken a concrete form. As it is, however, she is powerless to utilise a fraction of her land hosts on the African continent without our permission. The lesson which the commissioning of the flying squadron conveyed to the minds of our countrymen is not likely to be forgotten by us for many a long year to come; but if ever our memory requires refreshing on that all-important point we cannot do better than take a lesson from the book which Major Callwell has so ably written for us.

The Navy and the Nation. By Lieut.-Col. Sir George S. Clarke, K.C.M.G., F.R.S., and James R. Thursfield, M.A. (John Murray.)

DURING the past few years the Navy has received so much attention from the press that many able writers and essayists on the subject have been tempted to place their views in what is far too ephemeral a form. It has often been a matter of profound regret to Naval students that articles which are well worthy of careful thought and study should be given only a fleeting exist-

nce with no possibility of recall except by laborious reference to the files of the British Museum. In the volume before us an excellent selection has been made of contributions of this character, which, to say the least, are well worthy of embodiment in book form, as all bear forcibly on the subject of the Navy and the Nation. Sir George Clarke and Mr. Thursfield are both eminently qualified to treat their theme from an expert's point of view, the former officer having had during his career exceptional opportunities of forming an intelligent judgment of the empire's strength and weaknesses, while Mr. Thursfield, though a civilian, has probably spent more time aboard our men-of-war than any landsman living. In the collection of articles which they have presented to us the British Navy is criticised in an attractive and diversified manner, and with an absence of technicality which will be very welcome to the general reader. Of the fourteen articles given in the book, perhaps the most serious and authoritative is that on "The Navy and the Colonies," a subject which Sir George Clarke, as secretary of the Colonial Defence Committee in 1885, is well qualified to treat. His warning to Australians with respect to the advantages and responsibilities which they possess as members of the British empire is particularly well worthy of attention.

"It would not be difficult," he says, "to show that Australians, whether independent or not, might be nearly affected by the results of a campaign in Afghanistan. . . . In the event of difficulties with Japan, the new naval power of the East would be able to dictate terms to independent Australasia. The mere Chinese question would assume an unpleasant aspect for scattered states impotent beyond the little rayon of their harbour defences. In such a case a sorry figure would be presented to the world, and the advantages of the old flag might be realised too late."

Although every article conveys a lesson of its own, not a single one can be voted dry reading by anyone possessing even the most elementary knowledge of naval history or strategy.

GREEK FAIRY TALES.

Greek Folk-Poesy. Annotated Translations by Lucy M. J. Garnett; edited, with Essays, by J. S. Stuart-Glennie, M.A. Vol. II., "Folk-Prose." (London: David Nutt.)

THIS volume consists for the most part of what we call fairy tales, that is to say, stories of the *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* type, along with some recalling more specifically the "Arabian Nights." To all who enjoy this sort of literature—in other words, to all right-minded persons—they will afford very delightful reading; but to the Hellenist they are disappointing. Beyond the fact of being translated—and, so far as we can judge, very well translated, from the modern Greek—there is hardly anything Greek about them. One story is adapted from the myth of Demeter and Persephone; and the names of Charon, the Moirai, and the Nereids occasionally meet us. For the rest,

there is nothing that could not have been, or that probably was not, imported by Slavonic or Turkish invaders. It would have been well if the editor had devoted some part of his learning and research to the elucidation of this interesting question. But Mr. Stuart-Glennie seems to care nothing for the minor facts of history. He flies at higher game. Nothing less will content him than a complete reconstruction of the past as a prelude to what he calls the Modern Revolution. The conceptions of primitive man must join hands with physical science and the theory of evolution in a common assault on supernatural religion. A lady once expressed ingenuous surprise at the fact that such nice things as men could be developed out of such horrid things as boys. Mr. Stuart-Glennie will not allow such a horrid thing as Christianity to be developed out of such a nice thing as folk-poesy. Transposing the adjectives, some Christian theologians will cordially accept his conclusion. But some philosophers, whose rejection of supernatural religion is as complete as his own, will be of a different opinion. Auguste Comte did, indeed, say that the fetishist stood nearer to positivism than any theologian. But that is an opinion characteristic of his later, reactionary period. Our physical science in its supreme developments stands at the furthest possible remove from that view of nature which brings minerals, plants, and animals into active sympathy and conscious co-operation with human wants and wishes. On the other hand, by clearing away a rank undergrowth of superstition that impeded our intellectual progress at every step, Christianity has prepared the ground for scientific rationalism no less effectually than the new monarchy of the Renaissance in its warfare against feudalism prepared society for the modern state.

But what right have we to assume that folk-lore reproduces the mind and morals of primitive man? Very little in any case; in the case of this so-called Greek folk-lore absolutely none. Fairy tales especially are moulded by conditions which forbid their being taken as sincere representations of adult human life and thought at any stage of culture. They are all what the great German collection has been very appropriately entitled, *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*—that is, tales suitable for children and for repetition in the family circle. Now Prof. Sully has recently reminded us of the immense part played by sheer make-belief in the minds of children, of their intense sympathy with animals, of their passionate longing for justice. It is eminently in accordance with their feelings that the weak things of the world should be chosen to confound the mighty, as so often happens in *Märchen*. Nor is this all. The tales told to children are generally told to them by women. Thus, by a true process of sexual selection, everything agreeable to the feminine taste in them is preserved and probably exaggerated, everything repugnant to it is excluded. The first thought of a woman who wants something out of her reach is to procure it through the mediation of someone else, through charm and favour, through all that fairy influence represents

and personifies. A woman delights in stories of kings and queens, because they embody the idea of personal power, because it is through them that family life becomes a decisive factor in the world's affairs; they represent the supreme glorification and expansion of her home. Of course, also, she demands that pure love and happy marriage shall be an integral element of the fairy tale. Mr. Stuart-Glennie asserts that the sexual purity of Greek folk-poesy is "distinctively Pagan, not Christian" (p. 500). It is, in fact, a domestic purity to which Christianity has proved more favourable than Paganism, whether Paganism is to be illustrated by the experiences of Tahiti or by the pastorals of Theocritus. It will, perhaps, in Gibbon's phrase, draw a smile from the young and a blush from the fair, to hear that the New Woman has been looking for naughty passages in the first volume of *Greek Folk-Poesy*, and, disappointed at not finding any such, has written angrily to complain of what she assumes to be their intentional omission. She is sure that the originals abounded in such, and that their lamentable absence from the English version is due to the translator's "prudery." To which Mr. Stuart-Glennie replies, that "whatever has been translated has been literally and fully translated" (p. 500). But is it not rather unfair to make the "hypocrisies of Christian morals" responsible for what he calls the "lewd imaginations" of "our emancipated Eves." Those ladies would probably scorn the name of Christians, and would gladly return to what they suppose was Pagan morality.

IN THE YEAR 1540.

Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the Reign of Henry VIII. (Record Office.)

THE new volume—the fifteenth—of this publication, which Mr. James Gairdner and Mr. R. H. Brodie are editing for Her Majesty's Government, takes us to 1540, the thirty-first year of Henry's reign. The volume is not perhaps so interesting as some that have preceded it, but it is notable for containing the inner story of the Anne of Cleves marriage and the ruin of Cromwell. For the rest there is not much. Mr. Gairdner prefaces the collection with an entertaining summary of the year, wherein he describes fully the Cleves fiasco. The matter is not, of course, new, but the documents have a fresh interest when presented in their nakedness, as they here are. The bare-bones of history are often of more moment than the flesh added by the historian. Of all of these Anne of Cleves papers, which tell so pitiful yet grimly humorous a story, the most precious is the letter sent by the King to Anne after the nullification of their marriage had been satisfactorily concluded (and, as was rumoured, Katherine Howard had already become his new wife). In this beautiful missive, which was carried to Anne, at Richmond, on July 14, by the Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Southampton, and Sir Thomas Wriothesley, Henry promises Anne to be a brother to her

"Right dear and right entirely beloved sister," he begins, and, continuing, extols the meekness of her conduct, and offers a handsome allowance:

"We have appointed you two houses—that at Richemont where you now lie, and the other at Blechinghagh, not far from London, that you may be near us and, as you desire, able to repair to our court to see us, as we shall repair to you. When Parliament ends we shall, in passing, see and speak with you, and you shall more largely see what a friend you and your friends have of us."

More largely! Henry then exhorts her to be "quiet and merry," and subscribes himself, "Your loving brother and friend, H. R." A month later—August 15—Marillac, writing to Montmorency, says that Katherine Howard is being prayed for in the churches as the Queen. The same letter also proves that, however we may feel about Henry, there is little need to expend pity upon the lady from Flanders. "As for her who is now called Mme. de Cleves," writes Marillac, "far from pretending to be married, she is joyous as ever, and wears new dresses every day; which argues either prudent dissimulation or stupid forgetfulness of what should so closely touch her heart"; although, meanwhile, "the poor ambassador of Cleves" was thrown into a fever. Anne lived seventeen years after these events.

Anne of Cleves disposed of, the documents are miscellaneous in character and of minor importance. We find, however, a few passages that have human interest. Thus the volume opens with a memorandum of the New Year's presents given to Prince Edward in 1540. His august father gave him a pair of flagons and a pair of salts, which were never, probably, of much use to him; the Lady Mary, a gold brooch, with an image of St. John the Baptist set with a ruby; the Lady Elizabeth, a bracer of needlework of her own making. Among the other gifts were "two oxen and ten muttons" from the Abbot of Waltham. One or two letters from Melancthon offer a rather nice illustration of change of front—certainly with provocation. On February 20 the reformer writes to Henry in favour of the bearer, Michael of Leipsic, a very excellent maker of mirrors, who is proposing to show his work to the King. Melancthon begins by comparing Henry, who alone among the kings of Europe favours letters and true philosophy, to Alexander, Ptolemy Philadelphus, Augustus, and M. Antoninus. Six months pass in which much happens. Then, on August 17, we find Melancthon writing to John Stigelius and saying: "Let us cease to sing the praises of the English Nero. . . . I shall alter the preface in the *Commonplaces*, and add a recantation of the praises, although they are not very extravagant." Eleven days later, writing to Fr. Myconius, he says: "Must write nothing about the English Nero"; but adds, with pleasant inconsequence, "May God destroy this monster!"

In a letter from Wyatt to Cromwell, on April 12, we get an early glimpse of an old story which seems to have been an old story even then. Certain things, Wyatt remarks, remind him of the tale of the Welshman

who, being in danger on the sea, vowed a taper as big as the mast; but when he came on land paid a little candle to our Lady, and "offered her to be hanged if she ever took him on the sea again." It is new to find the hero of this adventure a Welshman. In these days of Methodism he can be so no longer. In another letter Wyatt complains to Cromwell that he has only enough fire to "warm his shirt by." Indeed, not the least interesting thing to be learned from this collection is the variety and multiplicity of Cromwell's duties. Nothing was too considerable and momentous, or too minute and trivial, for his attention. In the main, of course, his business lay with the suppression of the religion of Rome, and a glimpse of his thoroughness is given by a letter, dated January 20, from Sir Roger Touneshend. He writes to Cromwell to say that recently finding a woman of Wellys, beside Walsingham, who had imagined a miracle wrought by the image of Our Lady at Walsingham since it was brought to London, he set her in the stocks at Walsingham on the market day, with a paper about her head styling her "a reporter of false tales," and then sent her round the town in a cart for the young people and boys to cast snowballs at her. "This was her penance," he adds, "for I knew no law otherwise to punish her but by discretion." We like Sir Roger's discretion.

Finally we might quote the tidings despatched on May 22 to Henry from James V. of Scotland, signifying that

"sen it hes liket God of his great gudnes to have send unto ws, yis xxij day of May instant, ane sone and prince fair and lif lik to succeed to ws and yis oure realme, we think it accordis ws weil to mak zou participant with ws of sic joyus gud novellis, and zat we have of oure blude to succeed to yis oure realme quihik may herefter do plesure to zou and zourris."

This little son, the child of James and Mary of Guise, was not however destined to succeed to the realm or do good to Henry and his, for he died only a year after. It was left for Mary Stuart to succeed James V.

FROM 2500 TO 950 B.C.

The Struggle of the Nations. By G. Maspero. Edited by A. H. Sayce, &c. (S.P.C.K.)

THIS book is the continuation of the work by Prof. Maspero, published by the same society in 1895 under the title of *The Dawn of Civilisation*. It should command an even larger sale than its predecessor, which has already run through two or three editions; for M. Maspero, leaving the dim and somewhat confused origins of the nations of antiquity, here descends to historic times. During the period covered by the present volume (roughly speaking, from 2500 to 950 B.C.) the civilised world saw the rise and fall of two great world-powers, besides the emergence into light of smaller peoples like the Greeks and the Hebrews, whose destiny it was to hand on to us the civilisation of the giant empires which had so long overshadowed them. We read in M. Maspero's book how the first Chaldean empire was founded by Hammurabi, King

of Babylon, whose realm extended free the frontiers of Egypt to those of Elam, and how his kingdom in time fell, to be shorn of its most western provinces by the great confederation of Mongols which we call the Hittite, while in the East it was deprived of part of its territory by its own colony of Assyria. But in these matters M. Maspero speaks only as a student, though a student with exceptional advantages, or the works of others, including those of his editor, the professor of Assyriology at Oxford. It is very different with the domain of Egyptology in which he is, since the deaths of Mariette Pacha and our own Mr. Birch, the acknowledged chief. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that the greater part of the book is taken up with the history of Egypt, and that it tells with greater wealth of detail and illustration than has ever before been attempted of the subjugation of Egypt by the mysterious Hyksos (M. Maspero, by the way, thinks that they, too, were Mongols), of the conquest of Asia by the glorious dynasties of the Restoration, and of the fatal grasping at political power by the priesthood of Amon, which brought about the splitting up of the empire and its final subjection to foreign rulers. Nor is our information on these subjects in any way meagre or uncertain. As M. Maspero reminds us, we have not here to deal with a scanty record compiled by some prejudiced historian centuries afterwards. The kindly climate of Egypt has preserved for us the dress, the weapons, and the very persons of the conquerors, while the steles and colossi that they erected to mark the limits of their conquests remain for the most part where they placed them. We really have much better evidence of the events happening under the Pharaohs of the XVIIIth Dynasty than of those which occurred under the Norman kings of our own land.

Probably, however, the chief interest which M. Maspero's book will have for many is the light which it throws on the history of the Hebrew people. It is evidently with this view that its translation has been taken in hand by the Society, and we have no doubt that their confidence is justified. On the whole, M. Maspero supports the accuracy of the Biblical narrative, although he makes some concessions to modern criticism which may not be palatable to the adherents of the stricter rule of interpretation. He considers the Hebrews to have originally come from Chaldea, but thinks the Moabites, Ammonites, Edomites, and the like, were of the same race, and should be included under the same name. He does not think the fame of the Judges extended beyond their own tribes, and looks upon Gideon rather than Saul as the first king who ruled over a Hebrew people. Like Kuenen, he does not think that the worship of Yahweh was originally any different from that of the Syrian Baal; and he draws a rather Voltairean parallel between the relations of David with Yahweh and those of the Egyptian and Assyrian kings with Amon and Assur. But what he has to say about David's successors is extremely instructive, and he makes it abundantly clear that Solomon's kingdom was made possible only by an extraordinary concatenation of

favourable circumstances, and was from the outset doomed to dissolution. He thinks that Rehoboam would, nevertheless, have succeeded in restoring the unity of the kingdom for a time had not the Pharaoh Sheshonq, who, according to M. Maspero, considered himself Solomon's suzerain, broken his power from motives of policy. As to the Ten Tribes, he considers them to have been much inferior in civilisation to the inhabitants of the kingdom of Judah, and to have received the first elements of culture from the much-abused Jezebel.

But we should do M. Maspero great injustice did we treat the present volume merely as a record of historical events. The author has throughout attempted to reproduce for us the daily life of the various peoples of whom he treats, and in this he has succeeded admirably. It is amusing to notice how little human nature has altered since the dawn of history, and how startlingly modern in some respects the ancient Egyptians, for instance, were. Thus we read that the title of the eldest son of the Pharaoh was always Prince of Kush (i.e., Ethiopia), in the same way that the heir-apparent of England is called Prince of Wales; while the same distinction between legitimate andmorganatic marriages in the king's family was in force there as here. We are told, too, of the labourers employed on the buildings at Thebes going on strike, like London cabdrivers; and that at one period the Egyptian scribes took to introducing Semitic words and phrases into their compositions as regularly as the English in the early part of the century did French. It is odd, also, to meet the double-headed eagle as a symbol of empire among the Mesopotamian nations so far back as the third millennium B.C., and to see the story of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves figuring in a hieroglyphic papyrus as an incident in the siege of Joppa. That the kinglets who served as pawns in the great struggle between the Euphratean kingdoms and Egypt imitated their masters for the time being in their modes of living, of making war, and even in the fashion of their luxuries, we knew already from other sources.

The translation of the volume is sufficiently well done, inasmuch as it fairly represents the meaning of the author. An attempt has been made elsewhere to show that alterations had been made by the Society to bring M. Maspero's theories into as much accord as possible with conservative views of inspiration, but this has been promptly knocked on the head by the secretary's assertion that the proofs of the translation have been approved by the author himself. Even without this, few persons would have considered the accusation serious, in view of the many instances quoted above in which the conclusions of the higher criticism have been adopted. Yet the translation is not free from faults, and phrases like "but who," "but of whose," without any preceding relative occur with irritating frequency. A more serious fault is the disappearance of the very complete *Table des Gravures* to be found in the French edition, which is very inadequately replaced here by an index as

meagre as a German *Wortregister*. Hence it is impossible to discover without a prolonged search the excellent maps with which the volume is adorned, and which are often necessary for the proper understanding of the text. This mistake should certainly be rectified in a later edition. It is to be hoped, too, that the Society will see their way in subsequent volumes to restore M. Maspero's title of *Histoire Ancienne des Peuples de l'Orient classique*, the absence of any reference to which might easily mislead anyone unacquainted with the French edition. *The Dawn of Civilisation* has already become a ludicrously inappropriate title for the first volume, since the American Expedition has brought back proofs of the early existence in Babylonia of a high civilisation some 4000 years earlier than the earliest date treated of by M. Maspero.

A SAINT'S REMAINS.

The Writings of St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland: a Revised Translation, with Notes Critical and Historical. By the Rev. Charles H. H. Wright, D.D. (Religious Tract Society.)

THE late Archbishop of Canterbury, upon what proved to be his last appearance in public, claimed, amid the outcries of an astonished island, St. Patrick as the founder of the Irish Protestant Church; and in the spirit of such a conviction Dr. Wright has undertaken to edit certain of the Saint's remains on behalf of the Religious Tract Society. The works most confidently attributed to Patrick are the "Hymn," of which the editor gives two Irish and four English versions, the "Confession," and the "Epistle to Coroticus." Of more doubtful authenticity are the "Dicta" found in the *Book of Armagh*, the "Proverbs," the "Daughters of Loegaire," and Patrick's "Vision of Ireland's Future." These, together with the probably spurious "Confession" found at Angers, are also included in this volume. Of the English versions of the hymn, or "breastplate," the most spirited is one by the unfortunate poet Clarence Mangan, and we venture to quote two stanzas. After an invocation of the Trinity and of the Incarnate Word, the poet sings:

"At Tara to-day I put and I place
The virtue that dwells in the Seraphim's
love,
And the virtue and grace
That are in obedience
And unshaken allegiance
Of all the archangels and angels above,
And in the hope of the resurrection
To everlasting reward and election,
And in the progress of the fathers of old,
And in the truths the prophets foretold,
And in the apostles' manifold preaching,
And in the confessors' faith and teaching,
And in the purity ever-dwelling
Within the Immaculate Virgin's breast,
And in the actions bright and exolling
Of all good men the just and best."

All these, together with the radiance and strength of the elements, he places between himself and the powers of darkness. Then

he makes an appeal to the Deity, upon the model of which one might conceive St. Ignatius' *Anima Christi* to have been shaped, and continues:

"In this hour of hours
I place all those powers
Between myself and every foe
Who threatens my body and soul
With danger or dole;
To protect me against the evils that flow
From lying soothsayers' incantations,
From the gloomy laws of the Gentile nations,
From heresy's hateful innovations,
From idolatry's rites and invocations:
By [? Be] these my defenders,
My guards against every ban—
And spells of smiths and Druids and women;
In fine, against every knowledge that renders
The light Heaven sends us dim in
The spirit and soul of man!"

"The Daughters of Loegaire" is a charming idyll, bearing at least internal evidence of great antiquity. Ethne the fair and Fedelm the ruddy came to the spring to wash, and there they found a holy synod of bishops. "Whence are ye?" asked the daughters. And Patrick answered them: "It were better that you should confess our true God than to inquire about our race." So the damsels overwhelm the saint with a tumult of questions: "Has your God sons and daughters?" "Is he ever living?" "Is he beautiful?" "Have many fostered his son?" "Is he in youth or age?" and the like. The saint explains the doctrine of the One God and of the Trinity. So they were instructed in the several dogmas of faith.

"And they were baptized, and [Patrick placed] a white garment on their heads.

"And they begged to see the face of Christ.

"And the saint said to them: 'Unless you shall have tasted death, you cannot see the face of Christ, and unless you shall receive the sacrifice.'

"And they replied: 'Give to us the sacrifice, that we may see the Son, our spouse.'

"And they received the Eucharist of God, and they slept in death. . . ."

The "Sayings" and the "Proverbs" are of no very profound significance. "Judges of the Church ought not to be voluble" may seem to have in it seeds of immortality, and of the saying, "Thanks be to God," which is numbered among the "Dicta," a pleasant anecdote is told:

"Daire, the Irish chieftain, . . . sent to the saint as a present a caldron of brass, which had been imported from across the sea. Patrick, on receiving the gift, said simply, '*Grazacham*' (*gratius agamus*). Daire went back to his home muttering, 'The man is a fool who said nothing but "*Grazacham*" for a brazen caldron of such size!' He then ordered his servants to go and bring him back the caldron. . . . Patrick said again, '*Grazacham*, take it away.' . . . When they returned Daire asked them, 'What did the Christian say when you took it away?' They answered that he said, '*Grazacham*.' Daire exclaimed, '"*Grazacham*" when it was given, "*Grazacham*" when it was taken away! His saying is so good with those "*grazachams*" that his caldron shall be brought back to him again."

As to the "Confession," it is very uncouth in its language and incoherent in its narrative, and the editor has scrupulously refrained from emendation. The Brief Sketch prefixed will give good help to

readers unfamiliar with the traditional account of the saint's career.

In its work of presenting in a cheap and handy form a series of Christian Classics, the Religious Tract Society is worthy of all praise; and while it succeeds in inducing men so capable as Dr. Wright to undertake the task of editing them, it has every title to prosper in its venture. One can look with indulgence upon the notes which apologise for St. Patrick's objectionable phrases—those which are “not in accordance with the principles of the Society”—so long as the critical notes are so scholarly and so clear, and the spirit of sectarian vigilance so restrained and soft-spoken.

SOME SCOTTISH POETS.

Scottish Poetry of the Eighteenth Century (Abbotsford Series). Edited by George Eyre Todd. (Hodge & Co.)

THE “Abbotsford Series of Scottish Poets” devotes its second volume to the poets of the eighteenth century. Burns, of course, dominates the collection; but apart from him it cannot be called inspiring. In the times of the old ballad writers, Scotland was *facile princeps*. None of the English ballads can equal the magic, the tenderness, the imagination of those which hail from Scotland. But though a large proportion of the lyrics included in this volume are inseparably wedded to Scotch airs which are immortal, it must be confessed that, apart from the music in which they are embalmed, these songs of the eighteenth century make but a feeble impression, and do little to maintain the old tradition of Scottish excellence in song. One naturally turns first to Robert Fergusson. To be praised by Burns and Robert Louis Stevenson is almost an immortality in itself. And Burns not only praised Fergusson, he imitated Fergusson; while Stevenson regarded himself as a kind of reincarnation of Fergusson. Certainly the pieces of this poet here given are greatly superior to the rest. They embody, with picturesqueness and vigour, the Edinburgh life of his day; and it is easy to see that Burns borrowed much from them in form and manner. Nevertheless they scarcely fulfil the expectations aroused by the praise of two such men. They seem to us much inferior in pithy humour, we do not say to Burns, but to one or two poems of Stevenson in this kind. “Leith Races,” by its form, deliberately invites comparison with King James's “Christ's Kirk on the Green,” and is worsted in the comparison it invites. The best of his poems in this book is, we think, the “Ode to the Gowdspink.” The gowdspink, we may add, for the information of the unknowing Saxon, is the Scottish name for the goldfinch. It has a poetic spirit not common in the eighteenth century; and such happy imagery as “Ere the sun can clear his e'en.” Stevenson represented Fergusson as a martyr to the gloomy and Calvinistic spirit of the Scottish Kirk; but the actual facts of his life, related here, show that he was given to drink and dissipation, and finally died by a fall down

some steps—possibly, though no information is given on that point, not unconnected with whiskey. Of the other poems by far the finest is the “Cavalier's Song” of Graham of Gartmore, which catches a happy echo from the days of Montrose. Witness the last two stanzas:

“If gay attire delight thine eye,
I'll dight me in array;
I'll tend thy chamber-door all night,
And squire thee all the day.
If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,
These sounds I'll strive to catch;
Thy voice I'll steal to woo thyself,
That voice which none can match.
Then tell me how to woo thee, love;
O tell me how to woo thee!
For thy dear sake nae care I'll take,
Though ne'er another throw me.”

“But if fond love thy heart can gain,
I never broke a vow;
Nae maiden lays her skaith to me;
I never loved but you.
For you alone I ride the ring,
For you I wear the blue;
For you alone I strive to sing;
O tell me how to woo!
Then tell me how to woo thee, love,
O tell me how to woo thee!
For thy dear sake nae care I'll take,
Though ne'er another throw me.”

Among the remainder, Lady Nairne, with her Jacobite songs and *The Land o' the Leal*, takes a really distinguished place, and must be pronounced an exception to the general level of commonplace.

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

The Book of Parliament. By Michael Macdonagh. (Isbister.)

MR. MACDONAGH is almost uncannily conversant with Parliamentary matters, and this book, into which he has gathered some of the lore he has acquired during many years in the reporters' gallery, tells the reader everything about the matter that is worth knowing. Parliamentary methods, manners, fictions, superstitions, and dodges are laid ruthlessly bare and illustrated by stories both of living statesmen and of dead. It is a series of descriptive essays, of which these are some of the titles: “Making a Government,” “Black Rod's Knock,” “The Commons at Work,” “A Night in the House of Lords,” and “Out of the Lobby of the House of Commons.” From the last of these we take a pleasant little story of Mrs. Norton, the prototype of Diana of the Crossways:

“At the great divorce trial of Norton v. Lord Melbourne . . . a letter from the Hon. Mrs. Norton was read, for the purpose of proving that Lord Melbourne's presence in Mrs. Norton's house made the children familiar with the phrases of public life. Mrs. Norton stated that after luncheon her little boy . . . asked her, ‘May I resign?’ She asked him what he meant, and received this answer: ‘I want, of course, to go out. Is not to “resign” the same as to “go out?”’”

The author is a fervent admirer of Mr. Gladstone, but that does not prevent him from telling this story at his expense:

“ . . . Mr. Gladstone came to the meetings of

the Cabinet of the Palmerston Administration at the end of each recess, charged to them with all sorts of schemes of reform, which were absolutely necessary, in his opinion, to be immediately undertaken. Lord Palmerston used to look fixedly at the paper before saying nothing, until Mr. Gladstone had said to an end. He then rapped the table cheerfully, ‘Now, my lords and gentlemen, let us go to business.’”

These passages are a fair specimen of the author's style. The architectural details of the Houses are described, even to the in Big Ben and the impressions upon despatch boxes of Mr. Gladstone's ring. The whole volume was quite a pleasure to read, and is worth reading, and there is particularly good chapter on the process in “another place.” There is “no folk” about Mr. Macdonagh, but he seems to have a certain tenderness for the *Upper Chamber*.

Transcaucasia and Ararat; being Notes on a Vacation Tour in the Autumn of 1890. By James Bryce. Fourth Edition. (Millan & Co.)

THE republication of Mr. Bryce's account of his journey in Transcaucasia twenty years ago is welcome and opportune. The book has been brought up to date by a series of footnotes, which mention the new railways and recent developments of industry. It contains a supplementary chapter Mr. Bryce gives an account of what has taken place in Armenia during the last few years, and, in an easy transition, then considers the measure of responsibility attaches to the country. By the treaty of San Stefano the Porte pledged itself to Russia “to effect without delay the improvements and reforms demanded by local requirements in the provinces inhabited by Armenians, and to guarantee their security against Kurds and Circassians.” When, partly owing to the pressure of Great Britain, the treaty of San Stefano gave place to that of Berlin, the Porte made the same promises, no longer to Russia alone, but to all the signatory Powers. That change represents the special responsibility of Great Britain. The Cyprus Convention is irrelevant. By that instrument England became pledged to defend the Asiatic possessions of Turkey against Russia, and the Sultan undertook to introduce certain reforms. These were never introduced, and the obligations of this country ceased. Mr. Bryce indeed contends that by her action in the case both of the Treaty of San Stefano and of the Cyprus Convention, England was understood at the time to have undertaken the protection of the Armenian Christians against the misgovernment of the Turks. It is enough to point out that by an annex to the Cyprus Convention it was agreed that if Russia restored Kars the whole Convention, including the clause about Armenian reforms, was to come to an end. In his excellent account of the recent massacres Mr. Bryce does not stay to note the distinction which must be drawn between the Gregorians and the Catholic or United Armenians. The latter doubtless suffered severely, but that was generally because they made common cause with their Gregorian brethren. The letters of Mr. Azarian, Patriarch of Silicia, and of Arch-

hop Allmayer, published in Paris, made clear that the fury of the Turks was directed primarily against the Gregorians, and that the Uniates suffered chiefly because they sheltered and assisted their fellow-Christians. The point is of some importance, because it shows that the motive of the massacres was political rather than religious, the Gregorians always being suspected of a leaning towards Russia.

* * *

An Enquiry into the Life and Legend of Michael Scot. By Rev. J. Wood Brown. (Douglas.)

THE name of Michael Scot has sunk to the reputation of a sorcerer. Born somewhere in the Scottish Lowlands late in the twelfth century, Michael became a student, it would appear, by turns in Oxford, Paris, and Bologna, and was made tutor to the King of Sicily, afterwards the mighty Emperor and suspected heretic, Frederick the Second. High in honour at the Imperial court, he spent there a lifetime of what his contemporaries regarded as marvellous learning. As was generally the case with a mediæval scholar, his range was encyclopædic. He achieved fame in mathematics, astronomy, medicine and alchemy, but his substantial service to knowledge was in introducing the writings of Averroës of Cordova, and through Averroës the Aristotelian philosophy, to Christian Europe. Like all the dependents of the Emperor Frederick, he has suffered from the broils of Ghibelline and Guelph. To him, as to his master, was ascribed the authorship of that mysterious and probably unwritten tract, the *De Tribus Impostoribus*, and the tales of magic that clustered round his name won him a corner in the *Inferno* of Dante. It is, indeed, chiefly by the commentators on Dante that these stories are preserved to us. Mr. Brown, in the exhaustive work before us, points out that to Frederick and Michael Scot has been transferred in Southern legend the familiar relation of our own Arthur and Merlin. The treatment of this point is one of the best features of a book which throughout deserves the highest praise. Mr. Brown has thoroughly sifted the somewhat obscure sources of information, both upon the life and the legend of Scot, and though he apologises for being unable to get at the MS. life written by Bernardino Baldi in the sixteenth century, he is pretty sure from the epitome of that life which he has consulted that it can contain little, if anything, of value. He has written a creditable book.

* * *

The Sacred Tree. By Mrs. J. H. Philpot. (Macmillan & Co.)

THE best modern work on folk-lore seems to take the shape of unravelling the single thread from a tangled skein, of isolating and tracing into its most distant manifestations some particular type or tendency of primitive consciousness. The day of the key to all mythologies is over: we realise that religions, like geological formations, lie in *strata*. The fruitfulness of this method is demonstrated by such striking books as Mr. Frazer's *Golden Bough* and Mr. Hart-

land's careful studies of the Perseus legend. Mrs. Philpot follows upon the same lines in her volume on tree-worship. She naturally suffers to some extent from having to traverse ground already covered by Mr. Frazer and by the elaborate treatises of Bötticher and Mannhardt upon the *Baumkultus* respectively of the Greeks and the Germans. Nevertheless, without laying any claim to originality of treatment, she has given a very lucid and convenient summary of the subject. Starting with the conception of the tree as informed by a spiritual life of its own, divine, demonic, or human, she has added chapters on the Yggdrasil or world-tree, and on the part played by the tree in the myth of an earthly paradise. The concluding section of the book deals with the observances of May-pole and Christmas-tree. Mrs. Philpot points out that the Christmas-tree in England is quite a modern importation, due, like the Crystal Palace and so many other things of beauty, to the Prince Consort, and that even in Germany it is not of immemorial antiquity. Following Dr. Tille, she traces it to the importance attached at an earlier date to such Christmas-flowering trees as the Glastonbury thorn. Mrs. Philpot's choice of illustrations is happy, and she presents a most fascinating subject in an attractive manner.

* * *

A History of Greek Art. By F. B. Tarbell. (Macmillan & Co.)

MR. TARBELL has written this book

"in the conviction that the greatest of all motives for studying Art, the motive which is and ought to be, strongest in most people, is the desire to become acquainted with beautiful and noble things, the things that 'soothe the cares and lift the thoughts of man.'"

His narrative (aided by a couple of hundred illustrations) is well suited to the needs of the general reader, but it is also a sound introduction to the subject for students. The essential excellence, the inspiration of Greek Art is kept to the front, yet matters of technique, upon which the schools necessarily lay stress, are explained without pedantry. The chapter, for instance, on the building, the plan, and the ornamentation of a temple, and on the orders of Greek architecture, is a model of clear and helpful exposition. Architecture and sculpture—the two cannot be dissociated in Greece—naturally occupy the largest space in Mr. Tarbell's survey. After some general considerations, he carefully traces the growth and decay of sculpture through the four periods—the Archaic, the Transitional, the Great or Periclean, and the Hellenistic—into which it is convenient to divide its history. While treating fully of these, he finds room also for two chapters on "Art in Egypt and Mesopotamia" and on "Greek Painting," each of which would bear expansion into a treatise. Mr. Tarbell lays stress on a point which hardly occupies the same place in the popular imagination that it has come to do in archæological study, namely, the use of colour upon statues and buildings. A Greek temple, he tells us, was polychromatic, and we must have faith to believe that its "pomp of colour was not

only sumptuous, but harmonious and appropriate." We are apt to think of marble purity as being of the essence of Greek statuary, and it is to many a shock to learn that this notion rests on nothing but the devouring work of time. Classical archæology is one of the most progressive of studies, and to it Mr. Tarbell's handbook affords a stimulating introduction.

* * *

Seventeenth Century Studies. By Edmund Gosse. (Heinemann.)

THESE critical essays were originally published in 1883, and this is a third, and to some extent, revised edition. Little is added except an index, and an interesting note upon some hitherto unknown poems by Crashaw, printed for the first time by Dr. Grosart, in 1888. Mr. Gosse quotes a charming lyric, which certainly the world having discovered will not willingly let die. In re-introducing this book of his youth, Mr. Gosse, whose pose is now that of middle age, speaks deprecatingly of the exuberance of taste and the positiveness of judgment by which he thinks it is characterised. To a less partial critic it seems to be the one work of Mr. Gosse's which can be heartily and unreservedly praised. It is a charming collection of essays in the fascinating realm which stands upon the borders of criticism and biography; doing for some, at least, of the salient figures of the seventeenth century what Mr. Austin Dobson has since attempted with equal success for the eighteenth.

* * *

Cecil Rhodes: A Biography and Appreciation. By "Imperialist." With Personal Reminiscences by Dr. Jameson. (Chapman & Hall.)

THIS biography opens on a portrait of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, and it shuts on a map of South Africa. To look at the one and at the other, and to let the imagination play between them, is perhaps the best way of learning what may here be learned of our greatest colonist. The map of South Africa is on the scale of a hundred miles to the inch, and in one corner space is found for a tiny outline of the old country drawn on the same scale, and filled with the same wash of Imperial red. One glance gives fresh meaning to the phrase, "the expansion of England," which we all use in a hackneyed way. "Imperialist's" biography and Dr. Jameson's two chapters of recollections are sandwiched between the portrait and the map. These make interesting and stirring reading; but, after all, the biography of any man who is in his heyday must be classed among the books which are not books. Mr. Cecil Rhodes is too actual and daily for literature. The time may come when he will be the central figure of an epic. And then even the epic poet will be glad of the story which "Imperialist" tells of General Gordon's asking Cecil Rhodes to go with him to Khartoum. The comment on Rhodes's refusal is adequate: "If the future of the Soudan was upon Gordon's camel as he rode to Khartoum, the future of British empire in South Africa hung upon this decision of Mr. Rhodes." We may rejoice that England still produces such situations and such men.

FICTION.

A Handful of Exotics. By Samuel Gordon. (Methuen & Co.)

IT is not often that a volume of short stories can be called a work of information. But the light which in these few sketches Mr. Gordon contrives to throw on that sordid and unpopular character, the Russian Jew, is so striking that the book may be considered a valuable addition to the literature of the alien immigrant question. We have heard so much of the objectionable side of the Russian Jew that it is well to learn something also of his more amiable traits. Not only is the subject of the book new, but its manner is admirable. Perhaps the most illuminating of all the sketches is the letter of Rabbi Elchanan, who came to London to find a dowry for his daughter, and learned the lesson of disappointment which most of his compatriots learn. The letter curiously recalls that in which one of Rudyard Kipling's Indians recounts his views of England. One of the things which seriously perplexed the Rabbi was the railway :

"I beheld a monster with fiery eyes issuing from the bowels of the earth, and flying towards me on wings of smoke and flame, uttering hoarse screeches from outspread jaws. And in these jaws, wherefrom upleapt long tongues of fire, I saw three men writhing like Chananya, Meshual, and Azariah in Nebuchadnezzar's furnace; yet, like them, they were not consumed. And then the prodigy stood still, panting and snorting, and I repeated the blessing which is incumbent upon us at beholding an untoward spectacle; but though I looked narrowly I saw nothing of the twosome demons which Moshki swore were harnessed to the contrivance to set it in motion."

It is a book well worth reading, whether as fiction or as a contribution to ethnology.

A Pinchbeck Goddess. By Mrs. J. M. Fleming. (Alice M. Kipling.) (Heinemann.)

A PORTION of Mr. Kipling's spirit is upon his sister. She has something of his talent for brisk, pointed dialogue, and of his power of selective description. But there is nothing grim about Mrs. Fleming: her book is a dainty comedy, full of gaiety, which it is mere joy to read. For the men the services, civil and military, provide types; but the women are individual studies, and Lilian Miles particularly, wife to a man who adores her and whom she loves, but miserably unhappy, is painted in convincing colours. Of the plot it will not perhaps be unfair to betray so much as this. The "Pinchbeck Goddess" is a fascinating but flashy widow, globe-trotting, who takes up her residence at Simla, and by her social success avenges the humiliation of Madeline Norton, a penniless sensitive girl who, two years before, had been hawked around by coarse-fibred friends. It sounds extravagant, perhaps, but it is the best tribute we can pay to Mrs. Fleming's art to say that Winnie's intentional extravagancies never for a moment go beneath the surface, that her true self remains quite unsullied, and that she melts so prettily at the finish and casts away the wig and rouge pot with such sincere contrition that she is forgiven.

Christine of the Hills. By Max Pemberton. (A. D. Innes & Co.)

UNFORTUNATELY it is given to few holiday-making novelists to chance on so ideal a guide as the "Barbarossa" who told Mr. Pemberton this sweet and sad idyll. Perhaps Barbarossa himself is a myth; and one would prefer to believe so and put so romantic a tale one degree further from the gross boundaries of reality. That it is, as the preface states, "in part a true story," does not affect our belief that the best part of it—the completeness, the atmosphere, and the art of it—are Mr. Pemberton's own. Life makes humours and tragedies in plenty, but it has no sense of display or proportion. But the story of Christine, as one reads it, recalls nothing so much as the hand of a skilled worker polishing a rough gem. Christine herself is something of a scapegrace to begin with. She marries in haste Ugo Klun, the woodlander's son, who is a deserter and is arrested on his wedding night. Christine, a mere child, hears that he is dead and becomes an inmate of the house of Count Paul Zaloski, whose wife she is about to become when the undesired and undesirable Ugo turns up. With him she goes to Vienna, where most of her earnings on the stage go to the maintenance of the son she has married. The Count is alienated by baseless rumours, and Ugo meets a tragic death, too late for the reconciliation which would have set all right. A powerful story as plots of novels go; but it is in the delicacy and adroitness with which it is told that the reader will find the greatest pleasure. Good stories are many; but good stories well told are few.

A Man with Black Eyelashes. By H. A. Kennedy. (Methuen & Co.)

WHAT is an author to do who wishes to depict the perfect villain? He cannot go to real life, for the most historical scoundrels have had their redeeming points. He may, if he likes, draw upon the stage villain, but that is an obligation which no self-respecting novelist would care to incur. Mr. Kennedy has tried a new plan. Recognising that conscience doth make saints, more or less, of us all, he arranges that his Stephen Carless shall have no conscience. In an inn coffee-room Stephen reflects on the state of his morals. "To the devil with conscience," he exclaims; and the devil, in the guise of the waiter, promptly appears and offers to warehouse the encumbrance till further notice. *Per contra*, he confers on Mr. Carless a sense of humour. The development of that gift is indicated by various episodes, matrimonial and otherwise. In the end, the conscience comes back on his hands while he is ascending Vesuvius; and, overwhelmed with remorse, he leaps into the crater. It is impossible not to feel that Mr. Kennedy has not made the most of his whimsical motive. For one thing, he is inconsistent. The bargain with the devil is conducted in a vein of burlesque which assorts ill with the elopements and tragedies to follow. Moreover, the crimes of Mr. Carless, if you divest them of the infernal glamour, are no such terrible ones: Sir Francis Jeune hears of worse every day. But, as Satan has

become a popular figure on the stage, it is interesting to read on the title-page that "this story has been dramatised by the author."

The Three Daughters of Night. By Derek Vane. (Hutchinson.)

THERE is nothing in Mr. Vane's book to explain his choice of a title. It is true that Irma Fawcett was a lady with a past; it is also true that she and Valentine Luttrell, the artist who married her, have a somewhat dingy outlook at the end of the book; but this, so far from being a consequence of her youthful escapades, results from the extraneous fact that Valentine's eyes are growing dim. Indeed, with all the virtues she shows none of the recklessness of a Mrs. Tanqueray; she rather lays hold of us as a tender bright soul perfectly unsoiled. John MacGregor, a sort of Torpenhow, thought so, for when asked point blank by her husband whether he loved her he hesitated not to reply: "Call it love if you like; perhaps worship would be a better word—the worship of a star." MacGregor is an excellent Scot who, for friendship of the pair of them, had fraudulently added to the sums paid for Val's pictures, which he negotiated for him—those pictures which, owing to the failing sight of the artist, had fallen so far below the standard that even a dealer could distinguish that there was in them something amiss. Pauline, the artist's sister, in love with MacGregor, brings about the little *emute* to which allusion has been made—but we do not quite believe in Pauline. Molly Gordon, Irma's sister, a pretty doll, contrives, in spite of the Fates, to wed the man she wants, and thus performs her little part in demonstrating the inappropriateness of the title to which we have taken exception. It is a well-constructed story and reasonably brief.

Passports. By I. Julian Armstrong. Little Novels Series. (Fisher Unwin.)

It is not easy to assess the quality of the four stories presented to us in this slim brown volume. The workmanship is sometimes painfully raw and tawdry, the phrasing constantly borders upon vulgarity, the grammar is inexcusably slipshod. So much dispraise should be enough to condemn any book; nevertheless, we have not the will utterly to condemn Mr. Armstrong's. For, in spite of his faults, he has a certain aptitude for drawing together the salient features of a situation and presenting them with a snap and point that go nigh to convince. The first story is to our mind the nearest to excellence. It is the tale of a solitary child who lives her little life alone in the house of a drunken and disreputable father. She explains the impossibility of a certain double fence to a straggling member of the hunt (the *Ego* of the story), and between the grown man and the precocious, solitary child a pleasant liking springs. She shows him her treasures and her wrongs; introduces him to her summer-house dug out beneath an overturned boat, and takes advantage of the occasion to revel in whist with no more than two dummies. His sister is persuaded to ask the child to her

Christmas-tree; from this function, for her father's sins, the child had in former years been excluded. A year afterwards the *Ego* was staying once more at his sister's for the Christmas festival. The child had not been asked. He hurried away, followed her steps into a wood, and this is what he saw:

"In the centre of a little natural hollow, clear of all brushwood, stood the top half of a dead fir tree, banked up with snow to keep it upright. . . . The tree was decorated with strings of French beans, coloured fragments of old crackers, and a wonderful collection of home-invented flags. . . . Conspicuous among the branches were the three boxes of sweetmeats which she had drawn in the lottery at Clitheroe last year; and the candles consisted of irregular pieces cut from an old-fashioned waxlight coil."

This is pathetic; but the child's death and the pious lie which was to pass her into heaven are, at least, superfluous. There is no masterpiece among the tales, but it may be conceded that not anyone could have written them.

The Circle of Earth. By George Knight. (Ward, Lock.)

"HAPPINESS," writes Mr. Knight in his "Foreword," "is an insidious weakener of . . . life. . . . Howbeit, not seldom the souls of the desolate cannot loose themselves when they would"; and upon this uncomfortable view of things he weaves his grave fantasy. A mystic Russian, Lossenko by name, living in the "House 100," is waiting for the time when death shall restore him to the woman he loves. He amuses himself meanwhile with the study of microbes and by practising the art of Orpheus upon hares and bees. To him enters Miss Harper, a rollicking young heiress, and his devotion to the dead falls in deadly peril. A young German socialist turns up at the opportune moment and diverts Miss Harper's perilous attentions; so when the emissary of the Russian secret police blows the sage's brains out, with that philosopher's full approval, the sage's soul shoots meteor-like "beyond the circle," and its cry is answered by "a little soundless throb." It would not be difficult to ridicule all this, but, in fact, it is not ridiculous. For the writer of fiction may fairly claim a large liberty in the selection of his matter, and no man may call upon him to verify his hypothesis. Mr. Knight has pitched his theme in an unfamiliar key; his characters are an oddly consorted group; but so long as the puppets foot it pat with music, and while his instruments keep in tune, we shall not complain. And, in fact, Mr. Knight's literary style is conscientious, though it would be the better for pruning, and his persons are sufficiently well realised. Lossenko is an interesting study, and Miss Harper has a certain sprightly charm. She is the occasion of some touches of a pleasant comedy. But that German young man we do not believe in.

Briton or Boer? By George Griffith. (F. V. White & Co.)

It was the late General Sir George Chesney, we believe, who invented what one may call the fictional method of calling attention to

our national blunders. His *Battle of Dorking* has been followed by much similar criticism of the possibilities both of our navy and army, but Mr. Griffith is, we think, the first to transfer the scene of action to the colonies. *Briton or Boer* is a powerfully worked out suggestion of what is likely to happen in South Africa if Great Britain pursues much longer its present policy of self-abasement before the Boers—a policy which dates from the surrender at Majuba.

Mr. Kruger in this story has at last appeared to yield to the mild pressure put upon him, and knowing his armaments and plans to be complete, he promises the long-desired franchise to the Outlanders. But the rejoicing of the latter is turned to dismay when on the actual day of proclamation they learn that they will be expected to denaturalise themselves and bear arms against the enemies of the South African Republic. The Boers forthwith entirely throw off the mask, and you have as exciting a situation as can be imagined. Owing to a European war being imminent, England can do little to help with either men or arms, though a British fleet succeeds in establishing itself in Delagoa Bay, and lending its support along the coast. In the interior, however, the British forces are much inferior in numbers to those which the Boers, who are joined by the disaffected Dutch of Cape Colony, are able to put into the field. Mr. Griffith, who seems to know his South Africa very well, has done this part of his work brilliantly, with abundance of local colour. He hurries his readers from north to south and east to west as he pictures the varying fortunes of the different centres of the great struggle for supremacy. It was only to be expected that the Britons should perform prodigies of valour; but it is necessary to read the book before the full details of their prowess can be at all realised. Mr. Griffith, to tell the truth, has decidedly injured the verisimilitude of his story by his excesses in this respect.

A Missing Witness. By Frank Barrett. (Chatto & Windus.)

THE formula of this story is a familiar one. A man is falsely accused of a crime; at the crisis of the plot his innocence is triumphantly made clear by the hero, and the real villain is unmasked. In Mr. Barrett's version of things, Jim Redmond has murdered his master, and the blame falls upon George Heatherley. Secure in the knowledge that the only witness of the deed has become a gibbering idiot from a blow, Redmond puts a bold face upon it, and persecutes Heatherley's daughter Elsie with unpleasant attentions. The *deus ex machina* is a young surgeon, Philip Fairfield, Elsie Heatherley's lover, who suspects what has occurred, trephines the idiot in a somewhat improbable fashion in the presence of the Home Secretary, and secures his evidence, the pardon of his own father-in-law that is to be, and the conviction of Redmond. The story begins in the middle of the volume; the first half is chiefly padding. There is just so much mild sensation

as the circulating library reader likes—enough, that is to say, to keep him awake and not enough to prevent him from putting down the book at bedtime; and there is just enough mystery to entice him to keep a page ahead of the plot all through and to finish up at the death with a victorious "I told you so." The characterisation, namby-pamby but harmless, may be taken for granted, and the illustrations might, perhaps, have been dispensed with.

Francesca Halstead: a Tale of San Remo. By Reginald St. Barbe. (Digby, Long & Co.)

THE best thing we can say for this novel is that it is perfectly harmless. The plot is devoid of originality and though we feel the author has lavished a considerable amount of care on his heroine, we are forced to admit that she remains wooden and mechanical. The only person in whom we can evince the least interest is Pietro, the Italian boatman. His tremendous loquacity is entertaining—sometimes. The various soliloquies which the author indulges in at every possible occasion are overwhelmingly tedious but sometimes unconsciously humorous. The general tendency of these may be gathered from the following quotation:

"You fond mothers! who plot and plan in secret careers for your sons and daughters, but give them no voice—for they exist only deep down in your own hearts, where none may know of them—yet your imaginings, if they be but the reflection of your longing, and have no voice, are not lost, are not unheard, but registered as a lasting inheritance for good in your children."

The Water-Finder. By Lucas Cleeve. (Hutchinson & Co.)

WHETHER "water-finding," or, as it is called in some parts of the country, "dowsing," is a superstition or a science it is happily no part of a reviewer's business to decide. Mr. Cleeve is manifestly a firm believer in the virtues of the hazel twig. He even interrupts the course of his story to devote a large part of a chapter to the history and variations of the phenomenon. The "water-finder" of the tale is Mike Openshaw, who comes of a weird family. It happens that the eldest son of a local magnate has been sent to Australia for a youthful misdemeanour, and while he is there a friend bequeaths him a gold mine, of which the only disadvantage is that there is no water within a thousand miles. So, when the exiled Gerard hears of the fame of Mike, he pays a stealthy visit home and despatches him to the Antipodes with instructions to find water in the vicinity of the goldfields. The feat is accomplished, and Mike returns home to find that his employer has requited his service by an ungenerous interference in his love affairs. Apart from the aqueous interest, there is little of novelty in the book; but it contains much curious and entertaining information on the art of water-finding by one who has evidently studied the subject with some care.

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1897.

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THE WEEK.

CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

[This article is a chronicle of books published during the week. Reviews will follow in due course.]

SOME distinction and fair variety mark our list of new books this week. A biography of the first importance, a book on English art, three books of history, several of minor verse, two of travel, and two of philosophy, a new edition of Shakespeare, several reprints of standard novels, a couple of dozen works of new fiction, and two or three books of reference, make up the total.

BENJAMIN JOWETT. *The Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett*, by Mr. Evelyn Abbott and the

Rev. Lewis Campbell, comes from Mr. Murray. There is a pleasing air of workmanship about the two volumes, for they are of equal thickness, and each contains twelve chapters, a frontispiece, and six illustrations in the text. Three portraits of Jowett are given, of which the first, representing him in middle life, is from a crayon drawing by George Richmond, R.A. Would it not have been well if Jowett's age had been printed beneath it? Two other portraits give us the familiar Jowett of later years, these being the one painted by Lady Abercromby and a well-known photograph by Mr. Cameron.

Mr. Evelyn Abbott thus explains the origin and scope of the work:

"Prof. Jowett's life naturally falls into two sections—the period before the Mastership, and the Mastership. The first of these volumes contains the first period, and is the work of Prof. Campbell; in the second, I have written the story of the Mastership; and I am responsible for the whole. The plan followed in both volumes is, of course, the same. A few letters

have been worked into the narrative; others, far too numerous to be used in such a manner, but of a personal character, have been appended to the chapters according to their dates, and thus form, as it were, illustrations of the text, giving in Jowett's own words his thoughts and feelings at the time. In the second period the material was to some extent different from that in the first, for Jowett's personal memoranda became far more numerous as he grew older, and from these, as in some respects the truest record of his life, it was necessary to draw largely. The second volume is also somewhat more annalistic than the first; after 1870 the course of Jowett's life was more equable; the years are distinguished by the incidents which occur in them, but with the exception of the years 1882-1886, when he was Vice-Chancellor, they do not fall into well-defined sections."

The authors regret that owing to the death of Lord Bowen they were not able to submit their work to his critical judgment.

MR. CROCKETT'S NEW STORY.

IN *Lad's Love* Mr. Crockett has brought himself into closest touch with his readers by presenting them with a portrait of himself, sketched by Mr. Frank Richards, and by addressing a letter to his "unanswered correspondents." In this he touches humorously on the petitions and suggestions regarding his stories which have reached him from all parts of the globe, at last protesting:

"It is not given me always to write what you would—only what I can. To write that which is in one's heart at the moment is the only rule. And the seasons change with me, and my wayward likings with them. In summer I can write with anyone of lasses and lads, and the long courtships between the gloaming and the mirk; but as soon as winter bites snell and grim I must needs buckle on steel-cap and leathern jack and ride forth a-foraying on the English border."

Lad's Love is a romance of moorland life in Scotland, and the title is taken "from the old name for the scented wormwood, or Southernwood, a sprig of which woovers used to wear when they went courting, and our grandmothers to carry with them in their Bibles to church." The book is illustrated by Mr. Warwick Goble.

OTHER BOOKS. WAGNER the man is too much neglected for Wagner the musician. Therefore

a translation of the *Letters* which he addressed to his friend August Roeckel is to be welcomed. They are accompanied by an introductory essay by Mr. Houston Stewart Chamberlain, who writes: "They show us the man; he seems to step out of them bodily before our eyes." The contents of the letters are very varied, and we may remark that no close student of Schopenhauer should neglect to read the fifth, sixth, and seventh. For it seems that Wagner was profoundly influenced by the author of *The World as Will and Idea*. Mr. Gleeson White's *English Illustration*, "The Sixties," 1857-70, which is published at two guineas, is handsome to a degree, though its white and gold covers are, perhaps, more splendid than expressive. Mr. Gleeson White traces the work of the illustrators of the "Sixties" through *Once a Week*, *Cornhill*, and other

magazines and publications of the time, as he gives reproductions of a great number of the engravings which were made from the drawings. He also names and describes a large number of illustrations which the student and the collector may seek in the native pages. *The Sikhs and the Sikh War*, by General Sir Charles Gough, V.C., the latest contribution to modern military history. The second volume of Mr. Frederic Boase's *Modern English Biography*, a dictionary of lives which have ended since 1850—the first volume of which is one of the minor Meccas of British Museum readers—is just ready for subscribers. It extends from I to Q. The *Statesman's Year-Book* reincarnates itself, and is embellished with a series of maps showing the political changes which have occurred in Her Majesty's reign. Part 2 of *The Encyclopædia of Sport* is to hand, and contains the continuation of the article on Athletics, and articles on Base-Ball, Bear Shooting, Big Game, &c.

WE suppose that the case of no English poet is so hopeless as Thomson's.

But the Aldine edition of "British Poets" is above poetic fashions, and it has duly gathered Thomson's poems into its two latest volumes. These are heroically annotated by the Rev. D. C. Tovey, who, in a dedicatory letter to Mr. Aldis Wright, expresses his belief that "there are signs in Continental criticism of a reviving interest in Thomson." Truly a prophet, &c. We have seen no better cheap editions of the plays and poems of Shakespeare than the "Avon," just issued in post octavo by Messrs. Kegan Paul. It is printed very clearly in double columns, the Comedies, Historical Plays, and Tragedies succeeding each other. Our only quarrel is with the title-page, on which is printed a rather paltry view of the Avon and Stratford church. The unerased words, "Bird's-eye View," in the foreground suggest that it is taken from a local guide-book. An Index and an Appendix showing the dates of publication and composition, and also the sources of the plays, are useful additions to the volume.

WE are never permitted to forget the Celtic movement. Messrs. Patrick

Geddes & Colleagues have just re-issued, in three volumes, enclosed in paper covers of a quiet green, the shorter stories of Miss Fiona Macleod. The stories have been re-arranged under the titles of *Spiritual Tales*, *Barbaric Tales*, and *Tragic Romances*. Of the *Spiritual Tales*, two, "The Melancholy of Ulad" and "The Hills of Ruel," appear in print for the first time. Another, "The Awakening of Angus Ogue," has only been read in *The Evergreen*. The other eight stories are gathered in from Miss Macleod's books, *The Sin-Eater* and *The Washer of the Ford*. The second volume is compiled from the same sources, and contains one hitherto unpublished story called "Ahèz the Pale." The third contains a new story, "The Archer." *The Episode of Alethea*, by Isabel Clarke, is, we think, its author's first story. It is evidently very up-

to-date; of one of the female characters it is written that she had "a statuesque little face, reminding him insistently of one of Paul Hellen's delicate dry-points." Miss Clarke is fond of quotations, and there is no lack of variety in those with which she heads her chapters—Browning, Paul Verlaine, Matthew Arnold, Mrs. Meynell and many others being laid under contribution. *A Writer of Fiction* is a study of the tragic side of literary life. Its author, Mr. Clive Holland, is known by his previous story, *A Japanese Wife*. Miss Arabella Kenealy, whose cleverness was proclaimed in her *Some Men are Such Gentlemen* and in several other books, is the author of some short stories to which the title *Belinda's Beaux* is given. This, however, is putting a great strain on what is really the title of only the first of the fourteen stories which compose the volume. These are divided into four sections—entitled "Frivolities," "Sentimentalities," "Curiosities" and "Probabilities." In the latter section we have a gruesome realisation of a human vivisection. *The Adventures of John Johns* is a story of London life by Mr. Frederic Carrel. Mr. Carrel's earlier book, *The City*, was a vivid and powerful treatment of Stock Exchange life, and was compared by one critic to Zola's *L'Argent*. It will be found that the adventures of John Johns are located in a Fleet-street newspaper office and in the glittering West End. The author writes: "I desire to say, by way of preface, that my sole endeavour in writing this story has been to mirror and not to preach."

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

HISTORY.

- HISTORICAL MANUSCRIPT COMMISSION: THE MANUSCRIPTS OF J. ELIOT HODGKIN, Esq., F.S.A., OF RICHMOND, SURREY. Eyre & Spottiswoode. 1s. 8d.
BY-WAYS OF HISTORY. By James Colville. David Douglas (Edinburgh).
THE SIKHS AND THE SIKH WARS. By Gen. Sir Charles Gough, V.C., and Arthur D. Innes, M.A. A. D. Innes & Co. 16s.

BIOGRAPHY.

- THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF BENJAMIN JOWETT. By Evelyn Abbott and Lewis Campbell. John Murray. 32s.
MODERN ENGLISH BIOGRAPHY. VOL. II.: I—Q. By Frederic Boase. Netherton & Worth (Truro).
HEROES OF THE NATIONS: ROBERT THE BRUCE AND THE STRUGGLE FOR SCOTTISH INDEPENDENCE. By Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 6s.
THE HEROES OF THE ARCTIC. By Frederick Wympster. Ninth edition. S.P.C.K. 3s.

PHILOSOPHY.

- PSEUDO-PHILOSOPHY AT THE END OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By Hugh Mortimer Cecil. I. AN IRRATIONALIST TRIO: KIDD, DRUMMOND, BALFOUR. The University Press, Ltd. 10s.
MAN'S PLACE IN THE COSMOS, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Andrew Seth. William Blackwood & Sons. 7s. 6d.

POETRY.

- THE ALDINE POETS: THE POETICAL WORKS OF JAMES THOMSON. Edited by Rev. D. C. Tovey. 2 vols. George Bell & Son.
JENNIFER, AND OTHER VERSES. By Septimus Green. Elliot Stock. 5s.
THE HUIA'S HOMELAND, AND OTHER VERSES. By Roslyn. Elliot Stock. 5s.
FABLES AND FANCIES. By J. Wimsatt Boulding. Jarrold & Sons.
VERSES. By J. M. K. Schumacher. Indian Daily News Press (Calcutta). 1 rupee.
DRAMATIC ROMANCES AND LYRICS; AND SORDELLO. By Robert Browning. Walter Scott. 2s.
GATHER'D FRAGMENTS. By Elwin Vyne. New edition. Bertram Dobell. 6s.

FICTION.

- NEW COPYRIGHT EDITION OF CHARLES LEVER'S NOVELS: THE CONFESSIONS OF HARRY LORREQUER. By Charles Lever. Downey & Co. 10s. 6d.
THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN JOHNS. By Frederic Carrel. Bliss, Sands & Co. 6s.
CHEAP EDITION OF CHARLES DICKENS' WORKS: DOMREY AND SON AND NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. 1s. each. Chapman & Hall.
LITTLE NOVELS: ON THE GOSMAGOGS. By Alice Dumillo. T. Fisher Unwin. 1s.
LIFE AGAIN, LOVE AGAIN. By V. Munro Ferguson. Hurst & Blackett. 6s.
ALLANSON'S LITTLE WOMAN. By Eastwood Kidson. Jarrold & Sons. 3s. 6d.
THE EPISODE OF ALETHEA. By Isabel Clarke. A. D. Innes & Co. 6s.
BELINDA'S BEAUX, AND OTHER STORIES. By Arabella Kenealy. Bliss, Sands & Co. 6s.
IVAN ALEXANDROVITCH. By Andrée Hope. T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d.
SINBAD, SMITH & CO. By Albert Stearns. T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.
LAD'S LOVE. By S. R. Crockett. Bliss, Sands & Co. 6s.
RE-ISSUE OF THE SHORTER STORIES OF FIONA MACLEOD: VOL. I.—SPIRITUAL TALES. VOL. II.—BARBARIC TALES. VOL. III.—TRAGIC ROMANCES. Patrick Geddes & Colleagues.
UNDER SHADOW OF THE MISSION. By L. Studdeford McChesney. Methuen & Co. 6s.
NEEL AND THE ACTOR. By Lillian Street. Skeffington & Son. 3s. 6d.
MY YARNS OF SEA-FOAM AND GOLD-DUST. By Capt. Charles Clark. Digby, Long & Co. 6s.
A WRITER OF FICTION. By Olive Holland. Archibald Constable & Co. 2s. 6d.
IVANHOE. By Sir Walter Scott. Service & Paton. 2s. 6d.
THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII. By Lord Lytton. Service & Paton. 2s. 6d.
MOSES. By Ouida. Chatto & Windus. 6d.
GOD, MAN, AND THE DEVIL. By Ernest C. Henham. Skeffington & Son. 3s. 6d.
THE FAITHFUL CITY. By Herbert Morrah. Methuen & Co. 6s.
THE PILGRIMAGE OF THE BEN BENIAH. By Charlotte M. Yonge. Macmillan & Co. 6s.
THE MASTER-BEGGARS. By L. Cope Cornford. J. M. Dent & Co.
A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT. By T. S. Millington. 1s.
AND THE MARTYR CROWN. By Rev. R. H. Pigott. 2s.
"Home Words" Publishing Office.
A DEVOTEE. By Mary Cholmondeley. Edward Arnold. 3s. 6d.
THAT AFFAIR NEXT DOOR. By Anna Katherine Green. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 6s.

ART.

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THE WHEEL OF LIFE. By Clement Scott. 2s.
THE STATESMAN'S YEAR-BOOK: 1897. Edited by J. Scott Keltie and I. P. A. Renwick. Macmillan & Co. 10s. 6d.
WHO'S WHO, 1897. Edited by Douglas Sladen. A. & C. Black.
LADY CYCLING. By Miss F. J. Erskine. Walter Scott, Ltd. 2s. 6d.
ON THE THRESHOLD OF THREE CLOSED LANDS. By Rev. J. A. Graham. R. & R. Clark (Edinburgh).
A MAN'S VALUE TO SOCIETY. By Newell Dwight Hills. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 6s.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE annual festival of the Newsvendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution will be held on April 28 at the Holborn Restaurant. The Earl of Crewe, who will preside, intimates that it is the desire of the Committee of Management specially to commemorate the sixtieth year of the Queen's reign by placing all donations received in 1897 to the credit of the Royal Victoria Pension Fund, inaugurated by Her Majesty in 1887, for the benefit of the widows of newsvendors. The Committee is anxious to obtain a large support for the Charity on this occasion. Under ordinary circumstances it may fairly claim the sympathy due to a class who minister to the convenience of the public under arduous conditions, employed at irregular hours, and exposed to all severities of weather. Many of these hardworking people altogether break down under the stress of such a life; and it is for those left behind, their widows and orphans, that the appeal is made.

MR. WILFRID WARD is busy over the proofs of his *Life of Cardinal Wiseman*. The book may therefore be expected soon. Father Morris, Cardinal Wiseman's secretary, who was to have become also his biographer, but died before he had done little more than plan out the work, left notes which Mr. Ward has found of the highest service.

LORD ROBERTS has accepted the dedication of the new illustrated edition (the ninth altogether) of Mr. Kipling's *Departmental Ditties*. The book will be published on April 19.

THE National Portrait Gallery has lately been enriched by several interesting works, some acquired by presentation and some by purchase. The gifts comprise a portrait of William Morris, by Mr. Watts; a portrait of Coventry Patmore, by Mr. Sargent; a portrait of Bishop Colenso, and medallions of Mrs. Opie and Sir John Bowring. The purchases comprise portraits of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex (Holbein School); Adam, First Viscount Duncan; Harriet Martineau; John Tradescant the younger, who with his father owned the physic garden and museum known as Tradescant's Ark, which enshrined the curiosities collected by Ashmole, and afterwards became the nucleus of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford; Thomas Cartwright, Bishop of Chester; William Chiffinch, the servant of Charles II.; Sir Henry Sydney, father of Sir Philip Sydney; and casts of sculptures, portraits of Henry Fawcett, Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A., and Charles Stewart Parnell.

SHORTLY after Easter Mr. Nutt will publish a page-for-page reprint of Wordsworth's *Poems in Two Volumes* of 1807, similar to that of the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1798 which Prof. Dowden edited in 1890. Copies of the *Poems* of 1807 are exceedingly scarce—much more so than those of the *Lyrical Ballads*; one in good condition fetching from

50s. to 80s. Without the aid of a text of 1807 it is impossible thoroughly to examine the merits of the case: *Jeffrey and Others v. Wordsworth*. Along with a brief introduction, the editor, Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, furnishes notes (chiefly textual) tending to show that the poet, far from contemptuously ignoring his critics, as he is popularly supposed to have done, was in truth careful to profit by their strictures by altering or omitting such passages as offered fair occasion for fault-finding.

Is the American a better and more assiduous print collector than the English? If so—notwithstanding all the Méryons and Whistlers at Mr. Avery's and Mr. Howard Mansfield's—he has not yet got his full share of the fine prints with which the world is endowed. But that he is alive to their excellence and interest, to a greater extent, perhaps, than his English brother, is evidenced, in part, by the continually occurring print shows at Mr. Frederick Keppel's in New York. The ball there is, at all events, kept rolling. Vandyke has lately succeeded to Piranesi—a change for the better, though Piranesi himself *n'est pas à dédaigner*, for so great an artist as Cotman used to borrow his works whenever he could, and very carefully to study them. Vandyke, of course, is quite another matter. In him you have to deal with a personality as potent as engaging. The economy of means and grip of character in those few original portrait plates of his—of which the best of all is the “De Wael”—are quite astounding. Only Rembrandt has ever surpassed or, to tell truth, ever equalled them.

A CORRESPONDENT, who regrets that it is not customary to add the prices of books to their titles when under review, sends us an ingenious explanation of the matter: “In the old days of taxed newspapers the Government held that the addition of the price of a book to its title made the review an advertisement, and, as such, liable to taxation. This view was supported in the Law Courts, and from that moment prices were withheld. When newspapers were freed this minor evil had become stereotyped, hence its persistence to our own day.”

THE present editor of the *Morning Post*, Mr. W. A. Locker, who has just resigned his position owing to the physical strain which the duties put upon him, was appointed in the spring of 1895, succeeding the late Mr. A. K. Moore. It is interesting to recall that almost at the same time Mr. H. W. Massingham assumed control of the *Daily Chronicle*, a paper which more readily takes colour from those in direction. Mr. Locker proceeded to the *Morning Post* from the *Globe*. Previous to that he had assisted his father, the late Mr. Arthur Locker, on the *Graphic*. Mr. Locker is only a little over thirty-three years old, an age at which few journalists can look back and point to such achievements as the control of a London evening and a London morning paper.

MR. LOCKER's successor at the *Morning Post*, Mr. James Nicol Dunn, is the present editor of *Black and White*. Mr. Dunn, who is forty years of age, was for some time on the staff of the *Scotsman*. He then joined the *Scots Observer* and remained until, as the *National Observer*, it changed hands. His next move was to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Mr. Dunn will begin his duties at the *Morning Post* on May 1.

COLONEL JOHN HAY was, of course, “discovered” in America, but the honour of introducing him to this country belongs, it seems, to Mr. Walter Wren. Nearly thirty years ago, when “Little Breeches, a Pike County View of Special Providence,” and “Jim Bludso (of the *Prairie Belle*),” both by “J. H.” appeared in the *New York Tribune*, Mr. Wren had a hundred copies of each struck off for distribution among his friends and pupils. At Oxford, he says, “they went round the common rooms like fire.”

MR. H. G. WELLS, in his clever speech at the dinner given to him by the New Vagabonds' Club, incidentally brought a fresh method of grouping to bear upon reviewers. After describing authors as “seedlings,” Mr. Wells divided reviewers into various families: slug-reviewers, who prey on the first tender leaves of authors; bird-reviewers, who peck here and there and possibly do damage; heavy reviewers, who crush with their feet whole beds of shoots. Mr. Wells went on to complain of their methods of irrigation. Some reviewers, he said, so copiously drench the plants with the water of flattery as to rot them at the roots; others withhold water until the plants are dried up. In addition, there is, of course, the wise, far-seeing horticulturist, but he is not very common.

AN interesting photographic competition, the second of its kind, was organised a few months ago by the *Graphic*, and the awards have just been made. The prints submitted came from all parts of the world, and the prize-winning photographs, as well as others of special merit, were reproduced last week in a special *Graphic* Supplement. The first prize, of £20, has been won by Mr. Henry Stevens for a photograph of an old countrywoman seated sleepily in her donkey cart. The picture is entitled “Worn Out.” Mr. Stevens has long been acknowledged to be one of the most successful of amateur photographers, and his work recently formed a “one man show” at the Camera Club.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: “Your review of Sir G. O. Morgan's translation in last issue states that it is probably the first hexameter version of Virgil's Eclogues in English. The first complete one it may be; but hexameter versions of separate eclogues were made by Webbe and Fraunce in the sixteenth century; by the author of the anonymous *Introduction of Greek and Latin Measures in British Poetry* (1737); by Dr. James Blundell in his *Hexametrical Experiments* (Pickering, 1838); and by Longfellow, in whose poems will be found a version of the first Eclogue.”

To the new edition of certain of his stories which Messrs. Scribners are to publish—entitled generally *In the Sixties*—Mr. Harold Frederic puts an interesting preface. Writing of the short tales, Mr. Frederic says they are “by far closer to my heart than any other work of mine, partly because they seem to me to contain the best thing I have done or ever shall do, partly because they are so closely interwoven with personal memories and experiences of my own childhood—and a little also, no doubt for the reason that they have not had quite the treatment outside that paternal affection had desired for them. Of all the writers whose books affected my younger years, I think that MM. Erckmann-Chatrian exerted upon me the deepest and most vital influence.”

OF the scenes of the novels, Mr. Frederic says: “The locality which furnishes the scenes of the two contemporary novels and all the war stories may be identified in a general way with central New York, but in no case is it possible to connect any specific village or town with one actually in existence.” The books which make up the set are *The Copperhead*, *Marsena and Other Stories*, *Seth's Brother's Wife*, *In the Valley*, and *The Lawton Girl*.

THE ONLOOKER.

AMONG the articles in *Blackwood's Magazine* for April will be “A City of Many Waters,” a descriptive and historical account of Winchester, by Sir Herbert Maxwell; “How the Famine Came to Burma”; and “On the March,” another of the series of papers on Siberia, by Mr. J. Y. Simpson.

A NEW translation of the *Consolation of Philosophy* of Boethius, by Mr. H. R. James with the metres of the originals rendered into English verse, is in the press, and will be published by Mr. Elliot Stock very shortly. It will contain brief notes, a careful analysis of each book, and a short introduction.

MR. FISHER UNWIN will publish shortly *The Burden of Life*, which Mr. Hain Friswell contributed to *The Family Herald* when he conducted that publication. The book has been edited by Mr. Friswell's daughter.

MESSRS. HURST & BLACKETT will shortly issue a volume of short sketches by Mr. Finch Mason, to be entitled *The Tame Fox*. Mr. Finch Mason will be his own illustrator, having supplied half-a-dozen very spirited drawings of life on the racecourse and in the hunting-field, which will be reproduced in colours.

THE joint Hymnal Committee of the Presbyterian Churches has unanimously appointed Mr. Henry Frowde, of the Oxford University Press, to publish the new Hymnal.

AT the end of this month Mr. John Macqueen will publish Mr. Brayley Hodgetts' story, *A Russian Wild Flower*. Mr. Macqueen is also publishing a translation of Ludovic Halévy's novel, *L'Abbé Constantin*.



JOHN MILTON

From the Picture by Pieter Van der Plaas in the National Portrait Gallery

ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

XX.—JOHN MILTON.

THE most apocalyptic of English poets was appropriately a "John"; more inappropriately, one of the richest of all poets as a Puritan. The facts of his life are common history. He is almost the sole great poet we recollect who was a Londoner; being born in that city of a scrivener, on December 9, 1608. He was educated at Christ's College, Cambridge—the beauty of the reserved and haughty student procuring him the name of "the lady of Christ's." All things considered, he was one of the most truly precocious of English poets; for in his twenty-first year he wrote the "Hymn on the Nativity"—in spite of some too ingenious and "conceited" stanzas, as grand a lyric as was ever penned. Perhaps Rossetti, with his "Blessed Damozel" at nineteen, is the nearest parallel; for a fine stanza or two at an early age cannot be paralleled with this sustainedly consummate achievement. In 1637 was published the "Comus," and in the same year the "Lycidas," which from its subject should seem to belong to his college years. These, with "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," and the "Arcades," marked him in his youth for one of the most perfect lyrical geniuses ever born. How, after a tour in Italy, where he won golden opinions from the Italian *literati*, he thenceforward devoted himself to the defence, in prose, of the Puritan cause, holding a position as Latin secretary to the Council of State, is well known; nor was it until the Restoration that he gave himself again wholly to poetry. Twenty-four years of prose drudgery, immortalised only through a genius which turned to gold whatever it touched, is a record of self-command not matched in the history of poets, or matched only partially by Goethe. In 1658, when the Latin secretaryship was divided with Marvel, he began "Paradise Lost." It is the custom to think of this as a work carried on steadily at intervals throughout the bulk of Milton's later life; but, as a matter of fact, it was the work of seven years—a brief enough time for the magnitude of the task. Published in 1665, it met with a decided success. Thirteen hundred copies were sold in two years—would as many be sold now if a new Milton published an epic in a formidable number of books? Practically, his contemporaries—let it be recorded to their credit—pronounced the verdict of posterity. Six years later he closed his record with "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes." In 1674 he died; having been blind for the last twenty-two years of his life.

Of his three wives, and his relations with them, enough has been written. It was a hard thing to be Milton's wife or Milton's daughter. He was stern, he was austere, he was self-centred; his impeccable strength was purchased by a sublime and monotonous egoism—which is the name they give to selfishness in poets. Very chill must have been the life of his girls in that Puritan house, reading to the inwrapped Puritan father from languages they did not understand, and taking down from his lips poetry they understood still less. Milton found

them undutiful. Poor little "undutiful" daughters! Fathers had terrible conceptions of duty in those days. Did anyone ever want to know Milton? Did anyone ever want to know Shakespeare? Doubtless there are readers of the Exeter Hall class who would have yearned for the godly company of the "great Christian poet." But, on the whole, how thankful one should be that Shakespeare was not a "Christian poet"! "Les vrais artistes sont toujours un peu païens," said poor Stephen Heller to Sir Charles Hallé; in no invidious sense, for was he not a Catholic writing to a Catholic?

But, in truth, this Sunday-school tradition apart, Milton was more than "un peu païen." An extraordinary *mélange* of Hebrew and heathen, this Milton—something of Job, something of Æschylus, not a little of Plato, with an infusion of the Ancient Fathers to "make the gruel thick and slab." That "Dorique delicacy" which ravished Sir Henry Wotton in the lyrics of "Comus" was indeed a gift from the Greeks; yet even in "Il Penseroso" one comes across a fragment from St. Athanasius. All learning was fuel to this fire; and what fire it was that could fuse all learning into such poetry! A like burthen of knowledge clogged even Goethe; but, with occasional exceptions, Milton moves under it freely as in festal garlands. As he borrowed from all learning, so he took from all poets. In particular, to an extent not fully realised, the style of "Comus" is based on Shakespeare. In structure, "Comus" is obviously indebted to Fletcher and the Elizabethan masque-writers. But its diction, and the very music of its blank verse, follow Shakespeare with a superb and unique felicity, which excludes no jot of Milton's own genius. Shakespeare's magic here, at least, is copied. Such a passage as this has the very ring of Shakespeare's softer style in versification:

"Some say, no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost
That breaks his magic chains at curfew-time;
No goblin, or swart faery of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity."

Compare Titania's speech:

"Never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margin of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturbed our sport."

And one expression, "the porch and inlet of each sense," is suggested by "the porches of my ears" in "Hamlet." But not in Shakespeare's self is there such a distillation of sheer beauty, combined with perfect form and stately philosophy, as is this wonderful masque. With the monumental "Lycidas" and the other minor poems, it makes an achievement which Milton has not surpassed in kind. The "bowery loneliness" of "Paradise Lost" is less lovelily beautiful. The special greatness of that epic is, first and last, sublimity—unmatched outside the Scriptures. It widened the known bounds of the sublime. De Quincey has described how, in his opium-dreams, the sense of space was portentously enlarged. Such a

tyrannous extension of the spatial sense presides over "Paradise Lost." But the source of sublimity is not in mere vastness. Henry Vaughan has at once expounded and exemplified it in two lines:

"There is in God, some say,
A deep, but dazzling, darkness."

That is not only sublime—it is sublimity. Mystery impelling awe is the fountain of this quality. Accordingly, Milton's imagery is not simply spacious, but undefined. The immediate suggestion of the image we grasp; but the associations stirred by it ascend and descend through interminable reverberations.

Mr. Coventry Patmore considered Milton even a greater thaumaturge in words than Shakespeare. It is disputable; but to those who, like Mr. Patmore, lean rather towards the classic and Greek than towards the romantic and Gothic school, it may be conceded that Milton is unapproached for his union of Gothic richness with the sculpturesqueness of classic form. Mr. Patmore, who was himself a reconciler of yet more impossible opposites, might well incline a little to Milton. It is impossible to question another opinion of his, that the three chief fountains of wonderful diction are Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton. "What a mine he is of words!" he once exclaimed, regarding Spenser; and Milton himself "mined for words" in both his predecessors, most of all, we think, in Spenser. Mr. Patmore remarks truly that from Spenser he derived even some of the metres thought to be peculiarly his own—for example, the metre of "Lycidas." To a minor extent he used more primitive sources, as in "the swinked hedger" of "Comus." Like all great poets, no soil came amiss to him in prospecting for diction; in spite of his ruling tendency towards the exotic, the polysyllabic, the grandiose, he could use "homespun Saxon" with an enchantment not surpassed by Shakespeare. This needs the more insistence, because his contributions to (as apart from what he drew out of) the treasury of English are notoriously Latinised and stately. The successful, the wonderful Latinisms of Shakespeare have been grossly overlooked. "All the abhorred births below crisp heaven"; "The replication of your sounds made in his concave shores"; "The intertissued robe of gold and pearl"; "Not all these, laid in bed majestical"; here is but a random handful of the supreme Latinities, some become current, others unimitated in poetry, which are first found in Shakespeare. But it is Milton who has been the great lapidary of Latin splendours in the English tongue; solemnities of diction, indeed, so exotic that for the most part they remain among the unprofaned insignia of poetry when she goes forth in state; words never journalised by the "base mechanical hand" of prose. In "Comus" alone can we justly compare him with his great dramatic predecessor, and there we find this essential contrast in the matter of diction; the words of Shakespeare seem to flower from the line, while the Miltonic line is inlaid with rich and chosen words. The distinction may seem, but we think is not, fanciful.

Of his blank verse two men alone could have written with full perception; both have left but slight and casual utterances. One was De Quincey, the other Coventry Patmore. Were the critic fool enough to rush in where the most gifted have feared to tread, not in a journalistic summary could one analyse its colossal harmonies. "Paradise Lost" is the treasury and supreme display of metrical counterpoint. It is to metre what the choruses of Handel are to music.

A poet (to conclude, where we have ventured little more than a prelude) for sheer accomplishment not equalled in our language; in youth capable of luxuriant beauty, in age of "severe magnificence," yet in youth or age without humaneness or heart-blood in his greatness; of over-awing sublimity, yet not ethereal; of concrete solidity, yet not earthly; a poet to whom all must bow the knee, few or none the heart; "the second name of men" in English song, who had gone near to being the first, if his grandeurs, his majesties, his splendours, his august solemnities, had been humid with a tear or a smile. The most inspired artificer in poetry, he lacked, perhaps (or was it a perfecting fault?), a little poetic poverty of soul, a little detachment from his artistic riches. He could not forget, nor can we forget, that he was Milton. And after all—one must confess it was worth remembering. An art so conscious and consummate was never before joined with such plenitude of the spirit.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

SYLVESTER'S "SPRING'S DÉBUT."

(From a Correspondent.)

IN addition to the translations given in his quaint and little-known *Laws of Verse*, which has long been out of print and is hardly likely to be printed again, the late Prof. Sylvester was the author, when at the Johns Hopkins University, of a rhyming *tour de force* called *Spring's Début*, privately issued in 1880. In itself the effort is interesting for the astounding variety of knowledge postulated by its abstruse rhymes, but there also are interesting notes. *Spring's Début*, which is a fantastic poem in praise of one Mary Winn, of Baltimore, consists of two hundred and thirteen seven-syllabled lines, all ending in rhymes or assonances to this lady's name. Here, for example, is a passage of parallels to the accomplished lady:

"Fine as point-lace or Mechlin,
Circe—but more feminine,
Pamela, artless genuine,
Like loved child of Cymbelin—
Sainted, sweet-souled Imogen,
Not more lively, dear Nell Gwynne,
Dreamier nocturne of Chopin,
Swan-song of weird Lohengrin,
Calmer aureoled Capuchin
Nighed beneath stoue baldaquin,
Loved of the Dryads Evelyn,
Daintier touch of Maturin,
Purer rill of tears, Undine,
Shedde to undoe each staine of sinne,
Prouder, self-ruled Catherine
Ere rose might of Mazarin,
Or who broke to rein Berlin
High autocrat Tzarine,
Pious as Evangeline."

It will be seen that explanatory notes are likely to be needed before the verses are done. As they proceed they become more and more far-fetched.

"He has never consulted, or even had in possession or held in his hand, a rhyming dictionary," says the author proudly, "which it is preposterous," he adds, "to suppose could be of any use in the invention of rhymes running over centuries of (let no ungente reader be tempted to interpolate 'damnable') iteration." The reader, one feels, must be rather disposed to. Prof. Sylvester, it seems, began his feat after hearing the lady whom he praises and a friend of his own exchanging badinage as they passed down Charles-street; whereupon he set to work "intoxicated with the bright sun shining overhead, the balmy air, the song of the birds and the new-come-out Virgin Spring just beginning to peep over Old Father Winter's revered shoulder." History and geography are ransacked to supply the rhymes. Ledru-Rollin, Santorin, Guatemozin, Noor-ed-Din, Custrin, Szegedin, Debreczin, Lin, Apraxin, Golovin, Hamelin, Trissotin—these are a few of the words, all introduced relevantly and with pertinent epithets, which, had the author omitted notes, might puzzle the reader. An examination paper in *Spring's Début* would floor most candidates.

The notes are entertaining. In explaining who de Cormenin was Prof. Sylvester wrote, "By the causticity of his pen he sealed himself against the door of the Academy"; adding, slyly, "Not more indispensable is snuff to a Highlander than incense to the assembly of the Immortals." In another place he justifies a clipped final "g" in "wainscotin" by telling the reader to see "The Courtin'" by the accomplished United States Minister at the Court of St. James *passim*. That was, of course, the late Mr. Lowell. Finally, Prof. Sylvester puts on record a very neat pun:

"The author of this expression," he says, "having been called upon to acknowledge a toast to the Universities of the Old World [at a students' reunion in Baltimore], excused himself for being unprepared with a set speech on the ground that he had been busy all the morning, and on the previous evening, when about to arrange the order of his ideas to meet the emergency, had received an invitation (too agreeable to decline) to join some ladies in their box at the Opera . . . to which Mr. Teackle Wallis responded from the chair that he accepted with pleasure the explanation of his honourable friend who had just sat down, and hoped that he would always continue to act in accordance with the maxim 'Opera non verba.'"

PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

IN *Ramuntcho*, M. Pierre Loti's new book, that exquisite writer has surpassed himself. It is, perhaps, not so striking, not so impassioned a book as the older masterpiece, *Pêcheur d'Islande*, but it has a supreme delicacy of touch, an impersonality, a largeness of design, a softness of colouring, a pervasive sadness more captivating than anything to be found elsewhere in his strange work. This is a Loti purified, ennobled,

and no less an artist than the lovely transcriber of personal eroticism. *Ramuntcho* is full of the vagueness, the *beyond*, the unanalysable enchantment of distant *wheres*, the foreign quaintnesses, the unseizable, which form the elusive quality of Loti's unapproachable charm. Is there not a note of the writer's individuality in his characterisation of the Basque young smuggler?

"Through his mind had passed the intuitive inquietude of *elsewhere*, the thousand other things that may be done and seen in this world and which one may enjoy—a chaos of troubles, half thoughts, hereditary remembrances, and phantoms stole by, furtive indications up from the subsoil of his wild child's soul. . . ."

And, again, the hint repeated:

"In him, the chaos of *other things*, luminous *elsewheres*, splendours and terrors foreign to his own life, stirred confusedly, seeking to disentangle themselves."

In the ignorant boy-smuggler these unseizable fluctuations of untutored thought, these vague yearnings after the unknown, the dimly apprehended, remain in a state of permanent confusion, of unsettled aspiration; but one feels that just because Loti himself passed through such a phase of troublous passion for the unknown, the exotic, the outlandish, that he has been able to catch on the wing with such absolute precision this indefinable crisis of yearning youth.

To qualify by hard and fast lines such a prose, an art, as Loti's is a task beyond the trained critic. It is, like his own personality, unquiet, vague, morbid, of an incomparable exquisiteness, with all the subtle simplicity of music calculated to enervate, intoxicate, captivate the senses, drug moral and intellectual feeling. It is a prose instinct with sensation, colour, and melody. In this Basque novel, no less than in his Japanese and African tales, he has seized with surprising deftness and surety the note, the full character of Spanish landscape. Surely no other writer before has so vividly reproduced its aspect of luminous morosity, the marvellous limpidity of the air, the translucence of the heaven, the broad monotonous brilliance of its sunshine, and the massive gloom of its shadow. Loti's word-painting has all the effect of moonlight. Part of its precision, and all of its magic, lie in its very vagueness and the masterly way in which detail is limned and blurred, the weight given to a single line, and in the grand effacement of detail in mass. He speaks of Ramuntcho's complex soul as full of "infinite vibrations, sweetly mournful." So with his own style: sweet mournfulness and infinite vibration sum up its delicate charm.

Ramuntcho should be particularly acceptable in England, for it is a tale of lad and maid. The heroine is actually a young girl, a singularly sweet, dainty little figure of Basque girl, passionate, pure, simple and sincere. Loti has put the best of himself into the portraiture of this gracious little creature, and created an image of superlative freshness. It goes without saying that he does not draw young girls as English novelists do. Race, steps in and gives us something more disturbing, more sugges-

tive—an image of headier perfume, of more essential poetry, something, if I may so express it, more of the fruit than the flower in bud. Gracieuse, blonde-headed, in her peasant's pink bodice, is a figure of pure and delicate witchery, and only French Loti could tell us in adequate prose the poetry of her love-tale. Just as it needed his magic pen to paint us the environment, the quaint village scenes, mass, funerals, the great game of *pelota*, smuggling expeditions: the smuggler who knifed his man at ease as well as defrauded the Queen-Regent's treasury, and lustily sang in church and attended all the sacred ceremonies; the fine and steadfast figure of Ramuntcho's mother, betrayed in youth by a capricious foreigner, and living bitterly ever afterwards in reserve and solitude; and the young hero, with his pure and beautiful boy's passion for Gracieuse, his inexplicable, agonising oppression under the confused desire for *elsewhere*, and the unrest of the unexplored, the remote, the unknown.

After the erotic, the sexual, what strikes us in Loti's consciousness in envisaging the problem of existence is the deep sentiment of pity with which he is saturated. Gracieuse's worthless brother tells Ramuntcho, the bastard, that he has his approbation in his suit; and Loti adds: "Poor little forsaken one, so conscious of the humility of his position, that the support of another child, a little better established in life, suffices to give him courage and confidence." Throughout all his work we have evidence of this intuitive penetration of silent and humble suffering, and a redeeming commiseration of it. He has an exquisite perception of inarticulate misery. "With the people," he writes, "the little profound and intimate dramas are played without words, with misunderstandings never cleared up, with words only guessed and obstinate silences." It is these obstinate silences he voices by the means of a sympathy so delicate and inexhaustible as to give the semblance of virtue to what is merely art.

The love of these innocent children, kept unmarried by the hatred of their mothers, is an idyll to compete in national admiration with the old sentimental tale of *Paul et Virginie*. Around it Loti has gathered some of his most delicious pages.

"They talked together a moment, so low, so low, rather with silence than with words, as if they feared to awaken the birds in their nests. They hardly recognised the sound of their own voices, so changed were they, they trembled so, as if they had committed some delightful and damnable crime only in staying thus close together in the great caressing mystery of that April night."

And, then, when the convent doors close upon Gracieuse, for Ramuntcho

"it is the last of his land, forever, the last of the sweet and delicious dreams of his youth. He is a plant torn up from the dear Basque soil, and which a breath of adventure carries elsewhere."

But who, alas! can hope to analyse the mournful beauty of this enchanting book?

H. L.

NEW BOOKS.

Recommencements. Paul Bourget.
Vie à Paris. Jules Claretie.

THE BOOK MARKET.

BOOKSELLING AS A FINE ART.

BY A BOOKSELLER.

THE bookseller is too frequently regarded as a mere machine, while all the time he is a man of culture who gives laborious days and wakeful nights to his calling in order to anticipate all the wants and necessities of the book-buyer. This work is rendered all the more laborious when it is borne in mind that the reward the bookseller receives is not always in proportion to the care and attention which he devotes to his business. The modest profits which fall to his share in these degenerate days of excessive discounts and keen competition afford him but a poor pittance at the close of his day's labours when compared with the profits of other more lucrative businesses. For this state of affairs I am not disposed to blame the public. It is only natural that a book-buyer should seek to purchase in the cheapest market, and not raise any question as to the present anomalous condition of the bookselling trade.

I must at once discriminate between the bookseller and the publisher, as it is the former with whom I have to do on the present occasion. There was not always a distinction between the one and the other, as the Lintots, the Curlls, and the Tonsons, though they designated themselves booksellers, were at the same time publishers, and it was only in the early years of the present century that booksellers who published books ceased to style themselves booksellers. The bookseller of to-day is to be regarded as a book distributor, and not as a book producer. It has become a fashion in some quarters to belittle his occupation, and not accord him the place which he should occupy in the commonwealth of letters. That he has an important place to fill, and that he seeks to fill it with all his faculties, will be my endeavour to show in this article. That there are booksellers and booksellers I will at once freely admit, and to those who have entered a profession for which they have neither ability nor qualifications I give but scant courtesy.

In many Dissenting churches ministers are selected because they can preach and pray, and if they cannot do either they are quietly told that they should seek some other vocation where these faculties do not come into play. So I say that when a man seeks to enter the bookselling profession, if he has not a sincere love of books and literature, and a prodigious memory, the sooner he quits bookselling the better it will be for himself and the profession into which he seeks to enter. It is impossible to ignore that there are men in "the trade" whose qualifications are of the very slenderest nature, and I should very much like to see them eliminated and applying themselves to some meaner occupation.

On the present occasion I will only deal with those who have some claims to an honourable place in an honourable calling. It is a truism that no business exists which occupies a more conspicuous position or carries with it a more onerous responsibility

than that of bookselling in its various branches. The equipment necessary is not to be acquired in a day, nor is it a business to be entered on lightly with a gay heart without thought or consideration.

It is a long, laborious work of years. It requires a long apprenticeship to master the details, and even those who have toiled for thirty or forty years are ever ready to acknowledge that they are learning something new every day. To be able to sell a book intelligently implies that a man must have some idea of its contents, and this is not to be acquired by a mere reading of the title-page. He must possess some knowledge of the author, have some notion of the subject of which the book treats, and an intuitive acquaintance with his customers' requirements. He must have a genius for anticipating the very purpose for which the buyer requires it, and, beyond all this, he must have the book in stock and know that some day or other such a book would be in demand.

The mere knowledge of what books a bookseller should keep in stock, and what he should reject, is in itself a requirement. When one thinks for a moment of the enormous output of new books month by month, it is sufficient to paralyse his efforts in making a selection; but how unerring his judgment is the publisher frequently knows to his cost, when he produces a book which no bookseller will purchase, because he knows that no one will want it. In what is known in the trade as "subscribing" a new book, a bookseller has to form his resolution very quickly as to how many copies he will buy.

He has to bring all his faculties into requisition as to the author's reputation, his knowledge of the subject on which he has written, and the probable number of purchasers he can reckon upon. When a book is "subscribed" the terms before publication are frequently considerably better than can be had later on, and an additional profit of 5, 6, or 7 per cent. is not to be lightly passed over.

Even when making up stock a bookseller is compelled to look ahead and calculate to a nicety as to the continued popularity of a book or its author. The surprising way in which a book drops out of demand is one of the things which a bookseller is also compelled to take into consideration.

If he is not careful in this respect he finds himself weighted with stock which he can neither sell nor utilise in any way, and the prospect of the sale of his overstock in Chancery-lane is neither invigorating nor satisfactory. When it is borne in mind that nearly four thousand new books and new editions are produced every year and brought under the bookseller's notice, it will at once be apparent that some judgment is necessary in making his purchases, and that he must possess some other than ordinary mercantile ideas as to their literary value. It is no use speaking of books to his customer if he cannot at the same time lay his hands on them and say to the beginner in literature—"This is the book that will suit your purpose, or guide you in your present course of study." The bookseller who can do this is really a

bleeding to any community, and exercises an ameliorating influence which not even the custodian of a public library can effect.

When the present generation of booksellers passes away it is becoming exceedingly doubtful if there is a class of booksellers' assistants coming forward to take their places, and to test this point I formulated about four or five years ago a scheme for holding examinations of those assistants who would submit themselves to have their knowledge of books tested, and on various other matters necessary for a bookseller to know.

At the first, and only, examination sixteen young men and one young lady presented themselves before the examiners appointed by the London Booksellers' Society, who had previously prepared a series of written questions, and these questions, I am bound to acknowledge, were answered very intelligently by many of the candidates; and I have good reason for believing that the certificates granted on that occasion have been of considerable service to those who received them.

There has been, I regret to say, no other examination held, owing, I fear, to the supineness of some of the officials of the Booksellers' Society.

I am, however, hopeful of seeing these examinations revived in another quarter. That there is a demand for superior assistants is evident from the following advertisement which has just appeared in a leading trade journal: "First-class Booksellers' Assistant wanted for a City house. Must be of gentlemanly address; good salesman; have a thorough knowledge of modern books, standard editions, current literature, &c.; a reader and lover of books preferred. —Apply, &c., &c."

He must indeed be "an Admirable Crichton" who would have the courage to become a claimant for this post; and the emoluments, one would think, would be at least £400 a year, as he would be cheap at that price if he possessed all these qualifications. Given such a man, the stock would fly from the booksellers' shelves to the libraries of the purchasers in less than no time; for no bookbuyer could resist a salesman of such encyclopædic knowledge.

MUSIC.

"FERVAAL."

SUCH is the title of a *drame lyrique* by M. Vincent d'Indy, recently produced at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels. The composer belongs to the small band of those whose aims are lofty and whose gifts are great, and whose devotion to their art is so genuine that neither the prospect of present fame nor possibly fortune tempts them to swerve from the path which seems to them to lead to Parnassus. "Who can do anything after Beethoven?" once asked Schubert; and now in like manner, no doubt, many musicians feel that after Wagner, writing for the stage is well-nigh hopeless. The mighty genius of Beethoven, although it exercised strong influence over him, did not, however, deter Schubert from attempt-

ing; and his two symphonies in B minor and C, to say nothing of other instrumental music, have won for him a distinct and high place in the temple of fame. Mozart assiduously studied Haydn, and Beethoven drew deeply from both sources. And so now the coming composer for the stage, the *chef élu*, will spring from among those who are seriously meditating over Wagner's art theories, and seeking, through the letter of his music, to discover the spirit which makes it so strong, so irresistible. They run the risk of being called imitators of Wagner, and yet, like the early Christians, they are probably not unwilling to accept a name given to them by their enemies somewhat in contempt. Imitation is inevitable: the more artistic the nature the more susceptible is it to influences from without; and, within certain limits, it is no actual sign of weakness. Coming events cast their shadows before them, and readers will already guess that M. d'Indy's "Fervaal" shows Wagnerian tendencies. There is no mistake about it. Yet M. d'Indy is not so much imitating as passing through a process of assimilation. And the same remark will apply to the music: it constantly reminds one of Wagner, though, for the most part, in the abstract rather than the concrete.

The Celt Fervaal, the last descendant of a divine race of chiefs, has been attacked by Saracens and wounded; Guilhen, daughter of the victorious Saracen emir, happening to pass by, takes pity on him and wishes to remove him. Arfagard, a high-priest of the Druids, who is guarding Fervaal, protests loudly, while Fervaal himself, in accordance with a vow taken, curses the love of woman; the arguments of the fair maiden at length soften the priest's opposition, while her soft, sympathetic manner overcomes all resistance on the part of the wounded hero, who is taken away to the emir's castle to be tended by the lady herself. Thus ends the prologue. In act i. Arfagard visits Fervaal, who, now recovered, is reposing in the garden of the palace. Enemies threaten the country of Cravann, and the priest bids him put on his armour and fight for home and for the ancient divinities. An oracle, it seems, has proclaimed the decline of *Esus*, and the advent of a new god, *Yésus*; of a new era in which love will prove the conquering force. Guilhen afterwards appears, and, as Armida Roland, so she tries to persuade Fervaal to remain. He, however, summons up courage and departs; Guilhen's ardent love changes to fierce hatred, and she vows vengeance on her lover and also on Cravann. In act ii. Fervaal is unanimously elected chief of the army, but he has broken his oath to renounce love, and considers himself unworthy of the honour conferred upon him. The gods fail him in the hour of battle, and in the last act Fervaal, wandering among the mountains, meets Arfagard, and offers himself as a sacrifice to appease the offended deities. At that moment the voice of Guilhen is heard, and the youth wishes to rush off and find her. Arfagard bars the way, but falls by the sword of the impetuous lover. Fervaal is soon in the

arms of Guilhen; the cold air of the mountains has proved, however, too much for her, and she falls lifeless to the ground. Fervaal lifts her up, ascends the mountain proclaiming all the while, and with prophetic fire, the triumph of love.

The employment throughout of representative themes, and the general style of the music, of course, make everything seem very Wagnerian. The composer, however, has worked in no formal manner; the themes are not added, as it were, to the music: they are its very essence and life. It is open to anyone to object to the system, but the skill and earnestness of M. d'Indy are beyond question. Whatever the public verdict with regard to "Fervaal" it will, as regards the composer, prove, I believe, a stepping-stone to a still higher achievement; though the work of a master it is not a masterwork.

THE notice of "Fervaal" leaves but little room to speak of London concerts. M. Paderewski, however, is so rare a visitor that I must refer to his refined, poetical rendering of Chopin's Concerto in F minor at the Crystal Palace last Saturday. Rubinstein's interpretation of the lovely slow movement was a thing not easily forgotten, and on Paderewski — so far, at least, as Chopin is concerned — seem to have fallen the velvety touch and the rich tone of the great Russian pianist. After Chopin came Liszt. His Concerto in E flat is brilliant, clever, and here and there romantic, yet with less pretension and less noise the Polish achieves more than the Hungarian composer. Paderewski in his reading of Liszt challenges direct comparison with d'Albert. The latter shows greater power and brilliancy, but the former excels in all that concerns heart and soul.

M. LAMOUREUX is now paying us a third visit. At his first concert at the Queen's Hall, on Monday evening, he, or rather he and his orchestra displayed all the precision, finesse and charm which have already won for them so much and such well-deserved praise. The rendering of Mozart's Symphony in C, although perhaps the sadness and longing of the slow movement were not fully expressed, was admirable.

THE music from "Parsifal" proved another success, but not so the rendering of "Meistersinger" Vorspiel; breadth, tenderness, humour, dignity, everything was meant, and yet somehow *manqué*. The novelty of the evening was a Fantaisie for organ and orchestra by M. Boëllmann. It is a fairly clever work, but not one of any marked importance; and the noise of the concluding section was insufferable. The composer was at the organ, on which instrument he is evidently an able performer. Beethoven's Symphony in C minor on Tuesday evening was good, though not convincing. One felt neither the titanic power of the opening Allegro nor the weirdness or irony of what Beethoven was content to call a Scherzo. Saint-Saën's "Rouet d'Omphale" on Monday evening was the perfection of delicacy.

J. S. S.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE too insistent note of eulogy which has been generally remarked in this book is thus bitterly noted by the *Hostile Spectator*: "The fervent, nay, breathless anxiety which the writer displays to check away a complimentary or adoring epithet . . . is so naive, so artless, that it is impossible not to be amused." Then follows a severe criticism of Mr. Rhodes's African career, and the notice concludes: "To our mind it is a foolish and injudicious attempt to defend Mr. Rhodes by using the language of adoration and indiscriminate eulogy. But . . . we must also express our firm belief in the complete sincerity and genuineness of conviction shown by the writer." The *Pall Mall*, after noting the signs of haste, observes: "But when all that is said, this book contains much which ought to shake the convictions of the stern, uncompromising enemy considerably. Dr. Jameson certifies that 'Imperialist' knows his subject, and internal evidence bears him out. And, with all Mr. Rhodes's errors and 'Imperialist's' haste, the latter leaves us with a greatly heightened admiration of the maker of Rhodesia." To the *Daily News* "what is newest and most interesting in the book is its anecdotic and biographical matter." "The book," writes the *Telegraph*, "is, of course, the product of reaction. It is the antidote to Olive Schreiner's romantic attacks upon Mr. Rhodes, and to the malignant virulence with which a really great man has been assailed by very little men in this country. It has never been very easy to trace the real motives of this relentless persecution, though it is more than hinted in the pages of this work that the enormous Secret Service Fund at the disposal of President Kruger—it amounted last year to £190,000—may be accountable for it. This appreciation . . . is avowedly partisan. . . . At the same time . . . the brief for Mr. Rhodes should be read by everyone who wishes to know the true inwardness of the South African problem."

"The Little Regiment," By Stephen Crane. (Heinemann.)

THE *Pall Mall's* "Irresponsible Reader" is delighted to find that Mr. Crane "has, after his rather unsatisfactory excursion to the slums . . . returned to his true métier as a painter of war scenes." This change, according to the *Chronicle*, is "enormously for the better"—for, "with the exception of Tolstoy, no one we know writes as well of war as Mr. Crane . . . He makes us realise both aspects of it, the noble and the hateful. On the other hand, hear the *Telegraph*: "We have no clue to whether these tales were written prior or subsequent to *The Red Badge of Courage*, but assuredly they are vastly inferior to that memorable book." The *National Observer* is sceptical as to the accuracy of that inspiration which in Mr. Crane's war pictures has to take the place of experience. "A Study in Noise" is the heading of the article in which the book is criticised. "Mr. Crane," writes the *Observer*, "shows to better advantage where his imagination is not lurid with the blaze of battle."

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REVIEWS.

THE MASTER.

The Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett, M.A., Master of Balliol College, Oxford. By Evelyn Abbott and Lewis Campbell. (John Murray.)

THIS is the authoritative record of him who for several generations, not by Balliol only, but by all Oxford, was spoken of fondly and familiarly as "The Master." To the outer world, knowing Jowett hitherto but by the rhapsody of Mr. Swinburne or the presentment of the Boswellian Mr. Tollemache, it should come as a revelation of one of the most fascinating, and probably one of the most potent, personalities of the century. All praise is due to Prof. Campbell and Dr. Evelyn Abbott, old pupils and friends of Jowett, for the way in which they have accomplished their difficult task. Dr. Abbott, in particular, whom we knew to be learned, displays considerable literary gifts in that volume, the second, which falls to his share. Terse, pungent, not wholly discreet, he has produced, both by narrative and selection, a most salient and sympathetic portrait of the man he would honour. The real Jowett probably eludes description; so far as an impalpable influence can be formulated, it is done in these pages.

Prof. Jowett came of a Yorkshire family who from yeomen had become for the most part clergymen of the Evangelical type. His father, though not in orders, was the friend and devoted fellow-worker of Lord Shaftesbury. The youthful Benjamin was sent to St. Paul's, where he is described as "a pretty looking boy-youth who wore a perpetual sort of green sateen which never got, in my time, to the dignity of a coat tail, but stuck to the less dignified one of a jacket." Just as Milton was known as "The Lady of Christ's," so was Jowett to his school-fellows "Miss Jowett." It was still in a round jacket and a turned-down collar that Jowett came as a scholar to Balliol in 1835, and won from Mrs. Grote the nickname of "The Cherub." As an undergraduate he was something of a recluse,

and so obviously poor that his friends hesitated to accept his invitations to tea. His tutors were Tait, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, and Robert Scott, part author of the great lexicon. In 1839 he had the almost unprecedented success of being chosen Fellow of Balliol while still a scholar. "We have elected," said Dr. Jenkyns, the Master, "a little child." At this time Jowett's chief friends were W. G. Ward, of "Ideal" fame, and A. P. Stanley, who became his lifelong ally. Under the influence of Ward he nearly threw in his lot with the followers of Newman:

"I sometimes think," he said about 1856, "that but for some divine providence I might have become a Roman Catholic. I had resolved to read through the Fathers, and if I found Puseyism there I was to become a Puseyite. It is not unlikely that I might have found it, but before I had gone through my task the vacation ended, and on returning to Oxford we found that Ward was going to be married! After that the Tractarian impulse subsided, and while some of us took to German Philosophy, others turned to lobster suppers and champagne. They called that 'being unworldly.'"

Jowett was one of those who took to German Philosophy. He came under the influence of Hegel, and with Stanley and such converts from Newmanism as Froude and Pattison, formed the little group of Oxford Liberals. While remaining firm against the official persecution of the Tractarians by the Evangelicals, they devoted themselves to the rational study of theology, and to the practical question of University reform. These two subjects occupied much of Jowett's energies for many years, but they were always subordinate to the work of the college tutorship which he accepted in 1842.

"In this," says Prof. Campbell, "he laboured as if it were the sole purpose of his life; turning all other interests to account in ennobling and enriching this. It might without exaggeration be said of him in relation to his pupils that 'all things were for their sakes.'"

Under his care Balliol rapidly came to the front; a cult of him grew up among his pupils and ex-pupils, and through them he became a *persona grata* in the larger world. In 1854 he fell upon evil days of disappointment and persecution. He failed to be elected Master of his college, and though he was made Regius Professor of Greek, that professorship was practically without emoluments, and neither the University nor Christ Church could be persuaded for many years to endow it. This was largely due to the High Church dislike of Jowett's heterodox theology. The essay on the Atonement in his *Epistles of St. Paul* (1855) and the essay on the Interpretation of Scripture in *Essays and Reviews* (1860) brought the hornets about his ears. He never forgot the blow to his position as a teacher which followed the reception of these essays. Moreover, he was still a poor man, and had to devote much of his income to the support of his parents. He now put aside the design of marrying, and this loss also he felt to the end. In the meantime his hold upon his pupils and his college was growing. He became Master of Balliol at last, in 1870. In the same year was published his great translation of Plato. Until his death, in 1893, he presided over

the destinies of his college, and to a large extent, especially during his Vice-Chancellorship of 1882-1886, over those of the University. He continued, by reading-parties and otherwise, the habit of intimate personal intercourse with as many of the undergraduates as possible. His "young men" filled Church and State. He was the friend and counsellor of many of the great, wise, and eminent of the nation, and at his death seven Heads of Houses who had been his pupils bore the pall.

It is difficult for those who did not come directly under the influence of this great man to fully understand the "secret of Jowett." In the Oxford of his last ten years he still loomed large. Those who did not willingly attend divine service elsewhere crowded the Balliol chapel to hear him preach. But with admiration was mingled criticism. He was said to domineer the Hebdomadal Council, and to be a past master in the art of obstruction; he was said to doze before the fire under the cover of abstract thought; he was said to be a tuft-hunter; he was said—quite untruly, we are sure—to take pleasure in making young men uncomfortable by inconvenient questions or studied rudeness. The fact is, that during this period, for all his reputation, he was isolated in Oxford. He could not cast in his lot with the reactionaries, for that would have meant an alliance with the clergy who distrusted him, and whom he despised; and with the later Oxford Liberalism he was hardly in sympathy. It was markedly political, and Jowett was neither a democrat nor a Home Ruler. To women's education he gave a half-hearted support, thinking it a somewhat hazardous and doubtful experiment. University Extension, though he worked for it, was a subject for irony. Of the younger generation of dons he had but a small opinion:

"They want to marry," he said, "and they have no money. They want to write, and have no originality. They want to be scholars and have no industry. They want to be fine gentlemen and are deficient in manners. When they have families they will be at their wits' end to know how to provide for them. Many of them have the fretfulness of *parvenus*, and will always have this unfortunate temper of mind."

This was the Jowett of the Vice-Chancellorship; the Jowett of the forty years from 1840 to 1880, and the Jowett to the last of those with whom he was in touch, we may find in the pages of the *Life and Letters*. What, then, was it that Jowett did for Oxford? Much of a tangible kind, in actual reform, in the humanising of her studies, in the methodising of her examinations: much, also, in the widening of her borders and the liberalising of her theology; most of all, perhaps, in the Platonising of her philosophy. Between the Aristotelian and the Platonic mode of thought there is all the world; and it is not going too far to say that Jowett found Oxford Aristotelian, and left her Platonic. He insisted on the *Republic*, and the *Republic*, not the *Ethics* or the *Analogy*, is now the leading text-book of the schools. Jowett did much, but it is clear from what Prof. Campbell and Dr. Abbott

have to tell us, and from the testimonies of others which they have collected, that it is not by what he did, but by what he was, that he will be remembered. His real greatness was in the intimate influence over the plastic minds of the young, which is the prerogative of the heaven-sent teacher. Whatever else Jowett was, he was a teacher first, and witness after witness comes to acknowledge the infinite pains, the unexampled tact, the unflinching sympathy, the unconquerable idealism which he brought to bear in his relations with his pupils. He founded no philosophical school; he had not, like his friend Thomas Hill Green, a system; but he had the power, less intellectual than moral, of stimulus, which is at the heart of all education; he had the genius for bestowing and inspiring affection, and, shy scholar as he was, he was able to bring men face to face with their best selves, to spur them on by encouragement and warning to the utmost efforts of which they were capable. The influence of a Jowett, as of a Socrates, eludes definition; something of it breathes through his letters, especially through the series addressed to Dean Stanley, of whose brilliant, but less stable, disposition he was always the Mentor, and through those written towards the close of his life to two girl friends, Miss C. M. Symonds and Miss Margot Tennant, now Mrs. Asquith. Jowett's letters are admirable, alike for their ethical fervour, for their delicate and gracious humanity, and for the Attic salt of their composition. Two specimens may serve to illustrate the last of these characteristics. Of Bishop Samuel Wilberforce he writes that he is an excellent man "if you do not mind being semi-humbugged by a semi-humbug"; and again:

"I am always sorry when an eminent man dies, even when I think the continuance of his life rather an evil than a good; yet I do not think that he was worse than about half the bishops, but he was more versatile and able."

And of Archbishop Tait:

"The Archbishop was always a very kind friend to me, though in the book he says that he thought I had a curious mind because I took absolutely no interest in these ritual controversies. He was quite right, and I wonder how he or anybody else could take an interest in them. He was an excellent man and a gentleman, very good and very Scotch; but I miss in the book, as I used to miss in his conversation, any interest about truth in the higher sense. He did not seem to think that it was of the least importance compared with 'keeping the Church together.' If he had possessed this element he would have been a great man."

It will probably be a surprise to many to find how far Jowett diverged in later life from the position of theological orthodoxy. The *Essays and Reviews* were a starting rather than a terminal point. Miracles, for instance, which he accepted in 1846, appeared to him a superstition in 1876. In the same year he writes:

"Were the writers of the New Testament inspired when they wrote in any other sense than they were during the rest of their lives? . . . Is there any difference between St. Bernard and Plato except that they were men of genius of a different kind—the one a religious genius, the other a philosophical and poetical genius? . . . If so, every great and good man is in-

spired, or none at all, and all the great thoughts of mankind are to be treated as part of the sacred inheritance."

Yet with growing unorthodoxy we may trace a growing spirituality. In a private note-book he writes:

"Morning and evening prayers are almost impossible to me. Church is difficult; but I desire more and more never to let a day pass without some idea or aspiration arising in my mind; and this appears to be retained. I am always thinking of death and of God, and of the improvement of human nature, though sometimes interrupted by false and petty conceits of self."

Among Jowett's minor services to Oxford we may note the encouragement of the theatre during his Vice-Chancellorship, and the introduction of Sunday concerts into Balliol. He was generous in money matters, and gave the college a great organ and, though he was no athlete, a cricket-ground. His taste in English letters was fine, if not catholic. Shakespeare's *Comedies*, Boswell's *Johnson*, and Selden's *Table-Talk* were his favourite books. He greatly admired Tennyson and George Eliot, who were among his personal friends. Shelley he did not appreciate either as man or poet. "They had better have left him where the late Mrs. Shelley left him, for it is impossible to convert him into a decent or honourable man." About Browning, though he made him an Honorary Fellow of Balliol, he was doubtful. "Porphyria's Lover" he thought "poor, sad stuff." Of "Christmas Eve and Easter Day" he wrote:

"It is Browning's noblest work, written in his highest, though a fluctuating mood of mind. . . . He deepens many things, unveils and unfolds human nature, but he deepens them into greater scepticism; there is no rest in him. He is also very extravagant, perverse, topsyturvy, obscure; he has art without beauty, and a grim humour hardly intelligible. Nowhere is he really affected by the great themes of poets—love, or ambition, or enthusiasm. Isolated in the world, *μυρίστους ἀνὴρ*, neither epic nor dramatic, but semi-dramatic."

The criticism seems to throw light rather upon Jowett's limitations than upon Browning's.

Two literary schemes Jowett never lived to realise. He intended a *Life of Christ* and an *Essay on Morals*. The Greek professorship came first, and the translations of Plato, Aristotle, and Thucydides, even with the help of younger scholars, were a laborious achievement. Yet the vanishing of those dreams the world will not fail to regret.

LANDSCAPE IN POETRY.

Landscape in Poetry from Homer to Tennyson.
By Francis T. Palgrave, late Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford.
(Macmillan & Co.)

A REVIEW of poetry in antiquity—Hebrew, Greek, Latin; in the "dark" ages; in the thirteenth-century dawn of a second long European day; in even the measurable best of Italy; nay, in England herself before Elizabeth or between Charles the Second and the end of the eighteenth century—this might have yielded a land-

scape well within the range of an historian's eyes. But it was hardly possible to see, to describe, to name, the landscape of the Shakesperian poetry, or that of the poetry of the century just closing, as the poets of England and of France have sung its beauty, its days and nights, its seasons, its mystery, its manifold inspirations. The only approximately just way would have been to take the most beautiful, the most representative of the modern landscape-passages. Let us say at once, then, that the first part of Mr. Palgrave's book is the best. And his best is, needless to say, most excellent. He is enthusiastic without excitement—a last century writer would have said zealous without enthusiasm; that is, he never loses the sense of relation, never lets the critic's memory, which has to check present and pressing experiences, grow used or dull. He makes, moreover, no vertical divisions among the poets, excluding these on the plea that theirs are alien heights, fencing in the heights he loves; for him there are no alien heights, and he makes no division, except the horizontal line that divides the highest from the lower, and the lower into degrees. Or this is his intention, and that intention forms his credentials, and gave authority to the *Golden Treasury*. But in the present work there is an inevitable arbitrariness. There is too much of fine landscape in modern poetry to be treated in the latter part of a rather small volume. It is rather to be regretted that such a book as *Landscape in Poetry* must have the appearance of an anthology. For it is only against an anthology, challenging the judgment of readers whether all the gathered poems are not conspicuously the best of their kind, that a complaint will lie. In a word, Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave has taken the opportunity of his book on landscape to distinguish one or two minor modern poets by citation, where there was not room enough for passages from the greater poems of the greatest poets. He was perfectly free to do this. It may, perhaps, be even the most interesting partial manner of doing what there was not space to do completely. It is, perhaps, because of the *Golden Treasury* that we expected from Mr. T. Palgrave an unwinking responsibility.

It seems to us that from this unrelaxed attitude of authority he has dispensed himself in the latter part of the present valuable work. In the first part he takes the judicial position of a historian who is also a ruling critic, and whose signals are watched by students. But the historian's special part is the more important and the foremost in the work of surveying the landscape of older literature. It is one of the happiest tasks in all literature to gather the passages of landscape poetry from the Greek epic—they are so few, so lonely, and so fine. They stand, as it were, with the atmosphere around them and the light upon them. They have the respect of ages, without which their simplicity would go uncrowned, and the attention of ages, without which their singleness would be indistinct. In Greek lyrical, idyllic, and epigrammatic poetry the rareness, the solitariness is less majestic, the

unconsciousness is less; there is not merely an image or similitude of human things, as when the flowing of Penelope's tears is epically likened to the filling of mountain rivers by the zephyr-melted snows; there is the quicker and more conscious cry, "O would I were the Kingfisher, as he flies with his mates . . . the sea-bright bird of spring." Egoism seems to us to be the almost universal inspiration of this growing commerce with nature. As the modern rhymers of the North loves the storm at night because he has the shelter of his home at command, and makes haste to *embourgeoiser* himself, the winds, his hearth, and his wife, in the sense of comfort, so the Greek, so the Roman, was apt to honour the tree for its shade. And so, with a finer, but similar, desire, does the Psalmist watch the flight of a dove into the distance. He feels the counter stroke of self, the relapse, and the failure; the leap towards peace has fallen short, and the poet knows he has not wings; nor does his soul follow the innocent flight generously, taking wing in thought with the dove on the dove's own errand; his is the negative—the impossibility, the denial, and the sigh—no more.

The sacred writer's landscape and nature are a part of English as well as of Hebrew literature. Englishmen read the Greek and Latin landscape in the original, the Hebrew in the English of the eve of Elizabethan poetry. Biblical English is not—the reader may need to be reminded, by the way—Elizabethan, it is not the English that was so soon to break into the chorus and concert in praise of May and meadows; it is the English of the grave fast and vigil of that festival. It was the English of Henry VIII.; a generation and three reigns altered it afterwards into the tongue that sang English seasons, the changes and the lights and shadows of the temperate North; it had, in a younger form, sung those seasons and that climate in the time of Chaucer. By the peculiar unity of language, the alien Semitic antiquity is far more intimately familiar to us than the kindred Aryan antiquity of the "classics." That is, of course, too well known a truth to pause upon. But the influence of the Hebrew spirit upon the earlier English contemplation of nature might be a matter to study.

It ought not to have been necessary to explain the absence from Mr. Palgrave's book of such elaborate and important landscape as that of modern French poetry, for example. It is obvious that he had no purpose to make a book of translations. The snatches—they are no more—from the Greek do not—by courtesy—need translating, and yet are—by courtesy—translated. Thus the way is made twice plain. The originals are given, and Mr. Palgrave's admirable versions are given with them. And their brevity makes the whole process manageable; but it would be far otherwise in the case of the *Chants des Rues et des Bois*. No single volume would contain even so much as a representative selection from the French, and the translation would be a special, separate, and expert work, not to be undertaken as an

incident. True, there is something quoted—and very finely treated—from Dante; but here again the fewness and the brevity of the landscape passages make their introduction and their translation possible. It is England, then, or rather Britain, that makes the greater part of Mr. Palgrave's book—even though it would not have been at all the book it is had there been nothing except English within it; and the limitations are inevitable. The chapter on Celtic and Gaelic poetry gives us, among other beautiful things, a passage from "the last and greatest of the mediæval bards," Dafydd ap Gwilym, born probably about 1340, which is rendered by the English of Mr. Vaughan Jones; it celebrates the marriage of the bard, and is a rapturous, spiritual, natural, and mystical ecstasy. "Under the mantles of the splendid green hazels," the thrush is as a priest, who wears a cassock of "the flapping wind," prophesies without ceasing, and "reads to the parish the Gospel without stammering; and the bells of the Mass continually did ring." This is a note of exquisite delirium which is assuredly not to be heard from Chaucer. Equally unlike the Welsh, albeit with a masculine wildness of their own, are the Anglo-Saxon fragments left to us of our first national literature after the library-burning savages of the sixteenth century had destroyed the greater part of what had escaped the Norman and the Dane.

No reader could desire a stronger or more sensitive guide than Mr. Palgrave, through Elizabethan meadows or the gardens of poets under the Stuart kings, or a gentler one through the walks of the eighteenth century. A reader here and there, however, may grudge the precious space given to Byron's "horrid crags, by toppling convent crowned," than which nothing could be sillier (without simplicity) or more artificial (without grace). It is a humiliation to come upon this ready-made phrase after the hearty past. By the way, are our critics aware that Byron is the father of their split infinitive? "To slowly trace," says the noble poet, "the forest's shady scene." Although Mr. Palgrave quotes poets who outlived Tennyson (we could have wished to see more than a single ode of Coventry Patmore, whose landscape was in the highest sense classic) he closes his book with Tennyson, and with a tender and serious profession of faith in that great poet's "immortality." The word is used with misgiving; "those few hundred years of life which man pleases himself with naming immortality"—these he claims for the poet of "Cenone."

THE COMIC SPIRIT.

An Essay on Comedy. By George Meredith. (A. Constable & Co.)

It is patent that no living writer more fittingly could expound the theory of Comedy and the Comic Spirit than Mr. Meredith. Many of his novels lack only the dramatic form to fulfil every requirement of high Comedy, and no one is more richly stored with the Comic Spirit. In the

narrow compass of the volume before us, which has but a hundred pages, Mr. Meredith analyses this spirit with a brilliancy possible only to himself. It is a little work of extreme suggestiveness, and no one at all seriously interested in the subject can afford not to read it. Mr. Meredith has never written more flexibly than in this essay, which was originally prepared for oral delivery at the London Institution, twenty years ago.

The finest Comedy, Mr. Meredith considers, is that of Molière. The English school, he says, "has not clearly imagined society; and of the mind hovering above congregated men and women it has imagined nothing." The comic writer (using comic in the sense in which it is employed by Mr. Meredith) must see society steadily and see it whole. Molière did so. Hence, as John Stuart Mill said, the French know men and women more accurately than we do; they can continually revert to their standards—the characters in the Molière comedies—for corroboration and refreshment. Shakespeare's characters, says Mr. Meredith, are often saturated with the comic spirit, but they are over-proof; "creatures of the woods and wilds, not in walled towns, not grouped and toned to pursue a comic exhibition of the narrower world of society." Shakespeare, moreover, favours literary or poetical Comedy rather than that Comedy which, like Molière's, is a mirror of life. Mr. Meredith singles out Millamant and Mirabel in "The Way of the World" as the two finest figures in English Comedy; he places, however, Congreve low in comparison with Molière. To Congreve's style he gives the highest praise, so succinct and forcible is it. "In this he is a classic, and is worthy of treading a measure with Molière." Contrasting the art of the two men, Mr. Meredith describes Congreve's as

"a Toledo blade sharp and wonderfully supple for steel; cast for duelling, restless in the scabbard, being so pretty when out of it. To shine it must have an adversary."

Molière's, on the other hand, is like

"a running brook, with innumerable fresh lights on it at every turn of the wood through which its business is to find a way. It does not run in search of obstructions, to be noisy over them; but when dead leaves and viler substances are heaped along the course, its natural song is heightened. Without effort, and with no dazzling flashes of achievement, it is full of healing, the wit of good breeding, the wit of wisdom."

This, too, is wit, and wit of a high order.

Passing from pure Comedy, the critic enters upon his study of the Comic Spirit. The following fine passage sets forth his conception of what the office of that watchful spirit is:

"If you believe that our civilisation is founded in common-sense (and it is the first condition of sanity to believe it), you will, when contemplating men, discern a Spirit overhead: not more heavenly than the light flashed upward from glassy surfaces, but luminous and watchful, never shooting beyond them, nor lagging in the rear; so closely attached to them that it may be taken for a slavish reflex, until its features are studied. It has the sage's brows, and the sunny malice of a faun lurks at the corners of the half-closed lips drawn in an

idle wariness of half tension. That slim feasting smile, shaped like the long-bow, was once a big round satyr's laugh, that flung up the brows like a fortress lifted by gunpowder. The laugh will come again, but it will be of the order of the smile, finely tempered, showing sunlight of the mind, mental richness rather than noisy enormity. Its common aspect is one of unsolicitous observation, as if surveying a full field and having leisure to dart on its chosen morsels, without any fluttering eagerness. Men's future upon earth does not attract it; their honesty and shapeliness in the present does; and whenever they wax out of proportion, overblown, affected, pretentious, bombastical, hypocritical, pedantic, fantastically delicate; whenever it sees them self-deceived or hoodwinked, given to run riot in idolatries, drifting into vanities, congregating in absurdities, planning short-sightedly, plotting dementedly; whenever they are at variance with their professions, and violate the unwritten but perceptible laws binding them in consideration one to another; whenever they offend sound reason, fair justice; are false in humility or mixed with conceit, individually, or in the bulk—the Spirit overhead will look humanely malign and cast an oblique light on them, followed by volleys of silvery laughter. That is the Comic Spirit."

Aristophanes is cited as the ideal possessor of the Comic Spirit. Mr. Meredith writes of the laughing bald-pate, as Aristophanes called himself with joy. He flings himself into the appreciation—enthusiastic, eloquent. Aristophanes, he says in one place, is

"an aggregate of many men, all of a certain greatness. We may build up a conception of his powers if we mount Rabelais upon Hudibras, lift him with the songfulness of Shelley, give him a vein of Heinrich Heine, and cover him with the mantle of the Anti-Jacobin, adding (that there may be some Irish in him) a dash of Grattan, before he is in motion."

This is an ingenious recipe. Embrace both Aristophanes and Molière, Mr. Meredith says elsewhere—that is, embrace both Comedy and the Comic Spirit—and you have the whole scale of laughter in your breast. Aristophanes," he concludes mournfully, "is not to be revived; but if his method were studied some of the fire in him would come to us, and we might be revived." Taking them generally, says Mr. Meredith, the English public are most in sympathy with the primitive Aristophanic comedy, "where the comic is capped by the grotesque, irony tips the wit, and satire is a naked sword." He makes it clear that pure comedy cannot thrive in this country. We are too composite a people. For one thing, we are too sentimental; for another, too Puritanic; for a third, too Bacchanalian. Also we have not yet spiritually comprehended the significance of living in society.

The Comic Spirit does not often inhabit our writers. Fielding, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Pope, and Cowper had it to perfection; Byron had "splendid powers of humour, and the most poetic satire that we have had example of, fusing at times to hard irony. He had no strong comic sense, or he would not have taken an anti-social position." The English genius prefers satire. On the other hand, "no one," remarks Mr. Meredith, "would presume to say that we are deficient in jokers." A test for home application may not be inappropriate to close with:

"You may estimate," says Mr. Meredith,

"your capacity for comic perception by being able to detect the ridicule of them you love, without loving them less, and more by being able to see yourself somewhat ridiculous in dear eyes, and accepting the correction their image of you proposes."

We do not want Mr. Meredith to divert any energy from novel-writing, and yet we wish he could find it in his power to dip more often into criticism. He does it superbly.

EOOZON AND EVOLUTION.

Relics of Primeval Life. By Sir J. William Dawson. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

In this compact little volume the "*doyen* of Canadian geologists" gives permanent form to a course of lectures delivered in 1895 to a Boston audience on the problematical *Eozoon Canadense*, and its bearing on the origin of life and biological evolution generally. Naturalists will certainly be glad to have this comprehensive treatment of the subject by one who, if not the actual discoverer, has been intimately associated with the find ever since it was first submitted to the consideration of palæontologists by Sir W. E. Logan, some thirty-five years ago. The story need not here be repeated of the angry discussions which broke out at the time, and which have not yet been settled, regarding the true character of the substance: some, with Prof. King and others, maintaining its mineral origin, others, with the author and the late Dr. Carpenter, risking their reputation on its organic nature. This latter view Sir William still loyally adheres to, and supports his contention with some fresh evidence, and with further arguments of a more abstract character, which may at least claim the serious attention of the "sceptics." He holds that we have here an organism of a low type, whose position may even be determined in the sub-kingdom Protozoa, as one of the foraminifera, which form a separate order in the class Rhizopoda (Huxley's Myropoda).

The difficulty biologists feel in accepting such a conclusion lies in the fact that the known beginnings of life would thereby be shifted as far back from the Cambrian as this system is remote from the present time—that is to say, right through the Huronian, and even the Upper Laurentian, which, apart from its plumbago deposits of doubtful organic origin, is usually regarded as absolutely azoic. But so far from shirking this inference, which would increase the duration of life on the globe by many millions of years, our author contends that such an increase must be allowed, and that, in point of fact, the shallow Laurentian waters swarmed with a protozoan fauna which was one of the chief factors in building up the crust of the earth. The term *azoic* he would restrict to the true Archæan or Lower Laurentian, substituting *eozoic*, a word of his own invention, for the fossil-bearing Grenvillian (Upper Laurentian) and Etcheminian series, leading up to the palæozoic Cambrian rocks.

Besides Eozoon, reference is made to several other contemporary Protozoa, such

as Archæozoon, Archæospherinae, Archæophyton—some discovered by the author, some first described or named by Matthew, Billings, and others in America, and in Europe by Gümbel. Much weight is laid on the testimony of Gümbel, in whom Eozoon has certainly found an able champion on the Continent, and whose researches are stated to have established "the existence of Eozoon fossils in all the Laurentian limestones of the middle and north of Europe." Altogether, it will readily be allowed that the hypothesis has received much support from recent observations in both hemispheres, while Sir William's arguments lose none of their force by the temperate language with which they are urged, and by his generally courteous bearing towards his opponents. Thus, at p. 222:

"I confess that I feel disposed to treat very tenderly the position of objectors. The facts I have stated make large demands on the faith of the greater part even of naturalists. Very few geologists or naturalists have much knowledge of the structure of foraminiferal shells, or would be able under the microscope to recognise them with certainty. Nor have they any distinct ideas of the appearances of such structures under different kinds of preservation and mineralisation. Further, they have long been accustomed to regard the so-called Azoic or Archæan rocks as not only destitute of organic remains, but as being in such a state of metamorphism that these could not have been preserved had they existed. . . . In these circumstances it is rather wonderful that the researches made with reference to Eozoon have met with so general acceptance, and that the resurrection of this ancient inhabitant of the earth has not aroused more of the sceptical tendency of our age."

But in connexion with the Eozoon controversy Sir William revives his somewhat peculiar views on the broader question of biological development, and here he not only becomes aggressive, but even unfair towards the leading exponents of evolution as now understood. "Hæckel, one of the prophets of the new philosophy, waves his magic wand, and simple masses of sarcodæ spring from inorganic matter," &c. Others are "enthusiastic speculators and caterers of sensational popular science"; their suggestion of missing links in the organic series, which links must be allowed under any theory, are spoken of as filling up gaps "by plausible conjectures," while a "Darwinian biologist" is described as "an insatiable enthusiast who feels himself aggrieved if not supplied with infinity itself wherein to carry on the processes of his science."

It may seem surprising that such determined opposition to the modern theory of organic evolution should be displayed by a naturalist, who on the other hand contends so vigorously for an extension of life on the globe far longer than is claimed by any of these "insatiable enthusiasts," and presumably far beyond the limits allowable by the most liberal orthodoxy. But such apparent inconsistencies are not rare among conservative leaders of thought, and the names of Agassiz, the Abbé Bourgeois, and many others might be mentioned as cases in point. Nor is it very easy to determine Sir William Dawson's attitude towards "the new philosophy." In one place he speaks the language of an advanced Spencerian,

agreeing with those "who hold the modern theories of gradual evolution," who "repudiate the idea that the Lower Cambrian fauna can be primitive," and who "demand a vast series of changes in previous time to prepare the way for it." Then he essays to explore the dim and mysterious past, and "to ascertain what forms, if any, are visible amid its fogs and mists."

But elsewhere the solution of biological problems is sought, not in observation, but in creation, and even in multi-creation after the manner of Cuvier. The plan of creation is certainly allowed to be progressive, but not continuous; that is to say, the lower forms of life do not pass by gradual change into the higher, but either persist unchanged, or with but slight varietal change, or else die out, and are then succeeded by more specialised forms "successively introduced." Change is allowed, but only within narrow limits, and the study of evolution is the study, not of one or more archetypes with endless modifications and ramifications, but the study of a large number of types, which make their appearance independently in successive geological ages, and which either become extinct from time to time, or live on without developing any greatly divergent later forms. Thus the various animal series are graphically represented not by branches springing from a common stem, but by a corresponding series of parallel lines converging at neither end. "It seems that each leading line, as we trace it back, ends in a blind alley, just where we might suppose that it was about to pass into another path" (p. 287). Hence even man himself "is still man in all the deposits in which we can find his remains, and as remote from the apes of his time, in so far as we know, as he is from those now his contemporaries" (p. 288). The inference is that the most highly specialised of living beings has followed an independent line of development, which in past time never converges on a common anthropoid stem. It is difficult to understand how this view can still be upheld after the interval between the Neanderthal race and a generalised Simian stock going far back into the Miocene age has been half bridged over by Dr. Dubois' *Pithecanthropus erectus*.

GREEK WRITERS.

Ancient Greek Literature. By Prof. Gilbert Murray. (William Heinemann.)

It is a large tribute to the vitality and enduring attractiveness of Greek literature and Greek history that, in spite of all that has been already written on either subject, year by year new books are still produced that suggest new points of view, or disinter qualities that have hitherto escaped unnoticed. Only the other day we had Mr. Dickinson's admirable little book on the *Greek View of Life*—so fresh and suggestive in its treatment of a well-worn theme—and now we welcome a history of Greek literature from Prof. Murray which, whatever may be its faults, cannot be denied the merit of originality. The title of the book is to some extent a misnomer. This is not

a history of Greek literature in the best sense of the word. It is, indeed, rather chaotic in its plan—a series of brilliant studies of the Greek writers, with little attempt to elucidate the historical continuity of Greek literature, or the interdependence of one writer on another. It is full of paradox, of startling judgments and judgments meant to startle, of unproved theories disguised as familiar facts, and of fresh, courageous, and suggestive criticism. The studies are not all of equal merit. The writer has his predilections and his limits. He loves and admirably appreciates Herodotus; we doubt his affection for Thucydides, for whom, at any rate, he says nothing that has not been said before. He defends the Sophists against the Socratics, but on insufficient grounds, and values Isocrates surely above his merits. He illuminates with new light the genius of Euripides, disclosing points that have escaped almost all previous critics, but he is dull to the real greatness of Sophocles, whom he considers conventional, and more artist than poet. To Euripides, indeed, is devoted the best study in the series. It is evident that Prof. Murray is attracted by the modern note, we had almost said the note of decadence, in this poet. He writes of his neglect of art for thought, of his "extraordinary brain-power, his dramatic craft, subtlety, sympathy, courage, and imagination," qualities which he contrasts, more by implication than direct statement, with the "calm and successful" poetic art of Sophocles. He marks his sympathetic insight into the heart of woman, "whom, like Ibsen, he idealises, refusing to idealise any man," and on the poet's attitude to religion he has much to say that is new and suggestive.

The chapter on Homer is devoted almost exclusively to the Homeric question, and here Prof. Murray will be found abreast of the latest and most destructive criticism of the time. He supports the view that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are only parts of an immense body of early lays, and have been cast into their present form, partly by natural or accidental causes, partly by the conscious arrangement of Athenian rhapsodists; but the presentment of the case is not too clear, and it is difficult for the reader to distinguish, unless he knows already, where the writer is dealing with discovered facts, and where with unproved theories. Much of the chapter on Thucydides is taken up with an examination of the received text. The question is of great importance, for on it depends our estimate of the historian's style. Prof. Murray leans to the view of Cobet and Mr. Rutherford (though he is not prepared to go as far as either of these critics) that the style of Thucydides was simple and pellucid, that where he is difficult or obscure it is the copyist who has made him so. According to the ancients, who presumably had access to better MSS. than we possess the style of Thucydides was involved and hard. Where lies the criterion? The evidence is in the main internal, but that is prejudiced by the presumed unsoundness of the text. The external evidence which Prof. Murray adduces, and by which he lays much store, seems to us worth little.

Prof. Murray's own style is unequal. In the earlier portion of the book it is apt to be abrupt and conversational, sometimes undignified. He writes of Stesimbrotus as "a sort of intransigent ultramontane journalist, wearing rather a modern look among his contemporaries, but not quite equal to what we now produce at our worst." He is fond of derivations, of plays on words, which often seem to occur in otherwise tasteless passages. "Phokos, who, although he was knocked on the head by the seashore, and had a mother called Seasand, was perhaps originally as much a Phokian as a seal (φωκή)." And again:

"When we hear that Agido among the rest of the chorus is like a 'racehorse among cows' . . . this does not mean that the 'boorish' poet is expressing his own intemperate and vacillating admiration. Would the cows of the chorus ever have consented to sing such lines?"

(Vacillari means to "walk like a cow.") This love of derivation has led Prof. Murray into accepting the Disease-of-language theory of mythology, if we are right in so understanding his words "that the original battle for Helen was doubtless a strife of light and darkness in the sky, just as the Niblungs were cloud-men and Sigurd a sun-god before they were brought down to Worms and Burgundy"—a theory which, we imagined, was held in these days by no one but its inventor. But as the work progresses the style rises in tone and dignity. The smartness, the striving after effect disappears, and the exuberance, of which this was a symptom, expresses itself only in rapidity and nervous power. The note of sincerity rings more often and more plainly, and lends to the phrase the force always conveyed by truth. Nothing could be more admirable, alike for its form and matter, than the final appreciation of Demosthenes, which is not only a fine example of Prof. Murray's style at his best, but an illustration of his method and critical quality.

"Demosthenes can never be judged apart from his circumstances. He is no saint and no correct mediocrity. He is a man of genius, and something of a hero; a fanatic too, no doubt, and always a politician. He represents his country in that combination of intellectual subtlety and practical driving power with fervid idealism, that union of passion with art, and that invariable insistence on the moral side of actions, on the just and the noble, that characterises most of the great spirits of Greek literature. To say with Quintilian that Demosthenes was a 'bad man' is like saying the same of Burke or even of Isaiah. It implies either that noble words and thoughts are not nobility, or else, what is hardly more plausible, that the greatest expressions of soul in literature can be produced artificially by a dodge."

MR. OMAN'S HISTORY.

A History of England. By C. Oman. Third Edition. (Arnold.)

An ideal school History of England would be produced by a combination of the peculiar excellences of Mr. S. R. Gardiner's *Student's History of England* and Prof. York Powell's *History of England for Middle*

Forms; and where considerations of expense are not prohibitive, these two admirable text-books, each of which constitutes the complement of the other, might well be used side by side. After them, the next place could fairly be given to a revised fourth edition of Mr. Oman's manual. His *History of England* resembles his *Greek History* in its lucidity of treatment and its brightness of style, but surpasses it in being comparatively free from the flavour of newspaper English, though here and there we still come across irritating tricks of unclassic phrase. The writer possesses the sense of historical proportion and perspective; and save that the constitutional reforms of Henry II. are dismissed in a curiously brief and summary manner, in the matter of selection and rejection there is little with which to find fault.

To pass to details, it is satisfactory to see the misleading form *Aquæ Solis* and the erroneous rendering "*Æthelred the Unready*" respectively replaced by *Aquæ Sulis* and "*Æthelred the Redeless, or Ill-counselled*." On the other hand, we observe that in these pages Freeman's palisades in undiminished entirety still adorn the hill at Senlac, and that King John still "signs" Magna Carta instead of sealing it. The former is, of course, an open question, the latter a comparative trifle; but a mistake of the first magnitude occurs on p. 40, where the Peace of Wedmore of 878 is confused with Alfred's and Guthrum's Frith of 886. Again, on p. 151, obligatory knighthood is assumed to be an invention of Edward I. in 1278. The writs of November 16, 1224 (*Rot. Cl.* 9th Hen. III.), and November 7, 1235 (*Rot. Cl.* 19th Hen. III.) show that this was not so. The £20 census, too, was certainly fixed as early as the reign of Edward's predecessor: witness the writs of 25th, 26th, 37th, 39th Henry III. (Hale and Lansdowne MSS.); while in 1256 (*Rot. Cl.* 40th Henry III., and M. Paris *sub anno*) not only was there a general compulsory summons to knighthood, but the knightly rating was apparently lowered for the nonce to £15. These are isolated instances of inaccuracy, but the book throughout is by no means free from errors. As an example we may take the reign of Richard III. We may eliminate from it all controversial points. We may abstain from saying that, so far as Mr. Oman is concerned, Buck, Walpole, Halsted, Legge, Sir Clements Markham, and, to a certain extent, Nichols and Mr. Gairdner, appear to have written in vain, and that the old Tudor tales, with their jumble of improbabilities and contradictions, are once more served up to tax our intellectual digestion. We may suppress any manifestation of surprise that in his presentment of the last Plantagenet king he has hardly advanced beyond Shakespeare and Mrs. Markham. Nevertheless there will remain much that is reasonably open to complaint. Rivers was not executed on "the very day of Richard's accession," but on the day before (June 25). From the Act of Attainder of 1st Henry VII. it is clear that William Catesby was not a knight. As Richard was born on October 2 (or, to take Rous' later date, October 21), 1452, and fell at Bosworth

on August 22, 1485, his age at his death was not thirty-three, but thirty-two. To say that Colyngbourne was hanged "for no more than a copy of verses" is a statement that would have made even the Lancastrian Fabian stare; as also would the multiplication by Mr. Oman of his "wele vpon iiii. m. men in rusty salettes," till they are represented by such expressions as: "Gloucester commenced to pack London with great bodies of armed men"; "masses of armed men"; "thousands of men-at-arms packed every street." The vague rumours set down by the monk who wrote far away at Croyland will not justify this in the face of the definite evidence of the local chronicler Fabian; nor will Stallworth's letter, which spoke only of an expectation that was exaggerated by the natural excitement of the time.

With regard to the story of the immediate execution of Hastings, Sir Clements Markham's analysis of the dates (*Eng. Hist. Rev.*, April, 1891) has surely cast upon that view doubts sufficiently grave to demand some attention. On p. 268 we are presented with the legend of the murder of the princes in all its orthodoxy; the manner, the time, the place, the burial, the discovery of the bones (real human bones that time, not those of an ape)—everything is there. Yet in the next sentence we are told with prompt repentance that "its manner and details were never certainly known." It is with sincere regret that we find the work of so interesting a writer and so accomplished an antiquary and historian as Mr. Oman defaced by blemishes of this character; the more so because his book is full of good things, and his general handling of the course of events is scholarly and scientific.

VITA MEDICA.

Vita Medica: Chapters of Medical Life and Work. By Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson. (Longmans.)

HERE was a man who belonged intimately to the Victorian era, whose life grew full with its fulness, and bright with its brightness of expectation. It is touching to read Dr. Richardson's account of the blessing his dying mother gave him on the day after Coronation Day, 1838:

"She said she would not much longer be my companion, but I must remember her, and must try to be a good boy; must follow my lessons carefully; and, above all things, must learn to be a good doctor, the profession of medicine being in her opinion the noblest in the world. I was born to it, and must do my very best."

His medical destiny took hold of the boy's mind, and even at his earlier schools it was allowed to dictate some of his studies. Once only did he waver in his fidelity to his prospects. Southey's *Life of Nelson* was the disturbing factor, and Jack Lambert, a hot-headed schoolfellow, the *advocatus diaboli*. The two actually ran away from school, and were on the way to Portsmouth to take ship when sunset and discretion turned them back to the schoolhouse.

Richardson began his formal study of medicine as an apprentice to a practising doctor. In those days only young men who were favoured by friends and fortune walked the hospitals or travelled to European medical centres. The majority were bound to private practitioners, and this was a feature of his profession which Dr. Richardson—who discarded so much—would fain have kept. He writes:

"I have often said, and again say it, that this method of introduction to our profession, now practically abandoned, was the best that could be, and ought to have remained untouched. It was a fruitful source of income to every respectable practitioner; it kept such practitioners well up to the mark; it made good openings for introductions and practices; it was warmly appreciated by the public at large; it cultivated well a common field, and effected a sound and general good."

Richardson's own experience of the system was certainly happy. In 1845 he went to Glasgow, to the college then called Anderson's University. His lifelong memories of those days, and of the fine men who flitted across his path, fill a pleasant chapter. After short spells of work as an assistant at Saffron Walden and Narborough, in Leicestershire, and a final course of study at Glasgow, which won him his Faculties of Physician and Surgeon, Richardson came to London and settled in practice with Dr. Robert Willis at Mortlake. Here he worked hard out of doors and in, at the bedside and in the laboratory, and was successful in an attempt to win the Fothergillian gold medal for a paper on "Diseases of the Fetus." In recalling this effort Dr. Richardson makes the sadly striking remark: "It is certain that I never once saw birth without some remote indications of death through some particular signal of disease." His career was now fairly begun, and from this point the chapters of his book become less directly autobiographical, being concerned rather with the great medical movements in which he played his part. These may be enumerated as follows—the organisation and application of sanitary science; the elimination of pain from disease and operations; the banishment of alcohol from the bedside; and the development of germ theories.

In none of them did Richardson lead the way. Modern sanitary science had already been promoted by the appointment of a Registrar-General, and Doctors Farr and Chadwick had done much to make that office a bulwark of the nation's health. As a student he had seen anaesthetics brought to the aid of tortured patients. Even in his opposition to alcohol, Richardson had been forestalled by Higginbottom, of Nottingham. In each department something had been done. The machine in each case moved, but Richardson's shoulder on the wheel helped it forward with speed and *éclat*. His industry was prodigious. His enthusiasm never waned, nor his courage. In 1869, when he made his first "sortie" against alcohol, his lecture-room was deserted, and in a city where he had once been given a grand supper "I was marked, like Higginbottom, with the sin of disbelief

in the ancient faith, and was known by only one friend." This was no light ordeal for a man well advanced in years, with a great stake in his calling. But Richardson was ever a winner, and he lived to see a non-alcoholic hospital and a non-alcoholic league of doctors. His worst enemies could not call him a crank with conviction, for they knew his soundness as a physician. Richardson was a great doctor judged by ordinary professional standards; he was greater still in that he widened and lifted those standards. He had the makings of an administrator of public health, such as has never yet held office, for whom, indeed, no office has yet been created.

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

Elements of Theoretical Physics. By Dr. C. Christiansen. Translated by W. F. Magie. Ph.D. Pp. 339. (Macmillan & Co.)

Magnetic Fields of Force. By Prof. H. Ebert. Translated by C. V. Burton, D.Sc. Part I. Pp. 297. (Longmans.)

THE continual appearance of scientific text-books translated from the German is becoming a trifle vexatious. For some time past the commercial world has been informed that British trade has suffered from German competition because of the neglect of scientific principles underlying our industries. This is probably true to some extent, but manufacturers may very well retort by asking what British men of science are doing that it should be necessary to import so many advanced text-books written abroad. The best, or worst, of it is that most of these books are better than any produced at home; so that while our professors are claiming to be able to show the way to improve industry they are pushed out of their own field by works "made in Germany."

Prof. Christiansen's treatise, which has been put into English by Prof. Magie, of Princeton University, presents a comprehensive and informing view of the fundamental principles of theoretical physics. In scope the book is similar to Clerk Maxwell's stimulating little primer entitled *Matter and Motion*; but the treatment is much more detailed, and new work in the various branches of the subject is taken into account. Teachers and students familiar with higher mathematics will be glad to possess a volume in which the theory of modern physics is expressed in a uniform notation; but ordinary investigators of natural phenomena would soon lose themselves in the maze of differential equations and integrals which runs through the pages.

The manner in which iron filings arrange themselves when scattered over a sheet of cardboard lying upon a magnet was made by Faraday the starting-point of a series of brilliant conceptions of the nature of magnetic, electric, and optical phenomena—conceptions which now dominate physical theory. Prof. Ebert's work, which is presented in a pleasing English dress by Dr. Burton, is an experiment in expounding

the phenomena of magnetism and electro-magnetism upon a basis formed by the lines of force, of which Faraday first saw the significance. The book is practical and thorough, and it will furnish students with solid food for study and experiment. The second part, dealing with the phenomena of induction, has not yet appeared.

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The Apocalypse of Baruch. Translated by R. H. Charles. (A. & C. Black.)

THERE is at present, and has been for the last sixty years, a tendency in England to popularise criticism. Lawrence's translation of the Book of Enoch, Cotton's translation of the Third, Fourth, and Fifth Books of Maccabees, T. W. Clark's "Ante-Nicene Library," Ryle and James's translation of the Psalms of Solomon—these and similar publications have placed the ordinary intelligent English layman, desirous of investigating the origins of Christianity, but unacquainted with ancient languages, in a far more advantageous position than his brother on the Continent. Mr. Charles, who has already earned considerable gratitude in the above connexion by his English version of *The Book of Jubilees*, now presents us with an English version of *The Apocalypse of Baruch*, one of the most interesting of the "Pseudepigrapha" that have come down to us. Pseudo-Baruch, writing almost certainly in Trajan's reign—whether a little earlier or a little later than the author of *II. Esdras* is one of the problems which the book raises—represents the purely Jewish ideal of the Messiah, distinguished from and possibly sketched in antagonism to that established from Nazareth. Perhaps the most striking picture in the Apocalypse is that in which the Roman Empire is depicted as a mighty forest, and the Messiah as a tiny spring, waxing in volume till it becomes an overwhelming torrent and sweeps away the forest—all save one lofty cedar. And then that cedar is swept away too, and one hears an explanation that the cedar is the last Roman emperor (Trajan?), who shall be brought in chains to Mount Zion and there slain by Messiah! "Baruch" represents for us that fierce zealot, patriotic fanaticism, with which, except in the one great instance, the Messianic idea was inseparably connected in the first and second centuries—the spirit which occasioned the mournful "Day of Trajan," and finally brought about the great catastrophe under Bar-Cocheba. Irresistibly "Baruch" brings to mind that verse in the Gospel, "If thou hadst known in this thy day the things that belong to thy peace."

* * *

The Ruined Cities of Ceylon. By Henry W. Cave. With Photographs by the Author. (Sampson Low.)

MR. CAVE photographs well and to some purpose. Last year he photographed a number of the ruined temples, *dagabas*, and palaces which are found in the interior of Ceylon, and which date from the introduction of Buddhism into the island. Even without an explanatory text these illustrations would suggest splendid episodes in man's history. At Mihintale what seems to be the bare crown of a hill is a huge *dagaba*, or relic

shrine, built in the third century B.C. with millions of bricks. You climb to it by a broken granite staircase that makes itself an awful pathway through the thickets and the gleaming trunks of trees. Near to this wonder is another *dagaba*, the Maha Seya, from whose top the traveller sees "the ruined shrines of Anuradhapura rising above a sea of foliage and the glistening waters of the ancient artificial lakes relieving the immense stretches of forest." In Mr. Cave's photograph the top of this *dagaba* seems covered with a hair of vegetation, yet the effect is due to a mass of forest trees that have sprung from seeds dropped there by birds. In some parts clearings have left the ruins standing on open ground. It is so with the sixteen hundred monolithic columns which mark the site of the Brazen Palace built by King Dutthagamani to house the monks of the new faith. The splendours of their abode are recorded in the *Mahavamsa*, the national chronicle. We read of a hall supported on golden pillars, of festoons of pearl, of an ivory throne inestimably draped, of canopies and emblems, and lavers of pure gold. Nor is it hard to believe in the gold since the temple which sanctified it remains. Certain it is that these glorious buildings were raised by a people who drew untold inspiration from a creed which teaches that existence is sorrow, and that to combat sorrow man must reduce his desire to live. Mr. Cave's photographs are of considerable value, quite outweighing his text, which, however, is clear and from its nature interesting.

* * *

On Human Nature. By Arthur Schopenhauer. Selected and Translated by T. Bailey Saunders. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

THIS is the seventh volume of translations which Mr. Saunders has made from the more popular writings of Schopenhauer, and it is certainly not the least interesting of the series. The title of the book covers six essays taken from Schopenhauer's *Parerga* and from his posthumous writings. These are concerned with Human Nature, Government, Free Will and Fatalism, Character, and Moral Instinct, and there is a final chapter of Moral Reflections. In all these essays Schopenhauer is found talking at large on matters of human experience and conduct, and talking with that unanswerable sanity and originality which make his teachings as stimulating to the mind as rough towelling is to the body. We remember no passage in the early volumes which more clearly and simply conveys Schopenhauer's practical teaching than the following:

"The readers of my *Ethics* know that with me the ultimate foundation of morality is the truth which in the *Vedas* and the *Vedanta* receives its expression in the established, mystical formula, *Tat twam asi* (*This is thyself*), which is spoken with reference to every living thing, be it man or beast, and is called the *Maharukya*, the great word. . . . We are possessed of two different, nay, absolutely contradictory ways of regarding the world: one according to the principle of individuation, which exhibits all creatures as entire strangers to us, as definitely not ourselves. We can have no feelings for them but those of indifference, envy, hatred, and delight that they suffer. The

other way of regarding the world is in accordance with the *Tat-tvam-asi*—this is thyself—principle. All creatures are exhibited as identical with ourselves; and so it is pity and love which the sight of them arouse. The one method separates individuals by impassable barriers; the other removes the barrier and brings the individuals together."

It should not be forgotten that Schopenhauer was at one with the Buddhist and the Christian in the belief that evil is radical and renunciation best. This understood, neither his metaphysics nor his temperament need offend.

* * *

A Study of the Sky. By Herbert A. Howe. With Illustrations. (Macmillan & Co.)

At a time when all the world has learnt to read, any book which opens the way to a wholesome and fascinating study deserves a cordial welcome. Prof. Howe, of Denver University, has written such a work. It demands no previous knowledge of the subject, nor any knowledge of mathematics. The romance is opened up in a fashion which may well discover in the reader an enthusiasm for the fascinating and limitless science of the heavens. In a popular way he describes the constitution of the firmament, the nature of the constellations, the movements of the planets, the manufacture of lenses, the spectroscope, sun-spots, meteors; in fact, he runs over the whole ground. His style is, perhaps, a trifle florid for British taste, and the portraits of American astronomers and professors of astronomy are of secondary interest in this country, but the sort of book he set out to write he has written very well. The practical instructions for identifying the heavenly bodies by means of the diagrams are very clear, and the illustrations in general will be found interesting and helpful.

* * *

Hero-Worship. By Thomas Carlyle. (Chapman & Hall.)

THE lectures on *Hero-Worship* form the fifth volume of Messrs. Chapman & Hall's centenary edition of Thomas Carlyle's works. These volumes leave nothing to desire in the matters of binding, print, and paper. But we do not understand why, if *Hero-Worship* needed portraits, only three—those of Shakespeare, Rousseau, and Napoleon (a curious trio)—should be given. One would not exact a portrait of Odin, the hero as divinity, for obvious reasons; but it would have been easy and fitting to have supplied those of Dante, Luther, Knox, Johnson, and Burns. This is surely a case in which thoroughness or nothing was the best policy. Mr. Traill's introduction is acute and interesting.

* * *

Spanish Self-taught. By C. A. Thimm, F.R.G.S. (E. Marlborough.)

THE present edition of Mr. Thimm's *Spanish Self-taught* will be of service to the large class of persons who for purposes of business or pleasure desire a practical knowledge of the language. The contents of this little book, with the aid of a few weeks' diligence, will carry them through the land with comfort, and will lay the foundation of a more intimate knowledge of

the language and its literature if the study is to be further pursued. The difficulties of pronunciation are simply and ingeniously turned.

FICTION.

Flames: a London Phantasy. By Robert Hichens. (Heinemann.)

MR. HICHENS' new novel may be regarded from either of two points of view: as a story of mere imagination, or as a solemn treatise upon the transcendental Ego. As an imaginative story it has certain merits in the telling that are by no means to be denied. Mr. Hichens is, to a large extent, capable of suggesting situations of obscure and dubious horror; he has a sentiment of place, and he can realise a scene here and a scene there with an instant and liberal completeness. His story turns upon the notion of the exclusion of a personality from a body and the usurpation of a second personality in the same body. The somewhat ghostly situations whereby the exchange is accomplished, are touched in with skill and effectiveness; but the tale loses interest as it progresses, and the final scenes are lamentably disappointing. This is, without doubt, due to the gradual intrusion of Mr. Hichens's somewhat solemn philosophy into the fantastic imaginativeness of the earlier part of his scheme; and we are bound to add that as a philosopher he passes poor muster. It would be absurd to ask him for a genuine and fully developed philosophical system in what is openly called a "phantasy"; but at all events for purposes of fiction "the binding theory" should be consistent throughout; whereas Mr. Hichens's theory is quite unconvincing. To take one brief example. In the exchange of souls everything depends upon the author's insistence on Will as—to use his own words—the "Ego, the man himself." And yet, after the intrusion of the alien Will into the new body, it is apparent that the new man thus formed has the double memory of the personality that he both was and is; whereas, if the first memory were only a power of the former will, and not a separate part of the soul, it would vanish with the will. Therefore, by Mr. Hichens's own showing, memory and will are separable portions of the soul; and yet, as we have said, his whole theory depends upon the identification of will, and will alone, with the soul. The contradiction vitiates from beginning to end what may be called the circumstantial credibility of the book. If an example of how the thing can be done were wanted, take "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"; as a relation of facts Stevenson's fable is, of course, utterly incredible; but its circumstantial credibility is never for a moment in danger. As a last word, the style of *Flames* is too thoughtlessly exuberant. To speak after the author's own manner, his fruit is often over-ripe, and his hyacinths are not seldom past the fragrance of their freshness; also, to judge by a certain frequency of repetition, polished boots haunt Mr. Hichens like a passion.

Guavas the Tinner. By S. Baring-Gould. (Methuen.)

MR. BARING-GOULD's new story is all about the tin-workers of Dartmoor in Queen Elizabeth's time. Concerning the production of tin in England, and the ancient customs of the Duchy of Cornwall, and the jurisdiction of the Stannary Court, it is itself a mine of information. Perhaps the hand of the antiquarian is a little prominent, still Mr. Baring-Gould is here opening new ground in fiction, and he has combined with all his tin a golden story, full of the gleam and brilliancy of romance. The semi-crucifixion of Guavas, his rescue by the fierce Isolt Rodda, who loves him, his oath to be hers and do her bidding always, his wolf, the last in Britain, and its fight with the traitor, Dickon Rawle, in the Staldon Ring, the contrast between Isolt Rodda and the gentle Lemonday, whose sweetness has an unknown attraction for Guavas, their finding of the Keenly Lode, and the bitter struggle of Guavas and Lemonday against the jealous and revengeful Isolt and Dickon Rawle—here are dramatic elements enough, and powerfully are they combined by Mr. Baring-Gould's experienced hand. This is a book of adventure, for boys in particular, which may be cordially recommended. It will teach them something, for one thing, about their own country. But it is also full of the straightforward human passions, and not of the so-called "modern" substitutes, which it may be hoped do not delude the adult subscribers to libraries. Mr. Frank Dadd illustrates the volume, and contributes three drawings thoroughly in the spirit of the story.

Saint Eva. By Amelia Pain. (Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.)

THIS is a well-written story, of a somewhat sentimental order, and is concerned with the life history of Eva Corona, of whom an imaginary portrait, by Sir E. Burne-Jones, forms the frontispiece to the book. Eva, whose sanctity consisted in a virginal, almost nun-like, purity, was kissed unexpectedly by Clayton Leaford, who possibly loved and certainly rode away. But Eva took the kisses too seriously, and thus supplied the tragic *motif* to the story. The authoress has a quite happy knack of character-drawing, and gives convincing portraits of the sort of people one meets in society in London, on the river, and along the beaten track of tourists in Italy; indeed, she is so evidently familiar with river-ways that we can scarcely excuse her spelling of "Marlowe." Lord Rotherhithe, the peer with the soul of an ostler; Linley Wygall, the unappreciated but faithful lover; Miss Wellingham, the Bond-street Juno, hyper-English, aristocratic and classic, all at once, who "moved with the lazy, thoroughbred deliberation of the swan"; Mrs. Rowe, who organised delightful house parties on the river—are all people one might run up against at any moment. And those who have no tears for the tragedy of the leading lady will find many a smile in the play of the minor characters.

Glamour. By Meta Orred. (John Lane.)

THE reader new to this author's style will find some difficulty in deciding where the ghosts begin and where they end. She is fond of speaking about Evil and Influence and Sorrow and other things in bewildering capitals, and there is a Figure which converses with the hero on ethical topics and which seems to be the cause of a really frightful conglomeration of nightmares at the end of the book. For more conventional horrors we have the Ghost in the Gallery, which frightens a boy into fits; there is a haunted picture which changes its dress in a surprising way; and there is a ring to which some curse is attached—which, at all events, personifies something. Some other people speak to seeing a ghost at a window, but that detail need not be insisted on. Much allowance is to be made for a hero brought up among such surroundings, and when, being deeply in love with two ladies, he marries a third, one can only hope that he does it out of a sense of duty to the Experience, or the Unknown, or the Destiny which he went to Italy to seek.

A Spotless Reputation. By Dorothea Gerard. (W. Blackwood & Sons.)

MR. ANTHONY HOPE'S Princess Osra had, at any rate, a heart. But Geraldine Nolebrooke, in spite of her transcendent beauty and "spotless reputation," has none, and very properly comes to a bad end. Her story, as told in Miss Gerard's (or rather Mme. Longard de Longgarde's) new novel, opens in a manner somewhat at variance with its development. One of the greatest beauties of the century, she is unconscious of her power and untouched by passion when she marries; but the earlier sketch of her apparently innocent and tranquil character hardly prepared us for the results of her awakening under the influence of London and Vienna society, as the wife of the wealthy and brilliant diplomatist, Walter Nolebrooke. While physical coldness deprives her of full womanhood, her personal beauty and her pride in it make her first unwittingly attract, and then actively lure, some half-dozen men to their ruin. The course of the story thus becomes somewhat conventional, and were it not for skilful handling would be distinctly disappointing. There is something psychologically crude in this picture of a beautiful witch with practically no affections; and the repetition of the same process in the undoing of her several admirers is clumsy, and shows some lack of resource in incident. As the deterioration in character progresses, we get thoroughly sick of the pure Geraldine, and her death in consequence of taking arsenic to remove the ravages of accidental burns on her face—a device not unknown before in fiction—opportunistically enables her husband to marry the other more human woman who has always loved him, and brings the story to an end which satisfies a reader's ideas of poetical justice. This is a well-written novel, but it is rather elementary in its drawing of character.

Kakemonos. By W. Carlton Dawe. (John Lane.)

MR. CARLTON DAWE has already made his mark with *Yellow and White*, and the present volume establishes his claim to write with authority concerning the byways of that region of the world "where there ain't no ten commandments." A Kakemono is a Japanese scroll-painting of the kind that Europeans have lately taken to collecting, and the title covers appropriately a group of nine tales, of which the scenes range from Japan to Siam. The author knows the ways of the tramp steamer which ploughs the China seas, as you may learn from "Chief Officer Grover," a vivid story of attempted scuttling; he knows what adventures may be found within the flower-boats at Canton, or in the women's quarters of a Siamese prince's palace; he knows, too, the manners and the morals of the British colonies at Hong Kong and Yokohama, and in "His Japanese Life" you may learn what becomes of the Englishman who marries a Japanese woman. In another and extremely pathetic little sketch—"Sayonara"—the picture is reversed, and you see what becomes of the Japanese woman when the Englishman she loves does not marry her. The stories are all short and bright, and the few lingering traces of amateurism in the style serve to convince us that the author is writing of what he has seen, and not what he has imagined.

Colour-Sergeant, No. 1 Company. By Mrs. Leith Adams. (Jarrold & Sons.)

HAVING already achieved some popularity in two-volume form, this story appeals for a second hearing in Messrs. Jarrold's six-shilling series. As a single volume it strikes us as a little too long; but that may be merely the impression of a reviewer who has not the leisure to linger over the scattered irrelevancies which adorn, but delay, the development of the plot. Soldier stories have been the vogue since Mr. Kipling found his public; and Mrs. Leith Adams has evidently knowledge of the ways they had in the army in the times while yet soldiers were flogged for selling a blacking-brush with the broad arrow upon it, and the punishment-drill with which the story opens is a very impressive piece of writing. Alison Drew should help to make Mrs. Leith Adams's book popular.

Charaka Puja, and Other Stories. By Chola. (The Roxburghe Press.)

HOOK-SWINGING is supposed to have died out in India. But the first of "Chola's" well-told little stories, published in the shilling "Roxburghe Library," professes to describe a case of it, where British rule had been successfully evaded.

"To either end of a horizontal pole are fastened ropes. The victim is prostrate before the upright post, and is doing puja to it as an emblem of the god Siva. His only clothing is the most diminutive of cloths. He now crouches before the attendants, one of whom marks on his back with sacred ashes the places through which the hooks should pass. Here—upon another attendant pinches up the flesh,

while a third person drives a hook through the quivering flesh. The second hook is passed through in a similar manner, and they are both speedily attached to the rope which hangs from one end of the horizontal bamboo. Several men next seize the rope attached to the other end of the bamboo, and by pulling it down raise the poor devotee high in the air. Then, rope in hand, they run round, and cause the victim, whose whole weight is borne by his two great wounds, to swing round at the other extremity. The devotee, rising and falling as he whirls round, describes a circle of some thirty feet in diameter."

That is *charaka puja*, a religious rite, none of the brutality of which appeals in the least to the old-fashioned Hindu, though the milder Hindu of these days is gradually adopting a more humane interpretation of his sacrificial ceremonies. It is such stories as these of "Chola's" that help to bring home to English readers the nature of our work in India, and the necessity of going carefully about to accustom the natives to more civilised ways. It was only in 1894 that the Madras Government actually forbade "hook-swinging." Another of these stories gives a pathetic instance of *sati* or *suttee*, which is now almost extinct; while "A Missionary's Crime" shows the difficulty of asserting Western notions in a land where native opinion is hostile. Altogether, these half-dozen stories are well worth reading. They are told without pretence, and put forward modestly; but they are pictures of life in India which it behoves us all to realise.

The Fields of Fair Renown. By Joseph Hocking. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

INTO these fields strayed a Cornish youth; and there, after producing a successful novel in three weeks upon a diet of bread and water, he quickly made himself at home. So he released himself from the bonds of engagement with Helen Granville, whom he had rescued from a mining accident, referring her at large for reasons to his new novel "to appear in March," and married a literary woman. The jilted young lady revenged herself by writing a much better novel than any of his, though he made them more and more improper. So he went from bad to worse, and she from good to better. The story is readable, and some of the minor characters, notably the landlady (who also writes a novel) are rather funny; but we should like to know which literary paper it was that wrote of the hero: "He seems to have had a past rather than a future."

Ring o' Rushes. By Shan F. Bullock. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

MR. BULLOCK is one of those lucky souls who have a little corner of the earth for their special literary heritage. His is Irish; Bunn is its name; and its inhabitants are Tim Kerin and Shan Grogan and Old Mother Burke and others whom you will not find in the Strand or in the S.E. postal district. There is true humour and feeling in these little sketches. Rural Ireland has not had a more sympathetic interpreter than Mr. Bullock, who will never be without an audience when he writes of the simple little tragedies and comedies of Bunn and Lismahee.

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THE WEEK.

CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

[This article is a chronicle of books published during the week. Reviews will follow in due course.]

LAST week we did not receive a single theological book. This week five come to hand, including the late Archbishop Benson's *Cyprian*. Two new volumes of the Oxford English Dictionary cover the ground between "Distrustfully" and "Doom," and between "Flexuosity" and "Foister." Fourteen works of Fiction form by far the largest class, the rest of our list being constituted of a little of everything.

THE late Archbishop Benson's work, *Cyprian: His Life, His Times, His Work*, will be received with reverent interest in the Church of England, and by many outside it. Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson tells, in an interesting prefatory note, how long and lovingly his father laboured on his book. When it was finished, and he was asked whether he was not glad it was done, he replied: "I ought to be; but I am not really glad—my only amusement will be gone." In his own preface to this monumental work the late Archbishop writes of *Cyprian*:

"He was tempted into the noble and, alas! too fruitful error of arraying the Visible Church in attributes of the Church Invisible. But he said and showed how men might gravely dissent without one wound to peace. He spoke a watchword of comprehension which, for lack of the charity which possessed him, we do not receive in the Churches, although it must needs precede the unity we dream of. I hope that in this study I have not ever been unmindful of the present, and yet have not committed what I hold to be a grievous fault in a historian, the reading of the present into the past. I have tried to sketch what I saw. It is only thus that

the past can be read into the present—the 'lesson of history' learnt. That we have some need of the lesson of the Cyprianic times I feel sure; sure that it might have saved us some of our losses."

THE WILL TO BELIEVE.

In his new book, *The Will to Believe*, Prof. William James, who holds the chair of Psychology at Harvard University, has reprinted some remarkable addresses which he has delivered from time to time before students' clubs in the States. The title of the book applies mainly to the first four essays, which are a defence of "the legitimacy of religious faith." In his preface, Prof. James meets some of the more obvious objections to his position:

"To some rationalising readers such advocacy will seem a sad misuse of one's professional position. Mankind, they will say, is only too prone to follow faith unreasoningly, and needs no preaching nor encouragement in that direction. I quite agree that what mankind at large most lacks is criticism and caution, not faith. Its cardinal weakness is to let belief follow recklessly upon lively conception, especially when the conception has instinctive liking at its back. I admit, then, that were I addressing the Salvation Army or a miscellaneous popular crowd it would be a misuse of opportunity to preach the liberty of believing as I have in these pages preached it. What such audiences most need is that their faiths should be broken up and ventilated, that the north-west wind of science should get into them and blow their sickliness and barbarism away. But academic audiences, fed already on science, have a very different need. Paralysis of their native capacity for faith and timorous *abulia* in the religious field are their special forms of mental weakness, brought about by the notion, carefully instilled, that there is something called scientific evidence by waiting upon which they shall escape all danger of shipwreck in regard to truth. But there is really no scientific or other method by which men can steer safely between the opposite dangers of believing too little or of believing too much. To face such dangers is apparently our duty, and to hit the right channel between them is the measure of our wisdom as men. . . . I do not think that any one can accuse me of preaching reckless faith. I have preached the right of the individual to indulge his personal faith at his personal risk. I have discussed the kinds of risk; I have contended that none of us escape all of them; and I have only pleaded that it is better to face them open-eyed than to act as if we did not know them to be there."

IN NORMANDY AND MAINE. THE late Edward A. Freeman was a traveller by conviction.

"Beyond doubt," he wrote, "the finished historian must be a traveller: he must see with his own eyes the true look of a wide land; he must see, too, with his eyes the very spots where great events happened; he must mark the lie of a city, and take in, as far as a non-technical mind can, all that is special about a battlefield."

These words are quoted by Mr. W. H. Hutton in an interesting preface to a posthumous collection of papers which were contributed by Mr. Freeman to the *Guardian* and the *Saturday Review*. These sketches were written at different times from 1861 to 1891, and they are the records of journeys undertaken in connexion with the author's great work on the Norman Conquest. The

book is illustrated from Freeman's own sketches. He did not draw well, but he drew intelligently, and his sketches preserve to the book an individuality which photographic reproductions would only interrupt.

OTHER BOOKS. MR. W. S. LILLY has reprinted, under the simple title *Essays and Speeches*,

various contributions to Catholic thought. The papers include studies of Alexander Pope, Prof. Green, John Henry Newman, and essays on The Temporal Power of the Pope, The Making of Germany, and The New Spirit in History. The last-named subject is treated in connexion with the appointment of Lord Acton to the chair of Modern History at Cambridge. A book to which the present state of Eastern Europe lends special interest is *The Outgoing Turk*, by Mr. H. C. Thomson. Mr. Thomson describes in detail the manners and customs of Bosnia and Herzegovina, provinces which are now administered entirely by Austrian officials. The book is well illustrated with photographs taken by the author, or obtained by him from special sources. The second volume of Messrs. Chapman & Hall's "Diamond Library" contains a selection of *English Sonnets* made by Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch, who supplies an introduction on the laws and forms of the Sonnet. This series promises extremely well, but the binding chosen does not strike us as happy. Its blue-slate ground is not enlivening, and we shall get very tired of the girl in the scarlet robe with her wreath, her halo of gold, and her pointing arm. She suggests the nursery rather than the library.

THE SECRET ROSE. IN *The Secret Rose* Mr. W. B. Yeats makes another

contribution to the new "Celtic" literature. The book is a series of episodes, the character of which is partly explained by Mr. Yeats in an interesting dedicatory letter to "A. E." We may be allowed to guess that "A. E." is the "A. E." who wrote *Homeward Songs by the Way*, and whose two essays on *The Remnant* caused some controversy about two years ago. The letter is as follows:

"MY DEAR A. E.—I dedicate this book to you because, whether you think it well or ill written, you will sympathise with the sorrows and the ecstasies of its personages, perhaps even more than I do myself. Although I wrote these stories at different times and in different manners, and without any definite plan, they have but one subject, the war of spiritual with natural order; and how can I dedicate such a book to any one but to you, the one poet of modern Ireland who has moulded a spiritual ecstasy into verse? My friends in Ireland sometimes ask me when I am going to write a really national poem or romance, and by a national poem or romance I understand them to mean a poem or romance founded upon some moment of famous Irish history, and built up out of the thoughts and feelings which move the greater number of patriotic Irishmen. I, on the other hand, believe that poetry and romance cannot be made by the most conscientious study of famous moments and of the thoughts and feelings of others, but only by looking into that little, infinite, faltering, eternal flame that one calls one's self. If a writer wishes to interest a certain people among whom he has

grown up, or fancies he has a duty towards them, he may choose for the symbols of his art their legends, their history, their beliefs, their opinions, because he has a right to choose among things less than himself, but he cannot choose among the substances of art. So far, however, as this book is visionary it is Irish; for Ireland, which is still predominantly Celtic, has preserved with some less excellent things a gift of vision, which has died out among more hurried and more successful nations: no shining candelabra have prevented us from looking into the darkness, and when one looks into the darkness there is always something there."

THE "Pioneer" series of novels is continued in *Love for a Key*, by G. Colmore, who places on his title-page the lines:

"Your soul's locked fast; but, love for a key,
You might let it loose, till I grew the same
In your eyes, as in mine you stand."

Mr. Colmore's dedication is curious: "To Five, And to the Memory of a Sixth, This Book is Dedicated by the Seventh." The opening of the racing season should favour the success of a sporting novel like *Mr. Blake of Newmarket*, by Edward H. Cooper. The covers of this novel bear a continuous design, best seen by laying the open book face down, when Mr. Blake of Newmarket is disclosed watching the exercising of three racehorses. Such chapter headings as "The Red Rose of Ascot" and "The First July Meeting" indicate the flavour of the story. Another book which hits the time is *The Fall of Constantinople*, which the author, Mr. A. Wall, describes as "an historical romance," in which is reviewed "the various interesting events which preceded and finally culminated in the overthrow of the Roman Empire of the East, and the establishment of a Mahomedan power in Christian Europe." An appendix is added, in which the story is elucidated by short statements of historical fact. *False Dawn* is a novel by Francis Prevost, whose collection of short stories, entitled *Rust of Gold*, we remember to have been distinctly clever. Captain Marryat's *Poor Jack* is issued by Messrs. Macmillan in their series of three-and-sixpenny standard novels. It is illustrated by Mr. Fred Pegram, and Mr. David Hannay supplies an introduction in which he puts this story in Marryat's middle period, between the time in which he wrote for the general reader and his later years when he wrote for children.

"It was not expressly written for children, and yet it decidedly leans to being a boy's book. It has not, I think, been among the most popular of his works, and yet it is difficult to understand why it has not been better liked than *Jacob Faithful*, for instance. It is a better story, it contains a greater variety of personages whose characters and doings have the true Marryat savour."

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGY.

- CYPRIAN. By Edward White Benson, D.D. Macmillan & Co.
QUIET HOURS. By John Palsford, D.D. Andrew Melrose. 2s. 6d.
THE CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE. Andrew Melrose. 2s. 6d.
BIBLIA INNOCENTIUM. By J. W. Mackail. Longmans, Green & Co. 6s.
THE BOOK OF AYUR. Translated by R. Sadler. Sheppard & St. John.

HISTORY.

- RENAISSANCE IN ITALY. By John Addington Symonds. New Edition. Smith, Elder & Co. 7s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHY.

- EMINENT PERSONS. Vol. VI.: 1893-1894. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.

PHILOSOPHY.

- THE WILL TO BELIEVE. By William James. Longmans, Green & Co. 7s. 6d.

POETRY.

- A LIGHT LOAD. By Dollie Radford. Elkin Mathews. 5s.
FANCY'S GUERDON. By Anodos. Elkin Mathews. 1s.
ENGLISH SONNETS. Edited by A. T. Quiller-Couch. Chapman & Hall. 2s.

FICTION.

- CAPTAIN CASTLE. By Carlton Dawa. Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.
THE THIRTEENTH BRYDAIN. By Margaret Moule. Jarrold & Sons. 3s. 6d.
THE OUTSPAN. By J. Percy Fitzpatrick. William Heinemann. 3s. 6d.
FATE'S FETTERS. By Jean de la Brète. Translated by Mrs. F. Hoper-Dixon. Digby, Long & Co. 6s.
MR. BLAKE, OF NEWMARKET. By Edward H. Cooper. William Heinemann. 6s.
LOVE FOR A KEY. By G. Colmore. William Heinemann. 2s. 6d.
THE FAITHFUL CITY. By Herbert Morrah. Methuen & Co. 6s.
POOR JACK. By Captain Marryat. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.
A SHORT INSING. By Tivoli. Digby Long & Co. 3s. 6d.
BRADFORD SKETCHES. By J. Mackinnon. Alexander Gardner.
THE SECRET ROSE. By W. B. Yeats. Illustrated by J. B. Yeats. Laurence & Bullen.
FALSE DAWN. By Francis Prevost. Ward, Lock & Co. 6s.
THE FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE. By A. Wall. Hutchinson & Co. 6s.
MRS. KNITH HAMILTON. By Annie S. Swan. Hutchinson & Co. 3s. 6d.
ESSENTIALLY HUMAN. By Annie Thomas. F. V. White & Co.
INTO AN UNKNOWN WORLD. By John Strange Winter. Second edition. F. V. White & Co.
THE COACHEMAN'S CLUB. By Geo. R. Sims. F. V. White & Co.

BELLES LETTRES.

- FROM GRAVE TO GAY. By J. St. Loë Strachey. Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.
HUGO OF AVENDON. In Four Acts. By E. L. M. Elliot Stock.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

- FACSIMILES FROM EARLY PRINTED BOOKS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM. Printed by order of the Trustees.

PHILOLOGY.

- THE OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY. In Two Parts: DISTRIBUTED—DOOM. FLEXUOSITY—FOISTER. Clarendon Press.

TRAVEL.

- IN THE GUIANA FOREST. By James Rodway, F.L.S. T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.
SKETCHES OF TRAVEL IN NORMANDY AND MAINS. By Edward A. Freeman. Macmillan & Co. 8s. 6d.

ANTIQUITIES.

- BELL'S CATHEDRAL SERIES: THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF CHESTER. By Charles H. H. George Bell & Sons. 1s. 6d.

FOREIGN.

- WATERLOO. PAR LOUIS NAVEZ. J. Lehnéne & Co. (Bruxelles).

MISCELLANEOUS.

- ESSAYS AND SPEECHES. By W. S. Lilly. Chapman & Hall.
FIRST PRINCIPLES OF MECHANICAL AND ENGINEERING DRAWING. By H. Holt. Butterfill, M.E. Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d.
IMPERIAL DEFENCE. By the Right Hon. Sir Charles W. Dilke and Spencer Wilkinson. Archibald Constable & Co. 2s. 6d.
WAR FAMINE AND OUR FOOD SUPPLY. By R. B. Marston. Sampson Low.
NATURAL HISTORY IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME. Edited by H. W. Seager. Elliot Stock.
STORIES OF AUSTRALIA IN THE EARLY DAYS. By Marcus Clarke. Hutchinson & Co. 3s. 6d.
THE COMING COMMONWEALTH. By Robert Randolph Gaitan, B.A. Simpkin Marshall & Co.
AN EMIGRANT'S HOME LETTERS. By Sir Henry Parkes. Simpkin Marshall & Co.

NOTES AND NEWS.

SOME of the American papers seem vexed that Col. John Hay should be spoken of in this country so much as the author of the *Pike County Ballads* and so little as the author of *Castilian Days* and the biography of Lincoln. "Apparently," says the *Tribune*, "American literature must be grotesque in humour and fantastic in form, or it will not be accepted in England as having the racy virtues of the soil." This is perfectly true. American literature when it lacks these qualities often reads like nothing but imitation English literature, and we can hardly be expected to grow enthusiastic over that. No one denies the value of Col. Hay's monumental work of Lincoln, but weighed against "Little Breeches" and "Jim Bludso" and "Tilmon Joy" and "The Mystery of Gilgal" it kicks the beam.

In an article on Col. John Hay, the *Critic* as good as states that the anonymous novel *The Bread-Winners* was from his pen. The authorship of this remarkable story, which appeared first in the *Century*, and then in volume form (1883), and was read by everyone, was never avowed; but, on the other hand, Col. Hay has never denied it.

It may be of some interest to state that a model of a portion of one of the Borgia rooms in the Vatican which have just been thrown open by the Pope is among the treasures of the South Kensington Museum. Pinturicchio's frescoes form, of course, the principal beauty of these apartments, and the three represented in the South Kensington model are "St. Catherine before the Emperor Maximin," the "Escape of St. Barbara," and the "Visit of St. Paul the Hermit to St. Anthony." The subject of the ceiling paintings is the story of Osiris.

MR. GLADSTONE has addressed the following letter to Miss E. R. Chapman, the author of a book of Essays entitled *Marriage Questions in Modern Fiction*, published by Mr. John Lane:

"Cannes: March 15, 1897.

"DEAR MADAM,—Your work reached me yesterday, and I have been reading it alike with pleasure and profit. I hope it may become the nucleus of a distinct defensive action from your point of view.

"If you had leisure to acquaint yourself with the view of marriage as it stands in Homer, you would, I think, find it useful and interesting.

"I remain, with many thanks,
"Faithfully yours,
"W. E. GLADSTONE."

THE suggestion of a correspondent of the *Times* that Governor Bradford's MS. shall be exhibited at the British Museum for a short time before it is handed over to America is one which we hope will be acted upon. To those who have read Dr. Arber's recent work on the Pilgrim Fathers it will have peculiar interest.

THE Burrows Brothers Company, of Cleveland, have just secured for their issue of *The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents*, which is being edited for them by Mr. Reuben Gold Thwaites, the original MS. of Father Claude Dablon's famous "Relation of the French-Canadian Mission for the years 1676-77. The MS. came to the surface on March 10 last, at Sotheby's. The publishing of the annual volume of *Jesuit Relations* at Paris was prohibited by Richelieu after 1672, and few thereafter found their way into print. In 1854 James Lenox for the first time issued Dablon's *Relation*, edited by Dr. O'Callaghan; but the printer followed an abbreviated and modernised MS. copy at Laval University, Quebec. In 1861 it was again printed, at Paris, in Douniol's *Mission du Canada*, but still in an imperfect form. The lucky finding of the original MS. enables Mr. Thwaites to now present this interesting document just as it was written.

In the *Contemporary Review* Mr. Gosse has a critical article upon the Polish novelist Sienkiewicz, which should draw attention to that author's voluminous romances. Beginning with a few biographical notes, Mr. Gosse tells us that Sienkiewicz, who is now just over fifty years of age, has seen many countries and varieties of life. After leaving the University of Warsaw he became a gipsy, actually joining some nomadic tribe, then a gold miner in California, and an African explorer. Meanwhile he wrote continually sketches, stories, and novels. At last, in 1880, he returned to Warsaw to edit a paper or magazine called *Slowo*, and signalled his control by running therein a serial which lasted for eight years. Productivity is indeed the badge of Polish novelists—Kraszewski, who preceded Sienkiewicz as novelist-in-chief to Poland, was the author of more than 450 volumes.

SIENKIEWICZ's principal novels are: *Children of the Soil*, *Quo Vadis*, *Without Dogma*, and a tremendous historical trilogy—*With Fire and Sword*, *The Deluge*, and *Pan Michael*. All these are now to be read in English, which is the tongue, in fact, in which Mr. Gosse knows them. "If Sienkiewicz," he says, "is true to his curious virile gift for rendering the movements and phenomena of savage warfare, he ought to secure a place only just below Scott and Dumas among the active and creative writers of masculine romance." Mr. Gosse incidentally remarks that De Quincey's *Revolt of the Tartars* is more like Sienkiewicz's trilogy than any other work in English literature.

Quo Vadis, which has recently taken America between wind and water, Mr. Gosse declines to read, partly, he says, because life is short and Sienkiewicz's art is so very long; and partly because he has an invincible dislike to stories that "contrast the corrupt brilliance of Paganism with the austere and self-reliant teaching of Christianity," which is what *Quo Vadis* purports to do; and partly because an American reviewer has stated that it "tells the story of the Crucifixion with artistic lifelikeness." These are reasons enough.

In choosing for illustration in the series of "Scenes from Great Novels" in *Scribner's* the transformation of Dr. Jekyll into Mr. Hyde in Lanyon's office, Mr. William Hole has attempted the impossible. If there is one incident in fiction which absolutely could not be pictured, it is this. The transformation was a matter of time: plastic art can represent only a single moment. Mr. Hole ought to have known how hopeless was his task; for unless preceded by a picture showing Dr. Jekyll as the bland practitioner, the view of him as Hyde is of no value. But no number of drawings could convey the scene with a tithe of the effect of Stevenson's words.

THE new edition of *Letters to A. P. Watt*, consisting of grateful epistles to the literary agent of that well-known name from many of the most popular of living writers, cannot be very exhilarating reading for the publishers. It is uncontroversial testimony that their lawful prey, the author, is passing for ever from their grasp. From the point of view of the author, who receives more money and has less anxiety, and from the point of view of the agent, who pockets his commission, the new system is, of course, desirable. But from the point of view of the publisher, who has to pay a larger sum (to include the agent's fees), the new system must seem very unnecessary. On the other hand, a letter from Messrs. Chatto & Windus is testimony that in arranging for the serial publication of books the agent can be of the greatest assistance.

MR. WATT numbers the most distinguished clients, and they all write with enthusiasm of his judgment and dispatch. Among the writers of letters in this little book are Mr. Balfour, Sir John Lubbock, Mr. Weyman, Mr. Conan Doyle, Sir Walter Besant, Mr. Louis Becke, Mr. Grant Allen, Mr. James Payn, Mr. Kipling, Mr. Crockett, the late Wilkie Collins, and Mr. Blackmore. But none of the writers permit themselves to be very characteristic.

MR. JOHN MILNE announces the early publication of a work upon the modern English stage from the pen of a distinguished French critic and man of letters, long resident in this country, M. Augustin Filon. It appeared originally in the form of consecutive chapters in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and was published in volume form in Paris last year. The translation, which is by Mr. Frederick Whyte, will be enhanced by a lengthy introductory essay by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones.

A few days ago, a week or so after the appearance in the ACADEMY of the portrait supplement of Walter Savage Landor, a letter was received at this office addressed to "Walter Savage Landor, Esq." We considered we had the right to open this letter. It was from an enterprising firm of photographers in Baker-street, and its contents, which follow, turned out to be even better than we anticipated: "Sir [the letter ran],—We are very anxious to include your portrait in our 'Series of Celebrities,' and should be very pleased if you could kindly

grant us a sitting for the purpose at your convenience, especially as only a few minutes will be required. We shall be happy to take you any time that you may be able to appoint, and we will, of course, send copies of the portraits for your inspection before making use of them in any way.—We are, Sir, yours faithfully, —."

In response to a critic, Mr. Harold Frederic has written to the *Brooklyn Times* to point out that the social dialogues which are contained in his volume, *Observations in Philistia*, were printed in the *National Observer* long before the appearance of Anthony Hope's *Dolly Dialogues*, with which they have been compared. This statement, however, although it clears Mr. Frederic from a charge of imitation (which no acute reviewer would have brought), does not quite prove Mr. Frederic to be the reviver of the dialogue form. Mr. Kipling's *Story of the Gadsbys* preceded both, and has not yet been excelled.

MR. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS has been sent to this country to describe the Diamond Jubilee for *Harper's Magazine*. Mr. Davis's description of the Coronation of the Czar was a most capable piece of work. It is a little surprising that English novelists are not employed more often by English editors for similar duties. Mr. Rudyard Kipling, it is well known, has announced his readiness to serve as war correspondent.

WEBSTER's definition of pseudonym—"a fictitious name assumed for the time, as by an author; a pen name"—does not appear to be shared by Mr. Douglas Sladen. In *Who's Who*, of which he is the new editor, we find a list of "Newspaper Pseudonyms," which includes "L. F. Austin," "J. K. Jerome," "G. Bernard Shaw," "Clement Scott," "James Payn," and "Mrs. Norman." These surely are signatures, not pseudonyms. The same list mentions "H. P. Trail" as the author of the "World of Letters" in the *Graphic*.

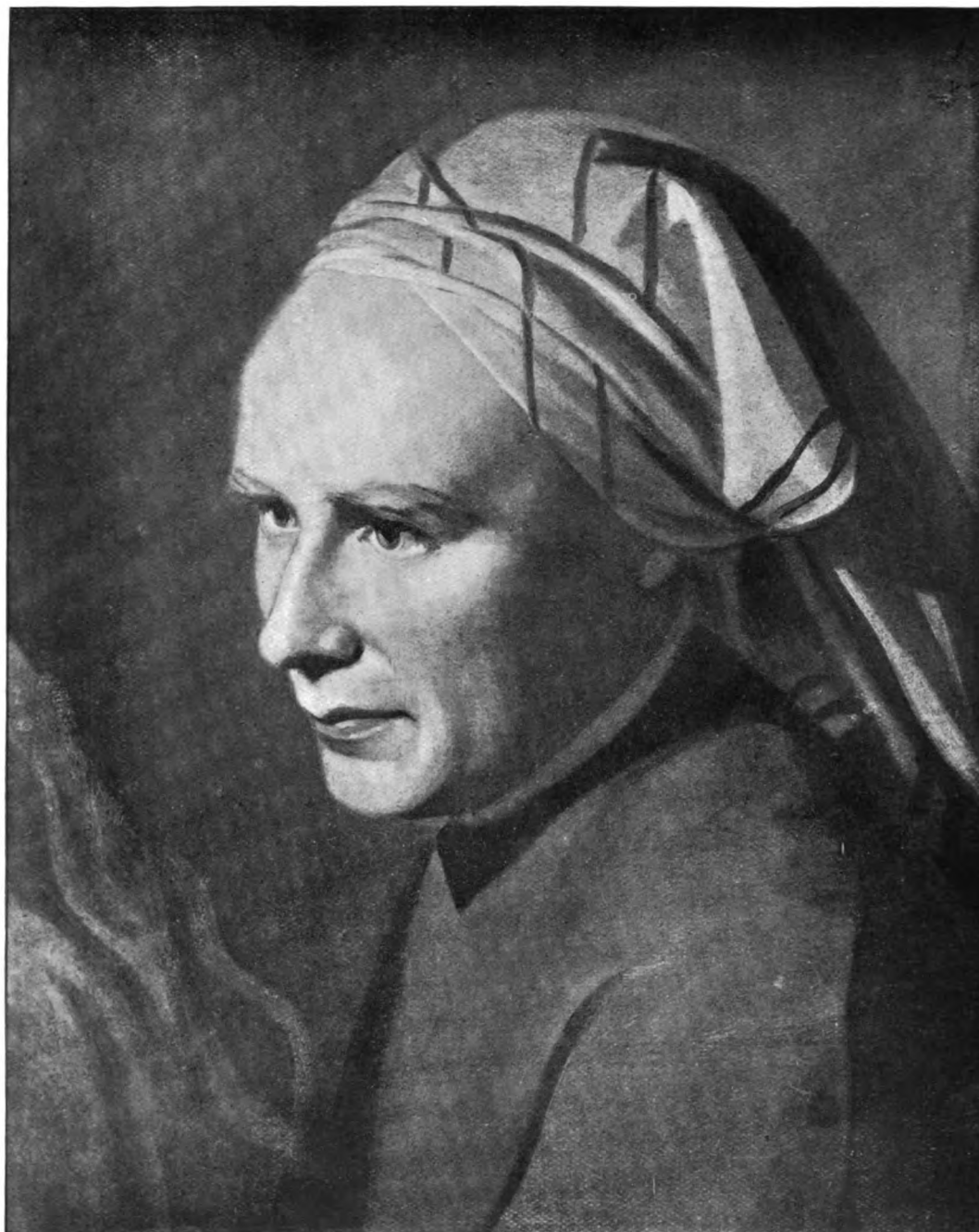
AGAIN, in a list of pseudonyms more generally used, which is interesting but a little out of date here and there, we find Alice M. Kipling given as the pseudonym of Mrs. J. M. Fleming, Mme. Norman Neruda as that of Lady Hallé, and Mémie Muriel Dowie as that of Mrs. Norman. A maiden name continued into married life is not exactly a pseudonym. To "The Yellow Dwarf" no real name is assigned.

MISS MARY WILKINS, collaborating with a Boston journalist, has written a play.

THE Rev. J. E. Auden, of Tong, Shifnal, is compiling a Register of Shrewsbury School from 1798 to 1897, which will be published by Messrs. Woodall, Minshall & Co., of Oswestry and Shrewsbury.

A NEW story by Mr. Francis Gribble is about to appear under the title *Only an Angel*. The effect of mountain scenery upon individual character is incidentally illustrated.

THE ONLOOKER.



WILLIAM COWPER

From the Picture by Romney in the National Portrait Gallery

"THE WELL-BELOVED."

WE have received the following letter from Mr. Thomas Hardy, in which he explains, a little more fully than in his preface, the evolution and purport of *The Well-Beloved*:

Dorchester: March 29.

After reading your review of *The Well-Beloved* (more appreciative in feeling and generous towards its faults than such a slight story deserves), I think it would not be amiss to account for the ultra-romantic notion of the tale, which seems to come slightly as a surprise to readers. Not only was it published serially five years ago, but it was sketched many years before that date, when I was comparatively a young man, and interested in the Platonic Idea, which, considering its charm and its poetry, one could well wish to be interested in always.

Later on, in answer to a request from Mr. Tillotson, of Bolton, for "something light" for his syndicate, the tale was taken in hand and adapted, the idea of perfection in woman being made to grow upon the hero, an innocent and moral man throughout, as described, till it became a trouble to him rather than a delight.

In lately correcting and revising the chapters I saw that the visionary character of the conception, and, so to speak, the youthfulness of the plot, was what I should certainly not have been able to enter into at this time of my life, if it had not been shaped already. There is, of course, underlying the fantasy followed by the visionary artist the truth that all men are pursuing a shadow, the Unattainable, and I venture to hope that this may redeem the tragic-comedy from the charge of frivolity, or of being built upon a baseless conceit, that may otherwise have been brought against it.

I may, perhaps, be allowed to state in addition, that "Avic" is an old name common in the county, and that "Caro" (like all the other surnames) is an imitation of a local name which will occur to everybody who knows the place—this particular modification having been adopted because of its resemblance to the Italian for "dear."

THOMAS HARDY.

ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

XXI.—WILLIAM COWPER.

IT is agreed that no one has had the familiar epistolary manner in such perfection as Cowper. Lamb's envelopes contained more fun, more wit, more artifice; but Cowper's were the better letters. Cowper's letters, like certain of his poems, are not to be excelled for ease, for flexibility, for grace, for smiling wisdom, for sweet reasonableness. By reason of his lines written on the receipt of his mother's picture, certain passages in "The Task," the ballad of "John Gilpin," a handful of extracts from the longer poems, and a few short occasional pieces, serious and humorous, Cowper occupies among poets a place apart. His letters give him a position among prose writers that is not less exalted.

Cowper, we expect, would be astonished to know of either achievement, but his surprise

to find that his letters are esteemed so highly would probably far exceed his joy that his poetry is so beloved. To his verses he gave the utmost pains, admitting that therein he found "pleasure," and no man has written more sanely of the art of poetry. He brought the carefulest consideration to every epithet. "I never," he wrote to Newton, "suffer a line to pass till I have made it as good as I can." Hence nothing occurs in his poems that was not deliberately intentional. When his printer had permitted a line to be tampered with, Cowper wrote:

"There is a roughness on a plum which nobody that understands fruit would rub off, though the plum would be much more polished without it. . . . I will only add that I wish you to guard me from all such meddling; assuring you that I always write as smoothly as I can, but that I never did, never will, sacrifice the spirit or sense of a passage to the sound of it."

We see, therefore, that Cowper's poetry was subjected to minutest examination before he let it fare forth into the world.

On the other hand, his letters, written without an erasure, have a not less distinguished technique. They flowed from his pen like water along an aqueduct, and they have the same steady fluidity. The selection and arrangement of words are alike perfect: it is the best pen-and-ink conversation that we have. What could exceed the limpidity and supple movement of the following passage, describing the call of the candidate, with its undercurrent of gentle drollery?

"We were sitting yesterday after dinner—the two ladies and myself—very composedly, and without the least apprehension of any such intrusion, in our snug parlour, one lady knitting, the other netting, and the gentleman winding worsted, when, to our unspeakable surprise, a mob appeared before the window, a smart rap was heard at the door, the boys hallooed, and the maid announced Mr. Grenville. Puss [the tame hare] was unfortunately let out of her box, so that the candidate, with all his good friends at his heels, was refused admittance at the grand entry, and referred to the back door, as the only possible way of approach. Candidates are creatures not very susceptible of affronts, and would rather, I suppose, climb in at the window than be absolutely excluded. In a minute the yard, the kitchen, and the parlour were filled. Mr. Grenville, advancing towards me, shook me by the hand with a degree of cordiality that was extremely seducing. As soon as he and as many more as could find chairs were seated, he began to open the intent of his visit. I told him I had no vote, for which he readily gave me credit. I assured him I had no influence, which he was not equally inclined to believe, and the less, no doubt, because Mr. Ashburner, the drapier, addressing himself to me at that moment, informed me that I had a great deal. Supposing that I could not be possessed of such a treasure without knowing it, I ventured to confirm my first assertion by saying that if I had any I was utterly at a loss to imagine where it could be or wherein it consisted. Thus ended the conference. Mr. Grenville squeezed me by the hand again, kissed the ladies, and withdrew. He likewise kissed the maid in the kitchen, and seemed, upon the whole, a most loving, kissing, kind-hearted gentleman. He is very young, genteel, and handsome. He has a pair of very good eyes in his head, which not being sufficient, as it should seem, for the many nice and difficult purposes of a senator, he has a third also, which he wore

suspended by a ribbon from his buttonhole. The boys hallooed, the dogs barked, puss scampered; the hero, with his long train of obsequious followers, withdrew. We made ourselves very merry with the adventure, and in a short time settled into our former tranquillity, never, probably, to be thus interrupted more."

Reading the foregoing passage one understands what Mr. Meredith means by saying that the comic spirit is the daylight side of the night half obscuring Cowper. Remembering that woful night, and Cowper's bitter struggles therein, his gaiety is the more wonderful. Through his loophole of retreat at Olney he saw the world with very shrewd eyes. His letters abound in wisdom as in fun. They are a liberal education.

Of Romney's portrait of Cowper, which we reproduce, the poet wrote that in the opinion of all who were then staying with him at Hayley's house at Earsham, where it was painted, it was "the most exact resemblance possible." Cowper was then sixty-one.

THE RECREATIONS OF LITERARY MEN.

IN engaging the services of Mr. Douglas Sladen as editor of their biographical annual, *Who's Who*, Messrs. A. & C. Black have added not a little to the gaiety of the nation and a great deal to its knowledge. Thanks to Mr. Sladen's enterprise, we know now a thousand things that we did not know before the new *Who's Who* was published. But what one chiefly prizes in this sudden acquisition of information is the bundle of facts concerning the recreations of public persons, particularly of authors, which is laid before us. For in his desire to make *Who's Who* complete, Mr. Sladen has invited all the men and women who find a place in its pages to furnish him with their favourite pastimes, and in this way has made his book somewhat of a confession album, from which we have taken the liberty of extracting a few of the intimate things confided to it.

Place aux dames!—We find that Miss Marie Corelli seeks recreation in music and reading and playgoing; Miss Braddon in riding, gardening, music, and literature; Sarah Grand in music, country life, and sociology. That sociology looks suspicious. The adorable Gyp delights in *le cheval (surtout)*, *canoter*, *patiner*, *peindre*, *lire nager*—an excellent selection. John Oliver Hobbes plays music and chess; Mrs. Clifford travels and reads; Mrs. Meynell finds recreation in music; Mrs. Kennard in hunting, fishing, reading, and cycling, which she sagaciously calls an industry; Mrs. Molesworth in flowers, in the country, and in little children; Mrs. Ritchie in reading, fresh air, pictures, and good company; Mrs. Steel in music, singing, painting, cooking, and acting; and Mrs. Norman in riding, farming, and spinning. Miss Agnes Giberne tells us so much concerning her recreations that we are in danger of knowing more about them than her books. On the other hand, Mrs. Oliphant, Miss Broughton, and Mrs. Humphry Ward say nothing.

Taking the literary men in alphabetical order, we find that Dr. Abbott trifles with lawn tennis and is a beginner in cycling. Next year, we trust, he will confess to proficiency. Mr. Arthur à Beckett is an amateur soldier, and Sir Edwin Arnold yachts, travels, and cycles. Indeed, most of the authors seem to cycle. The Poet Laureate, as might be expected, gardens; he also rides and fishes. Mr. Robert Barr finds recreation in cycling, photography, and eucere (which is spelt without an "h"); Mr. Barrie in cricket; Mr. E. F. Benson in golf, Rugby, tennis, lawn tennis, and Greek antiquities, which surely can leave little time for work; Mr. Birrell in walking (which he calls pedestrianism), golf, and book-hunting; Mr. Oscar Browning in swimming, cycling, and mountaineering; Mr. Buchanan in shooting, fishing, yachting, and horse-racing; Mr. Hall Caine in mountaineering and riding; Mr. Sidney Colvin in novels, travel, and cycling; Mr. Crockett in mountaineering, cycling, and golf; Mr. Hardy in forestry, architecture, and cycling; Mr. Haggard, like the Poet Laureate, in gardening, and also in shooting, fishing, and cycling. Mr. Frank Harris pursues big game; Mr. Frederic Harrison travels and walks in mountains, which suggests the Pied Piper of Hamelin; Mr. Silas K. Hocking plays tennis (? lawn tennis) and golf; Mr. Coulson Kernahan plays cricket and football; Mr. Kipling cycles and fishes; Mr. Lang fishes and plays cricket (there ought to be a *Who's Who* eleven) and golf; Mr. Le Gallienne cycles; Mr. Lilly rides, cycles, and plays racquets; Sir Theodore Martin, among other pursuits, collects autographs; Mr. Meredith reads French; Sir Lewis Morris names poetry as his recreation; Mr. Arthur Morrison, the author of *A Child of the Jago*, collects Japanese prints; Mr. Lloyd Osbourne rides, cycles, drives, plays tennis, and takes photographs; Mr. Palgrave is a violinist; Mr. Quiller-Couch yachts and rows; Mr. James Payn plays whist; Mr. Sladen, the editor of the book, shoots with the rifle, plays Rugby and golf, travels, collects curios, and is interested in architecture; Mr. Traill plays lawn tennis and racquets, and cycles; Ian Maclaren plays golf; Mr. Wells cycles.

The humorists do not shine. Mr. Burnand confesses meekly to music and yachting. Once, it seems, he rode, but he states, and states it without a pun, that he has now given that up. Mr. Anstey-Guthrie cycles and occasionally boats. Mr. Jerome rides, cycles, drives, and (of course) boats. Mr. Max Beerbohm, who would probably have been funny, apparently was not asked. Dr. Parker is reserved and serious. It is left for Dr. Jessopp, Mr. George Bernard Shaw, and Sir Walter Besant to supply the light relief. Mr. Shaw finds recreation in cycling and showing-off; Sir Walter Besant in looking on, and Dr. Jessopp in visiting his parishioners, growing apples and potatoes, grumbling at the weather, and driving an old horse as far as he will go, which suggests the need for attention from the R.S.P.C.A. Dr. Martineau, who is nearly ninety-two, gives rowing and walking; but, on the other hand, Dr. Smiles, although only a

mere child of eighty-five, claims to be too old for recreation at all. Another doctor also rows, Dr. Furnivall; and still another doctor—namely, Dr. Stubbs, Dean of Ely—plays golf, cycles, and makes and patents all by himself the sleepy hollow chair. If we recollect rightly, this is not the chair supplied in Ely Cathedral: that, though certainly hollow, is anything but sleepy.

The authors who do not confess to any recreation whatever are numerous. But it must not be deduced, we take it, that they are superior to exercise. We could believe, perhaps, that Mr. Grant Allen and Mr. William Archer, Mr. Gosse and Dr. Garnett, Mr. Henley and Mr. George Moore, never recreate, but surely (although he does not mention it) Mr. R. D. Blackmore does, and Mr. John Davidson, and Lewis Carroll, and Anthony Hope, and Mr. Henry James. Mr. Sladen must see to it next year that a truthful answer to his inquiries is extracted from everyone, or how are we to know *Who's Who*, and *What's What*? This dodging of questions is unpardonable. And more, we consider that we are entitled to be told where and when the recreation takes place. We want to know where we can see our public men disporting themselves. We want to know where we can see Mr. Sladen himself playing Rugby, and Dr. Abbott beginning cycling, and Mr. Robert Buchanan shooting, and Mr. Frederic Harrison walking in mountains, and Ian Maclaren at golf.

THE CARE OF BOOKS.

In *The Private Library*—which has for subtitle: "What we do know, What we don't know, What we ought to know, about our books,"—Mr. Arthur L. Humphreys buttonholes his readers and proffers them counsel of perfection. Brushing aside all sentiment, he instructs them in the whole duty of the book-owner. The time, he says in effect, has come for the recognition of the library; no longer must it be a spot sacred to surreptitious and unlettered naps, no longer must it occupy a place secondary to the billiard-room. The library must dominate the family. The ideal house is a mere brick and mortar accretion upon a library nucleus. Such, in effect is Mr. Humphreys' contention. Proceeding, with this theory firmly fixed in our minds, we perceive at once that Mr. Humphreys is an aristocrat. He is intent upon fair appearances. He is the friend of limited editions and fine copies. He favours good paper and generous margins. He admires above all editions the *Edinburgh Stevenson*. There are critics who cannot endure a book which contains other books, as the *Edinburgh* volumes often do, but Mr. Humphreys is not of them. Yet he discriminates: "Large paper copies," he insists, "are not necessarily fine copies," and "the man who collects large paper books as large paper books is a vulgarian and a fool." After the publisher's cloth Mr. Humphreys deems morocco the desirable wear; but if morocco is not practicable, then pig-skin, calf, vellum, roan, or buckram, in this order of merit. Bookshelves, he says, should

never be more than eight feet high, and ladders are abomination. In this pontifical manner he lays down his pleasant laws. *The Private Library* is probably the most practical work on books that has ever been published. It is as practical as Mrs. Beeton. Here is a little sheaf of maxims which Mr. Humphreys offers to be "learned by heart" or "bought by experience," whichever course the reader prefers:

"Do not bite your paper-knife until it has the edge of a saw.

"Do not cut books except with a proper ivory paper-knife.

"It is ruination to a good book not to cut it right through into the corners.

"Do not turn the leaves of books down. Particularly, do not turn down the leaves of books printed on plate paper.

"If you are in the habit of lending books do not mark them. These two habits together constitute an act of indiscretion.

"It is better to give a book than to lend it.

"Never write upon a title-page or half-title. The blank fly-leaf is the right place.

"Books are neither card-racks, crumb-baskets, nor receptacles for dead leaves.

"Books were not meant as cushions, nor were they meant to be toasted before a fire."

Yet one may obey all these commandments and still be no true book lover. Mr. Humphreys may teach decorum; he cannot compel enthusiasm. *The Private Library*, whether or not one wholly agrees with it, is always entertaining. But we have an idea that Mr. Humphreys, had he relaxed his hold upon himself, might have made it more so. There are frequent hints of an epigram nipped in the bud, a flippancy discouraged, a smile suppressed. Against one of his statements a stern protest should be raised. Mr. Humphreys somewhere writes that "the prices of *all good books* are going up, and anyone who lays out money with care within the next ten years will have the enjoyment of his library and a good investment as well." This is a jarring note. It may be true, but it is not consonant with book loving.

THE BOOK MARKET.

ARCHITECTURAL BOOKSELLING.

A CHAT WITH MR. B. T. BATSFORD.

THERE is a shop in High Holborn which must have roused the curiosity of many a Londoner. It is that shop near the opening of Dean-street, which displays architectural books—many of them folios—illustrated sumptuously with photographs of churches and mansions; books of Design, of Wood-carving, of Cabinet-making; books of Japanese Art; books on Building Construction, on Dilapidations, on Dry-rot in Timber, on Bungalows—books that one sees nowhere else. These ten years I had wondered how Mr. Batsford could prosper by producing and selling these books in the wildest part of Holborn. But I found Mr. Batsford ready to condescend to my ignorance when I introduced myself to him this week.

"Who are your customers, Mr. Batsford?" I asked, only I asked it less bluntly.

"Well," he replied, "architects and architectural people generally. No; the cultured amateur does not count for much. There is a little public, of which the architectural profession is the nucleus, and more than the nucleus, on which we are very satisfied to depend. We are in the closest touch with that public, having been here—my father and myself—for over fifty years."

"I see. Now let us take one of your costly publications, say Mr. Birch's *London Churches of the XVIIth and XVIIIth Centuries*. Will you tell me how you produce and make profitable a work of this kind?"

"Certainly. I will tell you at once that Mr. Birch's work, which we publish at three guineas, cost us £1,500 to produce, and it has been a financial success. Its history is very simple. I had for years been having photographs taken of the finest City churches in the belief that I could use them. These, I may fairly say, were perfect in their way. Look at this photograph of St. Paul's which forms the frontispiece to the volume. It is unique. In no other existing photograph is the dome seen to such advantage, because here neither of the campanile towers interferes with it, while the utmost range is obtained as regards other parts of the building. That photograph was taken from the spire of St. Martin's, Ludgate, when it was scaffolded for repairs some time ago. At last I had got all the photographs I needed; the book had shaped itself in my mind; and all I wanted was a good editor. Him I found in Mr. George H. Birch, who is a thorough antiquarian. You may remember that he designed the 'Old London Street,' which was a feature of the 'Healtheries' Exhibition. He had already given a great deal of study to the City churches."

"Do you regard Mr. Birch's book as an exceptional undertaking?"

"Oh, no! A much costlier work was Mr. J. A. Gotch's *Architecture of the Renaissance in England*—and Mr. Batsford put a huge folio before me. "On that book we laid out three thousand pounds. Moreover, in a few days we shall begin to issue a sequel to it on *Later Renaissance Architecture in England*, by Mr. John Belcher and Mr. Mervyn E. Macartney, both unimpeachable authorities on the subject. These are some of the collotype plates. Then in mere cost even these books fall far below Mr. Edwin Sach's *Modern Operahouses and Theatres*, which we are issuing in three volumes at fifteen guineas. In this case, however, the risk is not our own."

"And what is your very newest book, Mr. Batsford?"

"This one, entitled *Plastering: Plain and Decorative*. Now, you wouldn't think we could do much with a book like that. But it is the first comprehensive work on its subject; its author, Mr. William Millar, is a master of his craft, having been a plasterer all his life, and being actually descended through a long line of plasterers. All the mysteries of the art are here, and already we have orders for 1,200 copies."

I had heard very little about Mr. Batsford's operations, but I had heard enough to show me that technical book-selling may spell prosperity. W. W.

BOOKSELLERS' WINDOWS.

LEICESTER SQUARE.

It would be sad if there were no bookshops in Leicester-square. The associations of the place demand it. Where Reynolds and Johnson and Goldsmith talked books, their posterity ought to be able to buy them. Where Shakespeare stands pointing with his forefinger to his own words—"There is no darkness but ignorance"—good literature should be for sale. And such fitness has been preserved. Sir Joshua's house is now the book mart of Messrs. Puttick & Simpson. Within half a stone's throw, at the north-west corner of the square, is the large bookshop of Messrs. Bickers & Son. Here, appropriately enough, art books are always well to the fore. Meissonier, Lord Leighton, Millet, the old Dutch and Flemish Masters, Turner, Caldecott, and Phil May are here in their best folio dress. The shop, too, is a stronghold of the late Mr. P. G. Hamerton's sumptuous art books. His *Etching and Etchers*, *Man in Art*, and *Landscape in Art* are still obtainable here. Messrs. Bickers & Son do not classify books in their windows. "A sweet disorder" is more to their liking, a style of window-dressing that has its charms. Here theology and novels, science and *belles-lettres*, are mingled by the operation of the laws of chance. Sir Evelyn Wood's *Achievements of Cavalry* rubs shoulders with Ouida's *The Massarenes*; *Harry Lorrequer* stands next to Wiedemann's *Religion of the Ancient Egyptians*; Haydn's *Book of Dignities* is wholesomely paired with *Tom Hood*; Fiona Macleod's Celtic mysticism is tempered with the *Statesman's Year-Book*; and the *Memoirs of Baron Omplada* are associated with Dean Farrar's *Life of St. Paul*.

COVENTRY STREET.

With all Leicester-square's English associations, it is the centre of the foreign quarter of London. The foreign bookshop, therefore, is not far to seek. Everyone knows the "Librairie Parisienne" of Mr. Charles Hirsch in Coventry-street. Its window is gay and appetising to a degree: it is a reflection of literary Paris. The yellow and white covers and *chic* designs are a perpetual invitation to cross the street. Here *Ramuntcho* and *Recommencements* and *L'Orme du Mail* and *Le Jardin Secret* just now invite your custom. Here the beautiful little volumes of the *Petite Collection Guillaume* look like delicate literary sweetmeats; among them Shakespeare's *Le Songe d'un Nuit d'été*, and Byron's *Le Corsaire et Lara*, and Dickens's *Le Grillon du Foyer*. Another excellent foreign bookshop is the "Librairie Française" in Wardour-street. This is the best shop in London to go to for French newspapers and periodicals. Every evening nearly forty French daily papers arrive from Paris, and are busily sorted and distributed, while Saturday brings the illustrated weeklies, the caricatures, and fresh supplies of *Albums Divers*, *Albums Humoristiques*, *Albums de la Vie Parisienne*. The stock of French books of all kinds is large, and a classified catalogue is published by the management. But we have not done yet with Coventry-street.

Messrs. Robson & Co.'s shop on the left-side, approaching Piccadilly-circus, is always worth your delay. Old English sports and sportsmen, humours and humorists, reign here. Scrope on *Salmon Fishing*, Scrope, again, on *Deer-Stalking*, books on *Horsemanship*, *Dr. Syntax's Tour*, *Cruikshankiana*, the *Poetical Magazine*, Pierce Egan's books of London life; these, and books like these, renew themselves perpetually here. The other day we noticed a fine copy of the life of the great John Mytton of Halstead, Shropshire, by "Nimrod," who promises much information concerning Mytton's "Extravagant and Eccentric Exploits." The title-page is engraved with a picture of Mytton's funeral, to which the quotation is attached: "Here after Life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

DRAMA.

AT the risk, or rather with the certainty, of being called a pedant and a prig, I have insisted that many plays, described by their authors and accepted by other people as comedies, were not, in fact, comedies at all. An effusion of simple feeling, streaked here and there by irrelevant farcical effects, does not amount to a comedy. I have deplored what has seemed to me to be the total absence of comedy from our contemporary stage, and have been called a prig and a pedant. In future I shall not be so called, since Mr. Meredith's essay on comedy has been republished and reviewed. As is right and proper, indeed, Mr. Meredith is more exclusive than I, for he denies, by implication, the presence of the comic spirit in certain plays (of the Restoration) where I find it written large. But I think he would agree with me that Mr. Pinero's "The Princess and the Butterfly," though not a completely finished comedy, is in conception and on the broad lines of its execution a comedy in truth. There is a point in middle life, before the tragedy of it sets in, where comedy is quite at home, and on this Mr. Pinero has seized. The half-serious, but exaggerated laments of their declining years on the part of a healthy man of forty-five and a still beautiful woman of forty are an excellent starting-point for comedy of character. "I must sit with my back to the light," the lady says, and "Piccadilly is full of tombstones," says the man. "Let us," they say in unison, "make a humdrum marriage of convenience, with no pretence of the illusions that are dead for ever." Whereon they go and fall in love with a boy and a girl. I confess that I think at this point the comic spirit takes on too pronounced a tinge of sentiment: the love affairs are successful, and the marriage of convenience is humorously broken off. I should have preferred the other solution, a period of passion growing tedious by degrees, a humorous weariness of emotion, and then a haven of content in the marriage of convenience after all. It would be called "cynical," but I think the comic spirit would have approved. However, one is

grateful for what is given. Neither the Scylla of too pronounced feeling nor the Charybdis of farce is quite avoided, to be sure. The love affairs seemed to me to be on too lofty a plane of emotion. The fourth act, though admirably acted, and the great success of the play, was not on the comic plane. On the other hand, Mr. Pinero's idea of pointing the situation by two contrasted types of middle-aged couples, the couple which was bored and naughty, and the couple which was devoted and virtuous, was carried out—certainly in the latter case—in a vein of farce. It gave him, however, a most effective ending for his second act, in which the wife goes upstairs, and the husband, by another door, to bed. This second act, by the way, contained two points for remark. The first was a little satire on London society—the young man with his new toys who was asked out because the toys made another young man give his funny laugh—that was extremely funny. The other point was the irony of the secretly naughty wife condemning the openly naughty *cocotte*: that has been done too often, by Ouida especially. If, to resume, the faults of sentiment and farce were not absent, yet the virtue of comedy was present, and the play is a very notable one. But even so rare a play as an English comedy should not go on for four hours. The third act, though the best in comedy of the play, was the great sinner in unnecessary length; it contained an irrelevant crowd of diplomatists, an irrelevant violin solo, and irrelevant manoeuvres of servants; such things are concessions to a taste that is not dramatic, and should be cut out of the play. The drawing of characters was good, the types being neither hackneyed nor too eccentric. Some of the dialogue was witty, but its general level might have been wittier. But, on the whole, we can pay Mr. Pinero the best compliment we can think of—that Mr. Meredith ought to see his play.

THE acting was good. It contained, what is always so delightful, an unexpected excellence, which met with its reward of enthusiasm. Miss Fay Davis's playing of an Italian girl was strong and finished. It began, I thought, a little on wrong lines; she suggested rather a clever, ratiocinative young woman than a hot-blooded girl. But in the fourth act, where she was first detected playing pranks by her guardian friend and was sulky and defiant, and then, learning that he was going to fight a duel, broke down in gratitude and devotion, she accomplished a very fine piece of acting indeed. I was not quite convinced by her accent, but to sustain it with such consistency as she exhibited was extremely clever. Mr. Alexander was a master of his part of a bachelor lamenting his middle-age, though he hardly suggested the "butterfly." It did not afford him so much scope for his gift of light humour as might have been, but it was a good part well played. Miss Julia Neilson played carefully, and never dropped below a creditable level. I did not admire her so much as in "As You Like It," but her acting then was a great surprise to me. In "The Princess" it was far above what was once her form.

Mr. Esmond, as the middle-aged and indifferent husband, kept the lighter scene of comedy well together, and did his share of the clever "curtain" of that act with excellent discretion. Mr. H. B. Irving has never altogether pleased me; he was nearer it than usual. He seems to me to be a clever actor with a radically bad style, who needs a course of heavy work and light parts. Miss Rose Leclercq's part, on the other hand, was far too small; she has a gift of comedy which a writer of comedy should have employed.

PET aversions are agreeable things for a man, but inconvenient things for a critic. It is some years since I conceived a strong prejudice against the plays of Mr. H. A. Jones. To me they always had (I speak, of course, of his later plays) an air of pretentious half-culture, a stagey use of superficial philosophy, which was extremely disagreeable. Moreover, the life in them seemed to be aggressively second-hand, a clever and unsatisfactory deduction of books and newspapers. To avoid misconception, let me add at once that I am not insulting Mr. Jones, of whose culture or knowledge of the world I know nothing: I speak merely of the plays as they impressed me. But against this prejudice I have to be very much on my guard when I go a-criticising, and perhaps it is a wise precaution to have admitted it beforehand. "The Physician" did not dispel it. A clever play theatrically, no doubt, at one point of it very cleverly effective; but the picture of life in it—not an irrelevant consideration, since it is described as "A New Play of Modern Life"—is too improbable, too eccentric altogether. The central idea of it, that of a doctor being called in to reform a secret drunkard whose *fiancée* the doctor himself loves, and who would be discarded by her if the truth were known, is dramatic and by no means impossible. But, then, this celebrated physician is made an amorist who falls in love with the first woman he sees after being thrown over by a married flirt; and the drunkard in secret is in public a temperance reformer, though any doctor can detect his vice. It is a fault, even theatrically, that the married lady, who is an extremely prominent character, has no integral share in the plot: she is simply a fly on the wheel of the doctor's fate. Otherwise the play is cleverly constructed, in the first act in particular, which begins in a most interesting manner; and in the third, which has an excellent situation. Mr. Wyndham, as the doctor, has one of those parts of middle-aged men, with good sense, charming manners, and a sense of humour, which he affects nowadays, and plays with a fine finish. I think I have never seen him to better advantage, both in the lighter and in the more serious vein. Miss Marion Terry is not one of those cooing and colourless women whom her critics have delighted to honour. She has a part—that of the reprehensible married woman—which gives her an opportunity of acting, and she acts delightfully, with a light touch and a witty manner. Miss Mary Moore has a depressing part of a disappointed girl, and seemed to be even unduly depressed by it; but though her

key was minor it was not uncertain. Mr. Alfred Bishop was a dear old clergyman, but (to me) not very dear—a little too boneless in manner. He had the misfortune to be mixed up in some very inferior fooling. Mr. Thalberg was far too jerky and sepulchral, but played carefully. Of the rest, Mr. Kenyon, as another doctor, played rather cleverly, but not attractively, and Mr. Tyler was good as the doctor's servant. G. S. S.

MUSIC.

"LES TROYENS."

THE Trojans have made their way to Liverpool, but not *via* London. The late Sir A. Harris must have heard of the production of Berlioz' great work at Carlsruhe in 1890, and of the enthusiasm with which it was then received, and yet he never announced it. Quite apart from its merits as a music drama, "Les Troyens" is of interest in that Berlioz considered it his greatest work; further, in that it was from the pen of a composer who had heard "Rienzi" and "The Flying Dutchman," who was acquainted with the score of "Lohengrin," and who possibly may have seen the scores of still later works by Wagner—and all this before he commenced "Les Troyens." The strong individuality of Berlioz prevented him, however, from becoming an imitator of Wagner. In their aim after dramatic truthfulness, and in their horror of the commonplace, the two masters were akin; yet not because either copied from the other, but because each for himself had given heed to the teachings of Gluck; both also had profited by the romantic style of Weber's operas. In spirit they were alike, but in letter altogether different. There are no Wagner reminiscences in "Les Troyens." Wagner's enthusiasm for Gluck was great, but that of Berlioz still greater. The latter literally worshipped him, whereas the former mingled criticism with his admiration. In Berlioz the simplicity of the early master is strongly reflected, whereas the special function of the orchestra as conceived by Wagner led the latter to complex polyphonic writing after the manner of Bach. Then, again, although in the "Prise de Troie" Berlioz, overcome by the sad fate of Cassandra and the dire events of that night in which Troy fell, wrote in so thoroughly dramatic a style, that apart from the stage his music would prove most unsatisfactory, yet in the rest of the work form often makes itself felt; while there are certain numbers, such, for instance, as the air of Iopas, the poet laureate at Queen Dido's court, which cause the action to flag. Gluck tried to remove certain abuses which had crept into music for the stage, but did not—as later on Wagner—wage war against traditional forms. And, in like manner, Berlioz, although strongly in touch with modern ideas, and in some matters by no means conservative, still clung more or less to the old style of opera; and in "Les Troyens" the struggle between the past and the present of the composer's day is

strangely felt. In spite, however, of occasional weaknesses, concessions to custom, or effects *bizarre* rather than beautiful, Berlioz' music drama is nobly conceived and nobly carried out; it claims respect, and compels admiration.

For the moment, however, I am not concerned with the complete work, but with the last three acts given on Tuesday evening at Liverpool by the Philharmonic Society under the able direction of Mr. F. H. Cowen. Berlioz himself sanctioned this division of his score into two parts; though, of course, it was a matter of necessity, not choice. M. Cavallho in 1863 proposed to give these acts under the title "*Les Troyens à Carthage*," and did actually give them, though in sadly mutilated form. Better part than none, must have thought the composer, who was then in his sixty-first year. And so now I say, better perform these acts on the concert platform than not at all; for at present there is no prospect whatever of hearing the work on the stage in London. The Philharmonic Society and Mr. Cowen, at whose suggestion the work was given, deserve praise for their bold, and I am happy to add successful, undertaking. Several judicious cuts were made. The stately "*Gloire à Didon*" chorus, the clever Quintet in Act iv., the wonderful Septet with its mournful harmonies and soft and sombre orchestration, the delicious love duet between Dido and Æneas (the words of which Berlioz borrowed from Shakespeare, although, as Mr. Corder remarks in a footnote to his English version used by the Liverpool Society, without acknowledgment), the quaint song of the sailor Hylas, and the pathetic Dido scena at the close, produced a deep impression. The "*Chasse Royale*" is a wonderful piece of programme music, perhaps the finest of Berlioz' many tone-pictures. With exception of a few wild cries of nymphs and fawns, the movement is purely instrumental. The stage, with its storm effects, movements of nymphs and huntsmen, of course gives special point and meaning to the music; yet so bewitching is the theme which accompanies the swimming of the nymphs, so mysterious is the hunting phrase, and so interesting is the working up of the storm to a climax, and then the dying away, the thunder muttering in the distance, and the return of fine weather, with nymph and huntsman music, that the music *per se* arrests and holds attention. A storm in tones after Beethoven's "*Pastoral*" seems a bold venture; but Berlioz achieved something possessing an individuality all its own.

It would be possible to point out certain shortcomings in the Liverpool performance. There were signs here and there of insufficient rehearsal, and the lady solo vocalists were not always satisfactory. With regard to rehearsals it must be said that they were limited; and it is really surprising what Mr. Cowen was able to effect in the short time allotted to him. The vocalists were Mme. Marie Duma (Dido), Mrs. K. Fisk (Anna), Miss G. Izard (Ascanio), and Messrs. Lloyd (Æneas), D. Powell (Narbal and Panthus), and H. Jones (Iopas and Hylas). Mr.

Lloyd, whose part naturally is an important one, carried off chief honours. The chorus sang admirably, and the orchestra deserves high praise. There was a good attendance, and the music evidently gave very great pleasure. The work is sure to be repeated at Liverpool, and perhaps some day Londoners may have a chance of hearing it.

Two new pianoforte Concertos were performed in London last week. The first by Sir A. Mackenzie, entitled "*Scottish*," given at the opening concert of the Philharmonic Society at the Queen's Hall, is clever, and at times effective; and yet the impression which it creates is scarcely satisfactory. The slow, middle movement has grace and charm, and forms a welcome contrast to the somewhat spasmodic opening section of the work, also to the lively Finale; but, speaking generally, there seems nothing deep, strong, and lasting in the music. The Concerto was written at the request of Paderewski, and the knowledge that it would be interpreted by him accounts for many passages in which virtuosity seems the prime factor. I doubt whether Mackenzie, under ordinary circumstances, would have written for the pianoforte in the same style. M. Paderewski did not play with his usual charm and refinement, but pounded away at most of the music as if he were trying to annihilate it.

To M. Saint-Saëns' clever, though peculiar, Concerto, founded on Egyptian melodies, artistically interpreted by M. Diémer at M. Lamoureux's fifth concert, I must return on some future occasion.

J. S. S.

SCIENCE.

AMERICAN munificence has shown itself very strongly of late in the endowment of universities and expeditions. The most recent instance of the kind is the anthropological expedition fitted out at the expense of Mr. Morris J. Jesup, the president of the U.S. Museum of Natural History, which is to undertake a seven years' tour in the north-west of America, British Columbia, Alaska, Siberia, China, and as far down as Egypt. Prof. Putnam, formerly curator of the Peabody Anthropological Museum at Harvard, is in command of the expedition, and will be accompanied by Mr. F. Boas, well known for his researches into the manners and language of the Indians. This is by no means the first expedition of the kind which owes its inception to Mr. Jesup. That gentleman fitted out a relief party to search for Lieut. Peary in the Arctic regions, and he also found the money for the purpose of making the great Jesup collection of American woods, which forms a valuable exhibit in the museum under his direction.

THERE are certain problems of stellar composition which have lately formed the subject of discussion, and which from the difficulty of amassing true data are likely to do so for some time. A contribution towards the solution of one of these was put forward at

the Royal Society meeting on March 25, by Mr. J. Norman Lockyer, in a paper entitled "*The Chemistry of the Hottest Stars*." This was a continuation of the work which Mr. Norman Lockyer enunciated several years ago in the shape of a "*celestial dissociation*" theory, and which he has been following up since in the laboratory by means of exhaustive spectroscopic experiments. It is known that the spectra of various stars differ from each other and from that of the sun, and whereas many regard this difference as due to variations in composition, Mr. Lockyer considers that they are attributable to molecular variations simply, depending upon the state of heat of the particular star. On the dissociation hypothesis, with every considerable increase of temperature there would be a corresponding tendency for complex molecules of matter to be broken up into simpler ones, and for new lines to appear in the spectrum corresponding to the rate of vibration of these new molecules. As evidences that such action was actually taking place, Mr. Lockyer pointed out that the temperature of the reversing layers of a Cygni was higher than that of the reversing layers of the sun, and that consequently in the spectrum of the former we missed certain lines of iron, magnesium, calcium, &c., representing complex molecules, and had in place of them certain enhanced lines of iron, lines of hydrogen, and other lines representing substances with which we are not familiar. We might say that in passing from the lower temperature of the sun to the higher temperature of a Cygni that the complicated line spectrum of iron was replaced by a more simple one consisting of enhanced lines. The Orion stars were supposed to be hotter still than those like a Cygni, and in their case the quantity of iron and calcium appeared to be reduced, that of hydrogen increased, and the new gases known as the cleveite gases (*e.g.*, helium) made their appearance. These steps seem to show that dissociation is an actual fact taking place in the hotter stars, and that iron is a compound into the composition of which hydrogen entered, as well as the cleveite gases. Mr. Lockyer's theory is warmly contested by many people, who differ even as to the observed facts; but it cannot be denied that it has a fascination as well as a strong claim to acceptance, for the notion involved of an immense evolutionary progression from simple to complex structure as the stars cool down is as fine as any of the grand ideas in which astronomy is so fruitful.

In the American journal *Science*, one of the soundest and most ably conducted of all the scientific papers, there appear two interesting notes on protective colouration by Mr. A. E. Verrill, dealing with creatures of nocturnal habits and appearance. Most of these, as he points out, are either black, dark brown, or grey, and so adapted for concealment in shadows. Others have white and yellowish-white patches, which render them indistinguishable by moonlight. Butterflies with bright silvery spots on the under sides of their wings blend well at

night with the flowers on which they roost, and glisten like the dewdrops round them. Even the stupid animal becomes at night a living portion of the cane brake in which he sleeps or wanders. In the case of fishes Mr. Verrill has observed that many take on different colours when they are asleep from those which they have when awake, the general change being in the direction of a darkening of the markings. The most curious instance mentioned is that of the common "scup," or porgy (*Stenotomus chrysops*), which in the daytime is of a beautiful silvery colour with bright iridescent hues, but when asleep changes to a dull leaden colour, crossed by six black bands well adapted to conceal it amid the eel-grass in which it lies. On being awakened, the silvery colour at once reappears.

H. C. M.

ART.

THE studies of wild beasts by Mr. John M. Swan, A.R.A., exhibited by the Fine Art Society, are among the finest of their kind done by any contemporary artist. They are in a most unusual sense work from the life, for the life is life with an emphasis. Life-studies from half-hearted peasants, from pre-occupied models, from languid people generally; life-studies from semi-civilised cows; life-studies from sheep—these are one thing, and studies of a lioness's walk and of the closed down-fling of a panther's four legs, suddenly resting with a wild completeness and, as it were, a little eternity of motionlessness—these are another thing. The life of movement in these wild beasts has its equivalent in the life of immobility. Mr. Swan matches it all by the extraordinary vitality of his drawing. The first study of all is that of a "Hyderabad Tigress Walking"; she is *passant*, and you have the subtle profile of every motion. Another—a lioness—walks, too, with her limbs strongly knotted and loose. Mr. Swan has a completely artistic sense of the anatomy of these *felide*; he searches out the attachment of an elastic sinew because its whole action has visible effect. A wild beast has the leanness that makes him wear his skin like a living cloak, with the distinct life of muscle and with the distinct life of bone beneath. Stealth, hunting, hunger, fasting, and the perpetual labour and war of living—the wild beast's occupation—have long kept this angry physical life burning; and even in captivity it has not burnt out. Mr. Swan has studied many a jaguar and panther from the rear, with the intense action of their crouching as they drink or watch. Again, there is the bunch of powerful-paw'd young leopards as they sleep or drink together; a polar bear keeps guard upon a sea-hole; another climbs ice with her claws, and looks back at her hurrying cubs. Everywhere there is the weight as well as the force of life, and everywhere a dignity that is an alien dignity. Mr. Swan's exquisite drawing of parts reminds one somewhat of Holbein's, though the modern master has the more infallible hand. Both use a simplicity for the less

articulate, and an exquisite explicitness for the more articulate, passages of the figure they have to draw. In coming to fine articulations the pencil takes an extraordinary delicacy, definition, and power; it then draws intensely; about the broader forms it works loosely, though never weakly. For mere quality of drawing, apart from the beauty of the intelligence that has presented the different and separate life of wild beasts with human skill, the studies are fine examples of pure art. Where there is any intention of colour-effect, the colour is that of a colourist, and not merely that of an eye pleased with easy harmonies, contrasts, or complements.

A. M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

UNIVERSITY SLANG.

Nutfield, Surrey: March 27.

I am aware that vigorous efforts have been made of late to trace slang expressions to their fountain-head. I have not seen, however, attention drawn to the fact that "keep," so generally used in Cambridge for "reside," was employed in precisely this sense in the sixteenth century, and consequently is good Old English, not modern slang. Shakespeare twice makes use of the expression: in "Titus Andronicus," act v., sc. 2; and again in "Henry IV.," pt. i., act i., sc. 3. It would be interesting to know if it can be found in the pages of other Elizabethan poets.

C. L. PIRKIS.

JOHN MILTON.

Dulwich: March 30.

It is a little curious that, in the most luminous and informing appreciation of Milton which Mr. Francis Thompson contributes to this week's ACADEMY, he should not have quoted the passage in Shakespeare which Milton evidently had in mind when he wrote

"Some say, no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaidd ghost
That breaks his magic chains at curfew-time;
No goblin, or swart faery of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity."

It is hardly possible to doubt that Milton is here intentionally recalling those seven lines in Hamlet i., i. which are so exactly the lines to take the fancy, and linger in the capacious memory of him who wrote the hymn on the Nativity:

"Some say, that even 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit can walk
abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets
strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

This delightful trick of delicate, suggestive allusion is frequent in Milton: "never before" (says Macaulay) "were such marked originality and such exquisite mimicry found together."

T. BARON RUSSELL.

Norwood: March 29.

In his interesting article on Milton in the ACADEMY of last week Mr. Francis Thompson says: "He is almost the sole great poet we recollect who was a Londoner, being born in that city of a scrivener, on December 9, 1608."

But surely nothing is more striking in the personal history of the great English poets than their partiality for being born in London, and, as Mr. Birrell has shown us, being educated at Cambridge! Chaucer's father and grandfather were both citizens and vintners of London, and he was himself, as far as all our evidence goes, born at the house in Thames-street. Spenser speaks in his "Prothalamium" of

"Merry London, my most kindly nurse
That to me gave this life's first native source."

Ben Jonson, too, was almost certainly a Londoner. Pope was born in Lombard-street. Keats and Byron also within the sound of Bow Bells, and the fashion was not abandoned by Robert Browning, who was born at Camberwell and gloried in being a Londoner. "Ashamed of having been born in the greatest city of the world?" he said, "What an extraordinary thing to say! It suggests a wavelet in a muddy shallow grimly contorting itself because it had its birth out in the great ocean." London has indeed been a "kindly nurse" of the poets!

H. W. W. McANALLY.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

Mr. Hardy's "Well-Beloved." (Osgood.)

"THE Tragi-comedy of a Nympholept," the *Saturday* suggests as an appropriate title for Mr. Hardy's book:

"it is permeated with the instinctive passion of beauty. . . . Mr. Hardy, therefore, has come back to his own province of the imagination"; but "whether the *moyen homme sensuel* will find this strange picture of erotic mirage credible or interesting we are not prepared to say." "A sketch of temperament so peculiar and abnormal," writes the *Speaker*, "that it only escapes being ridiculous by the real genius which is shown both in the conception and the execution of the work. . . . It says much for Mr. Hardy's genius that he has made this remarkable story really attractive, and that he himself seems to have taken as serious an interest in his hero as if that gentleman had been a reasonable human being instead of a crank with a monomania." "What can such a story mean?" asks Mr. W. L. Courtney in the *Telegraph*. ". . . It is a criticism of a phase of the artistic nature. You cannot for ever pursue the impalpable and abstract beauty without failing to secure the concrete and loving woman. . . . But with what real bitterness does Mr. Hardy envisage his moral! How ridiculous he makes his hero, with his ageing frame and his perennially juvenile heart! . . . The true Platonist ought to know that . . . the love of the beautiful body is but the lowest step in a progress towards an idea not of beauty alone, but also of the good. Perhaps this, too, Mr. Hardy designed as part of his lesson." As to the workmanship, the author "is not quite himself, except in the first section." The *Manchester Guardian* deplors "a paradoxical trend and the inadequacy of the central figure." If the writer of *The Return of the Native* be still with us, "we should suspect him," writes the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "of laughing at us out of these pages. . . . The solemn air of this narrative is enough to sink an ironclad. . . . But . . . we can easily recognise the hand of Mr. Hardy in the colour of his women. . . . As for Pierston, his close was quite con-

sistent, since his business was, among kindred undertakings which followed the extinction of the Well-Beloved and other ideals, to advance a scheme for the closing of the old natural fountains in the Street of Wells, because of their possible contamination, and supplying the townlet with water from pipes, a scheme that was carried out at his own expense. Don't you hear now that note of irony?"

"Flames." By Robert Hitchins. (Heinemann.)

"In his last book," writes the *Pall Mall*, "Mr. Hitchins has entirely proved himself. His talent does not lie so much in the conventional novel, but more in this strange and fantastic medium. . . . The story . . . grows in interest to the last." But "why Cuckoo? The Lady of the Feathers is unnecessary, and is merely a note of realism in the pages of a fantasy. . . . Mr. Hitchins's narrative is somewhat heavily laced with descriptions and conversations. . . . And yet a reader will forgive and forget all the faults for the value of the definite emotions which it conveys. The air is charged with horror." "Mr. Hitchins's . . . admirable qualities," writes the *National Observer*, "are those displayed in the telling of his story; his ridiculous qualities are those displayed in its construction; while his disgusting qualities arise from the diseased temperament which he cultivates in approaching life and dealing with its moral problems." He "possesses one of those incorrigibly morbid natures which sentimentalise over men as if they were women, and criticise women very much as if they were men. We regret this extremely; for his literary talents are brilliant. We can, however, pay them no higher compliment than by saying that they are sufficient to render *Flames* an entertaining and delightful volume." A writer in the *Telegraph* bids the reader notice "how strangely the man who wants us to believe in spirits insists on the most materialised images." He points out that the theory that "evil is not expelled by good, but by an evil that has repented of its sin, is opposed to all the teachings of science": "nature never forgives." The novel is finally labelled "a rhapsody of mysticism, a pean to the shameful Eros, a hymn of passionate sentimentality."

"Lying Prophets." By Eden Phillpotts. (Innes.)

"Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS," writes the *Pall Mall*, "has concentrated all his energies, made a brave effort, and accomplished a serious and admirable work. According to a critic in the *Telegraph* it is built upon the Faust-Marguerite theme. John Barron, artist and villain, is pronounced to be too far removed from our sympathy; though, according to the *Pall Mall*, he is drawn "with careful severity and with a great deal of understanding of what the artistic nature may become." Of Barron, the *Chronicle* writes: "The real man is kept before us all through, and from first to last he says and does nothing inconsistent with the character-sketch with which the author introduces him." "With his departure," says the *Standard*, ". . . the interest flags."

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at first hand a large number of mediæval documents, either still unpublished or else accessible only in rare editions, or incunabula. No parade, however, is made of these thankless labours, which, in fact, are only once incidentally referred to in a note at the end of the book, though, of course, evident enough from the scholarly treatment of the subject conspicuous on every page.

Nor does Mr. Beazley anywhere convey the impression of being over-weighted by the superabundant materials thus brought together. On the contrary, the narrative, if not actually "light reading," flows almost as smoothly as the *Decline and Fall* itself, which in this respect it strongly resembles. In both works the lightness of exposition is secured by the same means—a thorough mastery of the numerous authorities consulted, and a judicious arrangement of the subject-matter. In the present work unity and clearness of treatment are secured by a general introduction of some fifty pages, which gives a broad outline of the whole ground under investigation, and of which the rest of the volume may be regarded as little more than a detailed expansion. Thus, in the three following chapters a full account is given of the itineraries of the early pilgrims to the Holy Places, with a due appreciation of the services, such as they were, rendered by these unconscious pioneers to geographical knowledge.

Then comes an important chapter, which, in two divisions, deals from the same standpoint with the traders and missionaries of the period under discussion. The practical work thus accomplished could not fail to give rise to a good deal of speculation, always within the limits of orthodoxy, on the extent, shape, movements, and general constitution of the globe; hence a special chapter of great interest is devoted to the prevalent theoretical views of the times regarding the "centre of the universe," as the world was held to be. These views are aptly illustrated by a series of mediæval attempts at cartography, including the Peutinger Table, the Ashburnham map, the curious plans attributed to Cosmas, and the *Mappe Monde* preserved in the library of Albi, Languedoc, which claims to be the earliest extant document of the kind. Some of these are here for the first time reproduced from photographs of the originals, and all of them betray an almost incredible ignorance even of the best-known quarters of the globe. Thus, in the Albi the Caspian is represented as an inlet of the all-encircling ocean; the Black Sea flows directly into the Mediterranean some distance west of Crete, which is larger than Britain; Sicily, despite of Virgil's "Trinacria," forms a regular square; Sardinia is smaller than Corsica; Italy is stunted out of all recognition; and the Mediterranean actually broadens out towards the Atlantic as if the very *Columnæ Herculis* had already been forgotten. It would be impossible to conceive a more utterly debased condition of geographical study since the days of Ptolemy, and even of Herodotus, than is represented by these infantile efforts at map-making.

Here and there the text seems to assume a controversial tone antagonistic to dogmatic

teaching. But that is not the fault of the author. When theology usurps the chair of science a collision becomes inevitable, and the free right to independent research can be vindicated only by a line of argument which necessarily takes a somewhat polemical form. Thus a critical estimate of the cosmological theories of the Alexandrian monk Cosmas, "the first scientific geographer of Christendom," must needs abdicate its functions unless it points out that

"his topography is, above all, a work of theological interest. It is both destructive and constructive. It denies the roundness of the earth, as asserted by the leading Greek geographers and astronomers; it denies especially the existence of the antipodes or land inhabited by human beings beneath our feet; and it attacks the belief that the world can be suspended in mid-air, or in any sort of motion. On the other hand, it alleges and tries to prove a positive system of its own, which has become proverbial among the curiosities of literature and of thought. According to this, the universe was a flat parallelogram, its length exactly double of its breadth. In the centre of the universe lay our world, surrounded by the ocean. Beyond the ocean was another earth, where men lived before the Flood, and from which Noah came in the ark. To the north of our world was a great hill (an Indian conception) round which sun and moon revolved, thus causing day and night. The sky consisted of four walls, meeting in the dome of heaven, on the floor of which we live; and those walls were glued to the edges of the outer world of the patriarchs. Heaven, moreover, was out in two by the firmament lying between our atmosphere and the paradise of God; below the firmament lived the angels, and above it were waters—the waters that be above the firmament."

Yet Cosmas before entering the cloister had been a trader and a traveller of sufficient note to have earned the by-name of "Indicopleustes," so that one asks in amazement, *Si sic in viridi quid in sicco?* But "the religious age of Christian travel was of necessity unprogressive and unproductive." The early pilgrims, inspired by religious emotion, had no eye for the physical surroundings, and in their peregrinations were attracted mainly towards sites famous in Biblical or Christian legend, or else went in quest of holy relics, which were treasured in proportion to their absurdity, and the supply of which ceased only with the demand. Thus broad geographical surveys, or even more modest topographical notes, are replaced by minute descriptions of such sites as the spot where the whale threw up Jonah, the shady oak beneath which Abraham entertained the angels, the dunghill on which Job received his comforters, the miraculous wells which healed broken limbs, expelled poison from the system, revealed secrets, and so forth. Then we have long and contradictory accounts of the finding of the holy rood, Solomon's amber ring, the earth of which Adam was made, the cup used at the Last Supper, the lance, reed and sponge, many nails and crowns of thorns, and the still liquid blood of John the Baptist brought back to Europe in a sea shell.

As this volume must necessarily become a standard work of reference on the subject of

which it treats, attention may here be called to a few misprints and to the generally defective spelling of Arabic names, for which the author has unfortunately followed the system of M. Stanislas Julien without adhering to it consistently. Thus the French scholar's *Abulfeda* usually becomes *Aboulfeda* instead of the proper English form *Abulfeda*. Then we have both *Haroun al Rashid* and *Haroun al Raschid* for *Harun er-Rashid*; *Cairoan* for *Kairwan*; *Djaber* for *Jabar*, and *dj* generally for *j*, the proper English transliteration of the Arabic letter *jim*. Misprints are: *Chaudragupta* for *Chandragupta* (p. 508); *tre parte* for *tre parti* (p. 391); *the younger* for *the elder Pliny* (p. 321); *from east to west* for *from west to east* (*ib.*); and is it correct to say that "Iona, which had long been the capital of the Irish Church and its missions, was now passing under the obedience of Rome" (p. 131)? Surely Iona never was the "capital" of the Irish Church; and Romanists contend with some show of reason that it never was separated from communion with Rome. "Nos enim," writes Columbanus of Bobbio in a document still extant, "devincti sumus Cathedræ Petri."

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UNTIL Dr. Grosart published his edition, in 1876, the public hardly realised that Wordsworth had left a sufficient body of prose to be described by the title of "Works." Dr. Grosart's edition included not only the poet's letters, but those of his sister Dorothy. Mr. Knight has (we think wisely) reserved the letters for subsequent publication, and confined these two volumes to what might be regarded as independent and detachable prose. A few pieces which are ostensibly letters find place in these volumes. But they are really essays cast in epistolary form; and Mr. Knight has shown correct judgment in detaching them from the letters proper. He objects, justly enough, to Dr. Grosart's assigning of titles to some pieces which were not the poet's own, and to his inclusion of a letter by Prof. Wilson, without due notice in the body of the text that it was not by Wordsworth, but was only published to elucidate Wordsworth's answering letter. These minor errors are corrected in Mr. Knight's edition, which, moreover, contains prose writings of the poet not given by Dr. Grosart. This constitutes its independent value. For the rest, Mr. Knight confesses that some of the pieces (such as the "Letter to the Bishop of Landaff") are simply reprinted from Dr. Grosart. In the interval between the two editions, the MSS. from which Dr. Grosart drew have disappeared; so that to Dr. Grosart belongs the credit of having rescued from oblivion what, but for his timely enterprise, would have been lost to us. But there can be no doubt that Mr. Knight's additions and amendments make this edition an advance upon its predecessor.

These writings are very miscellaneous. They include, for example, a "Guide to the

Lake District," the most unconventional guide-book ever published. It is full of valuable information about the Lake District in Wordsworth's time, conveyed in a characteristically Wordsworthian, but by no means popular, manner. There are observations of incidental, but far from transitory, interest. But the best-written part of it, to our mind, is a journal of a tour through some part of the Lake country, which the editor, in a footnote, ascribes to Dorothy Wordsworth. It is observant, sensitive, at once clear, pictorial, and restrained in its style; but when Mr. Knight says that it was written by Dorothy he can hardly mean more than that Dorothy was the amanuensis employed by her brother. At any rate, one finds such an expression as "when I was a boy." It would have been better if the editor had explained himself more clearly in this and one or two other footnotes. The journal reads very unlike any woman's writing; and we cannot but suppose that Mr. Knight has been loose in his statement. In fact, the writing harmonises absolutely with the descriptive portions of the rest of the "Guide," and leaves an impression that Wordsworth was an admirable master of that manner of prose description which is contented with the just and sufficient epithet, without aiming at the magical epithet. This is characteristic of all Wordsworth's prose. Our own day has seen the rise of a school which in some degree effaces the formal barriers between poetry and prose; which endeavours not only after the right, but the thrillingly right word. It may be said that a contemporary and friend of Wordsworth commenced this innovation—namely De Quincey; but Wordsworth's own writing rigidly observes the distinction between prose and poetry.

Poets, it has been said, are always good prose-writers. From this rule it has been the fashion to except Wordsworth; and if there be any prose-writing of Wordsworth's, which all critics and editors (until late years) described as dull and undistinguished, that writing was emphatically the pamphlet on the *Convention of Cintra*—which, thanks to some muddle between De Quincey (who saw it through the press), Wordsworth, and a third person commissioned by Wordsworth with a special revision, appeared too late, and fell utterly flat. Mr. Knight, being a Wordsworthian, of course considers the *Convention of Cintra* a masterpiece, and appeals to the authority of Rogers, the banker who once passed for a poet. The truth is, that it has some really magnificent passages, full of a grave and lofty passion unmatched in Wordsworth's prose, though easily to be paralleled in his poetry. Manifestly, in this effusion, he took for models such seventeenth-century writers as Hooker, whom Mr. Ruskin also followed in *Modern Painters*. There is the same length and involution of sentence which we find in that early work of Ruskin; but there the resemblance ends. The austere Wordsworthian mind will admit no flowers of beauty; and the sentence-structure is managed with far inferior skill. It is cumbersome, unwieldy, elephantine: it has no power, like De Quincey's equally periodic style, of accommodating itself to the variations of its subject-matter. But when the

subject-matter comes into harmony with it when, with puffing and snorting, the ponderous organism has got itself into motion with a clear course before it, then, indeed, we have fine and sustained examples of antique and virile eloquence. Space will not serve for extracts, or we would gladly make them. But, when all is said, the most permanent value of Wordsworth's prose lies in the essays—prefatory or supplementary—which accompanied his poems, and are here brought together. His prose-style is rootedly abstract, and therefore shows at its worst in dealing with concrete subjects. But in philosophic criticism of poetic principles its austere abstraction becomes not only justified, but meritorious. In spite of the excessive and one-sided theories about "poetic diction," at which even Coleridge smiled, these essays are full of most original and invaluable statement of principles which can never be obsolete, in language which cleaves to its subject-matter like gold-leaf.

"Read all the prefaces of Dryden,
For them the critics much confide in,"

said Byron. Whatever may be the confidence of critics, we say much more unhesitatingly, "Read all the prefaces of Wordsworth." They are stimulating, suggestive, concisely put: if you can think for yourself, they will help you to think.

OXFORD POLITICS.

Essays in Liberalism. By Six Oxford Men. (Cassell & Co.)

THE political condition of undergraduate Oxford has at last been deemed worthy of an exposition. In that ancient university politics have always been something more than a game to the generations of schoolboys who come thither to grow into manhood. Many look forward to a career where this interest will play some part, and many for the mere love of controversy muddle their brains with theories and their memories with statistics. At this special moment the subject has a unique importance, for Oxford, which has been obsessed by successive religious and art enthusiasms, is now in the bondage of a political interest; and the result is that there are many parties, all serious, all amusing, from the Tory High-Churchman, who languishes for the dear days of abuses, to the sturdy Fabian, whose scout is a man and a brother. These young gentlemen are diligent students of a multitude of newspapers; they learn to speak with fluency in the debates of the Union; in the various political clubs they condemn the deeds of their betters; and in the whole game find much healthy amusement and some solid benefit. But the politics of the undergraduate are fluid; the enthusiast who goes down a Socialist returns a hot Imperialist, and the undergraduate Jacobite becomes a graduate Radical. And this is well, for unless he has the good sense to see that, after all, he is an amateur, the political undergraduate is in danger of developing into the blameless prig.

The book before us is a protest against frivolity. It is a record of definite opinion,

the work, we are assured in the preface, of "six men who know their own minds." The proposal is bold, but it reads not unlike a confession of weakness. A careful study of the classics and history, a diligent reading of newspapers, a little dabbling in election campaigns, and an average of some twenty-five years of age—is this all that is necessary for a final and epoch-making statement of political principles? The tone of the proposal is modest, but its words have unconscious arrogance. For to crystallise one's opinions thus early, to explain the world by a formula at a time of life when it should seem inexplicable, savours of a narrow and pedantic mind. The bold assertion of eternal principles is an argument against the perspicacity, the historical wisdom of the writers. Let them talk of eternal principles as they like in electioneering and platform-speaking; but when it comes to a statement in print, opportunism of a kind is the more promising attitude. Certainty, to be sure, is natural to youth, but certainty should stop short of the doctrinaire.

Yet when we turn to the essays themselves we find a singular amount of modesty and good sense. Mr. Belloc's contribution to the Liberal basis is a theory of universal moral sentiments, particularly the sentiment for property, which, when worked out, stands in strange relation to the Manchesterian economics of the essay following. Mr. Belloc's work, though clever and full of a certain crude eloquence, strikes us as confused and rather hysterical. We should point out that such phrases as "alien extraneous authority," "imitative emulous vigour" are scarcely elegant, while "the obscene tyranny of Stambuloff" and "Mr. Bloggs of Smokeville" are ostentatiously undergraduate. However, Mr. Belloc was part-author of a book called *The Bad Child's Book of Beasts*, and as such deserves a statue in the market-place. Mr. Hirst's paper on "Liberalism and Wealth" is a sane and vigorous piece of argument in defence of the accepted doctrines of economists against the attacks of Collectivism. His criticism of Mr. Williams's "Made in Germany" is clever, though he brings to the discussion an exaggerated scorn. Sometimes he strives to joke, and he will perhaps excuse us if we do not always find him successful. After his ponderous sentences a sudden friskiness leaves a painful impression of mountains leaping like rams. For the next essay, Mr. Simon's, on "Liberalism and Labour," we have little but praise. It is a clear and temperate exposition of the reasonable attitude in the matter. A love for alliteration (useful in Union debates, but scarcely in place in an essay), such as his account of "politicians who use Principles (with a big P) in the manufacture not of policy but of perorations," is his one fault; and such an admirable description of a certain party as "those who would fain create for themselves a vested interest in the purer emotions," makes us laugh in spite of ourselves. Mr. Phillimore's essay on "Liberalism and Foreign Policy" is full of good things, and we gladly support his defence of nationalism and his belief in a healthy military spirit. He is something of a phrase-maker,

and is happy in such efforts as "the commercial traveller turned knight-errant" and "militant finance." But his style, for all its vigour, strikes us as singularly distorted and awkward. We do not wish to be impolite to Mr. Phillimore, who, we are willing to believe, is a scholar of distinction, but his essay gives the impression of a cultured foreigner—say, an intelligent Basque—in his early efforts with the English tongue. For the other two, Mr. Hammond treats of Education in a tone of high-principled virtue; and Mr. Macdonell writes a clear and judicious summary of the history of Liberalism in the last two centuries.

What, then, is the aim of the book as a whole? The establishment of a number of principles which are to be the basis of a party which has hitherto squandered its energies on details. The principles are stated; a clear position is taken up against Collectivism; but do the authors really define their attitude as against Conservatism? It is to be remembered that such principles are quite distinct from the hand-to-mouth policy of each party—such are the words of the essayists themselves. But it seems perfectly clear that all thinking Conservatives at the present day would accept this list of dogmas, with the possible exception of the one which declares for the publicity of diplomatic procedure. In the present state of affairs, when a hair divides the ultimate aims of the two parties, it is somewhat strange to find such principles claimed for Liberalism alone. It may be that they are more identified with historic Liberalism, but this does not change the fact of the present dual ownership. They are the foundation of a moderate and constitutional party, as opposed to the exponents of abstract social ideals. If the book is in any way typical of the younger Oxford we welcome it gladly, for the whole spirit of the essays is manly, generous, and honest.

THE RIDDLE OF EXISTENCE.

Guesses at the Riddle of Existence. By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. (Macmillan & Co.)

THIS is a very interesting but pathetic book. That a man of so strong and energetic a nature should have felt himself forced, towards the end of a long life, to abandon one after another religious convictions and doctrines which had given him comfort and support in earlier days, cannot but inspire a feeling of pity, however much we may admire the vigorous sincerity thereby manifested. *Sunt lacrymæ rerum* is a saying which may now frequently be used in the sense here given to it. For one conspicuous theological athlete, how many inconspicuous disciples have silently pursued the path which this book would assure us has sooner or later to be followed!

"There is no longer any use," he tells us in his preface, "in clinging to the untenable or in shutting our eyes to that which cannot be honestly denied. . . . The spirit in which these pages are penned is not that of Agnosticism, if Agnosticism imports despair of spiritual truth, but that of free and hopeful inquiry,

the way for which it is necessary to clear by removing the wreck of that upon which we can found our faith no more."

His small volume of 244 pages is divided into five essays. The first—which bears the same title as the volume containing it—is a reprint of what was before published in America. It is a criticism of the late Prof. Drummond, Mr. Kidd, and Mr. Balfour, for the most part well justified. But we note with surprise that the author considers as religious difficulties the small size of our planet and the fact that we have but five senses.

To Prof. Drummond's attempt to console us for life's sufferings by saying "without this vigorous weeding of the imperfect the progress of the world would not have been possible," he quietly remarks, "Pleasant reading this for 'the imperfect'!" and he justly derides his mistaken view of evolution (which ignores its effects in degradation) as also his representation that the one cause of all love was the birth of a child; before which "man's affection was non-existent, and woman's was frozen"!

To Mr. Kidd's representation that progress is due to the presence of a non-rational sanction (by which he means belief in religion) for conduct, our author asks, as he well may, what does Mr. Kidd mean by reason, and then makes short work of his whole contention.

In his second article, "The Church and the *Old Testament*," Dr. Smith, of course, accepts the teaching of the "Higher Criticism," the main points of which hardly any educated man interested in the subject has failed to do. His own verdict he thus expresses (p. 93):

"That which is not a supernatural revelation may still, so far as it is good, be a manifestation of the Divine. As a manifestation of the Divine the Hebrew books, teaching righteousness and purity, may keep their place in our love and admiration for ever; while of their tribalism, their intolerance, their religious cruelty, we for ever take our leave. The time has surely come when as a supernatural revelation they should be frankly, though reverently, laid aside, and no more allowed to cloud the vision of free inquiry or to cast the shadow of primeval religion and law over our modern life. It surely is useless and paltering with the truth to set up, like the writer in *Lux Mundi*, and other rationalistic apologists, the figment of a semi-inspiration. An inspiration which errs, which contradicts itself, which dictates manifest incredibilities, such as the stopping of the sun, Balaam's speaking ass, Elisha's avenging bears, or the transformation of Nebuchadnezzar, is no inspiration at all."

He ends by declaring that in these troublous times the storm-centre seems to be in the region of religion.

His third paper, "Is there another life?" is not to us very interesting or important; but he makes some good remarks on the folly of seeing consolation for individual annihilation in the impersonal immortality put forward by Positivism.

"This immortality," he says (p. 116-125), "is not only imperfect, it is unconscious. . . . The sufferers of the past, at all events, derived no comfort amidst famine, plague, massacre, and torture from these theories of an 'ideal life,' of a 'Religion of Humanity.' . . . A selfish tyrant like Louis XIV. would on this

supposition, at least while his fortune lasted, have been of all men the happiest."

All the consolation Mr. Smith has to offer us is the conceivability that goodness may be prized by the soul of the Universe, if the Universe has a soul, as capable of union with itself, and that we may thus transcend the limits of our being here and now.

The fourth article, devoted to a consideration of "The Miraculous Element in Christianity," is, as might be expected, an attempt to save the morality of the Christian religion while rejecting all evidence for it as a supernatural revelation, and very expressly and in detail that of the Resurrection. But his rejection of the Incarnation is again largely based on the small size of the earth, which he thinks (p. 166) makes it "hardly possible to imagine a Being who fills eternity and infinity becoming an embryo in the womb of a Jewish maiden." He twice speaks of Christ's "immaculate conception," not seeming to comprehend how inadequate that designation is to denote the Greek, Catholic, and Anglican doctrine on that subject, and that it need not imply the non-concurrence of a human father in such an act of conception. He also thinks that the Incarnation would have been purposeless apart from any "original sin," quite ignoring the contrary teaching of very High Church authorities. In his last essay, "Morality and Theism," he gives vent to earnest, Cassandra-like notes of warning as to the ethical consequences of the present rapid decay of religious belief. At its commencement he cites the wise words of Leslie Stephen (in his *Science of Ethics*), affirming that, in this world at least, "there is no absolute coincidence between virtue and happiness," frankly owning he cannot prove "that it is always prudent to act rightly, or that it is always happiest to be virtuous," and recognising that some men are "capable of intense pleasure from purely sensual gratifications." His own conclusion appears to be that an "ethical interregnum" is before us, and the moral prospects of the twentieth century are not encouraging.

He passes in review some attempts to construct a religion without a God, such as Positivism, Spiritualism, and Prof. Seeley's "Cosmic emotion," deducing small comfort from any one of them, and he concludes in favour of a combined sense of the mystery of existence and of the large size of the universe. This combination, he declares (in words which conclude the volume), is likely, "rather than Cosmic emotion, worship of humanity, or any other substitutes for theism, to take possession of the human mind if the belief in a God is withdrawn." But size is relative, and we can ideally reduce the universe to the dimensions of a mustard seed, while the "plain man," the "persistent voluptuary," and the eager pursuer of wealth, are usually little troubled about either the "mystery of existence" or the dimensions of the Cosmos.

We cannot find in his works, as a whole, much of that "hopeful inquiry" spoken of in the first essay, and we fear that if nothing better can be suggested, before the present age expires, we must leave the twentieth century to take care of itself.

BEAUTY AND ART.

Beauty and Art. By Aldam Heaton. (W. Heinemann.)

A COLLECTION of five miscellaneous—very miscellaneous—papers by Mr. Aldam Heaton on matters of art and furnishing has been issued in a volume called *Beauty and Art*. As a prefatory note informs the reader that the essay which stands first in order was written many years ago, one would prefer in charity to believe that the title-page was designed at some even remoter period, before book-decoration became a serious study among us. The page in question exhibits a villainous fashion of fancy lettering made up of oblique lines without outline, the words of the title itself being arched in the form of a bow; and also a would-be realistic representation of a blue gentian, about the crudest and most pernicious instance of colouring known in nature. This flower, indeed, is depicted not without object; the author purporting to prove that even where nature at first sight seems to employ the most violent colours, it will be found on analysis that the method of graduation and contrast is adopted instead. True enough; but a title-page is not the place for a didactic diagram. Mr. Heaton's work begins with an essay on "Taste," in which he shows that to talk of "bad taste" is a contradiction in terms. Taste being the faculty of discrimination, where no discrimination is made, no taste, good, bad, or indifferent exists, but the counterfeit substitute for it, which can only be described as false taste. The writer discusses the chief elements of the corruption of national taste, and attributes them first and foremost to French sources—an ascription which, though doubtless correct, will be a surprise to the many who have been in the habit of looking up to the French as our leaders and guides in such matters. The fact is, our neighbours are expert archaeologists; and combining as they do an innate deftness of manipulation with their acquired knowledge of style, they are unrivalled as reproducers, but do more than copy they cannot. When it is an affair of originating, their inferiority is apparent. If it be true, as has been said, that a nation must be in earnest at any rate in the memorials it provides for its dead, then an infallible test may be found by anybody who takes the trouble to visit the statuary shops leading to Père la Chaise. Should that test fail to convince him of the degraded condition of French art, then a man must be altogether blind to the evidence of his own eyes. Again, the author has the discrimination to perceive, and the courage to expose, the shallowness and the limitations of Japanese art—courage, because his view of the case is by no means popular, even among artists and connoisseurs, at the present day. However, he goes to the root of the matter when he says that among ourselves—nay, in the whole continent of Europe—no man is said to *draw* who is without training in the accurate delineation of the noblest of all forms—the human figure, and has not attained to a knowledge of perspective such as would enable him to depict the interior, say, of a cathedral,

"with arcades and vaultings in many planes.

Now a Japanese artist never under any circumstances does such things as these, and from what one sees of his work one may say with confidence that he is unable to do so. . . . You may search in vain," continues Mr. Heaton, "from the time that Sir Rutherford Alcock first brought Japanese work to this country, and never find a Japanese design which could be called well-balanced, and which readily arrived at a good repeat."

Mr. Heaton is right in his proposition that "whatever work of man's is thoroughly fine and noble in the world must always have been only a trifling advance upon a previous success"; right in deploring the absence of tradition among us, and in attributing to that fact the present chaotic condition of the arts. He is right, moreover, in the immense importance he attaches to architecture and to the architectural profession. After this it is with no slight sense of disappointment that one finds Mr. Heaton objecting to our old English furniture which continued to be made up to the middle of the last century on the ground that it was "architectonic"—its only merit, in fact—and, on the other hand, lauding the adaptations of Jones, Copeland, and the rest, which, as he frankly admits, are "not in any sense a development from the English furniture of Queen Elizabeth and the Stuarts," but imported from the corrupt and extravagant fashions of the Court of Louis Quatorze.

Moreover, one may reasonably take exception to the writer's arbitrary classification of conventional patterning, decorative art and fine art, as in an ascending scale. The distinctions he tries to draw are both artificial and unconvincing. Among objects which have any just claim to be regarded as works of art at all there is no essential difference in kind, but in degree only, and of the medium and material employed in any given case. It is rather a shock to meet with the recommendation to make for oneself a dado of imitation panels "formed by moulded laths, glued and bradded" on the wall. Neither, again, does that which Mr. Heaton proposes as a good, useful colour for painting a room, "something between bricks and leather," sound attractive. He is certainly mistaken in locating Sir Joshua Reynolds's sorry experiment in window-glass in King's or any other chapel in Cambridge. The American visitor would be able to put him right on this point, and to inform him that the glass in question is at New College, Oxford. And surely it is rash to assume that everybody knows the Cypromorpho by name. That it is a beautiful metallic butterfly from South America will be news at any rate to some people.

EARLY HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

Domesday Book and Beyond: Three Essays in the Early History of England. By Prof. Frederic William Maitland, LL.D. (Cambridge University Press.)

THIS is one of the rare books which are the fine flower of scholarship, a book of learning without pedantry, the excursion of a born investigator, moving liberally in an ample field, occupied in the selection of the

really significant from a mass of innumerable details, and in the applying, testing, and rejecting of principles whereby incoherent knowledge may be transformed into an ordered whole. The three essays of which it is composed all deal with fragments of the same extensive problem; they are a contribution towards determining the structure of English society as it existed in the period immediately following the Saxon settlement, and the process of development by which it passed into the society of the eleventh century. It is a problem the very conditions of which are only slowly beginning to be understood. The first school-book one takes up will talk glibly of *allodial tenure* and of *commendation*; but the compiler thereof may charitably be supposed to know that these convenient terms in reality serve to cover a waste of admitted ignorance and rash hypothesis. If he does not know it, let him devote himself to the perusal of Prof. Maitland's luminous discussion. With the England of the eleventh century we are comparatively familiar. We have, of course, learned not to speak of "the feudal system"; there was no feudal system common and ubiquitous. But the conceptions of the English tenure by service, of the English manor and the English villainage, in their main outlines at least, are by this time fairly well established. But if we ask how these institutions came into being, what they replaced, and why they replaced it, we find ourselves at once in a world of disputed and contradictory conjectures. There is, in fact, no direct evidence on which to base an answer—we have to infer and indirectly reconstruct a civilisation from the records and landmarks of its decay. To get at the early Saxon land-tenures we have to work back from the land books or cartularies of the seventh and eighth centuries, and the Domesday Book of the eleventh. And the difficulties in the way are immense.

The documents before us were not written for the purpose of giving us information—the cartularies are the early title-deeds of monasteries; Domesday Book is a collection of statistics made as the basis for an assessment of taxes. Moreover, the facts of Domesday Book require complete re-arrangement to be of any service to us, and the cartularies are more than half of them under suspicion of being forgeries. It is another pitfall that we do not really understand the modes of thought of their writers. They use technical terms which had an earlier and a later history: how are we to avoid reading either the Roman or the mediæval implication into them? What precisely did the expressions "a free man" or "ownership" convey to the mind of the eighth century? We do not know. It is not even certain whether the land-unit of Domesday Book, the "hide," contained some 120 of our modern acres or only thirty. Once more, we must allow for local differences. We have no right to assume that there was ever an absolutely uniform system of land-tenure and land-cultivation over the whole of the country. Prof. Maitland shows us, by the aid of the modern ordnance map, that, whereas Devon and Somerset were a land of small scattered

hamlets, Oxfordshire and Berkshire were a land of large villages standing in open fields.

It follows, then, that although Prof. Maitland's aim is constructive, his method is necessarily critical. It is all pioneer-work, groping in the dark, and, as he says, when you are groping in the dark you are sure to knock up against some of your fellow explorers. But too much praise cannot be given to the temper in which Prof. Maitland has entered upon his delicate task. He is as cautious as a scout and scrupulously unprejudiced: walking upon most debatable ground, he conducts his expedition without any of the usual acerbities of polemic. Such conclusions as he arrives at are admittedly partial and tentative, subject to revision and qualification. To the size of the hide he devotes an entire essay, and though inclining to the type of 120 acres, holds his judgment in suspense to the last. In discussing the theories of Anglo-Saxon land-tenure, he rejects that which would make the manor or vill the direct descendant of the Roman *villa*; he rejects the conception of a collectivist village community holding its lands in common ownership and periodically redistributing them, and inclines to that of the village as a group of free peasant-proprietors, each holding his strips of land in severalty. No one cause must be invoked to explain how this group of freemen was converted into the manor dependent upon its lord of the feudal centuries: nor must we assume that the change was of the nature of a cataclysm. As elements in the process, Prof. Maitland lays stress, firstly, on the necessity for a single well-recognised fiscal unit on which taxes could be levied; secondly, on the habit of granting to ecclesiastical bodies, for the sake of the king's soul, quasi-royal *dominium* within defined localities; thirdly, on the granting to corporations or to powerful individuals of the profits of jurisdiction within similar areas. In any case the process was a slow one, and had many phases and many variations at present dark to us.

STORIES OF THE NATIONS.

"THE STORY OF THE NATIONS."—*Canada*.
By J. G. Bourinot. (Fisher Unwin.)

THE present volume fully maintains the generally high standard of merit reached by the series. It was obviously fitting that the story of Canada should be told by a Canadian writer, and Mr. Bourinot has shown himself well qualified for the task. Within a moderate compass he has given a clear and concise view of the history of his country from its first discovery. At the same time his narrative is far from being a mere dry summary of facts. With all the limitations necessitated by the scale of the book he has managed to bring into prominence many of the picturesque and romantic episodes of which Canadian history is full, especially in its earlier portions. For the period of the French dominion our author has naturally mainly followed in the tracks of the brilliant American historian of *France in the New World*, who fortunately was able to complete his work before his untimely death.

When Mr. Parkman's guidance failed him his chief authority down to the war of 1812 was the elaborate history of Mr. Kingsford. Mr. Bourinot refers to the last-mentioned writer's volume on the war as being "especially valuable," and in many ways it is so. It is, however, unfortunately disfigured by a most excessive and regrettable bitterness with regard to the United States, and a disposition to stir up old sores which it is to be hoped is not general in Canada. In justice to our author, it must be said that his chapter on the war is commendably free from these defects.

For the period from 1815 down to the present time Mr. Bourinot has had to draw on more varied and miscellaneous sources, and he has certainly made a good use of his materials.

It is a remarkable fact that the French Canadians have retained their language without any degeneration, and in some rural districts the common speech of the people almost exactly reproduces that of France in the seventeenth century. In this respect they present a very marked contrast to a people in many ways resembling them, the Dutch Boers of South Africa, whose speech has undergone a most extraordinary transformation and degradation. It would be an interesting task to inquire into what causes have brought about such different results in cases so apparently similar.

"THE STORY OF THE NATIONS."—*British India*. By R. W. Frazer, LL.B., I.C.S. (Fisher Unwin.)

MR. FRAZER begins his story quite at the beginning, with the days of Solomon, and concludes it with a reasoned survey of the conditions of the present day and the outlook for the future. It is a wonderful story, and it is written fittingly, in a spirit of grave historical accuracy, with balanced judgment, and with a strong faith. His attention, he tells us, has been centred rather upon the main factors which led to the foundation and extension of British empire in India than to mere details of military operations or of administration. But while he has adhered to this large purpose, he is never vague, nor does he fail to handle dramatically many of the more stirring episodes which claim a place in any history of the Indian Empire. One rises from the book with an added sense of dignity, with an added sense of responsibility, with a quickened consciousness, too, of the terrible possibilities which surround the situation. "England's mission," declares this grave Civil servant, "has as yet hardly commenced." "It is to be hoped," he writes elsewhere, after describing the military dispositions upon which the preservation of internal security depends, "that in the future no efforts will be spared for the necessary extension of similar defences and the construction of like harbours of refuge." Meanwhile, "the problem of defence against any possible attack from the north-west or east still occupies the earnest attention of Government." The book is a worthy addition to the series in which it figures, and the more it is read the better.

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

Romantic Richmondshire. By Harry Speight. (Elliot Stock.)

MR. SPEIGHT has already described the Craven and Nidderdale districts of Yorkshire. In Richmondshire he has a finer subject, and he brings to it the same enthusiasm of observation and research which distinguished his earlier books. There was room, moreover, for this work. Whitaker's *History*, published in 1822, and illustrated by Turner, is costly and, when obtained, inaccurate. Clarkson's and Longstaffe's works are equally rare and are both out of date. Mr. Speight has a happy versatility. He can write with confidence on the history, topography, geology, ecclesiastical antiquities, and ancient customs of these romantic districts in which he has spent his life. Starting from Richmond, that imperial little town on the Swale, which Mr. Swinburne has compared with Toledo, not to Toledo's advantage, Mr. Speight takes us from stone-walled village to village, through deep river-side woods, over heathery moors, by old coach roads and old Roman roads, past mansions and abbeys and ruined castles, till we exchange Richmond for Middleham, "the ancient capital of Wensleydale," the home of the Nevilles. And his talk is of everything local, from instances of longevity to the achievements of race horses, and from "finds" of iron ornaments of the Viking age to the haunts of the peregrine falcon. Much folk-lore, much family history, and many a streak of native humour lend variety to the pages, which are abundantly illustrated. One scrap of Mr. Speight's lore presses rather hard on Cockney pride. It is to the effect that the song of the "Lass of Richmond Hill" has no connexion with the Richmond to which lovers walk from Kew. It is quite settled that the heroine was Miss Fanny P'Anson, sister to Mr. Thomas P'Anson, who was Mayor of Richmond (Mr. Speight's Richmond) in 1780. But the author of the song, who was also her husband, and whose name was Leonard MacNally, was actually a Londoner. He was a King's Bench solicitor, and lived in Bedford Row, when that dull, straight street was fashionable, and received at its northern end the breezes from Highgate.

The Lives of the Saints. By the Rev. S. Baring-Gould. New Edition. Vol. I. (John C. Nimmo.)

THE present edition of Mr. Baring-Gould's excellent compilation is to be completed in sixteen volumes, which will be issued monthly. The first edition was contained in one volume less, and was issued at intervals from 1872 to 1877. In his preface to that edition Mr. Baring-Gould dwelt on the magnitude of an attempt to set forth, even briefly, the lives of the saints. He had, in fact, to choose between the two courses of giving an outline, bare of detail, of the life of every saint, and of omitting the less important lives altogether. He adopted the latter plan, which holds good, of course, in the present edition. But with

an exception: Mr. Gould has been struck by the need there is of a more general knowledge of saints who lived in the British islands, and he has accordingly added lives of certain Welsh, Cornish, and English saints whom he had not included in his work. Mr. Baring-Gould's general plan has been to give within the limits imposed by brevity an anecdotal and humanly interesting sketch of each saint. In defence of this plan, he says: "It is the little details of a man's life that give it character, and impress themselves on the memory. People forget the age and parentage of St. Gertrude, but they remember the mouse running up her staff."

The Book of Humbug. By C. J. Wilkey. (Skeffington.)

IN order effectually to lash the follies of the age it is not enough that a man should have an attack of the spleen. Mere ill-temper, a frown, and a curl of the lip will not suffice. The equipment of the sufficient satirist comprises also such qualities as discrimination, a sense of humour, and a polished literary style. Of these Mr. Wilkey possesses but a slender measure, if one should not rather say that he is quite destitute of them all; and his book, therefore, instead of exciting indignation and admiration (indignation against the shams he imagines himself pitilessly to lay bare, and admiration for the courage and brilliancy which he brings to his task) fills us with weariness. Only by a more than usually brutal attack upon some taste which should be criticised gravely, our boredom sometimes is turned to wrath. For example, it is quite competent to Mr. Wilkey to prefer Frith's "Derby Day" to "Beata Beatrix," but he is not therefore to be excused for writing of Rossetti's lovely picture in the terms that he employs.

The Story of the African Crisis. By F. E. Garrett. (Archibald Constable & Co.)

MR. F. E. GARRETT, who is the editor of the *Cape Times*, was only just in time in publishing his book on the crisis brought about by the grievances of the Uitlanders and Dr. Jameson's raid into the Transvaal. The South African Committee, which is now sitting, is crossing the t's and dotting the i's of many things to which Mr. Garrett is forced in his book to deal with speculatively. The work was originally intended for the South African public, but the present edition is for English readers, and is prepared with an introduction dealing specially with the House of Commons inquiry. Mr. Garrett had the great advantage of being on the spot at the Cape, of knowing most of the actors in the great drama, and of getting his news on the subject first hand. He, therefore, did not work under the difficulties which a writer in England would experience in dealing with the same series of events. But, still, though he had the Jameson trial, the trial of the Reformers, the report of the Cape Select Committee, and a mass of Blue Books and Green Books to go upon, his account must be by no means taken as final. Since Mr. Garrett wrote Mr. Rhodes has given his evidence, and many points before

obscure are now cleared up. This process is going on week by week, and so the book must be read side by side with the evidence given before the Committee. The story of the crisis is written in that hysterio-historical style which we have learned to expect from those of the school in which Mr. Garrett was trained.

The Months: Descriptive of the Successive Beauties of the Year. By Leigh Hunt, with Biographical Introduction by William Andrews. (William Andrews & Co.)

A NICKNAME is never forgotten, and we have therefore no right to be surprised at Mrs. Southey's (Caroline Bowles) comment on *The Months*: "A beautiful like work, though the author sometimes betrays the cloven foot of cockneyism." On another passage she remarks, most impatiently, "He knows no more of a flower-garden than what he has acquired from nursing up half-a-dozen flower-pots in a London balcony." But the truth is that Hunt's genuine nature-worship was suburban rather than cockneyfied, and suburbs were "the country" when he knew them. He did not despise the city flower-pot or a nosegay on the breakfast table; but he was most at home in the fields and lanes with the smell of spring in the air, and probably some well-thumbed volume of the poets on his knee. Hedges and cultivation did not disturb his enjoyment, and the simplest beauties gave him delight: "Belle et douce marguerite, aimable sour du roi king-cup, we would tilt for thee with a hundred pens, against the stoutest poet that did not find perfection in thy cheek." His aim is to diffuse happiness through an appreciation of beauty, and to "herald the union of the two best things in the world—the love of nature and the love of each other."

Secrets of the Courts of Europe. By Allen Upward. (Arrowsmith.)

THESE stories profess to give the real inwardness of certain notable events in recent European history: the fall of Bismarck, for instance, the resignation of MacMahon, the purchase of the Suez Canal shares by Disraeli. They are, of course, purely fictitious, although they seem to aim at the attractions of a *roman à clef*. They are put in the mouth of an incredible diplomatist conceived by Mr. Upward as a garrulous old gentleman who leers at the mention of a petticoat and cheats at chess. He would, of course, have been kicked out of any Court in Europe. Some of Mr. Upward's observations are calculated to drive a reader to the verge of imbecility. "It was my good fortune," says His Excellency, "to be honoured with the particular confidence of Pio Nono, for it is by that name that Pius IX. was universally known in his lifetime." By what name would Mr. Upward have him be known? But as the point of the book consists in inventing perfectly gratuitous scandal and attaching it to the names of living people it is only fair to say that the puerility of the proceeding sinks into insignificance beside its bad taste.

FICTION.

Lads' Love. By S. R. Crockett. (Bliss, Sands & Co.)

WHEN a writer has attained to the position enjoyed by Mr. Crockett he loses the right to claim indulgence at the hands of the critic; as he wins success so must his work be submitted to an examination proportionately more severe. Judging *Lads' Love*, therefore, by a high standard, we are compelled to discern, in the midst of much that is tender and touching, a certain crudity and want of finish which impel us to suspect that it has been produced with greater speed than a just regard for his art should have permitted. There is a certain looseness in the construction of the story; the characterisation is sometimes weak, as though consistency had been sacrificed to make way for an incident; and these are just the faults of a ready writer "scribbling" for a too willing and an uncritical public. But when all is said and done, the tale is full of the kind of charm which Mr. Crockett's admirers expect. A youth of the artistic temperament is the hero, and there are three fair damsels, daughters of the soil. Of these the youngest, the Hemptie, wears her skirts too short to be really interesting, though she is very fond of Alec, and they are accustomed to sit together upon opposite sides of the Wishing Well, throwing stones and turf at each other; "this we did because we despised love—or at least the silly kind which requires the sheltered and sequestered corners of orchards for its manifestation." But it was to Nance, the eldest, that Alec's heart was turned; and where he narrates the midnight intrusion of his hero into the society of the three sisters, and the audacious pertinacity which won him three kisses and his wager, Mr. Crockett is at his best. "If ye kiss as well as ye court, ye may try me wi' twa; and if I like them no that ill, I'll see if I canna gi'e ye the last back again, just to be rid o' ye"—this is Nance's pretty word of surrender. The Hemptie becomes the guardian-angel of their loves, watching over Nance while Alec is studying at the medical school of Edinburgh, and guarding her against the machinations of the rich rascal Nathan, and from the beguilements of other lads. The connexion between this slender tale and the fates of Rab An'erson with his offspring, the De'il and the Hoolet, supplies occasion to a seduction, a marriage contract made valid by the presence of three witnesses of whom the parties were not aware, a poaching expedition and other melodramatic incidents, including an attempt at murder, not wholly ineffective, with the subsequent inquest and the appearance of the heroine equipped with a fancy dress and an Irish brogue. Some of the illustrations by Mr. Warwick Goble are dainty and clever; but, in spite of the picture which is placed opposite to p. 196, we are not yet convinced that ten feet is the most convenient distance from which to salute a lady's hand.

Quo Vadis: A Narrative of the Time of Nero. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated by Jeremiah Curtin. (Dent.)

WE understand that *Quo Vadis* divides the suffrages of American novel-readers with Mr. Stimson's *King Noanett*. Henryk Sienkiewicz is a Pole who has already written a striking trilogy on the rise of the Slavonic power in Eastern Europe. The present novel deals with even more momentous *origines*, the spread of Christianity in the Rome of Nero. It has many of the normal qualities of Slavonic fiction, a certain rude vigour of conception and picturesque power over masses of detail, and a certain incapacity to discriminate or to use detail as the background for a plot of vital unity. The hero is a prætorian tribune, Vinicius by name, who becomes a Christian for love of the barbarian girl Lygia. But this love and this conversion leave us cold. Vinicius and Lygia fail to dominate their environment: as in so many an academic picture, human interest is smothered in archæology. Mr. Curtin rightly describes the book as a series of "opening scenes in the conflict of moral ideas with the Roman Empire." A series of scenes, not a novel. But the archæology, as such, is admirable. To the resources of an exhaustive and minute erudition the author adds a power of imagination which enables him to shape his lore into vivid and convincing descriptions. Impressed alike by the unexampled splendour and the unexampled corruption of Imperial Rome, he leads before us a pageant of gorgeous scenes: a morning bath, a banquet at Cæsar's palace, a revel at the Pool of Agrippa, Cæsar on a journey, Cæsar declaiming his verses at the burning of Rome, martyrdoms of Christians in the amphitheatre, the *Sarmenitii* in the gardens. Of the portraits which Herr Sienkiewicz essays the most successful are those of Petronius, the *arbiter elegantiarum*, distinguished among the obscene Neronian rabble not by any higher morality, but by the natural superiority of wit, good nature, and good taste; and Nero himself, the bloated Ahenobarbus, the histrian emperor:

"He wore a white tunic, and a toga of amethyst colour, which cast a bluish tinge on his face. On his head was a laurel wreath. Since his departure from Naples he had increased notably in body. His face had grown wide; under his lower jaw hung a double chin, by which his mouth, always too near his nose, seemed to touch his nostrils. His bulky neck was protected, as usual, by a silk handkerchief, which he arranged from moment to moment with a white and fat hand grown over with red hair, forming as it were bloody stains, which he would not permit the epilatores to pluck, since he had been told that to do so would bring trembling of the fingers and injure his lute-playing. Measureless vanity was depicted then, as at all times, on his face, together with tedium and suffering. On the whole, it was a face both terrible and silly. While advancing, he turned his head from side to side, blinking at times, and listening carefully to the manner in which the multitude greeted him."

With the Christians Herr Sienkiewicz is less successful. His Asiatic manner is not adequate to make us feel the peace of the

early Church as we feel it, for instance, in Marius the Epicurean. Peter and Paul, speaking Scriptural things which to a modern ear must inevitably sound like formulas, are only puppets. And therefore the contrast, which is the essence of the book as conceived, is not really attained: the one side is living, the other conventional.

Will Thou Have This Woman? By J. Maclaren Cobban. (Methuen.)

MR. COBBAN is some time getting under weigh with his story. But when the preliminaries are over, and the characters are being woven in and out of the plot, there is plenty of interest. As soon as we think we have plumbed one mystery, Mr. Cobban whips it out of sight and sets us hot foot on the track of another. Sir William Pierrepont, a wealthy banker of old family, is persecuted by a vulgar actress-wife, a legacy from his salad-days, and hides himself in London. He leaves sealed explanations with a young farmer, Lionel Coverley, who promptly losethem. Coverley, though he knows it not, is the son of the banker's unhappy marriage. The man who does know this is his cousin, Philip Pierrepont, who, with an eye on the inheritance for himself, tries to ruin Coverley. Everything is at sixes and sevens, while Sir William and the papers are missing. But they are found; the virtuous and honest are rewarded, and the intriguing Philip gets a Brummagem heiress. Further interest is afforded by Coverley's two love affairs—the first with a farmer's daughter; the second, which follows hard upon, with another cousin, Adela Pierrepont. Mr. Cobban tells his story freshly and vigorously.

The Adventures of John Johns. By Frederic Carrel. (Bliss, Sands & Co.)

JOHN JOHNS was the son of a Guernsey fisherman, who could barely afford to pay for his education at the local college. We are introduced to John on his arrival in London with a very few shillings in pocket after six years' unprofitable wanderings in Australia. He makes the most of a lucky introduction to a newspaper office. He is pushing and unscrupulous, but as brilliant as a journalist as he is resourceful as a liar. His leading idea is that "it was through women that men climbed fastest; their love was the lever which no barrier withstood," &c. The women of the story were one and all quite unable to withstand John's love, or, rather, what they imagined to be his love. Certainly he used the most impassioned language to each and all of them—language which would not disgrace a halfpenny novelette; and, no doubt, through them he climbed very fast indeed. From the most humble position in the *Planet's* office he rapidly becomes its editor, duly seducing his proprietor's wife, among other women, *en route*, precisely as did Bel Ami. His subsequent adventures include the subjugation of an elderly widow in society with £300,000 of fortune and, on her death, elopement

with an American millionairess on her twenty-first birthday. Much of the book is an undoubtedly clever adaptation to English surroundings of the plot of the French novel. But Mr. Carrel has by no means been so successful in his attempts to rival Maupassant in another way. He lacks the Frenchman's delicate touch in describing in quite unnecessary detail what in English fiction is generally and better left to the imagination. And, even when he is not making love, the bombastic, platitudinous conversation of the hero cannot fail to jar upon the reader's nerves. We can assure Mr. Carrel that there is no real "realism" in making a journalist constantly talk in the language of a gutter-journal's leading article.

The Master Beggars. By L. Hope Cornford. (J. M. Dent & Co.)

In this novel Mr. Cornford has interwoven a pleasant, romantic tale into the historic doings of that swash-buckling horde of insurgents which swept over the Netherlands about the middle of the sixteenth century, in protest against the rule of the Spanish Governor-General, the Duke of Alva. It is a delicately written tale, full of local and contemporary colour, and many of its widely divergent characters are powerfully drawn, though its main plot is, after all, but of small fascination. Now and again Mr. Cornford fails in accuracy in certain matters of (no doubt) small importance. The Church of St. Gudule at Brussels, for instance, was never a cathedral, nor does the Roman Church chime its bells on the last two days of Holy Week. It also jars a little to have monasteries continually referred to as convents, though this is a curiously frequent blunder in English fiction. Such blunders, trifling though they be, may well make the cautious reader uneasy as to the author's accuracy in matters as to which he would be glad of sound information.

The Career of Claudia. By Frances Mary Peard. (Bentley.)

This is a difficult novel to criticise. It is a good deal above the ruck of magazine fiction; yet it is trammelled much by the same conventions. That Claudia's career is destined to early frustration is, for instance, a foregone conclusion: the magazine public would never tolerate a girl who succeeded as a landscape gardener! Hence Claudia must fall in love. We like her much better at her landscape gardening, and so, we suspect, did the author. In truth, Claudia the emancipated is a delightful girl—serious, enthusiastic, and generous—a girl of no humour described by a woman of a good deal. Claudia does not want men to assist her fads: "they just take it as a new variety of flirting"; but two men *do* meddle, and the end is quickly in view. The tale does not lack subtlety, the author knows how to produce a definite impression without being brutally obvious; and certain *nuances* (a mental family likeness, for example) are very cleverly used. It may be allowable to remark, however, that an intelligent girl like Claudia should not be permitted to talk nonsense about "opposing the laws of

political economy" as if they were a system of ethics; also that she twice says "who" when she should say "whom." But these—and a very ugly binding—are trifling blemishes in a clever book.

Out of the Darkness. By Percy Fendall and Fox Russell. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

THE problem of the authors is to evolve out of a particularly unhappy marriage the happy ending which the healthy novel-reader continues to desire. The task is performed with some adroitness; and a somewhat exaggerated regard for the conventions of fiction does not prevent the book from being very pleasant reading. Sir Eustace Bevan, Q.C., goes into the country to recruit after a break-down. There he meets Monica Stanforth, and a friendship drifts unconsciously into love. It is a very innocent attachment—a term which cannot be applied to the vagaries of Sir Eustace's wife. Lady Bevan quarrels with her lover on account of that gentleman's projected alliance with an American heiress, and threatens to reveal all to her husband. Thereafter matters hasten to a crisis, which is, however, averted by the sudden death of the faithless wife. Perhaps the best-drawn characters in the book are Lady Bevan herself and a breezy old admiral of the type one finds in *Rosemary*. Certain of the scenes—as the courtship of the village doctor—are not free from a suspicion of buffoonery, though other chapters give evidence that at least one of the authors possesses genuine and spontaneous humour. It would appear, however, that neither of them knows much of Wagner, or they would not have made the heroine "sit down to the piano and rattle through the 'Ride of the Valkyries' with a good deal of unnecessary vigour."

A Matter of Temperament. By Caroline Fothergill. (A. & C. Black.)

THIS book would be dull if it were not so ingenuous. Simplicity is, indeed, its keynote—simplicity of plot, and a simplicity of character which, perhaps, ought not to be allowed to stray out of real life. We all know the kind of man whom the author chooses for her hero—a feeble, fickle character, unstable as water, and, like water, very prone to run down grade in the absence of any restraining influence. The restraining influence in the novel is Henrietta, who has to leave her *fiancé*, the doctor, to go to Egypt in attendance on an invalid sister. One closes the book with a sense of pity for the stout-hearted Henrietta, who in the end does not fear to marry as flabby a creature as any man-hater could desire to make a hero of.

The Jucklins. By Opie Read. (A. & C. Black.)

If one may suggest that Mr. Opie Read has read *Lorna Doone*, it is only to indicate that he has caught the fine romantic spirit of Mr. Blackmore's book. His hero, curiously

enough, is not unlike the great John Ridd, being big of stature and strong of soul. But it is in the clear and nervous style of the book that the greatest charm is found. It is a book with individuality. One will read far before finding a more delightful character than brave old Jim Jucklin, whose passion for cock-fighting is hardly kept in check by his reverence for the Scriptures—"kiver to kiver."

"I'm a good Church member and all that sort of thing; I believe the Book from one end to the other; believe that the whale swallowed Jonah—I don't care if its throat ain't bigger than a hoe-handle; believe that the vine grew up in the night and withered at mornin'; believe that old Samson killed all them fellers with the jawbone—believe everything, as I tell you, from start to finish; but I'll be blamed if I can keep from fightin' chickens to save my life."

He compromises by permitting no combats on Sunday, and merely communing affectionately with the fowls, "though," he soliloquises, "how a preacher can eat a game rooster is beyond my understandin'." That deplorable incident had really happened—a much sadder reminiscence to him than the memorable occasion in which he allowed "Sam" and "Bob" to fight to a finish, and gave them honourable burial in Mrs. Jucklin's best lace curtain. The plot of the book is thick with the sort of incidents one would expect to find in North Carolina, where revolvers are handy and where antagonism to the new teacher reaches the point of blockading him in the schoolhouse and burning it over his head. Altogether, as bright and refreshing a tale as ever came eastwards. *The Jucklins* is an oasis in the desert of ordinary novels, for which one wanderer, at least, acknowledges his gratitude.

Margot. By Sidney Pickering. (Lawrence & Bullen.)

SHE a private secretary, "about five and thirty, good-looking, with tired eyes and a sprinkling of grey on his thick, close-cut hair," to play the innocent spy on an art student in Paris, "rather small, very young-looking, pretty, and a lady"; and only one thing can happen. But it is quite outside of the expectations that the lady should turn out to have a husband exiled in Siberia, and that that gentleman should turn out to have a previous wife who is still alive. These are a few of the complications which help to make Mr. Pickering's book excellent reading. The double secret is well kept, only enough of it being allowed to escape to spread the conventional atmosphere of mystery over the earlier part of the story. Add to that, with the usual love interest, a slightly burlesque flavour of Nihilism, and you get the chief ingredients of *Margot*. It is hardly necessary to say that the tangled skein is straightened out in the end—that Margot marries the secretary, who has by that time become the heir of her father's wealth. It is a clever book. To say that it is not quite convincing is to apply a standard which would be disastrous to ninety-nine novels out of a hundred.

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THE WEEK.

CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

[This article is a chronicle of books published during the week. Reviews will follow in due course.]

THE TREASURE OF THE HUMBLE. M. MAETERLINCK's book of essays, *Le Trésor des Humbles*, has been in the hands of a few English readers for more than a year. For the same period its English version has been awaited by a larger band to whom, perhaps, the very title, *The Treasure of the Humble*, appealed. There is great virtue in titles, and this one aims at the heart and hits it. Mr. Alfred Sutro, the translator, has not given us all the essays. He has left out the three on "Emerson," "Novalis," and "Ruysbroeck l'Admirable." Mr. A. B. Walkley contributes an introduction, and his first care is to warn English readers of the difficulties of Maeterlinck's thought and style.

"With M. Maeterlinck as a dramatist the world is pretty well acquainted. This volume presents him in the new character of a philosopher and an aesthetician. And it is in some sort an 'apology' for his theatre, the one being to the other as theory to practice. Reversing the course prescribed by Mr. Squeers for his pupils, M. Maeterlinck, having cleaned w-i-n-d-o-w, winder, now goes and spells it. He began by visualising and synthetising his ideas of life; here you shall find him trying to analyse these ideas and consumed with anxiety to tell us the truth that is in him. It is not a truth for all markets; he is at no pains to conceal that. He appeals, as every mystic must, to the elect; M. Anatole France would say to the *âmes bien nées*. If we are not sealed of the tribe of Plotinus, he warns us to go elsewhere. 'If, plunging thine eyes into thyself'—it is this same Plotinus that he is quoting—'thou dost not feel the charm of beauty, it is in vain that, thy disposition being such, thou shouldst seek the charm of beauty; for thou wouldst

seek it only with that which is ugly and impure. Therefore it is that the discourse we hold here is not addressed to all men.' If we are to follow him in his expedition to a philosophic Ultima Thule, we must have the mind for that adventure. . . . This means that the intelligence, the reason, will not suffice of themselves; we must have faith. There are passages in the book which may provoke a sniff from Mr. Worldly Wiseman; but we must beware of the Voltairian spirit, or this will be a closed book to us. 'We live by admiration, hope, and love,' said Wordsworth. And we understand by them, M. Maeterlinck would add. I fear we are not all of us found worthy of the mystical frame of mind. But it is a psychological fact, like another; and if we can only examine it from the outside we can at least bring patience and placidity to the task. The point is, has M. Maeterlinck anything to say? It will be found, I think, that he has."

A BOOK OF ESSAYS.

MR. ST. J. LOE STRACHEY has reprinted, after revision, a number of his contributions to the *Spectator*. From *Grace to Gay* is the general title under which they now appear in four groups: "Studies in Seriousness," "Literary Studies," "The Puritans," and "Humours of the Fray." In a modest introduction Mr. Strachey makes his bow as a journalist entering the field of authorship. "But," he writes, "though I am a journalist,

"I expect that my real reason for coming before the public with a book of previously printed matter is very much like that of regular authors. I want to try my luck like the rest, and to see whether I cannot get a certain number of readers to agree with me on the topics I have chosen. I shall be specially pleased if I can do so in the essays I have called 'The Puritans,' for there I have tried to show that the Puritans were not the harsh, dull sectaries they are so often described, but, in their truest and worthiest representatives, men inspired with the love of beauty in literature and art, and, above all, men of the noblest and widest patriotism."

OTHER BOOKS. *Memories of Hawthorne*, by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, consists mainly of letters written by Sophia Hawthorne to her husband and friends. They describe the days of her engagement to Nathaniel Hawthorne, her early married life at Salem, the life of the family at Liverpool during Hawthorne's Consulate, and the travels of the family in Italy. *The Connoisseur*, by Frederick S. Robinson, is a series of essays "On the Romantic and Picturesque Associations of Art and Artists." The author acknowledges indebtedness for some of his material to Sir J. C. Robinson, Her Majesty's Surveyor of Pictures, and formerly superintendent of the art collections of the South Kensington Museum. The subjects treated of by Mr. Robinson include "What People Collect," "The Ideal Collector," "Vogue and Prices," "Famous Collections," "Pliny the Elder and Horace Walpole," "Art and War," &c. *Naples in the Nineties*, by E. Neville-Rolfe, is a sequel to the author's *Naples in 1888*. Mr. Neville-Rolfe is British Consul for South Italy, and it is evident that for him the instruction to "see Naples and die" reads: See Naples and write about it. We notice that the first chapter of this book contains a

curious account of the annual miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius. "The Temple Dramatists" series is continued in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, which is edited by Mr. C. H. Herford, who discusses the Shakespeare-Fletcher authorship of the play, sufficiently indicating the tendency of his own opinions by making Fletcher's portrait the frontispiece to the volume. It was Fletcher of Saltoun who said that if he could write a nation's songs he cared not who made its laws; but he has other claims, not too well known, on the memory of all good Scots. He now finds a place in the "Famous Scots" series, and has his biography written in due fulness and order by Mr. G. W. T. Omond. It appears that the only biography of Fletcher has been a volume of *Essays on the Life and Writings of Fletcher of Saltoun and the Poet Thomson*, written by the Earl of Buchan, and published in 1792. This, however, is pronounced inaccurate by Mr. Omond, who adds the interesting fact that Rousseau was asked to write Fletcher's biography and was furnished with materials. He neither wrote the one nor returned the other. There was room, therefore, for a systematic attempt to recover the threads of Fletcher's life and weave them into a connected story. Mr. Omond seems to have had every assistance. A handsomely published book is Mrs. Ernest Hart's *Picturesque Burma*. Mrs. Hart visited Burma with her husband for health and enjoyment in 1895—her book was an afterthought. But Mrs. Hart begins it with a eulogy of Burma which shows that her impressions of the country were profound enough to justify this literary undertaking.

MISS BRADDON describes herself on the title of her fifty-seventh novel as the author of

FICTION. *Lady Audley's Secret*—her first. *Under Love's Rule* is a story of extravagant living and suicide; but the clouds turn a silver lining on the night; and the last chapter, "The Sweet Uses of Adversity," may be approached with confidence by those who insist on happy endings. There are a great many ways of making love: Mr. L. Dougall has made a selection and called it *A Dozen Ways of Love*. "Young Love," "Witchcraft," "The Syndicate Baby," and "The Girl who Believed in the Saints" are the titles of four of these sketches. Mr. Dougall's last book was *The Madonna of a Day*. A title of the prolix order is *A Farrago of Folly: Being Some Vagaries and Verboisities of Two Vulgarians*, by George Gamble. Mr. Gamble believes in his heroine so thoroughly that he dedicates his book to her—a rather bewildering proceeding. *A Prince of Tyrons* is a title of old Irish chieftain life in the time of Elizabeth. Its emotional key-note is indicated by the following lines from an "old manuscript" which face the title-page:

"Our life is like a narrow raft,
Afloat upon the hungry sea.
Hereon is but a little space,
And each man, eager for a place,
Doth thrust his brother in the sea.
And so our life is wan with fears,
And so the sea is salt with tears;
Ah, well is thee thou art asleep."

Another novel with an historical basis is *Triscombe Stone*, by Portland Board Akerman and Norman Hurst. The authors lay their story in the time of Monmouth's Rebellion, but base it "upon facts that we believe have never been hitherto used by novelists." *Fierceheart the Soldier*, by J. C. Snaith, is yet another historically flavoured story, its time 1745. The first chapter opens racily with an argument between a Parson and a General over a chess-board.

"Nightly they fought with the aid of a bowl, a box of the best high-dried, and a quarrel. They were the finest quarrellers of their time; it was the General's power to say a sour thing sweetly, and to smile resistance down; while the Parson rejoiced in a gift of insolence surpassing Johnson."

This opening to the tale is also its finish. The Parson and the General are again found playing chess; the story palpitates between the two games. A story of more modern military life is *Scarlet and Steel*, by E. Livingston Prescott. The author evidently holds strong views about military as distinct from ethical crimes, and on the effects of the punishments awarded for such.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

[In the following list prices are given where they have been supplied by publishers.]

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

THE HEBREWS IN EGYPT AND THEIR EXODUS. By Alexander Wheelock Thayer. E. S. Willcox (Peoria).
NOTES ON THE PROPHET JEREMIAH. By Charles H. Waller, D.D. Eyre & Spottiswoode. 1s.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMORIES OF HAWTHORNE. By Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d.

POETRY.

SELECT POEMS OF ROBERT BURNS. By Andrew J. George. M.A. Isbister & Co. 3s. 6d.
AN ODE FOR VICTORIA DAY. By Samuel Jefferson. George Blackie & Son. 1s.

FICTION.

ELEMENTARY JANE. (By Richard Pryce. Hutchinson & Co. 6s.
THE DAGGER AND THE CROSS. By Joseph Hatton. Hutchinson & Co. 6s.
HIS DAUGHTER. By W. L. Alden. Neville Beeman, Ltd. 2s.
THE BIRTHRIGHT. By Joseph Hocking. James Bowden.
ANGELA'S LOVER. By Dorothea Gerard. A. Constable & Co. 1s.
ANGUS MURRAY. By Helen Davis. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 6s.
HER MAJESTY'S GREATEST SUBJECT. By S. S. Thorburn. Archibald Constable & Co. 3s. 6d.
TALES FROM THE ISLES OF GREECE. Translated from the Greek of Argyris Epthalotis by W. H. D. Rouse. J. M. Dent & Co.
THE KNIGHT'S TALE. By F. Emily Phillips. William Blackwood & Sons.
THE KESTYNS OF CATHER CASTLE. By Robey F. Eldridge. Digby, Long & Co. 6s.
A GALAHAD OF THE CREEKS, AND OTHER STORIES. By S. Lovett-Yeats. Longmans, Green & Co.
THE WHIRLPOOL. By George Gissing. Lawrence & Bullen.
IN THE NAME OF LIBERTY. By Florence Marryat. Digby, Long & Co. 6s.
A FARRAGO OF FOLLY. By George Gamble. T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d.
A PRINCE OF TYRONE. By Charlotte Fennell and J. P. O'Callaghan. William Blackwood & Sons.
TRISCOMBE STONE. By Portland B. Akerman and Norman Hurst. Bliss, Sands & Co. 6s.
BEHIND THE STARS. By E. Longworth Dames. T. Fisher Unwin. 1s. 6d.
A NOBLE HAUL. By W. Clark Russell. T. Fisher Unwin. 1s.

SCARLET AND STEEL. By E. Livingston Prescott. Hutchinson & Co. 6s.
UNDER LOVE'S RULE. By M. E. Braddon. Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 6s.
FIERCEHEART THE SOLDIER. By F. C. Snaith. A. D. Innes & Co. 6s.

BELLES LETTRES.

A SATIRY-CALL DIALOGUE. By William Goddard. Edited by John S. Farmer. Privately printed.
THE CONNOISSEUR. By Frederick S. Robinson. George Redway. 7s. 6d.

DRAMA.

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN. Edited by C. H. Herford. J. M. Dent & Co.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

NOTES ON THE KURIL ISLANDS. By Captain H. T. Snow, F.R.G.S. John Murray. 4s.
PICTURESQUE BURMA. By Mrs. Ernest Hart. J. M. Dent & Co.

MEDICINE.

A SYSTEM OF MEDICINE. Edited by Thomas Clifford Allbutt. Macmillan & Co. 25s. net.

FOREIGN.

LAZARILLO DE TORMES. Publicado á sus Expensas H. Butter Clarke, M.A. B. H. Blackwell (Oxford).

EDUCATIONAL.

JOURNAL: SATIRES XI, XIII, XIV. Edited by A. H. Allcroft, M.A. W. B. Olive. 3s. 6d.
A COURSE OF ELEMENTARY EXPERIMENTS FOR STUDENTS OF PRACTICAL INORGANIC CHEMISTRY. By Chapman Jones. Sampson Low. 2s. 6d.
SPINER: THE FARRIE QUEENE. BOOK I. Edited by W. H. Hill, M.A. 2s. 6d.
BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. Edited by John Morrison, M.A. Macmillan & Co.

NEW EDITIONS.

THE WORKS OF HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Bliss, Sands & Co. 3s. 6d.
MARY BARTON. By Mrs. Gaskell. Bliss, Sands & Co. 1s. 6d.

PERIODICALS.

ST. NICHOLAS. VOL. XXIV.: PART I. The Century Co. and Macmillan & Co.
THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. VOL. LIII.: NOV.—APRIL, 1897. The Century Co. and Macmillan & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BOARD OF REGENTS OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.
STANFORD'S MAP OF CENTRAL LONDON. Edward Stanford. 3s. 6d.
COMENIUS' SCHOOL OF INFANCY. Edited by Will S. Monroe. Isbister & Co. 2s. 6d.
WOOD FINISHING. Edited by Paul N. Hasluck. Cassell & Co. 2s. 6d.
COSMOPOLIS. VOL. V.: JAN., FEB., MARCH, 1897. T. Fisher Unwin.
FAIRM AND GARDEN INSECTS. By William Somerville. Macmillan & Co. 1s.
OUTSPOKEN ESSAYS. By Ernest Belfort Bax. William Reeves. 2s. 6d.

NOTES AND NEWS.

BIOGRAPHIES and reminiscences of Mr. Coventry Patmore are in the air. Mr. Gosse was originally chosen to do the "Life" by the poet himself, who, however, later decided that only a Catholic could adequately treat the mystical side of his thought and work. He therefore approached a Catholic, who had also become his closest friend, on the subject, to whom he gave a number of highly interesting letters addressed to himself and to his father by the leading men of letters of their time. Whether a biography will ever take shape at the hands of this friend is, we believe, altogether uncertain.

MEANWHILE, Mr. F. G. Stephens is understood to have in hand a Memoir of the poet,

with whom he was on terms of friendship from the days of *The Germ*, while it is to be hoped that Mr. Frederick Greenwood, who is one of the executors, may pay some sort of tribute to one to whom he was closely united by ties of affection and of literary association. Mr. Basil Champneys, by the way, who wrote the admirable Memoir of Mr. Patmore which appeared in *The Guardian*, is about to design a memorial for his grave.

MR. FRANCIS THOMPSON'S volume of *New Poems*, shortly to be published by Messrs. Constable & Co., will be dedicated to Mr. Coventry Patmore in the following lines:

"Lo, my book thinks to look Time's leaguer down

Under the banner of your spread renown;
Or, if these levies of impuissant rhyme
Fall to the overthrow of assaulting Time,
Yet this one page shall fend oblivious shame.
Armed with your crested and prevailing name."

THE scheme of the New Century Theatre has been carried a little farther, and a prospectus of the first season is now to be obtained, wherein dates of the opening performances are given and promises of further productions are made. This is encouraging. On May 3 will begin the first of four series of *matinées*. Ibsen's new play, "John Gabriel Borkman," will be the play with which the venture will start. Afterwards, in the autumn, we are to see "Admiral Guinea," by Mr. Henley and the late R. L. Stevenson; and, subsequently, a portion of Ibsen's dramatic poem "Peer Gynt," with Grieg's music. Thirty-two shillings purchase a stall for the four productions, twenty-five shillings a dress circle seat, and ten shillings an upper box.

THE provisional committee of the New Century Theatre consists of Miss Robins, Mr. Archer, Mr. Massingham, and Mr. Sutro. Mr. Sutro is also the hon. secretary and manager. The aim of the executive, says the prospectus, is "to provide a permanent machinery for the production, from time to time, of plays of intrinsic interest which find no place on the stage in the ordinary way of theatrical business. At the same time, they would have it clearly understood that they do not go in search of the esoteric, the eccentric, or the mystic; that they are devoted to no special school or tendency; that their productions will not be exclusively 'literary,' in the narrow sense of the word, and still less educational or instructive; that they do not propose, in a word, to present the undramatic drama in any of its disguises. They will welcome all *acting plays*, of a certain standard of intrinsic merit, which are likely to interest the intelligent public to whom they appeal."

MR. H. G. WELLS'S new romance, *The War of the Worlds*, which begins in the current number of *Pearson's Magazine*, has rich promise. The scheme of the story as unfolded in this first instalment is tremendous—no less than an attack made upon our world by the dwellers on Mars, grown desperate by the contemplation of the fate in store for them when the cooling of their own planet is complete.

THE immediate pressure of necessity, says Mr. Wells, using the historic present, has brightened the intellects of the dwellers on Mars, enlarged their powers, and hardened their hearts. "And looking across space, with instruments and intelligences such as we can only dream of vaguely, they see at its nearest distance, only 35,000,000 of miles sunward of them, a morning star of hope, our own warmer planet, green with vegetation and grey with water, with a cloudy atmosphere eloquent of fertility, with glimpses through its drifting cloud wisps of broad stretches of populous country and narrow navy-crowded seas."

THE story must be read by every one who esteems thrills. His calm, merciless method—so often a manifestation of the scientific mind—his convincing trick of verisimilitude, his dispassionate accumulation of terrifying evidence, describing horror on horror without more emotion than an appraiser's clerk would show—these gifts, allied to a very remarkable imagination, make any work of Mr. Wells notable and worthy of attention.

In the same number of *Pearson's Magazine* several novelists name the rate at which they are in the habit of writing. The request for these particulars, says the writer of the article, grew out of the statement that a certain well-known author writes at the rate of 6,000 words a day. Anthony Trollope, it will be remembered, averaged 10,000 words a week, though occasionally he did 25,000. Some of the figures of modern writers are tabulated below:

Mr. W. L. Alden ...	4,000
Mr. Frankfort Moore ...	4,000
Mr. Robert Barr ...	4,000
"John Strange Winter" ...	3,000
	to
	4,000
Mr. Conan Doyle ...	1,500
	to
	2,000
Mr. Max Pemberton ...	1,500
Mr. W. Le Queux ...	1,500
Sir Walter Besant ...	1,000
"John Oliver Hobbes" ...	150

ONE or two writers give less emphatic answers. Mr. H. G. Wells wrote *The Island of Dr. Moreau* and *The Wonderful Visit* at the rate of 7,000 words a day, but has since given up the practice; "George Egerton" does not write regularly enough to be any guide; Mr. Crockett has done as many as 5,000 words and as few as 800, and has been equally satisfied with both; Mr. Hall Caine is content to produce 6,000 words in three or four days; Mr. Rider Haggard works too irregularly to be able to compute a daily output.

LASTLY come "Ian Maclaren" and the author of *Lorna Doone*, with another kind of reply. Ian Maclaren considers his experience in writing so slight that he does not think it becoming to give any statement to the public as to his speed of production. Mr. R. D. Blackmore says:

"The proper point about a book—
Or be it praised or smitten—
Is not to ask how long it took,
But what it is when written."

THE ninth and concluding volume of Mr. Charles Booth's monumental work on the *Life and Labour of the People in London* is due on the 13th of this month. The nine volumes of this valuable series have occupied ten years in appearing, the first having been published in 1887. The new volume begins with seven chapters of comparisons. Trade is compared with trade according to the apparent poverty of those engaged in it, and again according to the average earnings. Then comparisons are made as to the proportions born in or out of London and living in the inner or outer portions of London: as to the numbers in family and proportion of dependents; as to the ages of those at work; as to the proportions of employers and employed; and, finally, as to increase or decrease in the numbers employed during recent decades. Then follows a detailed abstract of the whole work, which will be found of considerable use as showing the great scope and variety of the subjects dealt with and facilitating reference to any point on which information may be desired. The authors of the volume are Mr. Charles Booth and Mr. Ernest Aves. Mr. George H. Duckworth prepared the abstracts. The publishers are Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

ALTHOUGH this volume closes the series which has *Life and Labour of the People in London* as its title, Mr. Booth's inquiry is not yet over. Before he considers his work done another stage must be completed. This last stage in the inquiry will take cognisance of the influences by which the conditions of life in London are now affected for good or evil. These include such subjects as drink and early marriages, charity and its organisation, and the work of the religious bodies. The final completion of the work is promised in three years.

THE new volume of *The Century* magazine, which Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have just issued, brings to mind Mr. Bret Harte's ballad of "The Aged Stranger." So rich are its pages in pictures and articles relating to the War that "I was with Grant" might be the book's motto. Indeed, "I was with Grant" might have been the motto of almost every number of *The Century* that as yet has been published.

At a meeting of the Anglo-Russian Literary Society, held at the Imperial Institute on April 6, a paper by Miss Gertrude Shepherd was read by Mr. E. Delmar Morgan on the principal "Heroines of Turgueniev." After pointing out the great moral influence which Turgueniev assigns to women in the development of Russia, forty years ago, the writer expatiated on the variety of types and the skill with which each is described; the vivid impression made by the principal women; the delicacy with which Turgueniev conveys impressions, for instance, of a woman's feelings, in a few words; the clever manner in which the development of character is traced, the beauty and charm of individual woman. The paper ended with a few words contrasting the younger women of Turgueniev with their English contemporaries.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING, who must now have enough short stories for a volume to succeed *Many Inventions* and *Life's Handicap*, has just delivered to the editor of the *American* magazine a new story, entitled "Number 007."

MR. RIDER HAGGARD has finished a new novel dealing with Boer life, entitled *The Swallow*.

THE title which Mr. Harry Furniss has chosen for his book on Parliamentary life—*Men and Manners in Parliament*—is dangerously near the title chosen by Mr. Lucy for the somewhat similar work which he wrote twenty and more years ago. The difference between them is merely an "s," Mr. Lucy's volume being called *Men and Manner in Parliament*. Mr. Furniss's book, which will, of course, be illustrated, is to be published by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.

THE last piece of literary work—finished only a few days before his death—which Lord Plunket wrote was an introduction to an English translation of Dr. Wilken's book on *Spanish Protestants in the Sixteenth Century*, shortly to be published by Mr. Heinemann. The late Archbishop's introduction represents the historical basis of his desire that a new Protestant Bishop of Spain might be consecrated with the view of setting on foot a new Reformation in that country.

MR. CLEMENT SHORTER has been commissioned by Mr. James Bowden to write a volume on *Sixty Years of Victorian Literature*. The book will be issued at two shillings, and will be ready before the festivities in June. A discreet silence will be maintained as to the younger reputations of the last decade.

A LONG poem by Mr. George Meredith will probably be acquired by the editor of *Cosmopolis*.

THE seventeenth annual Whitechapel Fine Art Exhibition will be opened next Wednesday by the Earl of Crewe at four o'clock. Prof. Herkomer will deliver an address in the evening on the work of Mr. G. F. Watts, which will be represented in the exhibition by no fewer than eighty-seven of his pictures, including the majority of those belonging to the Little Holland House gallery.

THE forthcoming number of the *Scottish Review* will contain an article by Mr. F. Legge upon "Primitive Religion and Primitive Magic," in which the writer seeks to show the origin of the priesthood among uncivilised peoples.

MESSRS. BELL will publish shortly, in four volumes, a selection of seventy of Vasari's "Lives," edited and annotated by Messrs. E. H. and E. W. Blashfield and Mr. A. A. Hopkins. The translation used is that of Mr. Foster. This edition is entirely distinct from the complete new translation of Vasari which Mr. Horatio Brown is preparing for Messrs. Bell to issue later.

THE ONLOOKER.

PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

THANKS to the excellence of M. Hérélle's translations of Gabriel d'Annunzio's remarkable novels, this modern Italian has been cordially adopted in France, and may now be said to have a place in French literature. Except Byron, no foreign writer has ever enjoyed such a triumph. The doors of the two reviews—*La Revue des Deux Mondes* and *La Revue de Paris*—are wide open to his fame, and he is enthroned in each more royally even than any French master of the day. The austere Brunetière can forsake the frozen altitudes of predicative literature to welcome this voluptuous recruit; and, bewildered by the fire and radiance of his genius, discover an unwonted tolerance of his extravagances, his viciousness, and monstrous obscenities. The critic who has lashed the realists of France has not a word of censure for the morbid, turbulent sensualism of this Italian "child of the century." All the critics have written laudatory and sympathetic articles about this adopted favourite—Messrs. de Vogüé, Lemaitre, Laroumenet—and a new book by him is as much an event in the world of French letters as a book by Loti, Bourget, or France.

His last, *Les Vierges aux Rochers*, the first of the Lily series, of which two are in preparation, speedily followed in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* his striking and terrible *Triomphe de la Mort*. It is weaker in every way, both in construction and in analysis. The fatal lack in Annunzio is humour, alas! which makes his books heavy reading. There are splendid pages in this new volume, as might be expected from such an essential poet and artist, and there is something indescribably stately in the morose and fallen splendour of the Italian household he so brilliantly, poetically depicts. But nothing could be more grotesque than the picture of three superbly beautiful young women waiting for the hero, their guest and cousin, to make his choice and name the elected one. Like maidens in a naïve legend, they stand before the young sultan, with folded hands and quiet eyes, without any sense of rivalry or impatience, and each day the hero finds different reasons why it should be Anatolia, Masinnila, or Violante. He is enamoured of all three, and yet the handkerchief is not thrown. He departs, leaving these exquisite maidens to their tristful and harmonious solitude. There is one charming little picture in this uneventful and meaningless reverie of a sensual and conceited youth one cannot help connecting with the writer's own individuality. The type stands for the hero of all his books: morbid, fatuous, bestial, and artistic. He draws with a sure and vigorous hand the Siege of Gaëta, and evokes the noble silhouette of the young queen:

"An immense cry of joy and love saluted the apparition of the queen on the esplanade where shot hailed. She advanced with an audacious step, with all the supple grace of her nineteen years, in a tight bodice as splendid as armour, smiling under the plumes of her felt hat. Without a blink of lid at the whistle of the balls, she fixed her glance on the soldiers, as

intoxicating as the wave of a flag; and beneath this glance, pride seemed to widen wounds, while those who were not wounded envied the glory of a blood-stain. . . . 'Ah, how lovely she was and how worthy of her throne!' exclaimed the prince. Her presence had a magnetic power over the soldiers. When she was by, each one felt a lion. The 22nd of January was the most glorious day of the siege, because she remained all night on the batteries."

Turning from Annunzio to a lesser light of naturalism, M. Paul Alexis, one understands why the austere and trenchant critic, M. Brunetière, is so hard on the French article and so lenient to the more exuberant Italian. At his worst Annunzio is always a poet, while a writer like M. Alexis is merely nasty and brutal. *La Comtesse* is a collection of obscene and worthless trivialities, supposed to be realistic studies of Parisian life. Oddly enough, one of the studies is of an eccentric who, just as others who love money, power, glory, wit, women, wine, play, or fishing, adores filth. Not haphazard filth, the writer explains, which is but an accident, but "thick and unctuous filth," finding his pleasure in it as a pig does. Lighting upon these coarse, crude pages, the exasperated reader cries "Halt"! If sin on paper must be, give us the perfumed folly of Annunzio's eternal lost hero. He may weary us, but we have no occasion to hold our noses.

Saphir, by M. Charles Buet, is the everlasting slice of Parisian life. Do these dear Parisians never weary of their Paris; never aspire to get beyond it; see, think, feel beyond it? As if this Paris of *rustaqueres*, of vulgar bankers, and dazzling *demi-mondaines* were all that is to be seen and known of the real Paris. Of the studious, honest, laborious, unselfish, austere, and scientific aspects of its life, never a word; of its virtue, self-sacrifice, poverty, and abnegation, no hint. Always, and inevitably, the group of foreigners (princes, barons, jockeys, and milords, English, Polish, Peruvian, and Austrian) of doubtful origin and still more doubtful means of existence, cocottes and heartless women of the world. Banquets, jewels, impossible splendours of toilet and establishment, light, frequently witty chatter, crisp but worthless characterisation, and the usual abuse of women: these are the ingredients for the insignificant society novel, here as well as in London; only here the writing is better, the forms more finished, and the observation finer. More original are the tales of M. Robert Scheffer comprised in the volume *Le Prince Narcisse*. Here there is some kind of distinction, a personal point of view, and an approach to art.

NEW BOOKS.

Le Prince Narcisse. Robert Scheffer.
La Comtesse. Paul Alexis.
Saphir. Charles Buet.
Les Vierges aux Rochers. Gabriel d'Annunzio.
Les Deux Rives. Fernand Vandérem.

NOTICE.

In consequence of the Easter holidays, the ACADEMY will be published next week on Thursday Morning instead of on Friday.

CHARLES LEVER.

THERE are certain authors whom one always associates with bad type and bad editions—with more words to the pages and more pages to the book than is at all desirable. Dickens is one of these, but Lever is the capital instance, and perhaps that is why people seldom read him after the age when they have come to realise that eyesight needs to be economised. For that reason one welcomes Messrs. Downey's project of a handsome edition, printed by Constable, on very creditable, though scarcely ideal, paper. Nowadays, when half the novels read as if they had been written during the influenza, animal spirits are cheap at any price, and nowhere are they to be had so easily as in a volume of Lever.

That is Lever's essential quality, the stock-in-trade with which he started; one has only to re-read his first book, *Harry Lorrequer*, to be quite sure about this. When he wrote it, as it appeared in the Dublin University Magazine fifty years ago, he was just thirty, simply the country doctor at Portstewart, a remote little town of co. Antrim. All the experience of life that he possessed was gained by a career in Trinity College, Dublin, and by a few years' exercise of his profession. The profession in itself pleased Lever, and there is no other which gives a man so deep and so wide an insight into human nature; yet the whole offered no great capital for a writer to draw upon—but how inexhaustible it seemed in his hands! In his preface to the collected edition of 1872 he notes himself the prodigality of this first book. As he grew older and left medicine for the diplomatic service, he gained a considerable accession of knowledge, his point of view changed, from farce he drifted towards comedy, his wit grew wittier if somewhat less lighthearted, his commentary on life was more searching, and superficially the character of his work changed a good deal. Yet fundamentally his method remains the same. It is always he himself who provides the entertainment; one never forgets Lever in his characters. With the most extraordinary fertility of brilliant improvisation, he was incapable, or almost incapable, of sustained invention. *Harry Lorrequer* began as a series of detached sketches; and scarcely any of his novels attained to the dignity of a compact and developed plot. Like Scott, he began a story without knowing where it was going; but, unlike Scott, he had not the art to draw the whole into a unity of action. His best novels are simply the recital of scenes in the life of a particular person, not connected by any continuous thread or intrigue; and in a chief faculty of the artist, the art of construction, he must be pronounced almost wholly deficient. You may begin to read him wherever you like and it will make very little difference to your enjoyment; but, after all, the important thing is that he remains enjoyable.

A great many people talk about Lever as if he were fit only for the school-room. In most cases that is because they have not re-read him; if it were a genuine opinion it would argue stupidity

Lever, it is true, belonged to a generation which had a robust taste in humour; he lived in the era of practical jokes; and in addition to that he had the fortune or misfortune to be illustrated by Phiz, who accentuated the horseplay and the farcical types of his characters. But the buffoonery is only an excrescence; he had above all the personal magnetism of a born storyteller, that easy flow of light description, which, without tedium or hurry, leads up to the point; and that extraordinary memory for stories which left his imagination nothing to do but to fill in picturesque details. A gentleman who lived at Portstewart when *Harry Lorrequer* was coming out in monthly parts remembers how he used to conquer the extreme shyness of his boyhood and creep into the drawing-room when Dr. Lever was there, to hear him rattling on in just the same pleasant way as in the printed pages. Lever's early attempts confined themselves chiefly to humorous narrative, in which he had felt his feet; but even in *Harry Lorrequer* there is already one masterpiece of grave storytelling—the adventure of Trevanion, an English officer, who dealt with a French duellist during the occupation of Paris. Another master of narrative, William Napier, has told the story—a true one—in one of the letters printed in his life; and to compare the two is to get a good notion of the vivid little inventions by which Lever brings the scene before one. As he made his hand, he widened his choice of themes; pathos and even tragedy came well within his range, quite real in their way. Even Dickens could scarcely have done anything more grim than the death-bed scenes which open *Tom Burke*. Lever could draw a very convincing villain.

He has an Irishman's prejudices and prepossessions; convivial qualities weigh with him, perhaps, more than they ought to; and he does not appreciate the commercial virtues. He could not write the romance of a merchant's honour, as Balzac did in *César Biotteau* and Daudet in *Risler aîné*; but if you want a roguish attorney or a pretentious upstart Lever is the very man to do him for you.

Yet, with all that, he has a large and humane tolerance even for his rogues; he likes the twinkle in the eye of a county horsedealer, or the suave manners of a continental swindler. Indeed, Lever is hard only on the people who bore him, especially upon the stupidity of arrogance. He delights to show the condescending Englishmen outwitted by the mere Irish. When he draws them, as he drew, for instance, Walpole in *Lord Kilgobbin*, the portrait is telling enough, but it lacks moderation. Indignation puts too much gall into his ink. He is best with his own people, for with them he is never wholly out of sympathy, unless, indeed, they are bailiffs or, worse still, mortgagors who have ousted an old family. In this, as in so many other ways, he is profoundly Irish.

It has become the fashion to say that he misrepresented Irish character; but the charge is unreasonable. Writers of to-day insist upon the Celtic melancholy, but the Celtic gaiety is quite as character-

istic; and the melancholy is most conspicuous among the peasants, who only interested him by their love of adventure and sport, and by their undeniable humour and quickness of tongue. Mickey Free is not a literally truthful representation, but he is artistically true—a dexterously heightened rendering of a familiar type. Professional talkers and humorists abound in all classes among the Irish, but nowhere are they commoner than among peasants who converse much with the gentry. A water-bailiff on a Donegal salmon river—Neddy Gallagher, peace be to his ashes—was famous through at least two counties for his conversation, and in his own way he was as good a talker as the late Father Healy. If Lever had known Neddy, he could (and would undoubtedly) have reproduced his dialect and his particular turn of humour in dozens of admirable pages. The portrait might not have been profound, but it would certainly have been lifelike. Neddy's inner life was probably sad enough, but he would never have worn his heart upon his sleeve for the inspection of a stranger. All that Lever aspired to do was to sketch the amusing or the grotesque side of the people, their conscious or their unconscious humour, and he took the best types for his purpose; not the most characteristically Celtic nor the most poetic, but simply the most amusing. The bulk of his figures, however, belong either to the landlord class, which in the west and south remains very much as he painted it, or to that middle stratum which in Ireland consists almost exclusively of solicitors and priests. Lever painted society as he saw it, and a room in which Lever found himself was not likely to remain gloomy, and was exceedingly likely to become convivial. His own temperament throws a cheerful reflection on all his sketches; but they are not the less true for that. As an artist, he did not take himself seriously, he shunned all manner of filing work upon his productions, and would not even be at the pains to correct his proofs; but everywhere in his pages there is a genial and spontaneous humour, combined with a real knowledge of life, and a power of presenting character which increased steadily through his long career of writing. Lever never did anything better than the scene between Lord Kilgobbin and Miss Betty O'Shea in his last novel; and, above all, there is an ease of narration and a delight in the humour of his own situations which it would be hard to parallel except in the work of Dumas *père*. Perhaps the best way to praise Lever is to say that of all novelists he is the one who has most affinity with the creator of Chicot and D'Artagnan.

THEOLOGY IN FICTION.

You may read the Bible for the sake of its theology, or you may read it for its stories, or again as a convenient means of learning Hebrew and Greek. Similarly, you may read a novel for its story, which is the usual motive; or for its style, which is somewhat rarer; or, finally, for its theology. Mr. Thomas G. Selby has been reading novels

for their theology, and has published the result in a volume, entitled *The Theology of Modern Fiction* (Charles H. Kelly). He has rather unaccountably overlooked the works of Mrs. Humphry Ward and Miss Marie Corelli, which would have enabled him to wallow in fictional theology. Rather has he taken such writers as Nathaniel Hawthorne and Thomas Hardy and treated them critically, not as story-tellers, but as theologians, squeezing from them such drops of doctrine as may be extracted from *The Scarlet Letter* and *Tess*. He has written an interesting book, but it is interesting rather as an instance of the perversion of criticism.

Mr. Selby has found in the course of his reading of Hawthorne that the theory worked out in his stories (notably in *The Scarlet Letter*) is that the paramount punishment of sin is inward, and that the confession of sin is its best practical atonement. The central point of Mr. Hardy's teaching he discovers in "the tendency to find a genesis for sin and sorrow in the best of motives." *Tess*, for example, tries all along to do the right thing, and ends up as a fallen woman and a murderess. Here we have the theology of Mr. Hawthorne and of Mr. Hardy; and the one is right, thinks Mr. Selby, and the other is wrong. But surely if this be theology, we have all of us been theologians, as M. Jourdain talked prose, without knowing it, ever since we were old enough to think at all. That open confession is good for the soul has been a proverb for centuries, and it was not left to Mr. Hardy to teach us that there is a certain "cussedness" in life which brings disastrous action out of the best motives. These are facts which the man in the street may observe for himself.

Indeed, Mr. Selby has committed the initial error of mistaking theology for something that is quite different. For the business of the novelist is to write a story, and to do this in convincing fashion he must look at the facts of life. He sees that men love, hate, fear, hope; that men are honest or dishonest, or perhaps something of either; brave or cowardly, blonde or swarthy; that they are prone to do certain things and to leave certain things undone. With these facts he weaves his story, nor is it his business to go behind them and ask who or what it was that made men as they are. But whereas it is the business of the storyteller to take the facts of life as a starting-point and work forward to their mundane consequences, it is the function of the theologian to take them as a starting-point and work backwards to their supernatural background. And as theologian and novelist have thus a common meeting-point in the facts of life, the superficial critic is apt to think that the novelist is writing theology and the theologian fiction, not perceiving that the two are starting from the same point in contrary directions. Nevertheless, having said so much in disparagement of Mr. Selby's critical method, we must admit that here and there the novelist gives us a peep of his opinion concerning the origin and destiny of man, and that Mr. Selby has built an interesting little theological peep-show.

ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

XXII.—CHARLES DARWIN.

SHORT though it is, only a mere outline sketch, Darwin's autobiography, printed at the beginning of Mr. Francis Darwin's *Life and Letters of Charles Darwin*, takes a high place among work of its class. For brevity, for straightforwardness and true modesty, it certainly is not to be excelled. It is, indeed, if anything, too brief, too modest. Darwin set out to tell his children the salient things about himself, and he did it almost as dispassionately as if his subject was an entomological specimen. The autobiography is a marvel of directness. On the other hand, when writing about his father Darwin grew more humane and expansive: the subject warmed him as his own career never could; and we are left wishing that the great naturalist had found opportunity and time to describe other men for us. The art of saying in a small space a vast deal that is significant is so very uncommon. Darwin's account of his father is, indeed, one of the delightful things in literature, and it places that good man for ever in the gallery of great doctors. We know him body and mind: his enormous size—he weighed more than twenty-four stone, and was six feet two inches in height, his wonderful sagacity, his knowledge of men, his sympathetic imagination, his gift of clairvoyance. The portrait is lovingly done with the firmest and fewest strokes. Darwin, though he used it so little, had the true biographer's eye.

No one who was destined to write so much, we suspect, ever came to writing with less readiness than Charles Darwin. But, with that amazing patience and perseverance for which his name is a synonym, he made himself the perspicuous recorder of his discoveries.

"There seems [he wrote at the end of his life] to be a sort of fatality in my mind leading me to put at first my statement or proposition in a wrong or awkward form. Formerly I used to think about my sentences before writing them down; but for several years I have found that it saves time to scribble in a vile hand whole pages as quickly as I possibly can, contracting half the words, and then correct deliberately. Sentences thus scribbled down are often better ones than I could have written deliberately."

Elsewhere he says: "A man after a long interval can criticise his own work almost as well as if it were that of another person."

The passages concerning Darwin's æsthetic development, or rather retrogression, are of peculiar interest. Up to the age of thirty, or beyond it, he said, poetry of many kinds, such as the works of Milton, Gray, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelley, gave him great pleasure (he admits to having read through "The Excursion" twice, which must be almost a record feat); and even as a schoolboy he took intense delight in Shakespeare, especially in the historical plays. He says also that pictures gave him considerable, and music very great, delight. At no time, however, did he have any ear for music. He tells that at Cambridge it was a form of amusement to set him an examination which consisted in ascertaining how many tunes he could recog-

nise when they were played rather more quickly or slowly than usual.

"But now [he continued, writing in 1881, when he was seventy-two] for many years I cannot endure to read a line of poetry; I have tried lately to read Shakespeare, and found it so intolerably dull that it nauseated me. I have also almost lost my taste for pictures or music. Music generally sets me thinking too energetically on what I have been at work on, instead of giving me pleasure. I retain some taste for fine scenery, but it does not cause the exquisite delight which it formerly did."

A little later is a passage relating to the foregoing confession:

"This curious and lamentable loss of the higher æsthetic tastes is all the odder, as books on history, biographies, and travels (independently of any scientific facts which they may contain), and essays on all sorts of subjects, interest me as much as ever they did. My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts; but why this should have caused the atrophy of that part of the brain alone on which the higher tastes depend I cannot conceive. A man with a mind more highly organised or better constituted than mine would not, I suppose, have thus suffered; and if I had to live my life again I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once every week, for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would thus have been kept active through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional parts of our nature."

There was, however, one form of artistic production which attracted him to the end. "On the other hand," he wrote, "novels which are works of the imagination, though not of a very high order, have been for years a wonderful relief and pleasure to me, and I often bless all novelists. A surprising number have been read aloud to me, and I like all if moderately good, and if they do not end unhappily—against which a law ought to be passed. A novel, according to my taste, does not come into the first class unless it contains some person whom one can thoroughly love, and if a pretty woman all the better." This is a sound view. It is perhaps well that Darwin did not live to see the lovable and pretty woman of fiction suffer the temporary eclipse from which happily she is just emerging again.

THE BOOK MARKET.

A LITERARY SAMPLE ROOM.

AN INTERVIEW.

IT must be nearly two years since I declined to believe in the existence of the Library Bureau. The rumour ran that a large room had been fitted up as a permanent exhibition of new books. You had only to drop in and pick up the latest novel, the latest book of essays, the latest biography, and, looking through it in perfect peace, decide whether you would walk on to your bookseller and buy the volume or go home and sneer at it. Now this seemed improbable on the face of it. Such con-

venience, I thought, had been revealed only in dreams to wealthy Socialists. And yet it was true. The Literary Bureau is as real as Bloomsbury-street, and as real as Mr. Cedric Chivers, who is neither a phantom nor a Socialist, but an active business man with a mission to surprise people.

"Do my eyes deceive me, Mr. Chivers?" I said, as my heels sank into the Turkey carpet of the Bureau, "or do I see shelves of books all around me arranged under their publishers' names?"

"That is so," said Mr. Chivers, with a smile.

"And this—this drawing-room—is open to the public?"

"Oh, dear, yes."

"And all these new books are to be looked at by any man?"

"They are here for that purpose."

"Mr. Chivers," I said, "I would not delude the public, and if I should write some account of our little talk I would wish to be scrupulous. Do I understand that a man who reads a review of a new book may drop in here later in the day to see and handle that book and decide between his love of literature and his fear of his wife? May the professional man to whom the question of giving a guinea for a technical book is a serious one come here and judge of its value by a leisurely inspection? Is the novel-reading young lady at liberty to come and make out a list of happy endings for her mother, and a list of dismal ones for herself?"

"Certainly."

"Then, Mr. Chivers, will you tell me the story of your life?"

Mr. Chivers did so, with suitable omissions. His experience of books is not of yesterday. As a bookbinder at Bath, where he still conducts a large bookbinding business by deputy, Mr. Chivers had learned much. In particular, he had invented a special strong bookbinding for public libraries, which I have not space to describe. Suffice it to remark that he now supplies it to three hundred and fifty institutions.

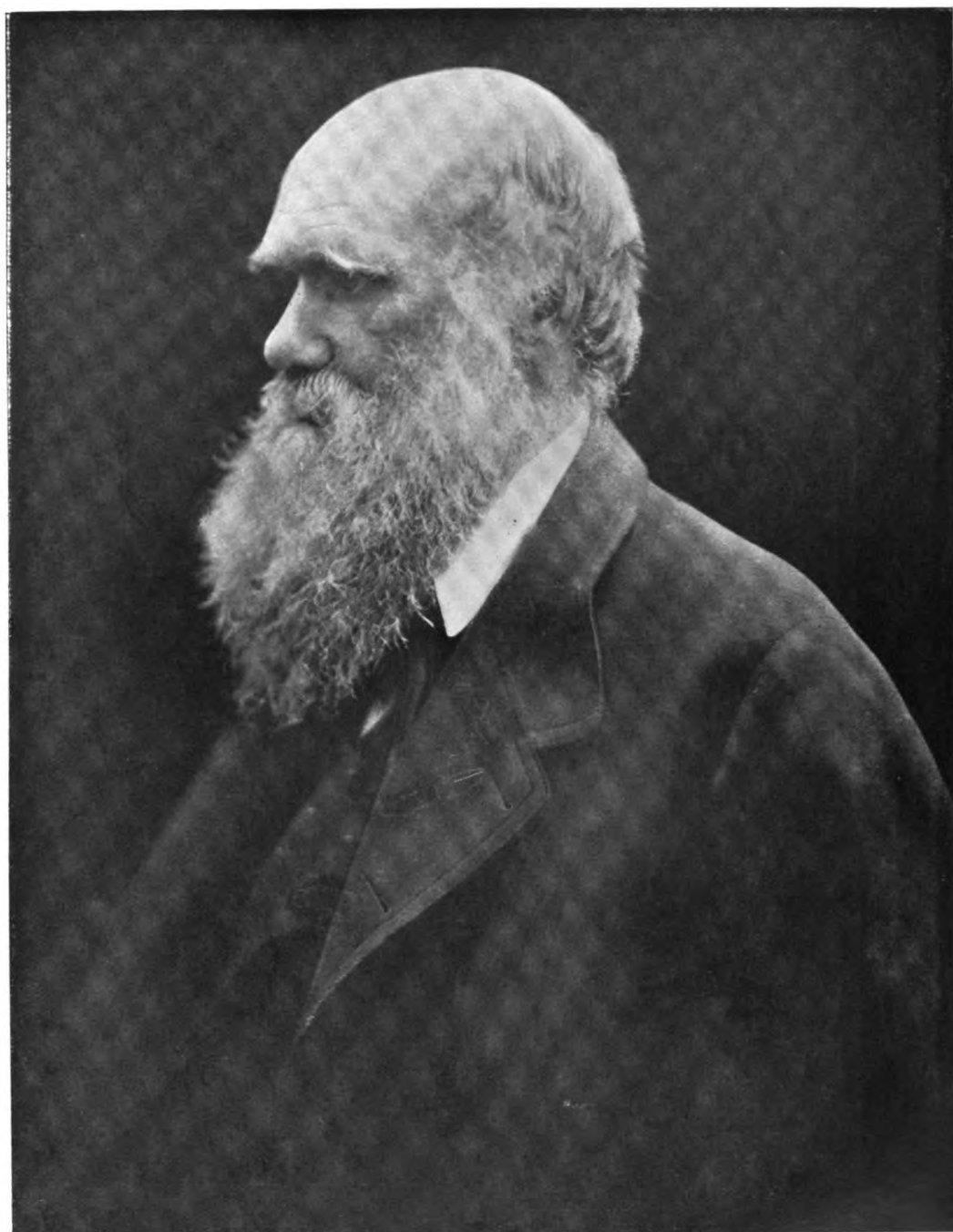
"It was in the interests of public libraries and not of the public," Mr. Chivers said, "that I started this Bureau. I found that provincial secretaries and librarians had no central source of information and no London house of call. I could already do much for them in a business way with my patent bookbinding, and also with library appliances. But I conceived the idea of a literary sample room, to which everyone concerned in bookbinding on a large scale could come and examine current literature with a view to purchase."

"And your method?"

"My method was to interest publishers in the scheme, which was to them an entire novelty, and induce them to hire shelf-room here to keep representative collections of their newest books upon the shelves. I agreed on my part to give every facility to librarians and the public—"

"And the public?"

"Yes, the publishers insisted on the public being made free of the exhibition, and I am now entirely in agreement with them on this point."



CHARLES DARWIN

From a Photograph by Mrs. J. M. Cameron

"Had you many difficulties with publishers?"

"Oh, yes. But Mr. John Murray, whom I first consulted, at once approved the scheme. Here is the stack of shelves filled with his publications. Messrs. Macmillan, Smith Elder, Heinemann, Osgood & McIlvaine, Dent & Co., Ward, Lock & Co., the Cambridge University Press, and many others, soon took up the 'Bureau.' In some cases, of course, I was repulsed. One publisher laughed heartily when I explained my idea. The notion of giving the average man greater opportunity to hesitate in his book-buying struck him as too delicious."

"Well, but has the Bureau actually succeeded?"

"Yes, and no. After the first year I was sufficiently discouraged to propose abandoning it; but the publishers themselves encouraged me to keep it on. It is no profit to me; but then it is no essential part of my business. It would hurt me in no way to give it up to-morrow. On the other hand, I make it a matter of special interest, and I believe in its theory so thoroughly that I should like to see it carried out on a far more extensive scale. I would wish to see a permanent exhibition in which every, or nearly every, new book could be seen."

"But is not such an exhibition as yours open to abuse?"

"Mine, I can truly say, has never been abused by mere idle book-tasters. Of course, we should be down on any such trifling."

"Do you ever sell books?"

"Not under any circumstances. No entreaties would induce us to do so; and that is of the essence of our invitation to the public. People may come here to look at books in perfect freedom, and without incurring the smallest obligation."

"And do they come?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Simply because they do not know of the Bureau, which obviously I cannot afford to advertise. But it is becoming better known, and our number of promiscuous callers increases. I want it to increase. I want No. 10, Bloomsbury-street to be a house of call for the book-lover."

I said what I felt when I said it ought to be.

W. W.

ART.

THE New English Art Club is neither more nor less interesting than usual—that is, it remains the most interesting of all minor collections, but none the less its interest is not precisely various. As before, there is a tendency to promote some of the artistic qualities and to pay no heed to others. Of some of these others you do not so much as hear the name. For instance, in all that is said of "Blind Man's Buff," by Mr. Henry Tonks, there is no mention of its lack of the rare artistic quality of movement. The painter has a clever and rather delicate play of light, of colour, and of arrangement; the things that do not

play are the people engaged in blind man's buff. There is, indeed, a girl stooping almost double, as a player stoops to evade immediate hands, but she does it with the blind man at such a distance that she is clearly only pretending; and when you discover this you at once perceive that everybody is at a standstill. On the other hand, with a figure intended to be at a standstill, Mr. Tonks has succeeded well; "The Rent in the Gown" is a pleasant bit of work and presents easily the easy expression of quiet attention. "In a Malay Courtyard," by Mr. C. W. Furse, has extraordinary life; but its art is not supreme enough to make really decorative use of a grotesque subject.

One of the best things in the Gallery is the same painter's portrait of Mrs. Cane, well contained, well limited, and with some distinguished painting in the interesting head. The "Vanity Fair" of Mr. J. E. Christie is rather dull in motive but by no means dull in execution. It has life, and the faces of the crowd are those of different, distinct, separate creatures, well perceived, not generalised, and solidly painted. There is spirit in the poise and action of the figure of the bubble-blowing "vanity." The vivid work of M. Renoir is notable; it has more qualities at once than one finds generally in English work excited by "a movement." There are two or three portraits—one of them labelled with the names of flowers—that do no great honour to a gallery believed to be exclusive.

Among the landscapes, special and singular praise must be given to Mr. Arthur Tomson for a group of small pictures, full of science and simplicity—"October," "July," "August," and "Heifers." They have a fine quality of transparent deep light, and very beautiful drawing in the horses and cattle. Mr. Moffat Lindner's "Christchurch Bay" has a lovely brooding sunlight on white cliffs—a thing for which one owes a painter gratitude; and if he seems to have set this distance in too great state and space of blue, we think it to be excessive merely because the nearer plane of beach and water does not keep its flatness; the middle sea is level, but the very foreground goes rather uphill. None the less is this a beautiful picture. Mr. D. S. MacColl has a delicate, but rather timid-looking, harmony—"a green thought in a green shade." Mr. Bertram Priestman's "Harbour Mill" takes the eye by a noble look of height and light; his white round mill is lifted up and illuminated above a harmonious region of smoke and colour, barges and mingled water and land; the composition is admirable. In "Nine Barrow Down," by Mr. H. Goodall, the downs are fine and vigorous earth, the sky is rather hard atmosphere. "Off Spaniards Road" has Mr. H. Muhrman's sweet, strong, and luminous quality; and there are decision and the movement of living landscape in Mr. J. R. Henry's "Walmer," with its cloud-shadow. Of Mr. Wilson Steer's "Richmond Castle" it must be owned that he has produced a speaking—a rustling—likeness of the leaves of a little company of alder-trees; yet an ugly likeness. He seems to have tried how literally (with a little exaggeration) they could be painted.

A. M.

MUSIC.

JOHANNES BRAHMS.

THE greatest of German composers is dead, and thus one of the strongest links with the past has been broken. It is now more than forty years since Schumann proclaimed the genius of Brahms, then in the first flush of manhood; he declared him "one of the elect." Schumann was acquainted with the three pianoforte sonatas—the only three, by the way, which Brahms ever wrote—with the earliest songs, and also with some chamber music. The terrible calamity which brought to an untimely end, first the art-career, and then the life of the elder master and sympathetic friend, was nigh at hand, yet when he uttered that prophecy his judgment, as events have proved, was clear and keen. The youth not only became a great composer, but down to the day of his death maintained his supremacy. Brahms commenced his career at a critical moment. Wagner was announcing the close of an old, the dawn of a new, dispensation. According to him Beethoven in his Symphonies had said the last word in instrumental music, and the only hope of progress in the future lay in the combination of the arts. Brahms may not have paid much heed to the declarations of the reformer, but then were there not the Beethoven Symphonies, to say nothing of more recent works, in themselves sufficient to cool the ardour of the most ambitious! Genius, however, gives confidence, and the prophetic words of Schumann—words neither hastily nor carelessly spoken—must also have exercised a beneficial influence over Brahms. He ever worked onwards and upwards, and whatever one may think of his music, there is no gainsaying the fact that he lived entirely for his art; and if he was more prosperous in a worldly sense than either Schubert or Schumann it was because he had in his young and also in his later days better chances. He never wrote down to the level of the great public. Never, indeed, did he, in the ordinary sense of the term, become a popular composer.

The growth of interest in the music of Brahms has been slow, but steady. There was never really any violent opposition to him—except on the part of some fanatics who thought by disparaging him to exalt Wagner—for he propounded no new art theories. He clung to the lines on which his great predecessors had worked, and thus there was not anything specially to distinguish him from other earnest workers in the same field of art. There was, of course, his own individuality, though in a composer who lived, moved, and had his musical being in Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, and Schumann that individuality was not always easy to detect. The influence particularly of Beethoven and Schubert clung to Brahms to the very last; he had no sham originality to keep up by out-of-the-way means, and therefore probably never sought to rid himself of influences from which he had received so much strength and inspiration.

In Schumann's music we have striking traces of his knowledge of, and affection for,

Beethoven, yet there is no dispute as to the originality of that composer. Neither ought there to be in the case of Brahms. Towards programme music the latter maintained an attitude almost hostile. He saw, perhaps even more clearly than Schumann, how certain composers, under very sanction of Beethoven's name, were dragging down the most ideal of arts to the lowest level of realism; and this may have rendered him a little too stern and unbending in regard to a branch of musical art reasonable enough within the safe limits of Beethoven's canon as laid down in his Pastoral Symphony.

The music of Brahms is sometimes spoken of as dry and obscure. The latter charge scarcely holds good; after patient study the most abstruse of his compositions becomes clear. Some certainly are dry: those, in fact, in which intellect predominates over emotion. Brain work is capable of demonstration; but though heart-throbs are only felt, they are none the less real. The impression made by music differs, however, according to the individual; hence the different appreciations one often hears of one and the same work.

It would prove unprofitable to name particular works which appear more or less weak in the matter of inspiration. Far better to recall the fine pianoforte Quartets and the magnificent Quintet, the noble first and second Symphonies, the Schicksalielied and the Requiem, all of which have won for Brahms undying fame. To these must be added the wonderful collection of songs by which the composer proved himself the legitimate successor of Schubert and Schumann.

M. LAMOUREUX and his orchestra, also the Bohemian Quartet, have recently shown us what a body of artists constantly practising together can accomplish. Yet, after all, the Joachim Quartet—MM. Joachim, Kruse, Wirth and Hausmann—seems to me still more wonderful. The associates of Dr. Joachim are accomplished performers, each capable of thinking and interpreting for himself. In surrendering their will to that of their chief they have not become mere servants scrupulously obeying all orders, but true associates, thinking, feeling and acting in union with Dr. Joachim, replicas, as it were, of his very self—these artists truly named the Joachim Quartet. Never has the distinguished violinist been heard in chamber music to greater advantage. On Monday evening, when the players made their second appearance, three Quartets were performed—Mozart in E flat, Brahms in A minor, and Beethoven in B flat (Op. 130). The rendering of the first was remarkable for its purity, delicacy and archness; the second for its tender charm and plaintiveness, the latter quality intensified, of course, by thoughts of the dead master, and by the special sympathy and reverence with which the interpreters naturally addressed themselves to their task; and the third for its intellectuality combined with deep emotion. There was no pianoforte solo, but Mme. Marchesi sang *Lieder* by Schubert, Brahms, and Schumann with immense success. The art in Schumann's "Die Zwei Grenadiere"

was, perhaps, somewhat overdone, yet the rendering proved effective, taking, however, into consideration that the song ought not really to be sung by a lady. Her reading of Bach's "Erbarne dich" lacked breadth; the solo violin part was played by Dr. Joachim.

Scenes from the Saga of King Olaf is the title of a work by Mr. Edward Elgar, written expressly for the Worcester Festival of last November. It was performed for the first time in London last Saturday afternoon, at the Crystal Palace. The composer, like many another musician, was intended for the law, and actually spent some time in a solicitor's office. Law, however, was soon deserted for music. *King Olaf* is a work of great promise. The composer is still in his storm and stress period, but his music shows dramatic power, imagination, clever technique, and excellent orchestration. The solo numbers are less successful than the choruses. The performance, under the direction of the composer, and with Miss M. Heuson and Messrs. Lloyd and A. Black as soloists, was very good. J. S. S.

SCIENCE.

IT has been a week of *Sturm und Drang* for the Chemical Society, and even now the Fellows of that august body must be feeling supremely foolish all round. First of all there is the Council, which, without much consideration of the consequences, allowed the nomination of Prof. Dewar as President to be sprung upon it. Then there is a large body of the Fellows, practically half, who attempted to run Prof. Ramsay as an opposition candidate, and failed. Then there are Profs. Dewar and Ramsay themselves, the one of whom must be smarting under the discovery of his enormous unpopularity, while the other can scarcely be relishing the difficult position in which his supporters have placed him. Finally, there is Prof. Armstrong, who, by a judiciously timed circular, assisted to force the issue in favour of Prof. Dewar, but whose action in so doing is by no means universally admired.

I HAPPEN to know a good deal about the origin of this unfortunate episode; and as nobody else seems inclined to state it, I may as well do so. It was not entirely a revolt of the juniors against the seniors, as Prof. Armstrong states in his philippic, though the mismanagement of the Society's publications may undoubtedly have given some ground for this idea. The opposition to the Fullerman Professor is of long standing, and has grown during the last few years. It began at Cambridge, where Prof. Dewar is now rarely seen, over a personal matter relating to the laboratory; and I should not have referred to this at all were it not that Cambridge antipathy was a good deal responsible for the rancour imparted to a later discussion (in *Nature*) on the respective claims of Prof. Dewar and Prof. Olazewski as discoverers of the method of liquefying oxygen. Controversies

of this kind breed opponents, even when the disputant holds so distinguished a post as Fullerman Professor of the Royal Institution. But there are other causes which I imagine have contributed even more to the action of Dr. Collie and the rest who opposed Prof. Dewar's election to the presidency of the Chemical Society. One of these has reference to the expert evidence matter related in last week's *Saturday Review*, and the other is the "cordite" case. The affair of the cordite committee was dealt with in some minuteness by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and as one who followed the action *Nobel v. Anderson* in court throughout, and saw the whole of the papers produced in the case, I am not surprised that a large section of British men of science should object to the lines on which that committee worked, even though its legal position was unassailable. There is no need to revive the story, which is practically all in print; but if jubilee honours are likely to be distributed among the heads of the scientific societies during the coming year, I foresee that this explosive question will be brought into prominence once more, to the disadvantage of all those who were concerned with it.

It has taken the Duke of Argyll four months and two barrels to dispose of Mr. Spencer's article in the November *Nineteenth Century*. Moreover, his Grace's gun is a very large bore. Mr. Spencer's article itself was a reply to the remarkable gospel of evolution as set forth by Lord Salisbury at the British Association. In his gentlest but firmest manner the philosopher led the statesman over the various errors into which he had allowed himself to fall, and his remonstrance was a masterpiece of well-ordered, logical arrangement. By means of four great groups of facts, all converging to the same conclusion, the joint significance of which is enormous as compared with the significance of each one independently, he traced the main argument in favour of evolution as a process dispensing with special creation. He then showed how far Lord Salisbury had been from apprehending correctly either the facts of natural selection or the words of Darwin who expounded it, and ended by explaining, with a gravity that made the error itself more amusing, that Lord Salisbury had confounded natural selection with the more general theory of evolution, the part with the whole, the by no means indispensable adjunct with the great principle which could easily afford to discard it.

INTO this error the Duke of Argyll seems to have plunged afresh. In fact, it seems impossible for the adherents of the special creation theory to avoid it. In his first instalment he speaks of "that particular theory of evolution which was Darwin's, or that modification of it which was his (Mr. Spencer's) own." The whole article harps upon the one minor theme of specific development in the animal kingdom, ignoring everything else that is included in the term evolution. Most people, I imagine, feel it rather late in the day to be wrangling over the historical accuracy of the Book of Genesis, and would prefer even to accept the fact that life once came into the world with-

out trying to explain the method. Not so the Duke of Argyll. He has invented a new theory which is not Darwin nor yet Genesis, but a mixture of both. It is that five germs were specially created to be the ancestors of the vertebrates, the molluscs, the crustacea, the radiata, and the insects respectively. He does not tell us whether these were the names that Adam gave to them, nor what they looked like, but that is essentially his idea. It does not help us much.

H. C. M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LANDSCAPE IN POETRY.

I should be obliged if space may be allowed me to clear up a little ambiguity which the writer of the very kindly notice of my *Landscape in Poetry*, and others elsewhere, seem to feel as to the limitation of the non-English (or, rather, non-British) poems included. The scheme of the book, both for the sake of unity in subject and to avoid undue length, was to deal only with those foreign literatures, ancient and modern, which have directly and notably influenced our own poets. This I ought to have expressed more clearly on p. vii. of the Preface; and (not to speak of Oriental or Scandinavian verse in earlier days) to have introduced modern French, German, Italian, or Portuguese landscape, would not only have required (as your reviewer remarks of French) another volume, but would also have involved an amount of English prose rendering at once methinks equally inevitable and intolerable.

I have, however, as has been justly pointed out by some critics, in the case of English seventeenth and eighteenth century work relied too much on its familiarity to readers. Meanwhile, reverting to your notice, as two-fifths of the whole volume are devoted to the nineteenth century, rich as it is in our landscape, may not this be accepted as an adequate allowance?

F. T. PALGRAVE.

THE LITERATURE OF SPORT.

Dresden: March 27.

In your recent review of the last volume of the "Badminton Library" dealing with the *Poetry of Sport*, by Mr. Hedley Peek, the author's want of editorial and technical care is criticised. As one interested in the literature of sport—past and present—I venture to express the opinion that severer censure should have marked the numerous grave inaccuracies to be found not only in that book, but in several articles on much the same subject by the same author which have appeared of late in the *Badminton Magazine*. Mr. Peek's nescience concerning such a generally known bibliographical fact, i.e., that Turberville's hunting-book—which, by the way, was published in 1575, and not in 1570, as he asserts on pp. 23 and 24—does not describe English hunting, but French sport leads Mr. Peek to draw many absolutely wrong deductions concerning (a) English hunting customs, (b) the authorship of certain poetry which he ascribes to English writers, (c) the chase, and (d) the habits of animals which were either not hunted at all in England, such as the wolf, bear, "buc," &c., or which had long ceased to exist in a wild state in British forests, such as the wild boar. As the following errors prove, Mr. Peek has no very extensive acquaintance with the literature of his subject. On p. 38, in a poem by Gascoigne, occurs the well-known term of ventry "harboured fast," which Mr. Peek says means "set

watchers." On p. 22 he states that the hunters of old did not seem to trouble themselves about their hounds frequently changing the scent; a ridiculous assertion, as anyone must know who has dipped into the old authors. To nothing did the sportsmen of old lend more weight than to the staunchness of their hounds. In speaking of the German written in the latter half of the last century, he declares it to be obscure old German, a mistake which makes one smile, for, excepting a few orthographical changes, the German language is practically the same as it was 150 years ago. This error he repeats in the *Badminton Magazine* of last month, in an article which professes to describe "battue-hunting." This form of sport, as he describes it, never existed in any country at any period of history, for in his ignorance of old German and French hunting customs he mixes up battues, *pütschen* or stalking, deer-baiting, and the latter form of *eingestelltes Jagen*, a fashionable sport of the last century. He illustrates this article with engravings picked quite at random from the hundreds of sporting subjects produced by the famous German artist Ridinger, and by this heterogeneous hodge-podge of incorrect text and unsuitable illustrations only adds to the perplexing confusion of the various hunting methods. Of the last-named artist he declares (p. 311) that he has vainly tried to discover authentic information, "the man himself and his sporting history are wrapped in a cloud, none the less obscure by the old German of the period." No more ridiculously incorrect statement was ever put into print. No fewer than seventeen writers I can name have written at length about Ridinger, and there exists no less than four biographies of him. Two were written during his lifetime, one being annotated and signed by Ridinger himself, another was published by his sons soon after his death, which occurred only in 1767, and the fourth, published in 1856, contains not only a detailed account of his life, but on 300 octavo pages a full list is given of no fewer than 1,313 of his works. There is nothing whatever obscure about Ridinger's career from the day of his birth and his being apprenticed, at the age of fourteen, to the master-painter Resch, to the day of his death. Curiously enough the chief bit of information Mr. Peek does give about him, i.e. that he was a hunter at one time of his life, his biographers expressly state is entirely wrong (see Thienemann, p. xiv.). Mr. Peek acknowledges that though he writes on hunting in Germany he does not know German; those who have scanned his *Poetry of Sport* will hardly need this confession, for in the only German quotation I could find (p. 253) in that volume, consisting of six of the simplest words in the language, there are no fewer than three mistakes—a record!

Considering that Mr. Peek from beginning to end never tires of calling himself a student and an ardent lover of accuracy, productions on this subject by his pen can only tend to make English research ludicrous in the eyes of our foreign critics, who, as a rule, are exceedingly well up in old sporting lore.

W. A. BAILLIE GROHMAN.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

Mr. Anthony
Hope's
"Phroso."
(Methuen.)

A story of adventure, "every page of which," says the *Speaker*, "is palpitating with action and excitement," and containing "some of the best sketches of character that even his pen has yet produced. . . . Side by side with the record of stirring deeds . . . we see how characters reveal themselves, and how real men and women act under circumstances which are

the reverse of commonplace." But hear Mr. W. L. Courtney: "They weary one sometimes, these puppets of superficial romance, that look as if they had been cut out of a fashion-plate and dressed to go to a fancy ball." Yet "the idea of the plot is so good and freshly original that we enter upon its perusal with no small measure of excitement and interest." With which compare the *Morning Post*: "The motive of Mr. Hope's story has done duty in a hundred novels." But he has never been more successful "in investing the dry bones of the novel of adventure with the life of a fresh and captivating style." Except Fielding no English novelist has recognised so fully "that the finest hero is not absolutely *sans peur et sans reproche*, and that the most delightful heroine is not entirely devoid of guile." The style, according to the *Daily News*, has the same "sparkle and buoyancy" as that of the *Prisoner of Zenda*. The *Pall Mall* complains that, in the second part, "adventure follows adventure somewhat mechanically, and with a suggestion that the author must have asked himself which he should throw in next." On the other hand, "Mr. Hope's pleasant style of narrative is as good as ever, less artificial than the *Prisoner of Zenda*, and always clear and to the point." "This . . . novel of adventure," writes the *Manchester Guardian*, "is distinguished by a quiet irony, lively but unpretentious dialogue, and the presence of a charming heroine."

"... OUIDA's imagination is so rapid, and under the stimulus of first impressions creates for her so vivid a landscape, that her first impressions transfigured often take for her the place of reality." Hence, in spite of the "temperate style" which marks the execution, the "singular skill" with which many of the characters are drawn, in spite of "situations dramatic in the highest degree," "it is more likely to do harm by misleading the general public than to do good by castigating a section of the world of fashion": for "the individuals in question, though they may be notorious, are not typical." So the *National Observer*. In the *Telegraph*, Mr. Courtney contrasts the book with those of an age in which "the chief preoccupation seems to be either the illustration of eccentric points of psychology or the enforcement of a dubious piece of ethics"; and is thankful "when a practised novelist, with no little experience, and with admirable technique, brings us back to older conceptions of her art—is able, in short, to compose a plot instead of giving us a disjointed series of didactic essays." For its abnormal length the *Chronicle* can find no excuse, since "the irrelevant padding . . . is only less flagrant than the barefaced repetition. . . . The sister of Lord Hurstmancaux certainly ranks high in Ouida's gallery of bad women. . . . The blunder which places her at the mercy of the millionaire and enables him to reduce her to the lowest depth of infamy makes the one simple and powerful episode in a story that is surcharged with exaggeration."

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REVIEWS.

JAMES THOMSON.

The Poetical Works of James Thomson. With Memoir and Critical Appendices by the Rev. D. C. Tovey, M.A. (George Bell & Sons.)

WHAT are the chances of the poet as against the practical man—the politician, for instance—in the game of Fame? The politician sees his name daily in the papers, until even he is a little weary of seeing it there. The poet's name appears so rarely that the sight of it has a certain thrill for its owner. But time is all on the side of the poet. The politician's name is barely given a decent burial; it makes haste to its oblivion. Where be the Chancellors of the Exchequer of yester year? The poet, on the contrary, about whom in his life people speak shyly, has his name shouted from the housetop as soon as he is out of earshot. So great, indeed, is the gratitude of reading beings that a very little poet, such as the author of "The Seasons," is familiarly known by name to the English-speaking race nearly two centuries after his birth; and now a new edition of his works has been issued with a memoir that does not spare a detail, and with notes—"critical appendices" they are called—that indicate a laboured study of Thomson's text, on the part of so learned an editor as Mr. Tovey.

Yet Thomson, all the time, is a poet only by courtesy—you could not find in all his formal numbers one spark of the divine fire. Pope may have helped Thomson with "The Seasons," as Mr. Tovey thinks Warton right in saying; but between Pope and Thomson there is a vast dividing space of technical accomplishment. Between Thomson and Wordsworth, or any other of the poetical poets, there is more than space, there is an impassable gulf. Yet Mr. Tovey says "we can trace his influence, we think, in Keats; we can trace it also in Coleridge. Again, between Wordsworth and Thomson we naturally seek affinities." Coleridge, no doubt, wrote many unreal and pretentious things about nature—"The Hymn before

Sunrise" we are bold to class among them: and these we can concede—a concession it is—to anybody to bracket with "The Seasons." The essential Coleridge is the only Coleridge that the world of letters cares to keep; and there we must say to Thomson's editor, "Hands off." Mr. Tovey thinks it worth while to suggest also a resemblance of "essential thought" between Keats' Grecian Urn Ode and Thomson's

"On the marble tomb
The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands
For ever silent and for ever sad."

The "essence" of the thing does not lie in the thought at all—the old and obvious thought of the permanent expression of emotion in sculpture. It is a matter of treatment; and Mr. Tovey himself does not fail to distinguish the essential difference there. As for Wordsworth (who, by the way, preferred "The Castle of Indolence" to "The Seasons," a preference we share), the association of Thomson's name with his has become a commonplace; and, like most commonplaces, it stands to be revised. Thomson is the link, we are constantly assured, between Milton and Wordsworth, as an observer and an interpreter of nature. A little feeling of heart-freshness in the Spring we may, by searching, find in him—not so much in "The Seasons" as in "A Hymn," where the phrase, "wide flush the fields," and the line—

"And every sense and every heart is joy,"

just seem to be a degree less distant and conventional than was usual with the eighteenth century Muse. But here, again, the thought is of ancient days; it is the presentment that is the essence; and three of the Spring lines in "The Intimations of Immortality" are worth many times more than all the six thousand or so lines of "The Seasons," however indefinitely multiplied. The difference is, in truth, of kind and not of degree; and these comparisons between things which have no relativity make us feel like "young Oeladon and his Amelia," when they "looked unutterable things"—the only phrase by which Thomson is likely to be spontaneously remembered. And this suggests to us that Mr. Tovey's elaboration has failed him for once—he has not coupled Thomson with Mr. Gladstone, who, of course, reproduced this "essential thought" in his "unspeakable Turk."

We do not forget that the Thomson-Wordsworth superstition had an illustrious origin—it began in Wordsworth's own saying that "from Milton to Thomson no poet had added to English literature a new image drawn from Nature." That is one of the generous *obiter dicta* great poets have made from time to time for the bewilderment of the unwary. Dr. Johnson, it is true, took Thomson seriously, or wrote as though he did; but we remember that when he read "The Seasons" aloud to his friend Shiels, and extorted the listener's praise, he added, "Well, sir, I have omitted every other line." He was angry, for all that, when Lyttelton, after the poet's death, abbreviated his poem on Liberty before publishing it—such mutilations, Dr. Johnson said, tended "to destroy the confidence

of society and to confound the characters of authors!" Horace Walpole uttered his contempt for Thomson straight out; but Boswell was politic, as became him; and his own personal judgment is, no doubt, shrewdly pitted against Johnson's more favourable opinion in the phrase: "His 'Seasons' are indeed full of elegant and pious sentiments; but a rank soil, nay, a dunghill, will produce beautiful flowers." For and against Thomson, in seasons and out, the vain tale of opinions would take too long in the telling. But Cowper it was who said that Thomson's "lasting fame" proved him a "true poet." He would be a yet truer poet to-day, on that reasoning, for his "fame" is still lasting. His "Rule Britannia" has a place in anthologies even now; he is the bard in popular possession of the name he bears (a name that Præd hated), although stories are told of confusion in circulating libraries and book shops between the poet of "The Seasons" and the poet of "The City of Dreadful Night"—that later James Thomson who, conscious of the similarity of his name to his predecessor's, added stanzas to the "Castle of Indolence." The secret of this sustained name—we distinguish name from fame—is easily guessed. The common mention of Milton and Wordsworth in Thomson's company supports his superfluous immortality. Poet or no poet, he is mixed up with poets, and is a part of poetical history.

And the added irony of this careful preservation of a name that stands for little or nothing is this—that whereas Thomson's naturalism was, in his own time, sufficiently marked to set his reputation going, we, with all the great poets of Nature between him and us, read him now, if we read him at all, for the very opposite quality—for artificiality. We tolerate him for his last-centuryiness. We have a certain curiosity in observing an observation of Nature which was rewarded no more intimately than by a knowledge of the time-sequence of snowdrop, crocus, primrose, and "violet darkly blue." We like to hear him speak of young birds as "the featured youth"; of his women readers as "the British fair"; of Sir Thomas More as having withstood "the brutal tyrant's useful rage." Such phrases speak to us from another world than ours, from a world which had taste that was not touched with emotion; from a world, in short, which lacked the one thing needful for poetical life—inspiration.

EAST AFRICAN EXPLORATION.

Through Unknown African Countries. The First Expedition from Somaliland to Lake Lamu. By A. Donaldson Smith. (Edward Arnold.)

SINCE its discovery by Count Teleki in 1887 Lake Rudolf has been visited by more than one traveller from the south. But all attempts to reach it from the east had ended in failure and even disaster, until the American sportsman, Dr. Donaldson Smith, undertook to force the way three years ago. He was first attracted to this region by the big game, which still abound in many parts of East Africa, and it was during a sporting

excursion to Somaliland in 1893 that he conceived the idea of combining pleasure with useful work by leading an expedition across the little-known tract of country lying between the Shabeli river and Lake Rudolf. Such an enterprise was not unreasonably regarded at the time as beset with almost insurmountable obstacles, due partly to the arid and rugged nature of the land and partly to the hostility of the natives, justly incensed against all white intruders by the high-handed doings of his Italian fore-runners, Capt. Böttogo and Prince Ruspoli. Even more serious was the determined opposition of King Menelek, of Abyssinia, who is at present engaged in reducing all the southern parts of Gallaland, and who for ulterior political purposes even claims, with the connivance of France and Russia, the whole region stretching thence south to Mombasa as the natural "Hinterland" of his empire.

Undismayed by these difficulties and by the well-meant warnings of his friends in England, Dr. Smith, having first qualified himself for exploring work by a course of instructions under Mr. John Coles, of the Royal Geographical Society, entered on the scheme with such zest that he was able to start from Berbera on July 1, 1894, at the head of a fairly well-equipped caravan, comprising two other whites—his fellow-sportsman and countryman, Mr. F. Gillett, and the London taxidermist, Mr. Edward Dodson—and an escort of some eighty Somali natives. The main results of the journey were communicated to the Geographical Society by the author soon after his return to England, and appeared in the *Journal* of the Society for August and September, 1896. But the present volume not only presents those results in a more accessible form, but also appeals to a much wider class of readers. The numerous geological, botanical, and zoological specimens, now deposited in the London and Philadelphia Museums, and here described by specialists in a series of valuable appendices, will be thankfully received by all students of nature. Sportsmen will eagerly follow the many thrilling adventures with wild beasts, and other incidents of the chase, which enliven almost every page. Statesmen will find much food for thoughtful reflection in the references to the political situation in Abyssinia and the surrounding lands, written with an eye to the serious events now pending in the Nile Valley. Geographers and explorers will receive as a revelation the vivid descriptions of many new lands, and their salient physical features, which abound in this instructive work. Allusion can be made here only to the curious Muhammadan settlement of Sheikh Hasein amid the Galla populations south-west of Harar; to the remarkable "Wyndlawn Caves" in the same district, where the underground current of the Shabeli has carved the limestone rocks into the fantastic forms of colonnades and temples; to the romantic scenery of the Tertala and Marsabit uplands, contrasting with the softer charms of the newly discovered Lake Abaya, where

"we seemed to be in an artificial park, from the way in which the trees and bushes were scattered over a lovely grassy plain sloping

toward the water. Far off in the distance, as our eyes passed across the lake, we could make out the great rugged mountains, forming countless dark little bays as they cut almost vertically into the water."

But here the disinterested reader will be disappointed, while intending explorers may perhaps secretly rejoice to find that Dr. Smith has just missed the chance of clearing up the mystery of the Omo river, one of the few hydrographic problems that still await solution in the African continent. After effecting a junction with Teleki's route at Lake Stefanie, thus completing the circuit of itineraries which sweep round from the Gulf of Aden through the "Great Rift Valley" to the Indian Ocean below the equator, he passed on to the north end of Lake Rudolf, and under great difficulties ascended the Niánam, its northern affluent, for a distance of 100 miles. Hitherto geographers had generally supposed this river to be the lower course of the Omo, which during the floods sends a large volume from the Kaffa highlands southwards in the direction of the lake. But Dr. Smith, finding it only forty yards wide at the highest point reached by him, thinks it must be a different stream, and consequently infers that "the river Omo must flow into the Ganana or Jub"—that is, to the Indian Ocean. It should, however, be noted that the survey was made at low water in the dry summer season, and had it been carried a little farther north our explorer might have settled the point, and also perhaps connected his route with Jules Borelli's farthest south.

Ethnologists will be more deeply interested in the results of this memorable expedition even than naturalists or geographers. As was already partly known by report, the region traversed was found to be mainly occupied by tribes belonging in the east to the Somal, and in the west to the Galla branch of the Hamitic family. But by the abundant details here supplied we are now enabled almost to complete the ethnographic map of the continent. For a considerable distance the route lay well within Somal territory. The Somali people, however, are wrongly described as a blend of Arab and Negro elements, while the Habr-Awal, Habr-Girhagis, and Habr-Toljala, given as "their three great divisions" (p. 15), are really only sub-groups of the Ishak branch of the Hasiya division. In the Galla domain by far the most important people are the Borán, of whom much had previously been heard, but who were now found to constitute a powerful and extensive state under King Abofilato, a potentate whose sway appears to extend across the whole region from the Middle Juba westwards nearly to the Tertala range east of Lake Stefanie. The Borán are of a light copper colour, closely resembling the Abyssinians in "their faces, broad foreheads, and generally intelligent cast of features, as well as in their height and good muscular development." They are likely to acquire some prominence in the near future—at least, should King Menelek persist in his efforts to enlarge the bounds of the Abyssinian empire to the utmost limits of Gallaland.

Other allied peoples visited and described by Dr. Smith were the Gere Gallas, the Konsos, Amaras, Jeratus, Arbores, and others of undoubted Galla stock. Then followed in the lacustrine district some interesting groups apparently intermediate between Gallas and the more remotely-allied Masai nomads. Such were the "Reshiats," first visited by Teleki, but whose true name we now learn is Rusia, and the more powerful Rendile, already described by Dr. Smith's fellow-countryman, Mr. Astor Chanler. But distinct from all these were the Dume of the Amar range, "probably the most interesting tribe in Africa." To some extent this is true, for the Dume were found to be "a race of pygmies," now for the first time identified with the Doko, who were already heard of by Harris in the thirties, and some of whom were actually seen in 1843 by M. Antoine d'Abbadie, whose recent death every naturalist deploras. We now learn from Dr. Smith that "doko" is not the name of any particular tribe, but a term of contempt applied by the surrounding populations to these inferior peoples. They cannot, however, be correctly spoken of as "pygmies," and Dr. Smith himself tells us that they average about five feet, while M. d'Abbadie states that "ce ne sont nullement des pygmées" (*Bul. de le Soc. de Geogr.* xix., p. 440). He adds that they hold a middle position between the Ethiopians [Hamites] and the true Negroes, and this description is fully confirmed by our explorer, as well as by the photograph of a Dume group here reproduced. Thus is at last cleared up the mystery which has hung round the "Doko" of Gallaland for the last half century.

The general equipment of this volume is creditable to the Harvard University Press; but it is too heavy for comfortable use, weighing nearly two and a half pounds, and it is, moreover, disfigured by some glaring misprints, such as "Lake Lamu" for Lake Rudolf on the title-page itself; "Curague" for Gurague more than once; Merka and Modisha [Magadosho] "on the Gulf of Aden" (p. 154) instead of the Indian Ocean; "September" for December (p. 117), and "July" for January (p. 126). Owing to the rare mention of the year, a too common defect of books of travel, these erroneous dates are likely to give some trouble to the reader desirous of following the course of events in their chronological sequence. There is a series of excellent sectional maps, and one general sketch map, all re-issues of those accompanying the author's papers in the *Geographical Journal*. The index is tolerably full.

CELTIC GLAMOUR.

Spiritual Tales; Barbaric Tales; Tragic Romances. Three volumes by Fiona Macleod. (Patrick Geddes & Colleagues.)

THE Celtic Movement we have always with us; "and yet it moves," as Galileo said. This reissue of Miss Fiona Macleod's shorter tales comes to remind us of the fact. It has been moving for several years; and what has come out of it all? It can hardly be

said to have produced Mr. W. B. Yeats, for the simple reason that Mr. Yeats assisted to produce it. Yet, if we concede it that credit, then it has produced one man of genius. It has also produced Miss Fiona Macleod, and the dreaded name of "Gaelic glamour." Some years ago, when the wrongs of the "distressful country" were much to the front, and patriots were contending that Ireland was capable of making everything herself, from lace to constitutions, a number of Irish gentlemen met in England (if we remember rightly), and pointed out that Ireland wanted a literature, and resolved that a literature Ireland must have, and they were the boys to make her one. (These things are written in the spirit, not according to the letter which killeth.) So they said: "Let there be a Celtic Movement"; and the Celtic Movement was. And they made a new Celtic literature; and told the mere Saxon the right word to use about it, which the mere Saxon might otherwise never have stumbled upon: and that word was "Celtic magic." Of late, alliterative reviewers have altered it to "Gaelic glamour," which totally excludes the Cymry—let gallant little Wales look to it. Scotland has fallen into line with the movement, and even—in the person of Miss Macleod—drawn to the front. The founders of the movement have succeeded. They have made a new national literature, which is widely read—in England. Whenever a new volume belonging to the movement comes out, the mere Saxon says, "Gaelic glamour," and is satisfied that he knows his lesson. It is the thing which you are supposed to say about Miss Macleod. And since we are really curious as to the meaning of the mystic phrase, we rejoice at the opportunity of studying it given us by these three comprehensive volumes, which include all the short stories previously published in *The Sin-Eater* and *The Washer of the Ford*, with a handful of new ones in addition.

Miss Fiona Macleod constantly represents her stories as gathered from the Highland peasantry; but how far this is a dramatic device does not appear. Yet it is important, for much depends on how far we are to allow her the merit of invention. If we were to take these tales as having been "all carved out of the carver's brain," then we must needs give her the praise of an invention very fertile and very new. But the general supposition of the Saxon reader is, that the disciples of the new movement take their stories ready-made from old sources, as Tennyson took his; and that therefore we have not to concern ourselves with anything but the execution. This is also the conclusion to which the internal evidence of Miss Macleod's stories seems to point. The fables have usually the air of being adapted from ancient sources; and what is novel, what is strange, what is attractive in them belongs to those ancient founts. The mere fairy-tale-like interest of the fable accounts for much of Miss Macleod's popularity; and yet more is to be explained by the local colouring of the stories. The public loves local colour for its own sake, and Miss Macleod lays it on with a full hand. Everything that is

quaint, strange, and incongruous in the legends, the customs, or manner of speech, she emphasises in crowded detail. Such phrases as—"It is for the knowing," "It is for the laughter," are insistently introduced. They are quaint at first, then they weary; but the many are never weary with such things. The incongruous mixture of paganism and Christianity belonging to the old legends is a device for startling readers of which she makes full use. God sits in "the great blue mainland of Heaven," where "a river of ale poureth ever," as if he were Odin. Celts and Celtic speech are brought into juxtaposition with Bethlehem and the Nativity. These things belong doubtless to the legends, and Miss Macleod makes the most of their naïf strangeness. But in the telling of her stories there is much to win a popularity less justifiable. It is full of a vague sentimentality, an effusive pictorialness. The style is intended to be poetical, in the Ossianic manner. And accordingly it is crowded with imagery which just falls short of being striking or fine; imagery which would not be quite good enough for poetry, and is therefore thought good enough for prose.

Yet there are exceptions. Miss Macleod really has that touch of fairy-fancy which is so strong in Mr. W. B. Yeats; and in *The Harping of Cravethen* there is a charming little passage of elfin fantasy. Again, *The Melancholy of Ulad* is a subtle allegory beautifully told, an allegory we should guess to be her own; and often her allegorical passages have real intuition, in spite of the sins against taste in the telling. Not always is her imagery without power or originality. But the legends she writes of lean towards the melodramatic in their passion, and her style too readily partakes of that leaning. Men "gloom"; their great black eyes flame under their cloudy mass of hair; &c. We will not deny this writer her foremost place among the writers of the Celtic Movement. But it is a vicious school, and her powers are corrupted by it. We have tired of the Wardour-street ballad; are we likely to embrace Wardour-street runes and sagas? The true poetic genius of Mr. Yeats is hampered by it; nor can we think that Miss Fiona Macleod will secure for this artificial form more than a passing vogue.

THE CONQUEST OF THE PUNJAB.

The Sikhs and the Sikh Wars; the Rise, Conquest, and Annexation of the Punjab State. By Gen. Sir Charles Gough, V.C., G.C.B.; and Arthur D. Innes, M.A. (Innes & Co.)

THIS history is a gallant attempt to vindicate the military wisdom of Lord Gough, the superseded conqueror of the Punjab. In effect, however, it does little to discredit the popular verdict which always accepted Lord Gough as a fine fighting officer, though denying him those higher qualities which go to make the general who can achieve success with the utmost economy of his soldiers' lives. The splendid courage of the man, his dogged determination under difficulties, and his

single-minded devotion to duty stand out in high relief in these pages; but so also does his way of blundering into a massacre, and then massacring his way out of a blunder.

Indeed, these two campaigns which broke the Sikh power and ended in the annexation of the old Lahore State were decided by sheer hard fighting without much help from strategy. Down to the close of the day that saw the horrible slaughter at Chillianwalla, Lord Gough on every occasion found himself outmatched on the field by an enemy vastly superior in numbers, holding entrenched positions, and commanding heavier artillery. The Sikh armies were disciplined after European methods, and had practically the same weapons as the British; and the conditions under which fighting took place on the memorable fields of Aliwal, Ferozeshah, Sobraon, and Chillianwalla made a heavy loss to the attacking force inevitable. It was only after the orders for his recall had gone out that Lord Gough was able at the decisive battle of Gujerat to bring up sufficient guns to place himself on an equality with the foe in this important arm.

The authors, however, show successfully that for the tactics which preceded the first battle of Ferozeshah Lord Gough cannot be held responsible. The situation was probably without a parallel in Indian history. Sir Hugh Gough, as he then was, was Commander-in-Chief, but serving under him in the field was the Governor-General Sir Henry Hardinge, himself an experienced soldier.

"An experienced military officer, he had a very strong opinion as to the military necessities of the position which was in flat contradiction to that of his Commander-in-Chief, whose view was equally strong. Sir Hugh Gough could not surrender his judgment in favour of that of his subordinate in the field; Sir Henry could not escape his own sense of responsibility. Taking this view, there was only one course open—as Governor-General he must override the Commander-in-Chief on the very field of battle and in the presence of the enemy."

It is impossible, however, not to feel that a stronger man would have found means of preventing this extraordinary complication from arising, and have stipulated either for the absence of the Governor-General, or at least that there should be an undivided responsibility in the face of the foe. Lord Gough certainly must be acquitted of all blame for the fact that the battle was fought at an hour which made a decisive victory impossible; but it is not certain that if he had had his own way, and attacked earlier with a smaller force, the result would not have been a great disaster.

The plans and maps are admirably drawn, and enable the reader to understand the military operations with tolerable ease; but the descriptions of the campaigns are too crowded with details for great clearness. For instance, it is important to know the strength and composition of the opposing forces, and on the British side it is interesting to know the proportions of European and native troops. Our authors go much farther than this, and think it necessary to give the names and

strength of each regiment engaged. In the same way, not content with stating the numbers of the killed and wounded, they again subdivide these among the various regiments, so that its due credit shall be given to each. This microscopic treatment of war, however well fitted for a regimental record, is out of place in a general history, and tends to obscure the broad features of the campaign.

For the sketch of the rise of the Sikh power which precedes the account of Lord Gough's share in its overthrow, we have nothing but praise. It is a clear, concise, and accurate history of a people who for generations were a barrier against the northern Mohammedans, who have fought pitched battles with British troops on even terms, and since have served their conquerors with a faithfulness which has stood every trial. The fact that essentially the Sikhs are a religious community rather than a nation is never forgotten. The gradual building up of a political State by the genius of Ranjit Singh, and the founding of the kingdom of Lahore, is described with much vividness; and though the comparison with the military Commonwealth in England under Oliver Cromwell will not bear very close scrutiny, it is quite sufficiently accurate to convey a general idea of the secret of the strength of that semi-sacred force, the army of the Khalsa. The separateness of the Sikhs among the peoples of India, their special abhorrence of Mohammedanism, as well as their special peculiarities—such as strict abstinence from tobacco and refusal ever to allow their hair to be cut—are all discussed with intelligent sympathy; and assuredly no words of ours ought to be needed to interest English readers in the story of a people which to-day not in India only, but also in the Straits Settlements and in Equatorial Africa, supplies men who, whether as soldiers or police, are among the most trusted and most efficient of the representatives of the authority of the Queen.

"AN IRRATIONALIST TRIO" AND THEIR CRITIC.

Pseudo-Philosophy at the End of the Nineteenth Century: 1. An Irrationalist Trio: Kidd—Drummond—Balfour. By Hugh Mortimer Cecil. (London: University Press.)

In the course of the last five years three books, in the day of their coming forth, have made some sensation among that portion of the public which permits itself to be interested in the questions at issue between the champions of orthodoxy and the exponents of the theory inadequately named naturalism. These are Mr. Kidd's *Social Evolution*, the late Prof. Drummond's *Ascent of Man*, and Mr. Balfour's *Foundations of Belief*. This the three have in common: that they are attempts at conciliation between religion, understood in its most elemental sense, and the proved facts of scientific research, and that each of them makes an endeavour to assimilate those facts, and to assign them a convenient niche in the religious categories. Mr. Hugh Mortimer Cecil will have none of this legerdemain;

the flank of the rationalist position shall not be so turned if his vigilance can frustrate the manoeuvre; and with a pen steeped in sulphuric acid he has set out to confute these writers one by one. And in spite of a vitriolic tendency unduly to condemn the intellectual powers of those who find themselves in the opposite camp, notwithstanding also a dangerous facility in attributing to them motives of an unworthy nature, he is one who must be reckoned with as a clear thinker, a cogent reasoner, a lucid and accomplished writer.

One of Mr. Kidd's main theses was to this effect: that the possession of reason is inconsistent with the will to submit to the conditions imposed on man as a member of society, that is, of a greater organism; the conclusion being that the progress to which the process of natural selection tends would have concluded in the day when the reasoning powers were perfected, but for a factor above and beyond reason—that is to say, the religious instinct. Of this contention Mr. Cecil disposes very effectually:

"Mr. Kidd conceives 'natural selection' to be a 'force' acting upon man against his own interests. In reality, however, the strife of evolution is not between man and natural selection, but between men themselves, and *natural selection is only the name for the result of this conflict.*"

Against Prof. Drummond's workshop-and-machine argument Mr. Cecil effectually retorts:

"There is no value in his argument that we ought to seek the meaning of evolution in its end, not in its beginning—in man, not in the atom—for the reason that we do not know the end of evolution yet; and for the reason that while we are external to the atom we are not external to ourselves, and so cannot avoid the egoistic fallacy of interpreting the universe in terms of ourselves."

This is a perfectly true and just comment, for "it appeareth not what we shall be," as Mr. Drummond might have been expected to remember. Also Mr. Cecil points out once more that the Scots professor was mistaken in supposing himself to be the first to observe the importance of the altruistic principle in biology.

Coming to the third essay we have somewhat against the writer—that he attempts to prejudice his readers against the author of *Foundations of Belief*, by suggesting a suspicion as to his sincerity; and that in so futile a fashion as to throw doubt upon his possessing the coolness and patience requisite for profitable controversy. At a certain Church Congress Mr. Balfour read a paper on the "Religion of Humanity," in the course of which he argued that Christianity holds out a more consoling hope; that it is, therefore, not hastily to be thrust aside in favour of any such substitute as Comte conceived. With this Mr. Cecil would have us compare the conclusion of the *Fragment on Progress*, the rectorial address to Glasgow University, in which Mr. Balfour said:

"It is easy, no doubt, to find in the clouds which obscure our path what shapes we please; to see in them the promise of some millennial paradise, or the threat of endless and unmeaning travel through waste and perilous places. But

in such visions the wise men will place but little confidence."

There is, in fact, no inconsistency between these passages, as will be evident to any one attentively reading them with their context. In both Mr. Balfour draws a dingy picture of the outlook for the human race; and it is in rosy visions of this corporate future that in the rectorial address he declines to place confidence. In the paper before the Church Congress he goes one step further, and from the hopelessness of the racial outlook deduces an argument wherewith to buttress the Christian hope of a personal immortality.

It is impossible in the space at our disposal to consider at large Mr. Cecil's criticism of *Foundations of Belief*. It is a very serious and capable attack, which will have to be reckoned with. Especially damaging is the criticism of Mr. Balfour's theory of authority. That argument can be employed with effect only by one religious body, and it is not that body of which Mr. Balfour is a member. And here we venture to suggest to Mr. Cecil that it would be well were he to find out, before the issue of a second edition, the meaning of the Roman Catholic dogma of the Immaculate Conception, to which he more than once alludes: he appears to be under the impression that the phrase is equivalent to parthenogenesis.

AUSTRIA, 1740-1790.

"FOREIGN STATESMEN" SERIES. — *Maria Theresa.* By Rev. J. Franck Bright, D.D.

Joseph II. By the same Author. (Macmillan & Co.)

In the present dearth of English historians of any considerable fame it is satisfactory to be able to point to the really useful work done by such a series as Messrs. Macmillan's "Foreign Statesmen." Dr. Franck Bright's brilliant monographs on Maria Theresa, the great Austrian stateswoman of the eighteenth century, and her clever and ambitious son, the Emperor Joseph II., are the latest contributions to this series, and they are altogether admirable. Dr. Bright has done wisely in treating the two reigns as practically inseparable, and in not attempting to give more than a titular distinction to the two volumes, the first of which ends with the death of Maria Theresa's husband, the Emperor Francis, and the adoption of Joseph as co-regent with his mother. For fifteen years Joseph was associated with the Empress in the government, and to dissociate her political action from the character and views of her son would be to give an entirely inadequate estimate of this critical period; while Joseph's sole rule, after his mother's death, was but the working-out of the ideas of the joint régime. A further unity is caused by the predominant influence of the great Chancellor Kaunitz during the two reigns, making them one single episode in the history of Europe.

In the rise and fall of monarchies there is no more interesting, and in many ways pathetic, story than that of this period of Austrian development, on the eve of the

French Revolution, and the European changes consequent on it. The systems of the Middle Ages had broken up, leaving the monarchical principle supreme by force in Europe, but unbased on any popular sanction. Austria was an unwieldy Empire, with scattered provinces; and the death of Charles VI. without male heirs left it to that scramble among jealous Powers which his famous Act, the Pragmatic Sanction, settling the succession on his daughter, Maria Theresa, only managed to convert into the War of Succession. The young girl who had to fight for her throne was, in truth, a noble and enlightened woman, who, under happier auspices, might have shown the highest possibilities of a benevolent despotism. But the irony of events compelled her to defend her territory by arms and intrigues against Frederick the Great, the greatest soldier of the age, and to shift from one system of alliances to another, in order to counteract the advance of Prussia and the diplomacy of Russia, England, and France. Maria Theresa is essentially a finer and more interesting character than her son. Joseph, with all his acute qualities, and a liberalism far beyond his age, was essentially a doctrinaire, arrogant when thwarted, fascinating when he chose, but with none of that grand temperament which makes Maria Theresa so extraordinary a figure among the statesmen and sovereigns of her time.

Dr. Bright's picture of Kaunitz, the diplomatic genius of this period, is one which gives special value to these two volumes. They may be commended on this account as a most stimulating and suggestive sketch to competitors for the Oxford Arnold Essay in 1898, for which this subject is set. Dr. Bright's chapters on the change of alliances in 1756, by which Kaunitz at last fulfilled his dream of an *entente* with France, instead of the old Austrian policy of alliance with the Maritime Powers, put the whole matter with admirable fairness and brevity. It was the irony of Austria's fate that the schemes of Kaunitz unfortunately neglected, as they were bound to neglect, the historical fact that the rivalry of England and France, and not the supremacy of Austria, was then the real governing force in the history of nations. But none the less, there has never been a greater diplomatic *coup* than the accomplishment of the Treaty of Versailles by Kaunitz. The character of the man, too, is very ably delineated. Conceited, faddy, pedantic, he was a patriot to the core, ever ready to merge his own glory in that of his mistress, and to devote his vast industry unswervingly to the interests of his country as he saw them. During the co-regency his position was most difficult, with the Empress pulling always in the direction of peace, and her son actively working for his own schemes at whatever cost. Dr. Bright holds the scales of justice even for all three; and nothing could be better and more psychologically true than the clear historical explanations by which he indicates in each case the justification for policies of the most diverse character.

EVOLUTION AND DOGMA.

Recent Advances in Theistic Philosophy of Religion. By James Lindsay, Minister of St. Andrew's, Kilmarnock. (Blackwood & Co.)

We must confess to having opened this book—a bulky volume of some five hundred and fifty pages—with a certain amount of prejudice. Its cumbrous title seemed to be too assertive. For “advances” must mean definite progress made towards a definite end, and how can this be predicated of speculations upon matters which, by their very nature, belong to a region where we can apply no system of measurement? We think Mr. Lindsay would have been wiser if he had made use of some term more modest and less open to misconstruction. But it is only fair to him that we should state his case as he himself presents it, though, necessarily, in smaller compass. He maintains that theistic philosophy has long been at a standstill because those who treated of it ignored the progress of science. There can be no question that the theory of evolution is the most important that modern science has constructed or accepted, and it therefore follows that no exposition of Theism can, in the writer's opinion, be adequate which fails to recognise it. Accordingly, Mr. Lindsay has sought “to write as one conscious of the evolutionary atmosphere in which the thought of our time lives.” It is, then, chiefly by the use which he has made of the theory of evolution that the foundations of theistic belief have been strengthened and extended.

Not the subject only, nor the reverent manner of its treatment, but the learning and research which every page of the book exhibits, compel us to regard the author with sincere respect. He certainly is not liable to the charge which he brings against the churches generally, that they shelter “dense and unprogressive thought.” By his study of all the more important contributions to theistic philosophy which writers in Europe and America have made he has secured a fulness and breadth of thought for the execution of his difficult task such as few can possess.

The ground covered is far too extensive for anything more than a brief survey on our part. The three main divisions are respectively entitled “Recent Philosophy of Natural Religion,” “Recent Philosophy of Theism (God),” and “Recent Philosophy of Religion (Man);” but under each of these heads there are several subdivisions, the contents of which are as varied as they are copious. Teleology, Freedom and Law, Man's Intellectual and Spiritual Nature, his Needs and Goal, the Being and Attributes of God, Immortality and Materialism—these are among the subjects handled, but form by no means an exhaustive list of them. They are discussed with ability and fairness, though a greater simplicity of language, and sometimes also of method, would have contributed to the reader's pleasure and advantage. Mr. Lindsay does not shirk the difficulties which, in his inquiries, present themselves at every turn; in some cases he claims to have met them with new arguments, in all he discusses them exhaustively.

Thus, the difficulty which exists in many minds of reconciling the idea of personality with that of infinity is, he holds, the result of regarding the infinite as a mere aggregate of things finite. Viewed thus, personality is necessarily limited. But this is a wrong view. Personality must not be confounded with corporeity. Conscious selfhood has nothing essentially to do either with shape or time, or with location in space or any of the other conceivable limitations that mark personality in the usual sense. The very absence of personality in God—the lack of sensibility and self-determining power—would really constitute limitation in Him as the impersonal. Again, as Mr. W. S. Lilly says, personality in man is but the dimmest shadow of the perfect selfhood of the infinite. The idea of personality, like all ideas, is realised only in that self-existent—the original of all existence—which transcends those ideas, indeed, but in transcending includes them. Moreover, we cannot ignore the argument that as there is not in the known *cosmos* any higher fact than that of personality, to deny personality to the most perfect form of being involves a contradiction of terms. We see creation struggling towards personality, and mounting step by step through the preliminary stages of the vegetable and animal world until in man it actually attains to individual personality and becomes a self-conscious mind. Is it, then, reasonable to suppose that the pre-eminence of man over the inferior creation due to his personality is wanting in the highest Being of all?

The pages of this journal are not wholly suitable for the discussion of such problems as Mr. Lindsay examines, and in which comparatively few will find the fascinating interest they possess for him. Pfeleiderer's words again and again come into our thoughts: “We can know God only so far as His relations towards us disclose Him; all else is as dark as is the moon's other side to the inhabitants of this earth.”

We desire to do the fullest justice to the unstinted labour which Mr. Lindsay has given to his work, and the excellent spirit which it displays, but we sometimes wish that the English language, as it is usually written, could have sufficed for the expression of his thoughts, and that we could have been spared so many specimens of “word-building” and a terminology “made in Germany.”

THE MAKING OF FRANCE.

The Growth of the French Nation. By George Burton Adams. (Macmillan & Co.)

“The History of Institutions,” writes Bishop Stubbs, “cannot be mastered, can scarcely be approached, without an effort”: and in Mr. Adams's work we are glad to recognise many of the rare qualities needed. He shows strict fairness with clear and independent judgment, and he tells his story pleasantly. There is wanting, perhaps, a certain flavour of sympathy with the great, patient, toiling people; but that may be due to the limits set, which (as he regrets)

forbade him to dwell on the various stages of their social and economic progress. We hope he may hereafter be able to do so.

Four short interesting chapters deal with the earliest history—the Gauls and Franks, the great battles of Châlons and Tours, and the real and legendary glories of Charles the Great; and though Mr. Adams modestly excludes the present century from his review, he has given a brief account of the fortunes of post-Revolutionary France also. But his main task—no easy one—has been to show by what steps Hugues Capet's little dukedom grew up, through centuries of effort, into the mighty, compact Republic of our own day, with almost boundless resources and ambitions world-wide. The history falls naturally into four periods. France first takes rank in the modern system of Europe, and begins to play her great part among the nations in the reign of crafty, unscrupulous Louis XI., who tricked Burgundy, fooled Charles the Bold to his ruin, and cajoled England. By what gradual steps the Capetian kings extended their rule, and how their wise statecraft led ever steadily towards the unity of France—whether by the policy of Philip Augustus, the mild, firm justice of St. Louis, or the steadfast tenacity of Charles the Wise; how the steel of French patriotism was forged in the long wars with England and consecrated in the blood of Jeanne d'Arc; how the barriers of feudal principalities were broken down and the great nobles transformed from rival kinglets into the "first servants of the Crown"—all this is well and clearly told. Next comes a period of foreign wars with varying success, a pushing south and east and north, trials of strength with Austria, Italy, Spain; times of domestic strife, civil and religious, marked by the hideous massacre of St. Bartholomew, and ending in peace for France, reunited under Henry of Navarre. All this stage of growth, with the very significant episode of the flickering life and fitful activity of the States-General, France's counterpart of the Parliament of England, and the sterile protest of the Gallican Liberties, is admirably narrated. Our third age is that of the earlier Bourbons, from Henry IV. to the close of Louis XIV.'s long reign. This was at first a time of rest, prosperity, and peace; then of expansion and success under Richelieu; lastly, it was marred for a time by the frivolous and wicked wars of the Fronde, when the nobles of France showed a cynical want of principle not easily matched elsewhere. Thereafter the costly glories of Louis XIV.'s earlier reign, and the shame of its later years, sowed the seed of the Revolution, which swept away the Royal house of France. But it was in our fourth period that, under the last two Bourbons, the evil seeds of extravagance and intolerance ripened, in a hotbed of vice and unbelief, to that harvest of death.

In telling his story Mr. Adams has scarcely given weight enough to the civilising action of the Roman Church. It was there that the germs of freedom from feudal tyranny and the sense of man's dignity were kept and fostered. So too, at the Reformation in France, Calvin addressed the Letter of Remonstrance, prefaced to his "Insti-

tutes," to Francis I. himself. (This fact has not been noted by the author in its place.) Again, sufficient prominence is not given to the disastrous results of revoking the Edict of Nantes. The defeats of Louis's reign came after this (1685); it broke up the peace of the realm, and drove into exile much of its best manhood, and the memories of the *dragonnades* and the *camisades* embittered the stripes of the revolutionary years. But Mr. Adams is not dazzled by Louis's pomp. He plainly tells us that "Grand Monarque" was somewhat commonplace, and that his policy, from the first mistaken, was in the end very mischievous to his country. Against the harsh judgment on Fouquet we should set Mme. de Sévigné's more favourable verdict; and Mr. Adams will find few to agree with his sentence on the literature of France's Augustan age. Surely Racine, La Fontaine, Molière, and the great pulpit orators did not confine their study to the "somewhat artificial man of society" (p. 231). In another particular he is less than just. Louis XI. and Henry IV. did great things for France; but it is strange to miss in the former case all mention of De Commynes, and in the latter to seek in vain the names of D'Aubigné and De Mornay.

The portraits and other illustrations, all apposite and interesting, lend grace and charm to the book. A few maps would have added to its value. Oddly enough, two maps are referred to (pp. 159 and 281), but are not in our copy. It is only right to note a few slips: Charles VIII.'s sister was Anne of Beaujeu, not "Beaujeau" (p. 143); "Charles I." should be Charles II. (p. 210); Marie Antoinette's mother (p. 278) was the Empress-Queen Maria Theresa, not "Louisa"; it is as wrong to speak before 1806 of the "German Emperor" instead of the Emperor of Germany as it is now to do the opposite; and, lastly, the poor little dauphin, titular Louis XVII., though perhaps killed by ill-usage, was not "executed" (p. 319). We must, of course, put up with established American modes of spelling; but we do not like "reënfacement"; "boss-principles" seems out of place in serious writing; *States-General* is too firmly established for "Estates" to take its place; and "make over" is not a good substitute for *refashion*, *remake*, &c., especially as it already has in English the meaning of to *hand over*, *transmit*.

A BOOK FOR FISHERMEN.

Fish-Tails and Some True Ones. By Bradnock Hall. (Edward Arnold.)

THE festive patriarch of anglers strikes a note in his immortal book which fishermen have not been slow to catch. Piscator tutors his "honest scholar" in many a humorous paragraph, to say nothing of the amusing episode of the gypsies and beggars. The last generation of anglers were fond of bringing out this side of their art, and, as a natural consequence, a reaction has set in of late. Angling books, therefore, have been grave, decorous, sometimes dull: *Four in Norway* and a few others are distinguished

exceptions. Mr. Hall's chapters on fishing are written in a fulsome, affected manner, and his preface especially is verbose, six pages when six lines would have been sufficient. This is a pity, because his accounts of fishing in Norway are adventurous and interesting. He is overcome, however, by the desire of being smart, and his book suffers accordingly. Thus, when a salmon rises he describes it as "a subaqueous eruption, the exhilarating whack of a big tail"; a grilse is called "Zoar, a little one"; while a flood in a salmon river is explained, from the fishes' point of view, as "an infusion of chicory, and tree-roots are their portion to eat." Nauseous as is this style of writing, what shall be said of the following?

"There are perhaps few, if any, who have killed their first half-dozen salmon hooked, and the risk of losing a good fish is, of course, infinitely greater to a man, however skilful, who cannot rely on his knots and his gut as he would on his mother's affection; but if he is really expert, he will have served his apprenticeship, and will not fear a vote in reduction of his salary for negligence."

Small wonder if the critic shudders lest this kind of writing should again become popular in angling books.

Mr. Hall has several good fishing stories to tell, their fun lying, of course, in exaggeration, and the portraits he draws of his two Norwegian gillies are sufficiently characteristic and amusing. This is just the book for an angler to take up for an odd five minutes, and now that the fishing season is beginning Mr. Hall's enthusiasm will be found catching. It almost passes the wit of man to invent (or describe) novel fishing incidents, but anglers are fortunately so constituted that they never tire of the old ones dressed afresh. Like their prey, too, they are omnivorous, so that it is not difficult to cater for them. When illustrations are added fishermen are still more pleased, so that Mr. Hall's own etching here and the dozen engravings of Mr. T. H. McLachlan ought to earn their gratitude. The sombre tones of the frontispiece, "Homewards," are well caught by Mr. Hall's needle, and the different views in Norway will bring back pleasant recollections to many a Northern angler. Occasionally practical hints drop from the author's experience, as when he recommends a gold Devon spinner. The glitter of it seems irresistible. A pin-head swivel is also much to his mind.

A glance into Mr. Westwood's *Bibliotheca Piscatoria* shows what a number of competitors Mr. Hall has in writing about fish in a popular manner, and how few have succeeded in this style of literature. Kingsley has done it to perfection and his *Chalk-stream Studies* are yet unsurpassed. It demands a happy combination of skill and fancy, of appreciation of natural beauty tempered with kindness for man as well as the lower animals. The unconscious tone of the narrative commends it to the reader. Like a strain of music one false note on the side of affectation, or a straining after effect, is at once fatal. Charles St. John is another master in this style, as is evinced whenever he chances to name fishing in his excellent books on Scotch

natural history. The attempt to write in a smart manner is a snare into which Mr. Hall constantly falls. If he would only be natural and write in a plain matter-of-fact fashion, his anecdotes are mostly so instructive that anglers would gratefully accept the volume. Though *Fish Tails* will not increase his reputation, it shows, at all events, that Mr. Hall possesses that enthusiasm for fly-fishing and love of scenery which go so far to produce a good book on angling.

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

The Church of the Sixth Century. By William Holden Hutton, B.D. With Illustrations. (Longmans.)

A SERIES of six lectures at Cambridge on the Birkbeck foundation furnishes the contents of Mr. Hutton's interesting volume. The task the lecturer has set himself has been rather to illustrate, than either to outline or fully to treat, the period which he has chosen. This period extends from the reunion of East and West, in 519, to the consecration of St. Gregory the Great, in 590. That is to say, the controversy concerning the "Three Chapters" furnishes the chief subject-matter, the Emperor Justinian is the principal figure, Constantinople and Ravenna are the centres of interest. Mr. Hutton has no mercy upon the weakness of the unfortunate Pope Vigilius, the defence of whom has so severely tasked the ingenuity of Roman Catholic controversialists. The Emperor Justinian is his hero, and at great length he combats the evidence for his having in his last days fallen away from the integrity of the faith into the heresy of Aphotodocetism, which denied the corruptibility of Christ's body. As to Vigilius, Mr. Hutton has nothing new to adduce. Sarcastically premising, "Roman Catholic writers assure us that no one save a member of their body understands the true meaning of the dogma of Papal Infallibility," he clearly outlines the course of events in which Vigilius' wisdom was at fault, and so leaves the matter where he found it. But with regard to the alleged lapse of Justinian, for whom, whether as a prince or as a theologian, his enthusiasm knows no bounds, he pleads powerfully and well for a re-opening of the question. Against the testimony of Eustathius, Evagrius, and Nicetius, which he critically examines, Mr. Hutton alleges the inherent improbability of the Emperor's lapsing into a heresy with which he had long been familiar, and which in many passages he had incidentally controverted. He cites the testimony of the majority of contemporary writers, including St. Gregory the Great, as unanimous in witnessing to Justinian as a pillar of orthodoxy. Further, there is the general judgment of the universal Church, to which Dante gives voice in the *Paradiso*, where Justinian stands like the sun in his strength, hiding himself in excess of light. Mr. Hutton's tentative hypothesis is that, in refining between incorruptibility and *de facto* incorruption, "Justinian may have seemed—from some writing which, perhaps, we have lost—to approach too near

to the opinion of Severus. Exaggerated reports may have spread, and distant bishops have taken alarm." However, in the present state of the evidence, he concludes that a definitive solution is impossible.

There is an informing chapter on Byzantine art, and it is under the glamour of this subject—under the spell of the city's historic stones—that Mr. Hutton writes. It throws a glow over the whole of his treatise, warming the dried bones of decayed controversies into something like vivacity, and adding a certain completeness to the treatment of a subject instinct with literary possibilities.

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"ARCHÆOLOGICAL SURVEY OF INDIA."—*Chalukyan Architecture.* By Alexander Rea, M.R.A.S. (Trübner & Co.; W. H. Allen & Co.)

THIS is the twenty-first volume brought out by the officers of the Archæological Survey of India. It treats of the remains of temples and shrines situated within a circle twenty-four miles in diameter in the Ballāri district of the Madras Presidency. Within this small extent of territory no less than ten temples have been found worthy of illustration. The drawings have been made to scale from careful measurement, and are good examples of sectional and elevational drawing. The plans have been set out with an equal solicitude; they show well the instinct for effect and the faculty of suggesting mystery possessed by the builders. An artistic plan is quite as essential in architecture as a good elevation; it is as it were the thesis of the structure; to it the elevations are but as commentaries, elaborations and the consummation. A cruciform arrangement is quite usual in these temples; some of them suggest a Christian church. The ceilings, on which much geometric thought was lavished, are shown in detail; they seem to be all of trabeated construction and cover a considerable span. Some of them have small domes cut out of the flat surface, elaborate pendants being hung from the centre coming down three or four feet. The doorways are the richest features in the elevations, and are surrounded and crowned with carving; but bases and cornices, niches and pilasters decorate almost all the surfaces. The mouldings which contrast so admirably with the sculptural parts are bold and piquant. Viollet-le-Duc has said that mouldings are the language of the architect; these natives of South India were eloquent indeed. The material used in these relics of outworn creeds was a species of black hornblende which has much of the effects of marble: it is soft when quarried, but hardens under exposure, and is thus suited for the creation and preservation of delicate ornament. The drawings are produced in photo-print with a light blue line; perhaps black would have been more satisfactory as giving more strength to the page; but they have about them as they are a delicacy not unsuited to the subjects represented. These bring home to us the devotion and wealth of dynasties and peoples whose almost only record they are; they show also the passion for building which in the periods of their vigour has dominated all nations. The builders of the

world might repeat, with greater reason, the wondering boast of the Roman: "Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?" This volume is a worthy record of a small part of that all-pervading labour, and should attract the many Anglo-Indians: indeed, we are all Anglo-Indians nowadays.

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Demon Possession and Allied Themes. By the Rev. John L. Nevius, D.D. (London: Redway.)

SOME forty-five years ago, the late Dr. Nevius—for this book is posthumous—joined the American Presbyterian Mission in China. He took with him, to quote his own words,

"a strong conviction that a belief in demons, and communications with spiritual beings, belongs exclusively to a barbarous and superstitious age, and at present can consist only with mental weakness and want of culture."

But the native preachers and catechists attached to the mission soon changed all that. He was perpetually hearing from them of unconverted Chinese who appeared to be possessed by evil spirits under nearly the same circumstances as the demoniacs in the New Testament, and of their wonderful cure by the prayers of the same preachers. At length his strong conviction began to waver, and an "experience" at which he himself assisted seems to have sent it to the right-about. Thereafter he issued a circular to his brother missionaries asking them to obtain answers from "intelligent and reliable native Christians" to a list of questions on such cases as had fallen under their notice. Some of these questions were of the kind that lawyers call leading, and he gives only a few of the replies in the volume before us. The replies quoted all justify Dr. Nevius's later credulity rather than his earlier scepticism; but it would be interesting to know the positions taken up by those of his correspondents whose answers he has not reproduced.

It cannot be said that the evidence thus collected forms a convincing body of testimony. In only two instances were the observers Europeans, and in neither case did the phenomena exhibited go beyond the limits of an ordinary hysterical fit. The rest of the evidence is mostly hearsay of hearsay, and, although doubtless reported and perhaps given in good faith, it rests finally on the accuracy of native witnesses. What this is worth may be judged from the remark here quoted of a well-known English missionary that

"the Mongols are so thoroughly imbued, one and all, with the spirit of lying that I have found it useless to repeat what the most respectable say, even when they have no conceivable motive for not telling the truth."

To these stories Dr. Nevius and his editor have appended an account, discursive rather than profound, of the different theories by which the phenomena of so-called possession is accounted for by science. He finds, as might be expected, the theory to be drawn from a literal interpretation of Scripture more rational than any of them; but he does not seem well versed in Greek ideas of spiritual influence at the beginning of our

era, or in the latest researches into what is called hystero-demonopathy.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling and other writers have already prepared us for the one conclusion that stands out plainly from Dr. Nevius's book. This is, that persons of European blood, when settled for a long time in Oriental countries, insensibly contract some of the superstitions of the natives by whom they are surrounded. By so doing they get nearer to the mental level of their neighbours than they are probably aware. In the present instance the Chinese call the missionaries foreign devils, and the missionaries retort that the only devils in the case are in the Chinese. Is there so much difference between the two?

The Nicaragua Canal and the Monroe Doctrine.

By L. M. Keasbey. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

PROPERLY to understand Mr. Keasbey's book we must adopt his point of view, and for the moment cease to look upon England as the centre from which all trade routes radiate. According to Mr. Keasbey, the natural westerly route of trade is round the inconvenient Cape Horn, and he holds that a canal across the Isthmus of Central America would divert all trade to an artificial westerly route through that short cut. Mr. Keasbey examines at some length all the possible lines for the Canal, and comes to the conclusion that the route through Lake Nicaragua alone is feasible. The Suez Canal precedent would naturally point to a joint protectorate of the Isthmus Canal by Great Britain and the United States, and this adjustment has already been secured by the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. But Pan-Americanism and the Monroe Doctrine are both involved in the controversy over the Canal route, and, as these are considered vital questions to the United States, the States will, of course, continue to deny the logic of European tradition in the matter, and insist upon American control. This will bring them into direct conflict with the British Imperial system. Mr. Keasbey thinks that England, being confronted by powerful opponents in every part of the globe, will prefer to abandon the American continent to the Americans in return for their undivided support in the international affairs of the world. This might, perhaps, be a solution were it not that we could hardly trust the promise of the States to give us their "undivided support," and that it would be the basest treachery to abandon the loyal Canadians.

Some Thoughts on the Textual Criticism of the New Testament. By George Salmon, D.D. (Murray.)

THERE is, as Dr. Salmon apologetically observes, no immodesty "if one who is not an expert himself attempts to form some judgment of his own between the views of those who are." He hesitates to follow Hort, for whom, nevertheless, he has a profound veneration, in the first place, on account of "a certain exaggeration of judgment": he will never allow that a less probable may exist side by side with a more

probable opinion. Thus his work in conjunction with Dr. Westcott is epoch-making, indeed, in the sense in which Darwin's *Origin of Species* was epoch-making, but not in the sense that it is final. On the contrary, while he has no expectation that Burgon will ever "be set on his legs again," he finds something servile in the general readiness with which Hort's history of the text has been accepted, and even his nomenclature adopted, "as if now the last word had been said on the subject of New Testament criticism." Hort's nomenclature, he complains, partly tends to confusion, partly begs questions at issue; Dr. Salmon disputes the evidences of a Syrian revision on which some base their preference for the Vatican and Sinaitic MSS. as almost final authorities; he complains that the origin of the Synoptic Gospels suggests a problem bearing on the reconstruction of an authentic text which they have almost overlooked; and, finally, he has something to say against Hort's rejection of the theory of double editions as a method of accounting for Western variants. The writer's tone is modest and conciliatory, his treatment of the subject-matter is lucid and cogent, his style is free from pedantry and touched with humour.

Elementary Solid Geometry and Mensuration.

By Henry Dallas Thompson, D.Sc., Ph.D., Professor of Mathematics in Princeton University. 200 pp. (Macmillan & Co.)

The first seven chapters of this treatise are entitled respectively: "Lines and Planes and their Intersections," "Angles of Planes and Lines," "Polyhedral Angles," "Polyhedrons," "Cylinders and Cones," "The Sphere," and "Conic Sections," and the eighth, occupying fifty pages, is devoted to "Mensuration of Solids." Mr. Thompson does sound journeyman work, free from glaring defects, but text-books on well-worn themes are not easy to write, and though he is an evident master of the subject, his hand betrays inexperience in bringing it home to others. Not that he avoids difficulties, or soars too high for a beginner; just the contrary. The few emphatic propositions of Euclid, Book XI., are cut up by him into an enormous number of small propositions. They are all carefully numbered and conscientiously referred to at every turn, so that the industrious student need never lose hold of the logical thread. Thus the book makes easy reading, but its success as a text-book is very doubtful.

Section 301—to establish the formula $4\pi r^2$ for the surface of a sphere—is terribly long-winded and amateurish; a murderous copy of the concise and elegant proof in Wilson's handy text-book on the same subject, with which the present work unfortunately challenges comparison. Among the demonstrations which seem to us well conceived are § 20: If two planes meet, they meet in at least two points; § 67, to obtain the shortest distance between two straight lines; § 86, Euler's Theorem that $F + V = E + 2$ (although the demonstration, which is Cauchy's, appears in nearly all text-books); § 210, which proves by an ingenious method the geodesic property of

great circle arcs on the sphere; and § 210, Steiner's formula with proof for the volume of a prismatoid.

The More Abundant Life: Lenten Readings.

Selected chiefly from Unpublished MSS. of the Right Reverend Phillips Brooks. By W. M. L. Jay. (Macmillan & Co.)

TEN years ago the late Bishop of Massachusetts preached before the University of Oxford, and the present discourses, selected and abridged with a wise discretion by Mr. Jay, bring back very vividly to mind the burly form, the silvery voice, and the lightning rapidity of the great American preacher. They remind one, too, how good it was to hearken to the man; how fresh his thought was, yet without laborious research; how apt, yet how spontaneous, the word to fit it. From the point of view of scientific theology, it is true he was invertebrate; but as a professor of natural religion, seeking his inspiration in the depths of his own clean, virile nature, he stands alone. The present volume appears pat with the ecclesiastical season.

Life after Death. By Bishop Lars Nielsen Dahle. Translated by the Rev. John Beveridge. (T. & T. Clark.)

THIS is a translation, from the Norse, of a book by a Lutheran bishop upon the Future State and the Second Advent. The author accepts the doctrine of eternal punishment, he rejects that of purgatory, but is inclined to look with favour on prayers for the dead. As to the Second Advent, he receives the Apocalypse of St. John as being a literal prophecy of that which is to come, believes firmly in the personality of Antichrist, and gives yet another reading of the Number of the Beast. Yet the book is learned and tolerant, and the Bishop shows a very complete acquaintance with the writings of English and American theologians. He takes, however, writers like Mr. Grattan Guinness and the prophet Baxter much too seriously.

The Natural History of the Year. By J. A. Thomson. (Melrose.)

THERE seems no end to the books which describe the phenomena of nature during the year. This little volume is meant for the young. Giving some half-dozen chapters to each of the seasons, it does not confine itself merely to the interesting facts of outdoor life in the British Islands. Winter is largely illustrated from the familiar features of Scandinavian and Arctic existence. A good deal of repetition is probably due to the fact that these chapters were originally informal lectures delivered at Edinburgh. They treat of seedlings, the flight of birds, tadpoles, the coast fauna and the like, and are well calculated to aid an intelligent boy in his researches. Occasionally what is here stated as a fact may be questioned. For instance, lemmings on their migrations undoubtedly swim into or even across fiords, but they have never been known to rush into the North Sea, and thus speedily commit suicide, although it is a legend that they do so.

FICTION.

False Dawn. By Francis Prevost. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

THE story of John Avon and Nina Wendover is the story of the love of a man for a married woman. Such a theme, which we accept as inevitable in French fiction, has too often of late been the sport of incompetent hands in our own. We confess, therefore, to a distinct feeling of prejudice against Mr. Prevost's book from the beginning; and this is perhaps exasperated by certain audacities of sensuous description. But before we have gone very far the prejudice is dispelled. The outcome, indeed, proves to be renunciation and not licentiousness; but long before that point is reached Mr. Prevost's writing has got its grip upon the reader. For *False Dawn*, whether you dislike or are wearied of its motive or not, is at least admirably and, in places, even beautifully written, with real and rare powers both of psychology and of word-painting. If Mr. Prevost continues to take his art as seriously in the future he should do well. The weak point of the book is in its opening stages, which are marked by a curious lack not only of ethical purpose, but even of ethical consciousness about John Avon, and in Mrs. Wendover by an equally curious inconsistency between the superficial manner and the inward delicate soul of the woman. We gather that she coquets, and, to put it plainly, romps with Avon, in the hope of evading the coming issue; but we feel that such a woman would have chosen another way of keeping the man who attracted her at arm's length, and that, with such a man, the way she did choose would certainly not have failed to repel him.

The Faithful City: a Romance. By Herbert Morrah. (Methuen.)

MR. MORRAH's romance is disappointing. The conception of it is good; the great new city, built as the expression of a new ideal, the product of one man's shaping brain and one man's untiring energy; and then the slow struggle with the forces of disintegration, and the closing of the first period of history in a dramatic crisis. There are picturesque possibilities, too, in the situation between Benjamin Harris, the maker and ruler of the city, and Stella Léonos, his principal opponent. Both in their way are sympathetic figures, and they are inevitably pitted against each other. Nor is the book without some touches of poetic suggestion in the handling of it—in the symbolism of the Great Tower, for instance, and in the fiery Cross, which gives warning of oncoming danger. Good as Mr. Morrah's scheme is, however, his execution of it is faltering and ineffective. The story is all in the air. The ideal of Benjamin Harris remains misty and undefined. The situation has hardly been shaped into anything that resembles a plot. The characters are only vaguely suggested and not individualised. The book is long to verbosity, and we constantly seem on the point of something vivid and dramatic; but Mr. Morrah goes about it and about, and

never comes to terms with his action at all. Although he has not at present achieved a success, he has made it clear that he has ideas, and that he will in all probability do much better before long.

Mr. Blake of Newmarket. By E. H. Cooper. (Heinemann.)

It is a matter of surprise to us that there can be any demand for such a book as *Mr. Blake of Newmarket*. It is a sordid chronicle of gambling-hells and racing-stables and restaurants, written in a style that savours of nothing but the columns of the sporting papers. Perhaps it may appeal to the man who reads the sporting papers, if he ever reads anything else, but to the ordinary devotee of the circulating libraries it will surely prove but weariness of the flesh. What story there is centres round a foolish young man who owns a small racing stable at Newmarket. His trainer is dishonest, and lets him in for some heavy losses. These Mr. Blake tries to recoup, first by plunging and then by headlong gambling at Monte Carlo. But all to no purpose, for he becomes more and more heavily in debt, and finally has to sell his stables, house, and horses, and betake himself to South Africa with an equally foolish young woman who is willing to share his poverty. There are some other characters who try ineffectually to bring Mr. Blake to his senses before the crash comes; but they all, peers and stable-boys, think the same thoughts, and talk the same jargon—horses, horses, and again horses. The cover of the book is ingeniously and obtrusively hideous.

Love for a Key. By G. Colmore. ("Pioneer Series": Heinemann.)

THIS is a melancholy, wistful little story of grey clouds and mists and swampy meadows, and a woman's weariness and disappointment. Annette Gray marries for love, and her husband marries for money. She is plain and dowdy and unready: he is good-looking and smart and popular. Disillusion and disaster are the rapid issue. But the love persists, and in the end, though too late for happiness, is victorious. Ruthen Gray loses his beauty and his popularity, and returns to his wife, when she is on her death-bed. It is all depressing enough, but delicately written, and with a certain fine idealism. The society background is done cleverly and unobtrusively. The weak point is the husband, who is rather crudely objectionable. The motive of the story requires a soul of goodness somewhere in him, but even during his repentance one has to take it very much upon trust. Annette is much more subtly and intimately drawn. There is charm in the atmosphere of the book, in the quiet landscape, and in the feeling for some of the less obvious and salient aspects of nature.

The Episode of Alethea. By Isabel Clarke. (Innes.)

ANOTHER story of the blind artist, and, except by the comparison it inevitably challenges, not a bad one. Gilbert the artist, secretly encumbered with an insane

wife, loved Alethea; and Alethea loved Gilbert. In temper she was emancipated; her descent was through a disgraced woman; her principal care, her sister Morna, died and left her responsible for her actions to herself alone. Yet she elected to bid Gilbert a final farewell, lying in his arms with her cheek pressed against his blind face, and to resign herself to a marriage next April with the uninteresting and unexceptionable Dyce. Then Gilbert drank the contents of a little bottle, and with quotations from *Little Eyolf* and the fifty-first Psalm upon his lips, composed himself to a decent attitude against the coming of the coroner. The interest of the book has the person of Alethea for its centre, and the author has put her best work into it. She would have us to understand that the temperament which in the mother had taken such direction as led her into disgrace had found in this girl another object than illicit amours—had concentrated itself upon the sister to whose life she devoted herself, and to whose reported wish, even after her death, she sacrificed her lover's happiness and her own. The minor characters are essentially commonplace, and the smart dialogue is occasionally rather dismal. Miss Clarke should not call newspapers "mental pabulum," nor a husband a "liege lord"; "phenomenal" does not mean wonderful; things do not differ to, but from, other things; "partakes of the nature of the problem" is not a good equivalent for "is a riddle"; nor is the busy squeaking of a quill well expressed by the phrase "nimble but noisy peripatetics." With all its signs of inexperience and its occasional crudity of expression, a thoughtful and promising book.

Under Shadow of the Mission: A Memory of Santa Barbara. By L. S. McChesney. (Methuen.)

SANTA BARBARA is a health resort in California. This book details the conversations of two men and a chorus of women who happened to be staying there together. All the characters have symbolic names: the Crusader, Themis, Artista, and (save the mark!) Ultimata, who "always has the last word"—except Dorothy, a little girl of eleven, who talks like this: "What makes you talk so, mamma? You are a constant parody on yourself." Conversation turns upon scenery, love-making, woman's position, mesmerism, and kindred subjects. Some of the things said are notable. "The broadened, deepened woman will find a dress expressive of herself." How broad? one asks. Or again, to a man who thinks that women should not vote because they take no share in war—"Have you forgotten their prayers?" This suggests a very complete division of labour. Some of the words, too, are delightful: "her presence was *inspirational*"; and "the joy of selfhood," which is, one may explain, the antithesis not to wifehood but to angelhood. For those who like this sort of thing absolutely unrelieved by any plot or the faintest incident, but diversified with the description of many costumes, it can be had *Under Shadow of the Mission*.

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1897.

No. 1302, New Series.

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THE ACADEMY is published every Friday morning. Advertisements should reach the office not later than 4 p.m. on Thursday.

The EDITOR will make every effort to return rejected contributions, provided a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

Occasional contributors are recommended to have their MS. type-written.

All business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., should be addressed to the PUBLISHER.

Offices: 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.

THE WEEK.

CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

[This article is a chronicle of books published during the week. Reviews will follow in due course.]

ANCIENT BRITISH VOLCANOES. THE earthquake which shook the Midland and Southern counties of England a few months ago must have brought home to many minds certain impressive geological truths. Incidentally it may have prepared a larger public to enjoy the monumental work which Sir Archibald Geikie has just completed on *The Ancient Volcanoes of Great Britain*. In his Preface Sir Archibald describes the growth of the subject.

"In no department of science is the slow and chequered progress of investigation more conspicuous than in that branch of geology which treats of volcanoes. Although from the earliest dawn of history men had been familiar with the stupendous events of volcanic eruptions, they were singularly slow in recognising these phenomena as definite and important parts of the natural history of the earth. Even within the present century, the dominant geological school in Europe taught that volcanoes were mere accidents, due to the combustion of subterranean beds of coal casually set on fire by lightning, or by the decomposition of pyrites. Burning mountains, as they were called, were believed to be the only local and fortuitous appearances, depending on the position of the coal-fields, and having no essential connexion with the internal structure and past condition of our planet. So long as such fantastic conceptions prevailed, it was impossible that any solid progress should be made in this branch of science. A juster appreciation of the nature of the earth's interior was needed before men could recognise that volcanic action had once been vigorous and prolonged in many countries where no remains of volcanoes can now be seen."

Sir Archibald Geikie accords to France the

credit of having led the way in the study of ancient volcanoes. Germany, as represented by Werner, comes out badly in Sir Archibald's historical review of the subject. To Werner volcanoes were "a blot on the system of nature he had devised," and he did all he could to explain them as accidents—mere conflagrations in coal-fields. Between Werner's disciples, called Neptunists from their affection for water as the great formative agent in the disposition of the earth's service, and the disciples of Demarest, called Vulcanists or Plutonists from their defence of volcanic fire, a long struggle ensued. The ending of that struggle in favour of Demarest's school may be said to have placed the study of volcanoes in its present important position in geology. Many British geologists have worked in this field with success. Murchison, Sedgwick, Scrope, Maclaren, Ramsay, Selwyn, and Jukes have all added something to our knowledge of the subject. Sir Archibald Geikie's own studies extend back over forty years, and in the two large volumes before us he has embodied the results which he has communicated at various times to learned societies. The work is illustrated with seven maps and numerous drawings and photographs.

PHILIP AND ALEXANDER OF MACEDON.

MR. DAVID G. HOGARTH has made Philip and Alexander of Macedon the subject of two essays in biography.

The father has been too much obscured by the son, and Mr. Hogarth has recognised this. He writes:

"I treat the two makers of Macedon, not in proportion to their respective bulk in history, but to the number of books already written about them. Philip, so far as I know, supplies the central figure to no extant biography; Alexander has inspired a whole literature."

Mr. Hogarth's book, which is published by Mr. Murray, is bound in red cloth, and in the front cover a gilt embossed medallion portrait of Alexander in the deific character of Heracles has been inserted; the effect is excellent.

MR. ARBER'S HARVEST HOME.

MR. EDWARD ARBER's eighth volume of the *English Garner* completes his interesting series of "ingatherings" from our history and literature. The volume opens with John Lydgate's rhymed account of the Siege of Harfleur and the Battle of Agincourt—"imprinted at London in Foster-lane, in Saint Leonard's parish, by me, John Skot." Bravo, John Skot! Another interesting item is John Proctor's account of Wyatt's rebellion. The work is dedicated by Proctor to Queen Mary. *A True Report of the Burning of the Steeple and Church of St. Paul's in London* was also worth garnering. But perhaps the historical gem of the volume is an account of the burial of Mary Queen of Scots at Peterborough, near Fotheringhay. It is from a unique tract in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh. The poetical contents are varied, and include a collection of *Cupid's Posies*:

"For Bracelets, Handkerchers, and Rings,
With Scarfs, Gloves, and other things."

Twelve Odes by Michael Drayton, first printed in an undated volume of *Poems Lyrical and Pastoral*, and dating from 1606 to 1619, form another poetical sheaf.

OTHER BOOKS. *In Court and Kampong*, by Hugh Clifford, is a series of nineteen tales and sketches

of native life in the Malay Peninsula. The appetite for faithful delineations of savage or semi-civilised life in remote countries and islands has been curiously strong of late years. Mr. Clifford writes of his Malay sketches: "My stories deal with natives of all classes; dwellers in the courts of kings; peasants in their *Kampongs*, or villages, by the rivers and the rice-fields; and with the fisher-folk on the seashore." Another book, and a bulky one, about the Sultan! In *The Sultan and His Subjects*, which appears in two large volumes, Mr. Richard Davey attempts

"to set forth the chief characteristics of those heterogeneous nationalities which have in process of time and by virtue of conquest fallen under the dominion of the Sultans. . . . The author has studied his subject with a serious desire to bring before the intelligent reading public of this country such facts and such anecdotes (elucidating and explaining facts) as may enable an impartial reader to form a fair conclusion as to the present condition, and the probable destiny, of that great Oriental Empire on whose action and fate so much of the peace and welfare of Western Europe depends."

FICTION.

MR. LAURENCE HOUSMANN is an artist of unusual variety and accomplishment. His

black and white drawings give him a high place among modern draughtsmen; while as a writer of the decorative school he is becoming well known for careful fanciful work. From his pen have already come poetry, romance, and fairy tales: he now appears as the author of a study in fantastic humour, entitled *Gods and their Makers* (John Lane). From his dedicatory preface we gather that this new book has been some years in preparation. *Cottage Folk* is the title given by Mrs. Comyns Carr to nine short stories of country life, of which "The Hoppers," "A Farm Tragedy," and "An Only Son" are typical titles. The first two stories at least are laid within sight of the Sussex Downs. *Yekl*, the latest volume of the "Pioneer" series, by A. Cahan, is a tale of the New York Ghetto, and opens in a sweating shop in New York. *The Happy Hypocrite: a Fairy Tale for Tired Men*, by Max Beerbohm, is the first of a series of Bodley Booklets, to be published by Mr. John Lane. Mr. Beerbohm's story has appeared in the *Yellow Book*. Mrs. Harold Day, the author of *The Dream of Pilate's Wife*, explains that her romance is "founded on historical facts rather than recorded as matter of pure history, the accession of Caius Caligula having been thrown at a much earlier date in order to bring him on the scene in intimate association with other characters." The old idea of metempsychosis is one of the elements in the story.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

[In the following list prices are given where they have been supplied by publishers.]

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- THE OLD ENGLISH BIBLE, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Francis Aidan Gasquet, D.D. John C. Nimmo. 12s.
 PHILIPPINE STUDIES. By H. C. Moule, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton. 5s.
 EXPLANATORY ANALYSIS OF ST. PAUL'S FIRST EPISTLE TO TIMOTHY. By the late H. P. Liddon, D.D. Longmans, Green & Co.
 A CONCORDANCE TO THE GREEK TESTAMENT. Edited by Rev. W. F. Moulton, D.D., and Rev. A. S. Geden, M.A. T. & T. Clark.

HISTORY.

- ANCIENT CLASSICS FOR ENGLISH READERS (new edition): THE COMMENTARIES OF CÆSAR. By Anthony Trollope. HERODOTUS. By George C. Swayne, M.A. William Blackwood & Sons.

BIOGRAPHY.

- TOLD FROM THE RANKS. Collected by E. Milton Small. Andrew Melrose.
 PHILIP AND ALEXANDER OF MACEDON. By David G. Hogarth. John Murray. 14s.
 LIFE OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN. S.P.C.K.

POETRY.

- THE ACID SISTERS, AND OTHER POEMS. By Thomas Wright (Olney). Published by the Author.
 AT MINAS BASIN, AND OTHER POEMS. By Theodore H. Rand. William Briggs (Toronto).
 THE DESOLATE SOUL. By Maria Monica. S.P.C.K.
 THE SILVER CROSS. Compiled by Helen Douglas. George Bell & Sons. 3s. 6d.
 NATURE WORSHIP, AND OTHER POEMS. By George Herbert Kersley. Bickers & Son.

FICTION.

- COUSIN JEM. By L. Higrin. Hurst & Blackett. 6s.
 THE DREAM OF PILATE'S WIFE. By Mrs. Harold Day. The Roxburghe Press. 3s. 6d.
 IN COURT AND KAMPONG. By Hugh Clifford. Grant Richards. 7s. 6d.
 HIS DOUBLE SELF. By E. Curtis. Jarrold & Sons. 3s. 6d.
 LATANIES OF LIFE. By Kathleen Watson. James Bowden. 2s.
 THE LOVE OF AN OBSOLETE WOMAN. Chronicled by Herself. Archibald Constable & Co. 2s. 6d.
 BROKEN AWAY. By Beatrice Ethel Grimshaw. John Lane. 3s. 6d.
 ZALMA. By T. Mullett Ellis. Illustrated edition. Ash Partners, Ltd.
 COTTAGE FOLK. By Mrs. Comyns Carr. William Heinemann. 6s.
 YERL. By A. Cahen. William Heinemann. 2s. 6d.
 MR. PETERS. By Riccardo Stephens. Bliss, Sands & Co. 6s.

SCIENCE.

- SOME UNRECOGNISED LAWS OF NATURE. By Ignatius Singer and Lewis H. Berens. John Murray. 18s.
 THE ANCIENT VOLCANOS OF GREAT BRITAIN. By Sir Archibald Geikie, F.R.S. 2 vols. Macmillan & Co. 36s.

BELLES LETTRES, &c.

- BURNS AND HIS TIMES. By J. O. Mitchell, LL.D. James MacLehose & Sons (Glasgow).
 AN ENGLISH GARDEN. By Edward Arber, F.S.A. Vol. VIII. Archibald Constable & Co. 5s.

POLITICAL.

- THE SULTAN AND HIS SUBJECTS. By Richard Davey. 2 vols. Chapman & Hall.

FOREIGN.

- CATALOGUE DES MONNAIES MUSULMANES DE LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE: ÉGYPT ET SYRIE. Par Henri Laroix, Imprimerie Nationale (Paris).
 LA TURQUÉE ET L'HELLÉNISME CONTEMPORAIN. Par Victor Bérard. Felix Alcan (Paris).

MISCELLANEOUS.

- IS SCIENCE GUILTY? By Avery W. H. Forbes, M.A. Marshall Bros.
 CAKES AND ALB. By Edward Spencer. Grant Richards. 5s.
 THE MUNICIPAL YEAR BOOK OF THE UNITED KINGDOM, 1897. By Robert Donald. Published at the offices of London. 2s. 6d.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE task of annotating a volume describing the Wordsworth and Coleridge MSS. in the possession of Mr. T. Norton Longman, of the firm of Messrs. Longmans & Co., has been entrusted to Mr. Hale White, whose real name is less familiar to readers than is his pseudonym. As Reuben Shapcott Mr. Hale White has a large and increasing company of admirers. His Mark Rutherford books, *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane*, *Catherine Furse*, *Miriam's Schooling*, and, the latest, *Clara Hopgood*, stand out luminously from the ruck of fiction.

"ANTHONY HOPE" will lecture on "Romance" at the Royal Institution on the evening of Friday, May 7.

In commenting upon the stories which clustering together have made up what is called the Jowett Myth, a correspondent of a contemporary says: "Among these a favourite was that when a Balliol man on one occasion attempted unsuccessfully to cut his throat the Master promptly fined him five shillings." The ambiguous use of the possessive pronoun causes us to point out that it was his own throat that the Balliol man tried to cut, and not Jowett's. Had it been Jowett's the story (which was told of a Master of Balliol as long ago as 1721) would be still funnier.

MR. GRANT RICHARDS announces a very interesting work which he is preparing to issue in a limited number of parts. This is a series of lithographed heads by Mr. Will Rothenstein, to be entitled *English Portraits*. They will appear monthly, two at a time, twenty-four in all, and will have accompanying letterpress "by various hands." The first part, due on May 1, will contain drawings of Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart., and Mr. Thomas Hardy; while among those who have already sat, or who have promised to sit, are: Mr. Grant Allen, Mr. William Archer, Mr. Robert Bridges, Mr. Sidney Colvin, the Bishop of London, Mr. George Gissing, Mr. W. E. Henley, Mr. W. Holman Hunt, Prof. A. Legros, Mr. A. W. Pinero, Mr. John Sargent, R.A., Mr. George Bernard Shaw, Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. William Watson, and Mr. J. McNeil Whistler.

A NEW magazine devoted to Genealogy and kindred subjects is about to be published by Mr. Elliot Stock under the title *The Genealogical Magazine: a Journal of Family History, Heraldry and Pedigrees*. The first number will be issued on May 1, and will contain among other articles one on "The Red Book of the Exchequer," by Mr. J. H. Round; "A New Pedigree of Shakespeare" carried farther back than any hitherto published; and a paper on the "*Mayflower* Log," with a facsimile of its register.

THE dinner recently given by the Authors' Club of New York in honour of the American poet, Mr. R. H. Stoddard, was in every way successful. Mr. E. C. Stedman

presided, and addressed the guest of the evening in a felicitous speech in the name of the club. From Mr. Stoddard's rhymed reply the following lines are an extract:

"A long and honourable line
 Is yours—the Peerage of the Pen,
 Founded when this old world was young,
 And need was to preserve for men
 (Lost else) what had been said and sung,
 Tales our forgotten fathers told,
 Dimly remembered from of old,
 Sonorous canticles and prayers,
 Service of elder gods than theirs
 Which they knew not: the epic strain
 Wherein dead peoples lived again!
 A long, unbroken line is ours;
 It has outlived whole lines of kings,
 Seen mighty empires rise and fall,
 And nations pass away like flowers—
 Ruin and darkness cover all!
 Nothing withstands the stress and strain,
 The endless ebb and flow of things,
 The rush of Time's resistless wings!
 Nothing? One thing, and not in vain,
 One thing remains: Letters remain!"

THE letters of many authors who were invited, but could not be present, were read at the dinner. M. Alphonse Daudet, in declining, added: "Thanks for having thought of the youngest honorary member, who is terribly old all the same." Mr. Dobson wrote: "If there is one thing to which a literary man should be specially desirous of paying his tribute of respect it is persistent devotion to literature in those conditions (not exclusively literary) in which we live"; and Mr. Gosse promised that the Omar Khayyám Club should drink Mr. Stoddard's health at its dinner in London on the same evening.

MR. C. K. SHORTER on Saturday performed the ceremony of re-opening the Brontë Museum at Haworth. Last year four thousand persons paid for admission, notwithstanding the comparatively remote situation of the moorland village, and this number amply justifies the committee in their selection of a new and more accessible site for the museum. There are now two hundred and sixty members of the Society, and ten of the number reside in the United States. Mr. Shorter expressed an earnest wish that someone, preferably a Yorkshireman, would arise to write a really artistic biography of the Brontës—a book worthy to stand side by side with Boswell's *Johnson*. Dr. Robertson Nicoll also delivered an address, occupied principally with the ethical significance of the work of the three sisters, and particularly of Charlotte. In his opinion the keynote of their life was fortitude.

MR. MILLER CHRISTY writes from Pryors, Bromfield, near Chelmsford, stating that he is engaged upon a Life of Joseph Strutt (1749-1802), author of *Sports and Pastimes* and other well-known antiquarian works; and asks whether any of our readers possess, or know of the existence of, any of Strutt's letters or any documents connected with him, and, if so, whether they would allow Mr. Christy to borrow the same for the purposes of the biography. Any letters or documents sent to him, he adds, would be returned as soon as copied.

A LESS satisfactory book has rarely been published than the edition of *The Pilgrim's Progress* "in modern English" which Mr. John Morrison, M.A., B.D., has just prepared for Messrs. Macmillan. Of all old writers none so little needs clarifying as John Bunyan. Bunyan's language is clear as crystal. Mr. Morrison, however, thinks otherwise, and has therefore undertaken his task of revision. Parallel passages from the obscure archaic Bunyan, which most persons know and love, and the new illuminated Bunyan will show the thoroughness of Mr. Morrison's method. Let us take the conversation with Mr. Worldly Wiseman:

BUNYAN.

"World. How now, good fellow, whither away after this burdened manner?"

"Chr. A burdened manner indeed, as ever, I think, poor creature had! And whereas you ask me, whither away? I tell you, sir, I am going to yonder wicket gate before me; for there, as I am informed, I shall be put in a way to be rid of my heavy burden."

"World. Hast thou a wife and children?"

"Chr. Yes; but I am so laden with this burden that I cannot take that pleasure in them as formerly: methinks I am as if I had none."

And in the trial-scene Mr. High-Mind is no longer permitted to call Faithful "sorry scrub." He now says "contemptible creature."

MR. MORRISON.

"World. How now, good fellow, whither bound in this burdened manner?"

"Chr. A burdened manner, indeed, as ever I think poor creature had! You ask me, 'Whither bound?' I tell you, sir, I am going to yon wicket gate before me; for there, as I am informed, I shall be told how to get rid of my heavy burden."

"World. Have you a wife and children?"

"Chr. Yes; but I am so laden with this burden that I cannot take the same pleasure in them as formerly: I feel as if I had none."

THE introduction to the book gives us Mr. Morrison's views on Bunyan, and the reasons for his emendations. "The grammar and spelling," he writes, "has been made to conform to present usage." Has they?

APPROPOS of Bunyan, an amusing mistake is reported from the Hub of the Universe. There was recently such an unprecedented demand for *The Pilgrim's Progress* in the juvenile department of the Boston Public Library that an inquiry was instituted. It was then discovered that the teacher of history in a well-known school, in discoursing on the seventeenth century colonists of New England, had recommended Bunyan as an historian of the Pilgrim Fathers!

IN honour of the Diamond Jubilee the Clarendon Press has put forth *The Queen's Diamond Jubilee Bible* and *The Queen's Diamond Jubilee Prayer Book*. Each book is illustrated by portraits of her Majesty as she now is and as she was at the beginning of her reign, together with certain sacred pictures. The new Bible, for example, contains reproductions of the designs made by Sir Joshua Reynolds for the windows in New College Chapel. Those who like pictures in

Bibles will perhaps like these. The two books are bound in red leather, with a crown at each corner.

THE cast of "John Gabriel Borkman," to be played at the New Century Theatre (the Strand Theatre) on the afternoons of May 4, 5, 6, and 7, will include Miss Geneviève Ward, Miss Elizabeth Robins, Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. W. H. Vernon, and Mr. James Welch.

MARK TWAIN'S new book, the description of his lecturing tour round the world, somewhat in the manner of *A Tramp Abroad*, which he is now writing in London, will be published in the autumn. Meanwhile a uniform American edition of his works, in fifteen volumes, is being prepared, of which there will be an *édition de luxe* of 250 copies signed by the author.

THE publication of the new sixpenny weekly paper *Mayfair* has been postponed till the autumn.

MR. EDWARD BELLAMY, the author of *Looking Backward*, who has been silent for ten years, has completed a new book, which will very shortly be published under the title *Equality*. This work, also socialistic in tendency, is nominally a story, and some of the characters in *Looking Backward* reappear in its pages. The special purpose of *Equality* is "to account for the institutions of the world of to-morrow by explaining not only their righteousness and reason, but likewise the course of historical evolution by which they were born out of the very different order of things existing to-day."

MR. R. A. JOHNSON (president of the Oxford Union) and Mr. O. W. Richards, both undergraduates of New College, Oxford, have written a reply from the Conservative standpoint to the recent *Essays on Liberalism*. It will appear in the *National Review*.

MESSRS. CROSBY LOCKWOOD & SON will have ready in a few days a new edition of *A Handbook of English Literature*, originally compiled by Mr. Austin Dobson, and now revised and extended to the present time by Prof. W. Hall Griffin.

MR. ELKIN MATHEWS will issue immediately a reprint of *Nepenthe*, a poem in two cantos, by George Darley, the author of *Sylvia; or, the May Queen*. *Nepenthe* was privately printed in the year 1839, and is now extremely rare—indeed, it is possible that the copy which has recently been acquired by the British Museum, from which Mr. Mathews's reprint has been made, is actually the only one in existence.

Twenty Years on the Saskatchewan (N.W. Canada), by Canon Newton, is announced to be published by Mr. Elliot Stock immediately.

MR. FRANK R. STOCKTON'S new work, entitled *A Storyteller's Pack*, will be published by Messrs. Cassell & Co. about the end of April.

ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

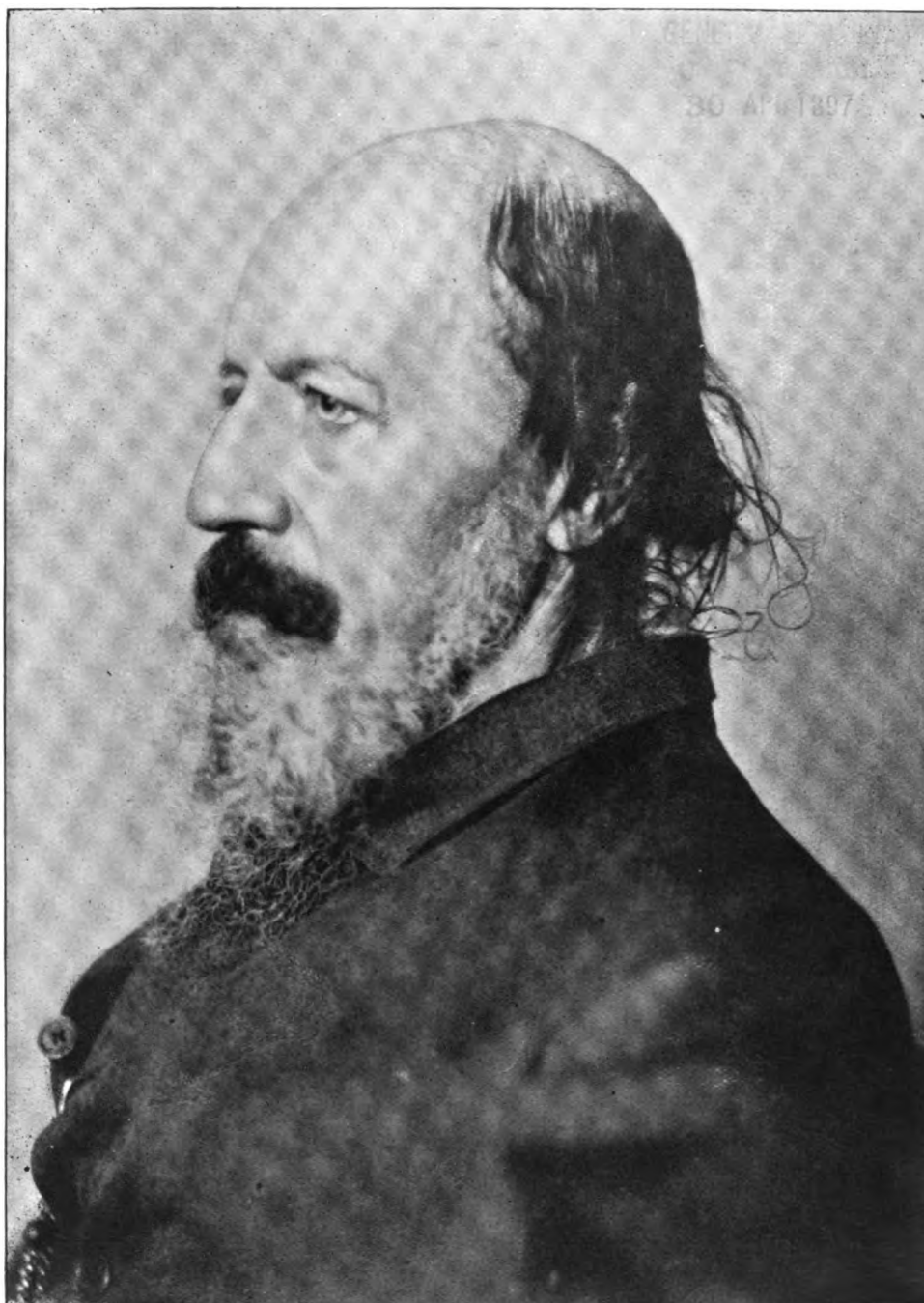
XXIII.—TENNYSON.

THERE was a time—in the Early Victorian period—when to admire Tennyson was to be advanced, when it was the test of a *recherché* and innovating taste. There was a time when this supremacy had become unquestioned matter of course; and, finally, when he was buried in the Abbey amid the mourning of a nation, the taste for Tennyson was regarded among *les jeunes*—or the more advanced of them—as *bourgeois* and outworn. The late Laureate himself lived to see the laurel a little faded on his brow, and to be extremely sensitive about the change. Reaction had much to do with it, but his own ill judgment more. Like Wordsworth before him, he did not recognise when the hour had come for silence; and he had to deal with an England more irreverent towards its great men, less patient with the infirmities of their age.

"The painful warrior, famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foiled,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled."

In the treatment of Tennyson there was too much of this spirit. "Æneid" and "The Lotus Eaters" should have secured toleration for those latest poems which we will willingly let die.

Tennyson's early friends and admirers were most of them disappointed in their expectations of him. Not unreasonably, for to his early period belong the lines afterwards inserted in "Maud"—"I have led her home," &c.—lines unmatched and matchless. Leaving these out of account, the very marrow of his quality is found in those earlier poems. From the time he began to write long and important poems, the glamour (the word will not be refused) ceased from him. "The Princess," first of these experiments, is an avowed *capriccio*, showing the narrative skill in which he never failed, full of those jewelled lines and passages which were always in his power if nothing else was, but appealing solely to picturesque fancy, and more wrought than inspired. It depends for its vitality on the exquisite lyrics, and on that lovely episodic pastoral in miniature, "Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height," where he returns to his finest early manner. "Maud" is singularly original in scheme and skilful in execution; but the bulk of it is too obviously executed, though there are lovely "bits," including the famous song. Its two finest things have lesser fame. One is that most pathetic and exquisite section: "Oh, that 'twere possible," &c. The other is the passage already referred to as having been written in youth: "I have led her home." It is in reality a perfectly detachable little poem; and nothing so wonderful in beauty, in music, in passionate intuition, did Tennyson ever write—or, it might almost be said, any other man. It is "of a higher mood" than the rest of his work; and both in style and for its insight into the very heart of love recalls some of the odes of Mr. Coventry Patmore, without losing anything of Tennyson's softer and more sensuous charm. Of "In



ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON
From a Photograph by H. H. Hay Cameron

Memoriam," the weakness is that small and shallow, if admirably expressed, philosophy which did much to make it popular; nor is the pose of perpetual intensity without a feeling of unreality and affectation. If he were mourning a woman, it would almost be suspect; in the case of a male friend, it is impossible to resist the sensation that the poet is laying out his capital of grief to the very best interest. On the other hand, that Tennysonian faculty for which "description" is too dull a phrase, and "word-painting" too vile, is here carried to the highest point of skill. The poem contains a marvellous series of miniatures in this kind. Lastly come the "Idylls." Their finish and brilliancy are undeniable. Their narrative power is not matched in modern poetry; such a poem as "Gareth and Lynnette," for example, is a supreme example of a picturesque romance told with a pictorial beauty which holds the reader to the end. The pathos of some is not destroyed by the fact that there are details in which the pathos leans a little towards stage-effect. Diction and imagery retain their power, though with more evidence of labour. But the best critics are unanimous in refusing to consider the "Idylls" a great and unified work. Beyond the "Idylls" we, at any rate, will not go. The rest is dying embers.

To the earlier poems, then, we return. There Tennyson was content to be lyric and idyllic, and to be brief; his genius lay in miniature, and he kept to miniature. There is no attempt to make a long poem out of a sheaf of small poems. There he is magic and wonderful; his inspiration spontaneous enough not to be sicklied over by the careful choice of diction. There we have the series of classic idylls, the noble "Ulysses," "Æneid," with its glorious descriptive opening, the magical beauty and soft music of "Tithonus," "The Lotus-Eaters," that Tennysonian "Kubla Khan"; the "Palace of Art" and the "Dream of Fair Women"—which carry richly imaginative picture-making to its acme; the "Vision of Sin," with its strange melodiousness; all those smaller pieces, too numerous to name, which are filled with the very breath of young romance, and numbers of exquisite songs and lyrics; these belong to the early Tennyson. Those smaller pieces, indeed, we think the most quintessential of all Tennyson's work. The attempt to enumerate is an injustice, for the things we leave out are the very things we would have mentioned; and this shows the fertile richness of his genius at that youthful epoch. Here is the haunting Tennyson—the Tennyson, we believe, who will hold the ear of the ages.

That he is immortal let no reaction, no wish to be elect and distinguished from the multitude, make us dispute. Whether he or another was the greatest poet of his day is a thing of no moment to inquire. There is no such master of external finish in our tongue; his genius was like his style; he was not a prophet, save as every true poet has his measure of prophecy, greatest when he least dreams of it; he had little of the inward sight, but he saw outer things perfectly, and painted them unsurpassably. What remained constant in him throughout

his career was the power of concentrating external images in a line or a phrase, so that they are veritably thrown and focussed on the retina of him who reads. The greatest masters, even Milton, did not surpass him in this; he cultivated it all his life, and it is the appropriate gift of a master of miniature. Examples can be taken by handfuls, even from those later poems which we have declined to think his greatest: we need go no further than the "Idylls."

"He bore
What dazzled all, and shone far off as shines
A field of charlock in the sudden sun
Between two showers, a cloth of palest gold."

That "leaps on the eyes," as the French say. Here is another vivid picture, vitalised by his exact observation of natural things:

"Bowl-shaped, thro' tops of many thousand
pines
A gloomy-gladed hollow slowly sank
To westward—in the deeps whereof a mere,
Round as the red eye of an Eagle-owl,
Under the half-dead sunset glared."

The same minute observation could furnish him with felicitously imaginative images for internal things:

"Some, whose souls the old serpent long had
drawn
Down, as the worm draws in the wither'd
leaf
And makes it earth."

Not less could he draw from it images Homeric in their homely but beautiful aptness:

"Slowly falling as a scale that falls,
When weight is added only grain by grain,
Sank her sweet head upon her gentle breast."

His style, in the Greek idylls and the finest parts of "In Memoriam," had the classic calm, dignity, and order, combined at will with modern richness. No man was more capable of *gnomic* utterance, couched in language of memorable justness and restraint: witness "Of old sat Freedom on the heights," and many another piece. The truths were not subtle or original; but you felt that they were delivered straight to the target, and they were barbed to quiver in your mind. But the early poems had all these things and more. They had the air of the "golden clime" and the fields of dream, the "something afar," which is at the heart of all romance; and they conveyed it with a richness, as of spices and incense, which was like nothing else in our poetry. "Sir Galahad," the "Lady of Shalott," "Recollections of the Arabian Nights," the verses on "The Poet," all breathe it in different ways, as do the poems already enumerated. Then, too, Tennyson had passion, golden and wonderful. "Love and Duty" ranks with the Elizabethan love-poetry, with that great poem we have spoken of in "Maud," and with certain of Coventry Patmore's love-poems, for ardour and beauty, sublimated by imagination and the pathos of the "tears that are in human things." Grandeur and stateliness as a rule he did not reach. But that little fragment "The Eagle" is so splendidly fine as to be not far from sublimity. And in one of the poems of his middle period, "Lucretius," it is impossible to deny grandeur. There the

melodiousness of his own blank-verse reaches at times something of a Miltonic involution and majesty. It is a masterly mingling of stateliness and beauty; his very greatest poem in the kind to which it belongs.

As a song-writer, looking to the number and the perfect beauty of his songs, we question whether he be not the greatest in the language. Wherever else he fails, in them he is never less than Tennyson. The *tour de force* of this versatile poet in experiments less purely or strictly poetical we do not care to discuss: it is not "The Northern Farmer" and its kind that will decide his place in song. At his best, he expressed external loveliness, whether of nature or romance, with beautiful perfection. It may not be the greatest thing a poet can do, but to the poet who can do it greatly I see not how we can deny greatness. What should be his place among other greatneses—does it matter very much? Unhappy the man who, in the presence of a beautiful woman, must vex his soul regarding her place among other beauties!

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

A LONDON LANE.

ITS LITERARY TRADITIONS.

THE announcement that the "Magpie and Stump" inn in Fetter-lane is about to be pulled down has revived the tradition which connects this place with the least happy episode in the life of Edmund Waller. Fetter-lane claims an even closer connexion with Dryden, and although neither tradition derives much support from history neither is unreasonable in itself. Other literary associations of Fetter-lane are secured to the street by good evidence; and, indeed, a tributary of Fleet-street which was ancient in Stow's day must needs have been walked in and dwelt in by notable men. But the "Magpie and Stump" story offers us something more definite. We are told that it was in a room on the second floor of this inn that Edmund Waller concocted with Mr. Chaloner and with his brother-in-law, Mr. Nathaniel Tomkins, the plot in favour of King Charles known as the Waller Plot. True, Clarendon, in relating the affair, says nothing about Fetter-lane. The best biography of Waller, the one prefixed to the edition of his poems dated 1711, is also silent on the scene of the plot, and so is Stockdale in his Life of the poet, and so is Johnson. Yet the tale which the landlords of the "Magpie and Stump" have told for more than two centuries is not so unlikely to be true that it need be harshly dealt with when the old inn is threatened with the crow-bar. The "Magpie and Stump" dates from 1605, and would, therefore, be well established in 1643, when Waller and his friends required its private room night after night. Tomkins and Chaloner were important men in the City, and it was their part to collect opinions there, as it was Waller's to bring news from Parliament. Tomkins, we know, had his house in Holborn, close to the top of Fetter-lane. The neighbourhood would be a convenient meeting-place between Westminster and the City.

But not only are the conspirators said to have met here for drink and conference; here they were captured on the day of their detection. The chronicler of the "Magpie and Stump" does not spare to be graphic, and we hear of Cromwell's steel-capped soldiery filling the Lane and catching the poet and his friends in a trap; also of stout oaken doors being beaten in before the party could be made prisoners. It is matter of history that the plot was betrayed by a servant of Tomkins, and at the "Magpie and Stump" it is among the articles of faith that this man

"contrived to gain admission to the room before the conspirators arrived, and, concealing himself behind some hangings, overheard all that passed, and when they had departed hurried off to acquaint Mr. Praise-God Barebones, the leather-seller at the corner of Crane's-court in the Lane, one of the most bitter of Puritans, with what he had overheard."

It must have been a proud moment for Praise-God Barebones. Nor did he, though a Puritan, spoil dramatic effect; for it is recorded that the message which gave Pym his news of the plot was delivered to him in mid-sermon at St. Margaret's, Westminster, in the presence of the members of both Houses, the day being one of solemn fast. Pym whispered with various of his friends and hurried out of church. It was the sermon that was spoilt. Guards were sent hither and thither, and in the evening Parliament learned to its astonishment that the popular Mr. Waller and a number of persons of high and low degree had been arrested, and a great plot nipped in the bud. Probably it was not so great a plot as the accusing party made out. The Fetter-lane conspirators were charged with intending to secure the King's children, to seize Pym and the Puritan Lord Mayor, and to capture the Tower and the outworks of London. Clarendon, however, scouts these notions, and believes that the most Waller intended was to organise opposition to the granting of supplies to carry on the war, the issue of which had been rendered doubtful by the success of the King's arms at Bath, Bristol, and Edgehill. He suggests that violent measures may have been talked of by Lord Conway, who had joined the plot, and, being a soldier, might hint at using force—as, indeed, he might if the good liquor of the "Magpie and Stump" had loosened his gallant tongue.

There is nothing more terrible than frightened justice, and it was this that was meted out to the prisoners. History, not mere tradition, records the hanging of Tomkins at the top of Fetter-lane, within sight of the "Magpie and Stump" windows. Chalonier was hanged by his own front door in the Cornhill. Hassel, who had conveyed letters to the King at Oxford, saved his neck by promptly dying in his bed. Lords Portland and Conway were imprisoned, and a duke was admonished. And Waller? Waller now made those paroxysmal efforts to save his skin which are so little to his credit, but of which the success was so advantageous to literature. He feigned a remorse so acute that his trial was put off till he had "recovered his understand-

ing." He used the interval to flatter or bribe every powerful person he could meet. He then pleaded his cause before Parliament with so much skill and assumed humility that he got off with a fine of £10,000 and a sentence of banishment. His personal and mental graces completed his reconciliation to his friends, and Clarendon says that the affair did him no harm in the end. This is easy to believe, since a few years later the author of the "Waller Plot" was entertaining Cromwell at his country home at Beaconsfield. In 1654 he published that panegyric of the Protector for which he made the wittiest of apologies to Charles II. in 1660. As for the "Magpie and Stump's" claims, nothing in this story can be apocryphal, except the locality; and when historians are wilfully dumb a Magpie may be allowed chatter.

The "Magpie and Stump" will follow to limbo a house which was standing twelve years ago in the lower part of Fetter-lane, against Fleur-de-Lys-court. This house, according to tradition and Peter Cunningham, had been occupied by Dryden. The poet's biographers know nothing of his residence there; but the house bore an inscribed stone, which it is hard to believe was built into its walls for nothing. It read:

"Here liv'd
John Dryden
Ye Poet,
Born 1631—Died 1700.
Glorious John!"

Otway is said to have lived here, opposite to Dryden, and there is a familiar story told of Otway's impatience at finding that Dryden was always breakfasting with some aristocratic person instead of being at home to a poor brother in rhyme. He chalked on Dryden's door the line:

"Here lives Dryden, a poet and a wit."

To which Dryden added:

"This was written by Otway, opposit."

Such trivialities never die. Hobbes, who really did live in Fetter-lane, and worked here on his *Leviathan*, is not noticed by Mr. Laurence Hutton in his *Literary Landmarks of London*. Here, fresh from Paris in 1651, he consorted with Selden and Harvey. And here, it must have been, that Evelyn found Hobbes on December 14, 1655: "I visited Mr. Hobbes, the famous philosopher of Malmesbury, with whom I had been long acquainted in France." Aubrey has left us a pleasing portrait of Hobbes when he was toiling at his *Leviathan*.

"He walked much, and contemplated; and he had in the head of his cane a pen and ink-horn, and carried always a note-book in his pocket; and as soon as a thought darted, he presently entered it in his book, or otherwise might have lost it. He had drawn the design of the book into chapters, and he knew whereabouts it would come in. Thus that book was made."

Just out of Fetter-lane, in Pemberton-row, lived the poet Flatman, from whom Mrs. Thrale thought Pope borrowed "The Dying Christian to his Soul," an opinion

which Johnson met by calmly quoting Rochester's lines:

"Nor that slow drudge in swift Pindaric strains,
Flatman, who Cowley imitates with pains,
And rides a jaded Muse, whipt with loose reins."

The connexions of Fetter-lane with literature cannot be exhausted here. In Bartlett's passage, close to the "Magpie and Stump," Charles Lamb went to school under Mr. Bird. The schoolroom looked "into a dark, discoloured, dingy garden in the passage leading from Fetter-lane into Bartlett's buildings." Here from pot-hooks and hangers, Elia tells us, he advanced to a proficiency which enabled him to copy the motto: "Art improves nature."

BOOKS OF YESTERDAY AND TO-MORROW.

Of the futilities of contemporary judgment many books might be written. You have but to open the old reviews to see how entirely the great judgment that is not for a day sets aside the day's verdict. Time has swept with the wind of his scythe names writ in sand that contemporary critics had sworn to be written in marble. The dust of oblivion covers them, and even the most alert about literature have no association with their names.

It is not that criticism in those days was more inept than in our own. Every day the critics are making reputations that the great ultimate verdict is as steadily unmaking. Few of us are so young as not to have seen the rise and fall of names.

Perhaps, in a way, it is only just that the mediocrities should taste the sweets of to-day, seeing that to-morrow they are dead, and for all the to-morrows after that. Charles Lamb, who advocated, whimsically, that all the poor devils, ugly and old, should marry the beautiful young girls, and *vice versa*, might have wished the people of no future to enjoy the hour that is. Anyhow, it seems a law of literature that they should. The critics of a future age will laugh at and reverse our judgments of to-day, as we laugh at and reverse their judgments. It behoves the critic not to be proud.

But what is the unseen force behind the critics and the public, the tide that sweeps the false reputations into oblivion and the true to their own? What was it brought George Meredith to his kingdom after over twenty years of shameful neglect? No one that one knows of had written about him or suddenly boomed him into the public ear. The guides of public taste were dumb, and the people were deaf and blind, but the inevitable happened, and all at once we knew that we were dullards, and had had a great man among us for years, waiting "till this crowd should go by."

It is a hope and a faith we may take to our hearts, that in the end everything good is saved. The sifting is going on for ever out of sight that shall keep the wheat and let the chaff through. The sifting takes time. Mr. George Gissing has only

lately emerged from neglect. He was recognised by a few from the beginning, but they were as a voice crying in the wilderness. There is always this measure of recognition for good work, that in fewer or greater number a body of sympathetic readers have taken it to their hearts. No good work is so neglected as not to have this.

The ear of the circulating-library public is one thing, the ear of the reading and book-buying public another. Women are the great patrons of Messrs. Mudie and W. H. Smith, and women of passive rather than active minds. This class nearly invariably goes wrong in its reading. It will choose the lesser before the greater, the pupil before his master. Mr. Crockett before Mr. Barrie, for example, and Mr. Ian Maclaren before both. But the other class, slow as it is to see the light unless it is flashed upon it in coruscations and fireworks, is loyal once it has found the light. With this class, sooner or later, the turn of the young writer of merit will come.

Of course, there are always critics who are true tasters, though the noise of the crowd may temporarily prevent their being heard. I would say that critics to-day, as a class, are men and women who honestly and humbly endeavour to serve literature. Of "log-rolling" I have no knowledge and no experience. Critics are gentler nowadays than of old. They will not trample the life out of a Keats, or scarify subjects too robust to die of their treatment. That many of them go wrong is inevitable. The noble pleasure of praising intoxicates some out of discretion, but at least it is a nobler form of failure than the criticism that lay in wait to bludgeon genius and garrot young talent.

People engaged in literary work will understand the difference between a literary reputation and a public one. Those whom writers, in their own circles, delight to honour in more or less degree are just those whose names have never reached the outside public. Yet in those circles all work of real merit is known and praised, and it is but the beginning of the wave that will carry a reputation in ever-widening circles farther than we can see.

Of course, the time of waiting is hard, and often enough it may be too hard for the probationer's faith and hope. I should like to mention the names of a good many young writers whose books have not yet met due recognition, though they must have a fit audience, however few. One name that specially occurs to me is that of Mr. J. H. Pearce. Mr. Pearce has written novels of which I know nothing as to their merit, or the extent of their success or failure. The two books of his I know intimately are *Drolls from Shadowland* and *Tales of the Masque*. These half-allegorical incidents and stories are at once fairly elusive, and yet full of heart's blood and tears. A mist of dreams lies on them, and they are of the stuff of human life. Honestly, I believe these little books to be the work of genius. More than this I cannot say, in face of what I have written of far more competent critics in their day.

Another book that occurs to me is *By Thrasna River*, by Mr. Shan F. Bullock. It is not surprising that this book should not have made a popular success as it did a literary. With perfect patience and perfect quietness, bit by bit it builds up the life of the North of Ireland. It is realism of the finest sort, and as one turns the pages to one familiar with the country there comes a whiff of the peat-smoke which is the all-pervading atmosphere of Ulster.

And this brings me to a little and sweet immortality which is for many writers whose work would never survive in the great body of English literature, and which is surely for *By Thrasna River*. Anglo-Irish literature is not so overcrowded yet that one has not the conspicuousness which belongs to comparatively early English writers. Perhaps immortality is too big a word for mortals. Remembrance were a better, and even a sweeter.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE BOOK MARKET.

MORE "BOOK SALES."

MR. TEMPLE SCOTT apologises so handsomely for the lateness in the appearance of his *Book Sales for 1896* (George Bell & Sons) that it would be ungracious to refer to the matter in any other terms. Many bookmen will consider this volume worth the long wait. In bulk, in paper and type, and in general thoroughness it strikes us equally favourably. Mr. Scott gives reports of about seventy important book sales, in the compilation of which he has borne in mind the needs both of the book-collector and the book-seller. A feature of these reports is the number of careful notes explanatory of the "points" of individual books. In a thoughtful introduction Mr. Temple Scott generalises on the facts and figures tabulated in the body of the work, and draws five general conclusions on the tendencies of prices, which we take the liberty of printing below.

"1. Illustrated sporting books are bringing higher prices than ever—particularly those illustrated in colours by Henry Alken and John Leech. Collectors of these and other works seem bent on securing them at any price. The year which could point to the purchase of a Walton's *Angler* for £415 is a year in which collectors who have bought 'Sporting Books' in the past may begin to congratulate themselves.

"2. An increasing interest and a consequent increase in price of first editions of books which may be classed as 'English literature.' This is proved by the prices paid for such works as Shakespeare's *Pericles* (£171); Burns's *Poems* (£121); Goldsmith's *Traveller* (£96); Browning's *Pauline* (£145); Wycherley's *Miscellaneous Poems* (£46); Herick's *Hesperides* (£38); Milton's *Lycidas* (£85); Spenser's *Faerie Queen* (£85); &c.

"3. A revival of the mania for extra-illustrated books. In connexion I need only cite Wangen's *Treasures of Art* (£40); Ames's *Typographical Antiquities* (£248); Forster's *Life of Dickens* (£252); and

Gilray's *Caricatures* (£59). Of course, the values of such books always depend on the quality and quantity of the illustrations with which they have been Grangerised.

"4. A continued interest in *Americana*. A few of these books sold this year have been particularly rare; but it is astonishing how high the prices have been—Morten's *New England's Memorial* (£50); Pynchon's *Place of Man's Redemption* (£15 10s.); Hubbard's *Troubles with the Indians* (£111); Raleigh's *Guiana* (£51); Smith's *Virginia* (£204); Vespuccio's *Letter on Mundus Novus* (£176).

"5. An increasing demand for the first editions of the works of Robert Louis Stevenson and Rudyard Kipling. For Stevenson's works the prices have, if anything, slightly decreased. Yet a set of them brought £67, and a copy of his *Charity Bazaar* realised as much as £15. The most notable of Mr. Kipling's books was a copy of the *Anglo-Indian Civil and Military Gazette*, the first recorded appearance of this work in a sale room. It fetched £15.

Mr. Scott notes also a decline in the value of first editions of Dickens and Thackeray, and "a sudden revival in interest for Kelmscott Press publications."

BOOKSELLERS' WINDOWS.

PICCADILLY.

A few yards westward of Piccadilly-circus stands the shop of Mr. Quaritch. In sober phrase "Quaritch's" is one of the greatest second-hand bookshops in the world. But it does not look it, and the multitude pass by, conscious only of a black, plain, symmetrical shop-front displaying folios.

If proof were needed that Mr. Quaritch were a great bookseller it would surely be found in his magnificent contempt for the ordinary roving book-buyer. Here in pleasure-loving Piccadilly, in the midst of restaurants and theatres and ladies' shops, on a pavement crowded with money-spenders—what wares does Mr. Quaritch offer to the eye? Distant's *Rhopalocera Malayana* may be amusing reading, but it hardly looks it. Legge's *History of the Birds of Ceylon*, Badger's *English-Arabic Lexicon*, Collinson's *History of Somerset*, the *Catalogue of the Exhibition at the Ironmongers' Hall*, and Seeborn's *Geographical Distribution of Plovers, Sandpipers, and Snipes* are books that one respects on sight; but who but Mr. Quaritch could put them, without relief, into a West End shop window? Yet a thoughtful Londoner is grateful for "Quaritch's." Piccadilly has need of such an anomaly, and who can measure the force of persuasion and protest which that display of quiet, dingy folios has exercised these forty years! How many minds has it recalled from frivolity and vain quests to seriousness and the beauty of learning! How many has it made to ponder with Milton:

"Alas, what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade?

Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neera's hair?
Fame is the spur which the clear spirit doth
raise,
That last infirmity of noble minds,
To scorn delights, and live laborious days?"

Scholarship, however, is for the few; culture is for all; and Piccadilly gives us the modern bookshop in its highest development. "Sotheran's" and "Hatchard's" appeal to modern men and women, and their shops are wonderful proofs of the intellectual appetites of the day. And their invariable admixture of books which appeals to the "Barbarians" does but give a welcome stiffening and a local flavour to the windows of Piccadilly booksellers. The Badminton Library is always well to the front, old coaching books and sporting prints are never far to seek, and the biographies of pugilists and foxes mingle pleasantly with those of statesmen and authors.

ART.

VICTORIAN PAINTERS AT THE GUILDHALL.

IN the Guildhall collection we may show to Frenchmen—who are more interested than we in what is nationally English art—an historical record of the past sixty years that does us, on the whole, no shame. Two or three representative painters, one of whom is Rossetti, do not appear well, though the pre-Raphaelite room is generally well furnished; and the latter years of the sixty are not illustrated by a single example of the work of Mr. Henry Tuke, Mr. Arthur Lemon, Mr. Arthur Tomson, Mrs. Stanhope Forbes, or Mr. Shannon. A beautiful little Cotman is the picture which most directly takes us back into a good time before English art had even begun the lifeless and vulgar phase against which the young pre-Raphaelite arose. John Sell Cotman was the last of a band of painters, noble colourists, profound impressionists, and students of light in its relation to the darker side of the palette—a relation lost, it seems, for many years, but sought for once more now by some of the younger Scottish painters. Not one of these last is at Guildhall, though their very different elders, Mr. Peter Graham and his contemporaries, are fully represented. In fact, one begins by praising the choice of the collection, because absences do not immediately suggest themselves; but little by little they come to mind in the form of so many little queries to which there is no evident answer. The faults of omission are obviously less painful to speak of than the faults of commission, but these also are many.

Sir John Millais, who, like Tennyson, always had a public of his contemporaries, and was as young as his first admirers and as old as his latest, appears by some of his most famous works—"The Huguenot," a careful picture of rather defective dramatic action, or so it seems to us now; and "Chill October," and "The Blind Girl." In the landscape one admires the literal painting of a foreground of sedges, although the whispering company has no great beauty; but the distance is rather dull, the sky rather lifeless; the picture has not quite enough of the unmistakable daylight to

excuse its lack of sweetness. "The Blind Girl" is a singularly complete example of the point-blank painting—the painting at exceedingly close quarters—which the English pre-Raphaelites really seem to have contributed, as their very own, to the history of art. It is unlike anything done in Siena, Flanders, Florence, or Umbria, if our eyes have any power of comparison. With Millais this work *à bout portant*, which puts us on such strange terms with distant things, is executed with fulness and richness of execution. But in Ford Madox Brown's work—"The Last of England" is the instance—the painting has not this kind of beauty: there is lack of style in the mere manner of striking the unwilling eye with details of distant figures—the gaps in this man's teeth and the black edges to that man's nails. Is it not Schopenhauer who had the wit to inquire after one of the puzzles of human conditions, and found that a man born blind, to whom sight was given, tried to grasp the things that he first saw and clutch them within his own eyes; they had to hold his hands? Now, Ford Madox Brown seems to lodge all the detail of "The Last of England" somewhere closer than nature has seated the sense of sight, and we would willingly remove the things he so presses upon us. They are overcharged with laborious, but otherwise cheap, ingenuities, and are painted like a second-rate miniature out of place. Mr. Holman Hunt is also among the pre-Raphaelites, with his shrill picture of "May Morning on Magdalen Tower, Oxford"; Mr. Sandys, showing far less well as a painter than his fine work in black and white seemed to promise; Mr. Arthur Hughes, with a distressing green and purple picture—"April Love"; Mr. Brett, with an acute high-pitched "Stone-breaker"—a view of Box Hill and the distant country—a painting the tone of which in its relation to the tone of nature, as art traditionally feels and renders it, is something like the note of a bat in relation to a note of music. The work is carried far in completeness, and not without an extraordinary skill and intentness upon natural fact; and to some it may seem a picture. A most interesting name—that of Mr. Simeon Solomon—reappears; he is represented by a beautiful "Dawn," imaginative, graceful, and decked with soft plum colours, in sweet contrast to the violet of Mr. Hughes, close by. The catalogue is rather capricious in dating some pictures and not others; Mr. Simeon Solomon painted some twenty years later than the very pre-Raphaelites. And it is worth while to say that the catalogue has several faults. In the description of Lord Leighton's "Cymon and Iphigenia" there is a too sprightly passage about a time when "lovely ladies might sleep under the breath of a May night . . . with no guard save two lady attendants." A man is very plainly to be seen slumbering with his back against a tree. This picture, by its extreme beauty of design, in which a world of studies comes to an inanimate close, by its refined and educated feeling, by suggestions of a freer beauty in the landscape and the rising moon, and by the singular lifelessness of the Western light that lies upon the figures, represents the

painter completely. Lord Leighton used to find that his visitors, when he showed the picture, were as like as not to take the moon, rising in the east, for a sun—whether rising in the east or setting in the west they would no doubt have been puzzled to say. Nor were they prepared with a theory of the warm light that reveals all the sleeping figures with their local colours to the visiting Cymon; but some little of this perplexity is chargeable less upon the general carelessness in regard to the career of day and night than upon the painter's rendering of a light that is light without vibration of nimble and lively atmosphere.

One of the greatest of the chief Constable landscapes, "Fording the River," is Victorian only in so much as the master died in the year of the Queen's accession. Turner is represented as a figure-painter, not without credit, and fairly as a sea-impressionist, by two—the Venice twilights. Müller's famous "Chess-Players" is here, and Wilkie's "Penny Wedding." By Mason there is the lovely "Harvest Moon"; and by Walker one of the best of his oil-pictures, "The Old Gate."

None of the pictures at the Guildhall would be in an absolutely bad place but for the glass that turns some of them into mirrors once for all. There is no point wherefrom you can see Mr. Albert Godwin's "City of Dis." It may be conjectured to be a work of imagination; there are high towers that lead up the flame from within the streets, but they vent it against a sky, and the local hell of Dante had any thing in the world except a sky. It is perhaps with an intention of interesting the City that pictures with a story are here so much in the majority. A "Lady Godiva," a "Le Roi est Mort," a "Queen Elizabeth Receiving the French Ambassador after the Massacre of St. Bartholomew," and a "Babylonian Marriage Market," were probably chosen for this kind of adventitious interest. In the last-named, by the late Edwin Long, that interest was so strong that the picture was sold, during the painter's lifetime, for six thousand guineas. It is really a work—ingenious as an illustration—of very little character, of low vitality, and essentially dull. Against Mr. Frith's "Ramsgate Sands" it is hardly necessary to protest; but Mr. Alma Tadema's "Women of Amphiassa" has hardly more true distinction or spirit, in spite of the altogether different and advanced execution. Lady Butler's "Roll-Call" is lent by the Queen for exhibition, not for the first time since the famous picture held its record crowd in the Academy, and a more recent memory is that of Mr. Waterhouse's beautiful "St. Cecilia." This is the work of a colourist and of a master of pictorial vision, so noble is the quality of the white, the blue, and the gold, so pure a picture-scene is the central distance. Mr. Swan's two works, "Tigers at Dawn" and "The Piping Fisher-Boy," are both masterly, the latter being one of the most tenderly painted and delicate pictures of its time. Mr. Sargent is represented by his brilliant portrait of "Mrs. Hammersley," painted in gleams and flashes of lighted surfaces, with life in the traces and touches of the painter's

hand The figure, by the way, is not on the point of rising, as is shown by the position of the feet, it is simply resting with spirit. Different is this from the balloon lightness of a figure weakly drawn, by the way. It is a pleasure to see again the "Hopeless Dawn" of Mr. Bramley, and the "Fish Sale on the Cornish Coast" of Mr. Stanhope Forbes, both full of beautiful quality and of living daylight. Mr. Peter Graham's picture is a highland hillside wildness without distance—short views of solitude, for the bluish mist fills the prospect; horned cattle are there, but not so much as a single Sabbatarian is in sight. "A Corvette Shortening Sail to Pick up a Shipwrecked Crew" is by far the best mid-sea picture. The postscript of omissions—sudden and sufficient—is that there is no Mr. Whistler at Guildhall. A. M.

DRAMA.

ANY play written in whole or part by M. Sardou is praised for its "stage-craft" as a matter of course. But I confess I am quite unable to see any ingenuity of construction in "Madame Sans-Gêne." The interest is centred in Catherine, and yet the crisis of the play does not really concern her, except as an occasion for talk, and is brought to a solution by somebody else. It is a one-part play, and that part, though productive of some amusing comedy—farical comedy, to be sure—is exaggerated beyond all plausibility. The comedy is simply in the juxtaposition of vulgarity with high position. But one cannot believe that so shrewd a woman could have remained so unobservantly vulgar, or, at least, that a life of dangerous activity could have left her so trivial. I have an objection to historical plays which are unhistorical, when I happen to know that they are so, but that is a comparatively unimportant matter. It is a worse fault that the play does not stand the test of any knowledge of character, but it is a far worse that its merely theatrical interest is not brought to anything like a fitting climax. Such a climax would have been the triumph of Catherine over the malicious sisters and the prejudice of Napoleon; as it is, when that triumph, which, in spite of the old washing bill, is not very dramatic, is all over, there is an anti-climax of the fate of Neipperg, whom nobody cares about, and of Marie Louise, whom nobody sees. No; "Madame Sans-Gêne" is not a good play.

Its one merit is that it gives a clever actress an opportunity for a study in vulgarity. To that everything was sacrificed originally, and Mr. Comyns Carr, recognising the situation, completed the sacrifice by a free use of contemporary English slang, reducing the play to absurdity, as a play, and destroying any vestige of illusion in it, but allowing Miss Ellen Terry to give us a close and literal study of Cockney womanhood. In this rôle,

so utterly alien to her familiar parts, she entered with all the abandonment of the artist she is. One has seen her in so many parts in which she was refined and gentle, or at the most arch and coquettish, and one is so unused to versatility in English actresses, that the sight of Miss Terry flopping about, putting her arms akimbo and the rest of it, took one's breath away. I am not sure that her accent, though by no means Miss Terry's, was broad enough, but that apart there can be nothing but praise for her playing in the prologue, in which she has to be the young washerwoman simply. She reminded me, as she seems to have reminded a more eminent critic, of Miss Bessie Bellwood, and I can imagine no greater compliment to an actress playing a Cockney girl. I am not sure that her acting in the play proper was equally admirable. I will not say, indeed, she overdid the vulgarity: that was accomplished by Messrs. Sardou and Moreau and Comyns Carr, and without the excessive vulgarity the play would be nothing at all. But I think she might have combined with it a little more of an air of self-respect in the scene with Napoleon's sisters—an ill-written scene, since Catherine's manners are infinitely better than those of the sisters themselves—and a little more sense of Napoleon's power and strength in her interview with him. Her comedy here was not on the same level of meaning with Sir Henry Irving's. However, on the lines of her conception she was excellent throughout, and one salutes gratefully a distinguished *tour de force* of acting.

It is impossible, in noting the acting of a well-known historical personage, to free one's mind from physical accidents. However much of the Napoleonic spirit Sir Henry Irving may have expressed, it was impossible to forget that he is tall and thin, and that Napoleon was short and stout. The very cleverness of his make-up made me think of the contrast all the more. But allowing for that so far as I can, I do not think he was like Napoleon. There was a certain loftiness about him which Napoleon expressed, no doubt, at times, but which one cannot associate with his fits of temper and scolding. His humour was grim, as was Napoleon's, but it had not that smack of fun which one associates with the anecdotes. There was something remote in Sir Henry Irving, something northerly austere; he was not the Corsican, full of power, no doubt, but also full of life, and with a relish for it. But this is merely to bring out my own preconception, as one must, inevitably, in watching such a part. Sir Henry made every point the authors had given him, exposed every grade of feeling, from passionate anger to playfulness, with the certainty one expected; but I have liked him better in a dozen other parts.

On the too few occasions on which I have seen Mr. Mackintosh he has seemed to me an admirably delicate and resourceful actor. His parts have not allowed me to call him an actor of the first rank, but that I shall be able to call him so some day I have little doubt. His Fouché is as good as can

be; it is perhaps the one part in the piece which the authors have allowed to be "convincing," and Mr. Mackintosh does every justice to it. I have read some memoirs of Fouché which quite support the character in the play—selfish, humorous, able, conceited, unscrupulous. Mr. Mackintosh expressed it all. Miss Gertrude Kingston had the trying part of the Queen of Naples, and played it, I thought, very cleverly and with an excellent air. Miss Julia Arthur, looking very stately and proud, followed her lead with effect. Their quarrelling scene was delightful. Mr. Cooper as Lefebvre, and Mr. Webster as Neipperg, played carefully and adequately. Mr. Norman Forbes made much of the amusing little part of the dancing-master. The rest of the very large cast lacked opportunity of distinction.

I SUPPOSE Mr. Comyns Carr did well in using contemporary slang and a modern mode of speech generally. It enabled him to give Miss Terry a most effective part. And the play was not good enough to stand as an exotic. That being allowed, his translation was racy and vigorous. All the scenes were well mounted, but especially the prologue, in which, besides, there was an excellent management of crowds.

G. S. S.

MUSIC.

THE BACH FESTIVAL.

A SUCCESSFUL Bach Festival is a welcome sign of progress, and one, indeed, for which the musical public is in no small measure indebted to Wagner. He not only spent his life fighting against the false, fighting for the true, but by his wonderful polyphonic writing he revived the spirit of the music of the old master. Mendelssohn, it is true, did much to make Bach known; Wagner more to make him understood. Many, no doubt, look upon the Bach Festival as a religious function. To a great extent the same may be asserted of the Handel Festival; but Bach's sacred music was written for church service, and not, like that of Handel, for concert performance. If religious feeling prompts any persons to listen attentively to Bach, it is a proper one; religion and art may be distinct, but in this instance the one ennobles the other. It is only sad to see how sometimes music of a very inferior kind gains a hold merely by reason of the sacred words with which it is associated. While on the subject of sacred music, I would notice the request made in the programme-book of the Matthew "Passion," that the audience should abstain from applause. It was, perhaps, necessary, but surely it was equally so in the case of the "Hohe Messe," when foolish applause both jarred against religious and artistic feeling.

The Festival commenced at the Queen's Hall on Tuesday evening with the Matthew "Passion." Of the five vocalists—Miss Fillinger, Mme. M. McKenzie, and Messrs. Kaufmann, Rumford, and Harford—the first

and third were the most satisfactory. There was some good singing on the part of the choir, yet, altogether, the performance was very far from impressive. I shall speak presently of the conductor, whose coldness was at its lowest point on this evening. In the week previous Mr. Henschel gave the same work at his closing concert, so that comparison was inevitable. To discuss the respective merits of the companies of solo vocalists—Mme. McKenzie sang in both—would involve too great digression, but the rendering of the "Passion" under Mr. Henschel was altogether more sympathetic, and therefore more satisfactory. Dr. Stanford's attempt to reproduce the tone-colour of Bach's orchestra fully justified the use of a harpsichord for the ordinary recitatives; with an arranged score a grand pianoforte would, however, prove more suitable.

I must deal very briefly with the selection on Wednesday. It included two of the Church Cantatas, "Wachet, betet," and "Wachet auf," the latter of which is certainly one of the finest. And in this same cantata the choir sang with spirit and intelligence. Sir Walter Parratt played the "Tocatta and Fugue in D minor" in admirable style. To hear that fine piece on the organ was indeed a treat; it is so frequently heard as a pianoforte transcription, and, however skilful the player, more or less caricatured. Dr. Joachim was the soloist in the "Concerto in E for Violin and Orchestra." He also gave the "Chaconne." In Bach's music Dr. Joachim, although hard pressed by younger men, is still without a rival.

On Saturday afternoon was performed the Mass in B minor, a work specially associated with the Bach Choir. In the Matthew Passion, with exception of the opening chorus, the composer keeps as it were in the background—he is not so much setting a text to music as illustrating, illuminating it by means of his art. Bach, of course, was engaged in a similar task in his Mass, only here he was able to make freer and grander display of his musical gifts. In the Passion not only is the Gospel narrative strictly followed, but the musical, also the dramatic, thread is inconveniently broken at times by the *Chorales*. Wonderfully are they harmonised by Bach, and in their way most impressive, yet if the musician forget—as flashes of genius in the recitatives and short choral numbers, also the rich details in the accompaniments to the arias may tempt him to do—that he is, or rather ought to be, taking part in a service, he is apt to kick against these chorales. A fine cathedral is really the only edifice in which readers can really feel, or fancy themselves, worshippers. In the Mass, on the other hand, the words determine the various moods, but not the form of the various movements; in this work, therefore, Bach was able to reveal his powers in higher degree. And yet the moods are so strong that science is felt rather than perceived. It is not the wonderful counterpoint in the five-part chorus, "Confiteor unam baptismam" which renders that movement so deeply convincing. Musicians may be lost in wonder at the striking harmonies of the "Crucifixus," and at the bold, stately progressions of the

"Sanctus," yet anyone of sensitive nature, without being able to analyse a single chord, must be spell-bound by the pathos of the one, the dignity of the other. Analysis may show the skill of the workmanship, but cannot reveal the secret which gives life and power to the music.

I am tempted to write about the Mass rather than about the performance. I readily acknowledge that some of the solo vocal numbers were well rendered; of the four singers—Mmes. M. Henson and M. McKenzie, and Messrs. Kaufmann and Black—the first and third entered best into the meaning and spirit of the music. I enjoyed the earnestness of the choral singing in the "Gloria," the "Et resurrexit," and the "Sanctus," three movements of superlative difficulty, although the quality of tone of the sopranos in high notes was not good, neither were the basses powerful enough in the "Sanctus." The Leeds Choir are announced, and this, of course, tends to make one hypercritical. There were, however, two drawbacks—the conductor and the composition of the orchestra. Dr. Stanford is an accomplished musician, and no doubt much of the excellent singing of the choir was due to his exertions. But his attitude towards the music is for the most part cold: this was especially noticeable in the accompaniments to the solos, which were often left in a happy-go-lucky sort of way to take care of themselves. Were the "Choral Symphony," "Tristan," or "Parsifal" performed in similar fashion, how disastrous would be the result! And yet Bach's music demands the same attention to details of phrasing and expression. Dr. Stanford's manner appears cold, but of this it would be unfair to complain. I am judging him by results. And now for a word respecting the orchestra. We accept the "Messiah," "Samson," and other oratorios of Handel with orchestration more or less modern. Why should we not do something as much for Bach's great Mass? The attempt to present the music with original scoring is only partially successful, and however interesting from an archaeological point of view it may be to see and hear the old trumpets, the sounds they reproduce are often the reverse of pleasant. I believe that if the Mass were judiciously arranged, to meet modern requirements, by a thoroughly competent master of modern orchestration and one also thoroughly familiar with Bach's music, the effect would be stupendous. Bach did not select his orchestra as the fittest, but took the only one at his disposal. This question of modern accompaniments generally provokes wrath; the strong desire to preserve the past as long as possible is praiseworthy, though only up to a certain point; after this it argues, if not ignorance, obstinacy.

SCIENCE.

THERE was a notable meeting last week held for the purpose of instituting a national memorial to Edward Jenner. The Duke of Westminster, whose broad-mindedness on the subject of scientific research is a set-off against his superlative sensitiveness

about Armenia, took the chair and proposed the first resolution, which was that this country should take active and effective steps to preserve the great legacy which Jenner left behind him, and to forward the movement for the prevention of disease which he so successfully started a century ago. Most civilised nations have already celebrated the centenary of the discovery of vaccination with a fervour which could not have been exceeded had Jenner been their own countryman. It is only England—the happy hunting-ground of the faddist and the sentimentalist, the country which prefers to see its soldiers dying like flies of a loathsome disease rather than incur even the suspicion of encouraging vice—it is only England which has forgotten to honour the name of Jenner.

BUT this reproach at least is to remain no longer. The commemoration scheme, as explained by Lord Lister, is that funds should be collected to endow the recently erected laboratory of the British Institute of Preventive Medicine on Chelsea Embankment, the income of which at present does not amount to more than £700, and that if the resulting sum is really considerable the Institute should change its somewhat unwieldy title to the simpler one of "The Jenner Institute." The Jenner Institute would work in friendly rivalry with that magnificent and far-reaching laboratory in Paris which bears the name of Pasteur, its founder; and as the work which will be done by it is the most humane and the most necessary that it is possible to imagine, I should like to recommend to the Cobbes and the Haweises that they should cease from vilifying its objects and subscribe handsomely to its funds. It would be the most graceful and sensible act that the Victoria-street Society ever committed, if it could be persuaded to abandon its career of misguided opposition and divert its revenues to furthering the cause of humanity and the prevention of disease.

LORD LISTER, in detailing the scope of the new institution, quoted a few recent instances of successful work on similar lines to that first laid down by Jenner. Dr. Koch, who was lately invited by the Cape Government to investigate the causes of rinderpest, has found out that by using the bile of an infected animal to inoculate healthy ones the latter can be protected against the pestilence for some months certainly. Time is still required to show how long the protection lasts. Again, Dr. Yessin's treatment of the Bombay plague, so far as native prejudices allowed it to be tried, have been strikingly successful; and hundreds of English parents have reason to know and to bless the properties of the diphtheria antitoxin which is now in common use. Besides these instances, cholera, tetanus, puerperal fever, and among animals anthrax and swine fever, are all being treated successfully by means of researches carried out on the principle of Jenner; nor should one forget to include in the connexion Lord Lister's own great work, the introduction of antiseptic surgery, which has saved so many

lives. And after all this one's mind reverts to Gloucester, where, within a few miles of Jenner's own home, a foolish revolt against vaccination has but lately played havoc with the population, and left behind it a sorry trail of scarred and blinded children, and one wonders whether to a certain class of intellect facts present any meaning at all.

In the current number of *Blackwood* Dr. Louis Robinson has given a fresh turn to the lament for the vanishing naturalist. The latter is, he says, a survival of the prehistoric instinct, and, therefore, worthy of utmost cultivation, instead of the snubbing which it is his lot to receive at British Association meetings, and so forth. I like the pretty imaginative touch which Dr. Robinson has. His vision of the cave-man sallying forth to hunt, and of the signs that befall him by the way, is as convincing in its manner as a description by Fenimore Cooper of a Red Indian on the trail. Dr. Robinson's article, by the way, is a plea for the cultivation of Darwinism by amateurs, quite as much as of amateurs by professionals, and puts very forcibly the advantages of a thorough scientific training to those who intend to pursue the study of nature. I think he rather ignores the influence of field clubs and the like in encouraging this pursuit, and regards the amateur as more nearly extinct than the facts fully warrant. Otherwise there is no doubt that the tendency of the times is for field naturalists to diminish or become converted into laboratory specialists, and that the habit of minute observation, especially when accompanied by an instinct for reasoning back to causes or forward to effects, is associated with the earliest needs of man, and is as vital to his nature as the olfactory sense is to that of the dog.

H. C. M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

National Liberal Club: April 10.

In his review of my *Adventures of John Johns* your reviewer says: "Much of the book is an undoubtedly clever adaptation to English surroundings of the plot of the French novel" (Maupassant's).

Will you therefore allow me to deny that there is any adaptation in my story of the plot of *Bel-Ami*? If in some few features there is a slight resemblance, it is either fortuitous or incidental to development from a somewhat similar starting-point.

I am obliged to your critic for his assurance that there is "no real realism" in my portrayal of the journalist in John Johns; but my experience has been different to his. It is, however, a frequent error of reviewers to imagine that whatever they do not happen to have met with in real life cannot exist.

FREDERICK CARREL.

WORDSWORTH AS PROSE WRITER.

Balham: April 12.

In your review of Mr. Knight's prose works of Wordsworth (*ACADEMY*, 10th inst.), a couplet from Swift's "Poetry, a Rhapsody," is attributed to Byron. The passage runs:

"Read all the prefaces of Dryden,
For these our critics much confide in,
Though merely writ at first for filling,
To raise the volume's price a shilling."

AVARY H. FORBES.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"The Wise and the Wayward." By G. S. Street. (John Lane.)
"THE commonness of the theme [an unhappy marriage] is not," says the *St. James's*, "associated with commonplace treatment. Nothing could be further removed from the undistinguished and the ordinary than Mr. Street's method and style." "Seldom," writes the *Pall Mall*, "do we find a story-teller whose style and thought are in such perfect harmony. Just as the effectiveness of Mr. Street's tale does not depend upon glaring incident or impossible smartness of dialogue, so his style disdains the noisy altogether. . . . His humour is not obtrusive but of the pervasive sort." So also the *Chronicle*: "His smartness is well restrained, his cleverness is not troublesomely in evidence. . . . Mildred Ashton is delightful but just a trifle overdrawn. Mr. Street has underlined her too much. . . . It is a seamy world to which he introduces us; a world of tepid amours, of feeble and futile flirtations, of paltry intrigues inspired by the narrowest kind of selfishness. But Mr. Street knows his world, and presents it with fidelity and with literary dexterity." "A favourite blemish of the author's," says the *Manchester Guardian*, "is a certain frivolous egoism in his comments."

"Hilda Strafford." By Beatrice Harraden. (Blackwood.)
"THE curious, elusive charm," writes the *Chronicle*, "with which Miss Beatrice Harraden succeeded in investing" her two earlier works "is strangely wanting in these two stories. They are good, straightforward, well-told stories, but . . . Californian life and scenery seem to have had a deleterious effect upon Miss Harraden's imagination. . . . The book is not so strong or so interesting as we had been led confidently to expect from Miss Harraden's earlier work." "The volume maintains the high level reached by Miss Harraden in her former work," says the *Daily News*; also, her talent "has a certain quality of uniqueness in its delicacy and quaintness. It is at once very feminine and very original. . . . The tragedies she records are rather implicit than explicit." "Slight, but good," the *Standard* pronounces the tales to be; and "the book has a value, apart from that of a story, in the hints it gives of what life must be in those far-off regions that some imagine must hold fortune simply because they are distant." To the *Manchester Guardian's* mind the contradictions in the character of the heroine "are not convincingly reconciled."

"The Man of Straw." By Edwin Pugh. (Heinemann.)
SAYS the *Telegraph*: ". . . The *Man of Straw* places its author in the front ranks of the new realism: . . . every stroke of his pen carries conviction with it. . . . The author writes, nevertheless, with the instinct of an artist; he selects his incidents with marvellous skill." But "there can be no excuse for any contemporary of Mr. Whistler who persists in seeing only dirt in a misty day." The author's "whole mental horizon is pervaded by gloom, and Nature shares for him in the degradation of humanity."

His cleverness "is in no way proportionate to the requirements of a book of this nature," says the *St. James's*, "... and the essentially horrible elements of the story entirely outweigh Mr. Pugh's literary capacity." "At times," says the *Athenæum*, "Mr. Pugh shows considerable literary skill. . . . But the gruesome narrative soon comes to the surface again, and effaces every pleasant impression." So also the *Manchester Guardian* opines that the author's "undeniable power . . . fails to reconcile the reader to his choice of a subject." An "epic of scoundrelism," pronounces the *Chronicle*, which has not felt so miserable for a long time; for "he writes with an air of reality that carries unquestioning conviction. With the best intentions in the world, we are unable to doubt a word he says."

"Clarissa Furiosa." By W. R. Norris. (Methuen.)
"PERHAPS the elaboration may be a trifle in excess of the limit which art imposes," writes the *National Observer*, "but having regard to the difficulty of the main motive [which the *Athenæum* hints might be suspected to be a *reductio ad absurdum* of *A Yellow Aster*], and the obstacles standing in the way of its refined treatment, the delicacy of Mr. Norris's method more than compensates for any excess of elaboration." The *Pall Mall* has only to regret that in the case of Loosemore the author "has broken his rule of compassionate large-minded tolerance, and written vindictively." To the *Standard* it is "a little unexpected to find Mr. Norris suddenly dealing with the marriage question," but it is "with so much good humour and moderation that his book becomes at once a notable one." *Clarissa*, to the mind of the *Telegraph*, carries its author "a step higher than any point to which he had previously attained." The amalgamated *National Observer* and *British Review* devotes an article to the book under the heading, "A Novel by a Gentleman."

"Lads' Love." By S. R. Crockett. (Bliss, Sands.)
"DECIDED symptoms of decline and deterioration" are noted by the *Pall Mall* in Mr. Crockett's new book: "it shows how limited is his range of characters, how slender his ingenuity in devising a plot, and how commonplace his diction." "Rarely," writes the *Athenæum*, "has the author drawn more truly from life than in the cases of Nance and the Hempie . . . never more typical Scotsman . . . than Peter Chrystie, their father, and so of the rest. "The charm of the book lies in its healthy sentiment" ["vague sensuality": "Criticus" in the *Saturday*], "its overflowing humour, and its sympathetic insight into life and character." "Are they human? Are they Scotch? Are they anything?" inquires "Criticus." Also "Criticus," in his article "Muscular Presbyterianism," observes: "That he happens to hit so exactly the public's taste is not his fault, but rather his misfortune. No one reading this book will really suppose that Mr. Crockett is a hypocrite who loves not his own work. . . . I am sure that Mr. Crockett is a really stupid and (if I may say so without impertinence) a really good man."

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"When General Campbell speaks those chivalrous words on the beach a whole world is affected. We are translated into a serener atmosphere, catch the clear accents, and learn the great language of a wide and noble humanity. In *Kidnapped* we are never moved like this. We mark how fine are the colours; we hear how the tale is told; it is 'art, triumphant art'; but it is not, like the other, a piece of breathing, satisfying human life."

And this of Poe:

"And hence Poe's tales, though so full of invention and thick-coming fancies, of ingenious surprises and brilliant execution, in the end weary the reader. He feels that he is marching over a desert of dull sand. It is true that the sand is thickly specked with gold, that the mysteries of eve and of the dawn are with him, and that the mirage shows him its cloud-capped towers, its shining castles, and its glowing pageants of woods, wastes, and waters. It is not enough. He thirsts for the running streams, for the kindly works of men and oxen, for the wholesome faces of human creatures, and the homely charities of the green earth. Better the dullest, simplest old-world story than these terrible phantasmagoria."

UNTHINKABLES.

Unthinkables. By Frederick H. Balfour. (Bentley & Son.)

THERE is so far a resemblance between this small book and Mr. Arthur Balfour's large volume that each strives to erect a more or less positive religious structure on a basis of scepticism. Each work is also divided into four parts, whereof the first is in both cases the best and most amusing. The upshot of the author's whole contention is expressed in the following sentences with which his book ends, speaking of religion and science:

"Already the two have lost much of their mutual distrust. A cast-iron and impossible theory of inspiration has given place to a reverent if searching criticism; the tyranny of dogma is yielding to the claims of ethics, of inquiry, of research; in a word, Dr. Pusey has passed away, and is succeeded by Dr. Driver and Canon Gore. The reconciliation of the contending factions is gradually though surely approaching, and we may almost see the first faint dawns of that day when, the memories of rack and stake and thumbcrew having faded into oblivion, the demon of bigotry and intolerance for ever laid, and the cries of Heretic! Infidel! Enemy of the Truth! hushed into eternal silence, the religious lion shall lie down with the scientific lamb, and a little philosopher shall lead them."

His first part, or essay, entitled "How to Believe in Nothing," contains some agreeable banter and some rather sad nonsense, showing that the author, like so many

dabblers in metaphysics, confuses the "inconceivable with the unimaginable." Thus he declares that by no mental effort can we "conceive" of an existence without a beginning—as if he would write about it without first thinking about it! He also asks whether there ever was a time when space was not, thus taking for granted that time and space are realities instead of mere abstract ideas, founded, of course, on realities, but themselves utterly unreal.

He has some good remarks on the philosophic dogmatism given forth by Prof. Karl Pearson, whom he jokes good-naturedly, while the whole idealistic sensationalism he introduces with amusing irony, saying:

"Many persons complain of the difficulty of believing in anything, but that is a trifle compared with the difficulty of believing in nothing. There are such hosts of things to be explained away—the world we live in, for example, the phantasms who pass themselves off as our fellow-creatures, the air we breathe, the light we see, even our own subjective individualities. Still the task, though formidable enough at the first glance, is not, we think, beyond our powers, and is, at any rate, well worth an effort."

With respect to Prof. Karl Pearson's assertion that we know ourselves to be surrounded by an impenetrable wall of sense-impressions, and that it is unjustifiable to affirm that beyond that wall there is anything producing these impressions, he observes (p. 23):

"We regret to say the old Adam, or old Philistine, in us is perverse enough to see what appears to be a certain inconsistency in Mr. Pearson. Why, it asks, did Mr. Pearson write his very clever and exhilarating book? The world whose existence he says it is illegitimate to infer is composed to all appearance of an immense variety of things; and among those things, forming part of this imaginary and phantom world, are certainly the people for whose benefit he writes. That is to say, he writes for certain phenomena, whose actual and objective existence it is illogical for him to believe in . . . by his own showing. . . . And it may be lucky for him if he is correct; for it is possible that among Mr. Pearson's acquaintances there are some who would distinctly resent being called a potential sense-impression of Mr. Pearson's consciousness."

He also ridicules Mr. Spencer's solemn declaration that a belief in one's own existence is one which reason distinctly "rejects," and that for the self to know the non-self is rightly held to involve the annihilation of both. What can be clearer than this? says Mr. Balfour. Only the grovelling person who clings to a belief in something could object to it. Kant is demolished. "Instead of our being able to know ourselves, respect ourselves, or think about ourselves, we can do nothing of the kind; any such attempt would bring about the speedy annihilation of any Ego so viciously disposed."

In the second essay, "Salvation by Metaphysics," Mr. Balfour falls into a philosophical scepticism as irrational as any of those he ridicules in the first portion of his book; and we gather from its perusal that the system of thought which seems most to commend itself to his mind is that form of Buddhism distinguished as the sect of the Sun Lotus.

Naturally, if our last expressed opinion is correct, he can give no very satisfactory reply to that inquiry which gives a name to his third essay, "What is God?" Rejecting the theistic conceptions which Christianity or Judaism have sought to image forth, he seeks his answer through a deduction from his idea of the Absolute, but becomes utterly bewildered by his bugbear, Infinite Space. He has written much on the question of miracles, with the conclusion that the greatest of all is "the law of gravitation."

His fourth and last essay is entitled "Can God be Proved?" After briefly passing in review the better known modern systems of philosophy, and rejecting them, he finally gives us his own view of that conception of the first cause which most approves itself to his judgment as (p. 149) a Universe, the Eternal shadow of an Eternal substance, the Eternal form of an Eternal activity—the Eternal reality never having been *only* reality, but always reality as manifested in matter and its changes. Concerning this he says:

"It seems to me that this conception, in whichever form we adopt it, is one of consummate grandeur and beauty. It is the most satisfactory suggestion that I have ever met with. It renders both unnecessary and impossible the crude idea of creation out of nothing. . . . It brings God and the Universe nearer to each other."

This, he says, will be called Pantheism, and hereplies (p. 152): "Suppose it is, what then? What matters it, Pantheism or Pot-theism, as Carlyle exclaimed, if it be true?" It is, he declares, nothing more than the Immanence of Deity of the Life which permeates every item and every stone of the Universe, and he claims that his view harmonises with the well-known words of St. Paul, so often quoted, as to Him "in whom we have our being" and of whom "are all things."

We cannot say that, in our opinion, Mr. F. H. Balfour has made any notable addition to modern thought, but, nevertheless, the small book will, we think, repay the reader for its perusal.

ROMANCE AND ALLEGORY.

"PERIODS OF EUROPEAN LITERATURE" SERIES.
—*The Flourishing of Romance and the Rise of Allegory.* By George Saintsbury, M.A.
(Blackwood & Sons.)

THOUGH on the whole, perhaps, a matter for satisfaction rather than foreboding, it is yet difficult to view with unmixed complacency the remarkable fertility of the present age in literary guides, vade-mecums and short-cuts of divers kinds to the knowledge of books. If these things—histories, handbooks, sketches, surveys, and what not—go on multiplying at their present rate, how, one may well ask, is the student of the future to make time for any perusal of literature proper at all? He will find himself enmeshed in a veritable trammel of leading-strings, whelmed in a superfluity of aid. And in the end—as if a traveller, returning homewards, should mistake the wayside inn for his journey's end—he will be in danger

of forgetting his proper goal, forgetting that his true course is not *to*, but *through*, these dusty *deversoria*, through the meagre entertainment of these arid desert stations to the milk and honey of the Promised Land beyond.

Of the literary projects of this character now in progress there are two, however, which when realised will, we believe, be found to justify themselves. One specimen volume of each (for both are serial) is already out: Prof. Gilbert Murray's *History of Ancient Greek Literature* in Mr. Heinemann's "Literatures of the World" Series, and the volume before us. To Mr. Heinemann's series Prof. Dowden contributes a summary of French, and Dr. Richard Garnett one of Italian literature. If the names of the writers responsible for Messrs. Blackwood's series, so far as they are disclosed—the list is incomplete—be less reassuring than the two just mentioned, we have the added interest arising from the novelty of the scheme, which, dividing the whole course of European literature, from the Dark Ages to the present day, into twelve periods, provides for each of these a separate survey or conspectus extending to some 425 pages crown 8vo. Of these surveys the present volume, by Prof. Saintsbury, the general editor of the series, although not the first in chronological order, is the first to appear.

In this volume Prof. Saintsbury appears to advantage. Dealing with writers whose bodies were compounded with the dust from six to eight hundred years ago, he has found nothing to provoke his prejudices. Much of the book—notably chaps. ii. and iii.—is the result of ripe study of, and loving familiarity with, his subject. His remarks on the prosody of the modern European languages (chap. v. pp. 212-224) are cogent and helpful, and are conveyed in plain lay terms, not in pedantic or fantastic jargon. "Prosody," he observes, very sensibly, "is not an artificially acquired art, but a natural result of the natural desires, the universal organs of humanity"; and he infers hence the fundamental similarity of the prosodic results of nations so closely allied, and so studious each of the others' work, as Greeks, Romans, and modern Europeans. It is much to be wished that Prof. Saintsbury, whose most useful endowment as a critic consists in a remarkably fine ear for musical effect, should publish an exposition of his metrical theory in detail. In his view of the growth and development of the Arthurian Legend, Prof. Saintsbury, who expresses himself with commendable caution, is at issue with M. Gaston Paris, Mr. Alfred Nutt, and the advocates of the Celtic claim generally. While he maintains the Welsh genesis of the legends of Merlin and Arthur, and, further, freely admits that there is much that is Celtic in "the spirit, the tendency, the essence of the Arthurian Legend," he is disposed to claim for the English or Anglo-Norman, rather than the Celtic or the French genius, the glory of completing and exalting the story.

"Whosoever did it, if he did it by himself, was a very great man indeed—a man second only to Dante among the men of the Middle Ages. Even if it was done by an irregular company of men, each patching and piecing the others'

efforts, the result shows a marvellous 'wind of the spirit' abroad and blowing on that company."

And he adds that the personal claim to this glory of Walter Mapes or Map, author of the *De Nugis Curialium*, "Archdeacon of Oxford, friend of Becket, churchman, statesman, and wit," has never been disproved, and satisfies many of the conditions of the problem.

If Prof. Saintsbury would but refrain from reviling those "poor, harmless drudges," the antiquarians and philologists and phoneticians! What have they done to be scolded so?

"Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some that are mad if they behold a cat"—

says Shylock; but for such blind antipathies (he adds) there is no firm reason, no valid excuse, to be rendered. Surely these poor specialists are demonstrably as harmless and as necessary as the domestic cat? Necessary indeed, seeing that but for their enthusiasm and self-sacrificing labours Prof. Saintsbury and his "literary" compeers would have but little printed material to exercise their critical wits upon. On another point, too, it were well that the Professor should amend his ways. In this volume, as in others, he protests quite too much on the subject of his literary qualifications. We hear far more frequently than we ought of "twenty years' independent study of the subject," "long and diligent reading of the printed material," "critical practice in more literatures than one or two for many years," "what the writer has known pretty long, thoroughly, and at first-hand," and the like. Careful readers of Prof. Saintsbury's book will not suffer their judgment of the contents to be biased a hair's-breadth by persistent self-assertion of this sort, which grates on one's sense of seemliness, and which, moreover, to quote the author's own words, "is generally superfluous to friends while it never disarms foes." A lucid, well-digested argument, adequately supported with facts, is the best of all testimonies to the competence of the writer; as it is the only one he need trouble himself to offer. Surely it is beneath the dignity of a learned Professor of the University of Edinburgh thus to play the *buccinator meriti sui*.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Memories of Hawthorne. By Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

THIS is a book to be read and treasured only by those who know Nathaniel Hawthorne and reverence his genius. To any one who comes with difficulty to *The Scarlet Letter* and *Transformation*, Mrs. Lathrop's eulogy of her father will often be tiresome and always excessive. One has to be in complete accord with an author to enjoy his daughter's enthusiasm for him. But to the thorough Hawthornian this book may be a delight, although even such an one may sometimes feel that a little too much of the

curtain has been lifted. In the earlier pages, for example, are printed several letters from Sophia Hawthorne, the novelist's wife, written immediately after their marriage, which we feel to be too intimate for print. A young wife's praises of her husband are no evidence. Mrs. Lathrop might of course claim that her book is intended almost as much as a record of Mrs. Hawthorne as of Hawthorne himself; but to this we may reply that a few of her letters would as fully illustrate Mrs. Hawthorne's character as all that are here given. Moreover it must always be borne in mind that we already have Mr. Julian Hawthorne's exhaustive biography of his father, *Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife*, to which this new book adds very little, and Mr. Julian Hawthorne, we presume, had the opportunity of using everything in it had he seen fit. The presence of so few letters written by Hawthorne himself, and those few not very characteristic; the private nature of so many of Mrs. Hawthorne's communications; and the fact that Mrs. Lathrop was little more than a child when her father died, three and thirty years ago (she was only thirteen)—all these things are against the volume. It may, as we have said, be prized by the thorough Hawthornian, but he must be very thorough.

Hawthorne was indeed poor game for the biographer. His life was so much his work, there is so little to tell, that Mr. Julian Hawthorne's admirable book leaves nothing to other writers, except possibly on the critical side. Hawthorne's reserve was almost invulnerable. He seldom threw out tendrils. He wrote and received comparatively few letters, and figured but seldom in society. This fact seems to be recognised, and of no man so widely read as Hawthorne are so few details demanded. Of many authors not half so illustrious we want to know a hundred little characteristics; but one may go steadily through every story Hawthorne wrote and never care a pin's-head whether he wore a blue or a green tie or told his dreams at breakfast. A proof of the man's isolation is this book by his daughter; for although Mrs. Lathrop pours a flood of light on the family life (which must, indeed, cause Mr. Julian Hawthorne—who figures throughout in pinafores and is the hero of quite a number of smart sayings—to blink a little), we know Nathaniel Hawthorne hardly the more. We have, it is true, Mrs. Hawthorne's testimony that he could skate divinely; but beyond that, almost nothing. She writes, in the winter of 1842:

"Often other skaters appear—young men and boys—who principally interest me as foils to my husband, who, in the presence of nature, loses all shyness, and moves regally like a king. One afternoon, Mr. Emerson and Mr. Thoreau went with him down the river. Henry Thoreau is an experienced skater, and was figuring dithyrambic dances and Bacchic leaps on the ice—very remarkable, but very ugly, methought. Next him followed Mr. Hawthorne, who, wrapped in his cloak, moved like a self-impelled Greek statue, stately and grave. Mr. Emerson closed the line, evidently too weary to hold himself erect, pitching head foremost, half lying on the air. He came in to rest himself, and said to me that Hawthorne was a

tiger, a bear, a lion—in short, a satyr, and there was no tiring him out; and he might be the death of a man like himself. And then, turning upon me that kindling smile for which he is so memorable, he added: 'Mr. Hawthorne is such an Ajax, who can cope with him?'"

Elsewhere Thoreau is described more minutely. "Mr. Thoreau," says Mrs. Hawthorne, "has risen above all his arrogance of manner, and is as gentle, simple, ruddy, and meek as all geniuses should be; and now his great blue eyes fairly outshine and put into shade a nose which I once thought must make him uncomely for ever." Another interesting man, of whom too little is known, is thus described in Mrs. Hawthorne's journal:

"A man with a true, warm heart, and a soul and an intellect, with life to his finger-tips: earnest, sincere, and reverent; very tender and modest. . . . He has very keen perceptive power; but what astonishes me is that his eyes are not large and deep. He seems to see everything very accurately; and how he can do so with his small eyes I cannot tell. They are not keen eyes either, but quite undistinguished in any way. His nose is straight and rather handsome, his mouth expressive of sensibility and emotion. He is tall and erect, with an air free, brave, and manly. When conversing, he is full of gesture and force, and loses himself in his subject. There is no grace nor polish."

The man to whom the foregoing words apply was Herman Melville, author of *Omoo* and *Typee*. The following is a scrap of a letter written by him to Hawthorne, who was once a neighbour:

"Your letter was handed to me last night on the road, . . . and I read it there. Had I been at home I would have sat down at once and answered it. In me divine magnanimities are spontaneous and instantaneous—catch them while you can. The world goes round, and the other side comes up. So now I can't write what I felt. But I felt pantheistic then—your heart beat in my ribs, and mine in yours, and both in God's."

Of Emerson we get many glimpses, all of them interesting, and other notable persons glance from the page now and again, including the Brownings. Incidentally we learn that Mrs. Browning's cookery was not approved by Miss Hawthorne's doctor. "Whose broth is this?" he asked. "This is Mrs. Browning's." "Then tell Mrs. Browning to write her poesies and not to meddle with my broth for my patients." Of Robert Browning Mrs. Hawthorne wrote: "He flings himself about just as he flings his thoughts on paper"; and again, "I met Mr. Browning, or rather he rushed at me from a distance, and seemed to come through a carriage on his way." Finally, let us quote Mrs. Hawthorne's humorous account of the visit and weighty critical words of General Solomon McNeil, a veteran nearly seven feet in height, with straight-standing hair and "demonic energy," who once called upon her to congratulate her on possessing such a gifted husband.

"He said, 'Mrs. Hawthorne, I presume. I have scarcely seen your husband, but I have known him well for fifteen years.' (At this he raised his hand and arm as if he were wielding a sword with intent to do battle.) 'And I told his friend, when I read his book—his friend

who said that he was perfect except for a want of confidence in his power—I told him, Never fear, he will go it!’ (Another sweep with the sword.) ‘He will go it! I found ideas there—ideas!’”

This is worthy of Dickens.

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.

Pioneer Work in the Alps of New Zealand.
By Arthur P. Harper. (Fisher Unwin.)

THIS is an interesting record of exploration excellently illustrated by photographs taken by the author. It was carried out under considerable difficulties, without guides, without porters, without, in fact, any of the aids and conveniences which Alpine climbers generally manage to secure, not in Europe only, but in the Caucasus, the Andes, and the Himalayas. As the region traversed by Mr. Harper partly coincides with that described in Mr. Fitzgerald's *Climbing and Exploration in the New Zealand Alps*, elements of similarity are, naturally, to be found in these two books. But the likeness is only superficial. Mr. Harper's volume is a record of exploration, the climbing being only an accident of the exploration, while Mr. Fitzgerald's is a climbing record, the exploration being an accident of the climbing. Mr. Harper's book is, consequently, comparatively poor in exciting incidents; but, on the other hand, his observations of natural phenomena, though he is no specialist, are of much higher value.

From the days of Captain Cook the fauna of New Zealand have excited great interest. The moa, judging by the only partially fossilised condition of its bones, must have then only just died out, and now Mr. Harper shows that most of the other native birds are disappearing. This melancholy result has been due to the introduction of cats and weasels, which are specially fatal to the semi-wingless birds like the weka and the apteryx. He calls attention to the development of new instincts in some of the imported birds which certainly are very curious. The black swan, for instance, is not indigenous, but was brought over from Australia. At home it builds its nest, like other birds of the kind, in the river sedge; but in New Zealand such nests are exposed to annual destruction by floods, so the swan has learned to build a floating nest, and, having obtained security, is now multiplying rapidly. The kea is, of course, the leading case in the development of new instincts. He is an indigenous parrot, with a bill almost like a hawk's, and was not carnivorous—indeed, there was no flesh for him to feed on until the settlers introduced sheep. Mr. Harper thus explains the demoralisation of the kea:

“Keas naturally feed on berries, but they are possessed of an intense desire to investigate everything, consequently when, near homesteads in Otago and Canterbury, they see sheepskins hanging up to dry, they go down to examine them. If the skins are carefully cleaned, little harm results; but if not, the keas have a chance to taste the fat, and when once a kea tastes fat he is a ruined bird, and

would sell his soul—if he had one—to get more. To satisfy this craving he attacks the sheep with fatal effect, causing very heavy loss to the stations. They settle on the backs of the animals and deliberately drive their beaks into the skin until they have reached the kidney fat. They never wound a sheep in any other part of the body.”

The problem seems almost insoluble, for the kea is not likely to have had for ancestor a vivisector, or an anatomist, and if he is the last remnant of a race that dwelt in New Zealand when there was an indigenous fauna to supply a meat diet, he must boast a lineage going back to hundreds of thousands of years.

Mr. Harper has a good deal to say about the peculiarities of the New Zealand glaciers, which come down as low as 600 feet above the sea level, a fact which makes a great deal of difference to an explorer. Still more important to him is the fact that the snow line is also much lower than Switzerland, being reached at an altitude of some 6,500 feet. Proficiency in mountaineering is thus made, not “an extra,” but a prime necessity of the equipment of every traveller, while the abominable weather vastly increases his dangers and hardships.

The most important part of Mr. Harper's work was done either in the company or following in the footsteps of Mr. Douglas, the explorer of the Arawata, the Waitoto, the Okura, and the Landsborough rivers. He had been commissioned by the Colonial Government to find a passage from between the narrow strip of coast called Westland and the Hermitage district on the east, over the main range in the Alps. But his orders were precise, and required him to find “a pass free from snow or ice during three months of the year.” As a matter of fact no such pass exists, and in consequence Mr. Douglas, although he got nearly up to the divide, did not attempt to cross it, because the way led over a lofty saddle of névé and glacier. In this state of affairs Mr. Fitzgerald came along with Mathias Zurbriggen, burning for the glory of making new peaks and passes, and effected the passage, using in his descent of the valley of the Copland the map made by Mr. Douglas. Quite fairly the credit of being the first to cross belonged to Fitzgerald; but quite unfairly comparisons were made between his success and the failure of the Government explorer. That is the whole controversy in a nutshell, into which Mr. Harper throws himself with somewhat unnecessary fervour. Mr. Douglas's services to New Zealand geography, both of an official and unofficial sort, have been so great that it is difficult not to sympathise, to some extent, with Mr. Harper's chagrin at the laurels being snatched from his friend's most meritorious head. But, after all, Mr. Fitzgerald was first past the post. Though Mr. Douglas may have been the better horse, he was, to complete the metaphor, not ridden out. This being so, and as Mr. Harper has already ventilated the grievance in the pages of the *Alpine Journal*, the repetition of his protest in an appendix to the present volume is calculated to provoke the comment “Tantæne animis Alpestribus iras?”

THE INDIAN VILLAGE.

The Indian Village Community. By B. H. Baden-Powell, M.A., C.I.E. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

MR. BADEN-POWELL's three large volumes on *Land Systems in British India*, as well as his *Manual on Land Revenue*, have prepared the way for the present treatise, the main purport of which is the elucidation of the fundamental factors underlying the idea of ownership in the land itself. According to the author the primitive idea of ownership started from the principle, as laid down in the plain language of Manu, that the land belonged to him who cut away the wood, or who cleared and tilled it, as a deer belongs to him who fired the arrow which first wounded it. In the words of Mr. Baden-Powell, the joint village is not

“the universal or most ancient form and the common holding of land (where it is not the result of some special voluntary association) is traceable only among the superior tenures of Hindu Aryans and the later tribes who settled in Northern or Upper India.”

The evidence bearing on the forms of joint villages, as well as that relating to the development of the idea of the “joint family,” by a limitation of the *patria potestas*, has been laboriously collected by the author through an exhaustive survey and analysis of every available source of information. This evidence is unfortunately too complex and involved to be entered upon here. It must suffice to draw attention to the very valuable account given of the early Aryan invasions, which are treated with a due regard to geographical and ethnographical considerations. It would have been interesting if Mr. Baden-Powell had stated his views as to the date of the compilation known as the Laws of Manu (fixed by Bühler as after the first century B.C., and by Burnell as even later), since he is of opinion that until we come to them we have no literary mention of agriculture after the time of the Vedic hymns.

The chief interest of the work centres round the history of the holding of land by the actual cultivator, a system which the Aryan and later invaders met with on their arrival in India. The best preserved type is to be seen in the Kondh hamlets in the hill country of Ganjam and Orissa. Here the head of a family owns the land he cultivates, his sons have no inchoate right of property in the holding: on the father's death they divide the land, but the daughters have no share owing to their inability to till or defend the land. Each cultivator is to-day sturdy and independent, tenacious of his rights and scorning all occupation save war and agriculture. These Kondhs were noted for their custom of performing human sacrifices, a custom put an end to when the British assumed control, some sixty years ago. The hill-people believed that the flesh of the victim fertilised the land; the blood produced the redness of the tumeric, and the tears brought rain. The village artisans live outside the Kondh street and are held in contempt, though it must be noted that as the country is opened up low-country traders take up their abode

in the villages, and ploughing Brahmans from Orissa buy land or occupy waste without opposition.

The fully developed form of this holding the lands of a village by separate cultivators is seen in the Raiyatwari villages of South India, Bombay, and Berar. Over each village rules the hereditary headman, who is paid by grant of land and is responsible for the preservation of peace and order. An accountant supervises the collection of the Government demand. His office has become hereditary, and his services are paid for by grant of land. He assists the headman, keeps the village accounts, registers titles and transfers, compiles statistics of births, deaths, rainfall and local affairs. There are also primitive artisans attached to each village, their services being paid for by a grant of grain or land. Everywhere are to be found the blacksmith, the potter, the worker in leather, the washerman, the sweeper, and the barber, who is also surgeon. Sometimes a dancing girl is included, and instances are known of an official "witch-finder," and an "avertor of hail," and an astrologer to tell the times and seasons.

Mr. Baden-Powell is of opinion that under native rule the lot of the cultivator was "not intolerable." He writes:

"The hardship of native rule is usually inferred from the heavy revenue demanded, but it is forgotten that the demand was not enforced except in the most elastic manner, and the pressure was relaxed at once in a bad season. The European principle is a low rent and punctual, inexorable payment. The Oriental is the largest possible claim, and only take what you can for the season."

Unfortunately under British rule the cultivator, both in Joint and Raiyatwari villages, has a title sufficient to enable him to mortgage and sell his interest in his holding, the tendency consequently being for the land to fall into the hands of moneylenders, with a result which points to grave dangers in the future, dangers arising from an enslaved and discontented peasantry.

Mr. Baden-Powell shows how the village system of India has probably saved the land from a poor tax, and how it has special facilities for the administration of local affairs, yet he adds:

"It must be remembered in schemes for local government by village agency that, while there is a tendency on the part of modern administration to resort to the idea of a democratic and elective council, popular election in India (at any rate in rural districts) is still a very tender plant; and it is rare to find an election which means anything but the most unblushing sale of votes or the exercise of personal influence."

This work, in short, cannot be neglected by anyone connected with the administration of Indian affairs, and will prove an invaluable source of information to all interested in the important problems with which it so exhaustively deals.

MEDIAEVAL CARVING.

Choir Stalls and their Carvings. Examples of Misericords from English Cathedrals and Churches. Sketched by Emma Phipson. With Introduction and Descriptive Notes. (London: B. T. Batsford.)

MISS EMMA PHIPSON has done an honest piece of work conscientiously and well. In one well-printed volume are collected a number of the *misericords*, or carvings, beneath the stalls of nearly fifty churches and cathedrals. Any such definite collection of a particular class of mediæval carvings is of distinct value, not only to the architect and designer, but to the student of manners and of history. With similar materials, Mrs. J. R. Green and Miss Kate Norgate have already shown how much can be done by careful research towards the contemporaneous illustration of those "unconsidered figures" which made up the life of our old towns and cities. The portraits of monk and labourer and strolling player, as presented by their friends the mason or the wood-cutter, are far more lifelike and convincing than those modern imaginations which only succeed in dressing up the men we know in clothing that is unfamiliar. The forefathers of baron or of prince appeared beneath the solitary pomp of canopies or sculptured tombs; but it was on the living stone of the church itself, on capitals and balustrades, beneath the seats of chanting monks and priors, that the common people saw their ancestors dressed as they knew them at their daily tasks. The sturdy preachers of those days took all such vivid object-lessons willingly into their service. Hell and its ministering fiends were conscientiously portrayed with every infernal accompaniment of pitchfork and cauldron, bat-like wings, and vulture's talons. Sin, in the hideous actuality of its accomplishment, was unblushingly set forth. Hypocrisy, the wolf so often seen abroad in lamb's disguise, was unmasked, caricatured, and heartily derided. Such carvings constantly appealed to every worshipper within, even to the strolling scoffer who preferred to laugh outside. And while folly and wickedness thus had their due and public punishment, with no less care was every virtue held up for the common admiration, every honest calling represented, in this sacred microcosm which gathered up and sanctified the whole life of the people.

But the carvers were by no means limited to the imagination of mere humanity in this world or the next. A terrifying gallery of animals sprang into weird existence under the chisel of the mediæval artist. The monsters of the Bestiary stalked from their yellow parchments and took form and bulk, crouched beneath seats, or hovered on the angles of a wall. Chimeras from the latest traveller's romance were copied bodily—not only human forms, like Mandeville's *Sciopodus* upon the door of Sens, but those strangest freaks of animal creation which kindly nature, like a fairy godmother, seems to have vouchsafed to younger centuries and have withdrawn from our more aged times. For where is now the cockatrice? Gone to that paradise, perchance, where Mandeville and Herodotus hobnob with Munchausen among

the unicorns and griffins of the past. Yet the origin of your cockatrice was once as well established as the dodo's. In Oliver Baker's pages you shall find how,

"when the cock is past seven years old, an egg groweth within him, whereat he wondreth greatly. He seeketh privately a warm place on a dunghill or in a stable, to which he goeth ten times daily. A toad privily watcheth him, and examineth the nest every day to see if the egg yet be laid. When the toad findeth the egg he rejoiceth much, and at length hatching it produceth an animal with the head and breast of a cock and from thence downwards the body of a serpent. And that is a cockatrice."

Is it to be wondered that with such unrivalled opportunities it was the mediæval mason who developed the grotesque? How better show the hideous contradiction (for example) of a wicked woman than by two shapes of good and evil smitten into one? The almost savage power of observation of all natural forms that went with his credulity resulted in the workman's art being direct, creative, and sincere, as never has been possible before or since. But, as was inevitable, the freedom of the thirteenth century degenerated into licence later on. Already a St. Bernard must exclaim in horror:

"Quid facit illa ridicula monstruositas, mira quædam deformis formositas ac formosa deformitas? . . . Proh Deo! si non pudet ineptiarum, cur non piget expensarum?"

But "expense" was very little regarded in the days when every workman put his heart into his work, and had the leisure of his life to work in. And long before the Renaissance swept away degenerated Gothic, enough had been left of the individuality of these workmen to show all who read aright what kind of lives they lived. In spite of all our complexity of existence and multitude of books, the carver of to-day seems by comparison singularly barren of ideas. His predecessors knew what he has never read—

"Campaspe est nue en son grenier
Sur Aristote à quatre pattes"—

and they carved the woman riding the philosopher. Has she dropped her bridle-rein to-day? They knew what even our nurseries are forgetting—the moving tale of Renard and his enemies; and they carved it as the best "morality" that all might understand. They were not social agitators; they were no pious exegesis; they chiselled into oak or stone the things they saw, the tales they heard, the sins they hated, the virtues they admired. Neither with "symbolism" nor with "inner meanings" had they much to do. So the Restorer misunderstood them. Even in Montaigne's time we hear of "le bonhomme qui en sa jeunesse chastra tant de belles et antiques statues." And in these days, when such works are at least preserved from further injury, they suffer misconstruction from the last school of philosophy.

It must be considered the greatest merit of Miss Phipson's book, after the diligence of her handiwork has been acknowledged, that, with the briefest explanation, she has left her carvings to tell their own tale. They are well worthy of an equally unprejudiced perusal.

CARTHAGE AND CANTERBURY.

Cyprian: His Life, His Times, His Work.
By Edward White Benson, D.D., D.C.L.,
Sometime Archbishop of Canterbury.
(Macmillan & Co.)

CYPRIAN was born a heathen; was baptized in the year 246; sold his property and fed the poor; was rigorous to himself while he was charitable to others; had a controversy with Pope Stephen, and sent a legation to Rome; was made a presbyter as quickly after his conversion as Manning, in our days, was made a priest after his—to the murmuring of many of the Faithful; was raised by the people's vote to rule the See of Carthage; wrote epistles, nursed the victims of pestilence, and kept tight rein on his clergy; addressed an appeal to martyrs, urging them to be steadfast to the Faith even to the death; and lived—or died—up to his words, for he himself refused the Pro-Consul's command that he should offer incense to the gods, and was beheaded for his contumacy in the year 258. Amid the life of Carthage his figure stands forth somewhat as Savonarola's does in the Florence of the Renaissance; little beloved, either of them, by their own weaker brethren, and greatly hated by their outside opponents; yet consoled by the devotion of the few with whom they had true fellowship, and both together accounting death, even violent death, as nothing but a welcome transition.

It is difficult to write of such a man without a lurking dread that Mr. Wilson Barrett may some day be lured to personate him; for far preferable to any stagey presentment is this prettified portrait of a rugged and an abrupt man in tempestuous Carthage of the third century drawn in the calms of Canterbury by the most mild and discursive of prelatial pens. The book is of interminable length; and the style is difficult to follow, not from the Archbishop's "care to avoid the obvious," as his son charmingly puts it in the preface, but because the Archbishop had no power of straight words and direct phrasing. This Canterbury pilgrim set forth to retrace the centuries, and to perform a literary pilgrimage to Carthage, and all with the intention of showing that Cyprian was bold to withstand Peter to the face on certain technical points regarding the baptism of heretics. Canterbury blesses Carthage backhandedly for that—in a book of over six hundred closely printed pages. Not so much for his conversion; no, nor for his martyrdom, did Cyprian find a laborious biographer at Lambeth Palace. The distance of Carthage from Rome in days of difficult intercommunication—this, with its consequences, is what raises a fellow feeling towards Cyprian in the biographer, with the inevitable result that you have a certain atmosphere of provinciality about the book from first to last. Other things in common between Canterbury and Carthage are manifestly far to seek. From the established and comfortable security of Lambeth and Addington, with nothing more adventurous to vary the prosperous monotony of life than a ride in the Row, Archbishop Benson

has here to deal with the Decian persecution, when an edict comes to Carthage requiring the abandonment of Christianity from all, especially from "the Bishop of the Christians," and ordering confiscation, mine-labour, banishment, and imprisonment with starvation, as penalties for believers; with preliminary torture as a means of inquisition.

These, then, were the livings and benefices and advowsons of the Church in Rome and at Carthage then; and the head of a Church which has basked in royal favours from its beginning may perhaps be excused a little petulance when he deals with the early stage of the persecutions in such sentences as these: "The age in which martyrs were lightly multiplied was not come. Neither was the fanatic zeal for martyrdom at flood." Again, "The Roman Church would not select one of her leading men for immediate death," is the Archbishop's way of announcing the delay of sixteen months in the election of one Pope after the martyrdom of another. The feverish delights of martyrdom, and the human weakness of indulging in them, were perhaps less obvious to the hunted victims themselves than they appeared to the imagination of the modern Prelate. In short—though it is difficult to think of anything short in connexion with this volume—we have here a Cyprian as he is seen from under the shadow of an Anglican mitre, and a Carthage that is viewed from Canterbury—the last place, perhaps, from which it can be nakedly seen.

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

The Sepoy Revolt. By Lieut.-General McLeod
Innes, V.C. (Innes.)

IT is with the dramatic and picturesque side of the Indian Mutiny that the general reader is most familiar. By those in whom Mrs. Steele's recent romance or Lord Roberts's valuable autobiography has excited an interest and a curiosity as to the causes which underlay that tragedy, and the practical lessons to be learned from it, this orderly and critical survey from the pen of the author of *Lucknow and Oude in the Mutiny* will be welcomed. It covers the whole ground. It is written out of a plenitude of assimilated knowledge, both military and political, by one whose attitude of judicial impartiality is no less remarkable than his freedom from an egoism which it would not have been difficult to excuse. The work is planned and executed with a sort of soldierly precision; the table of contents is equivalent to an analytical scheme; there is store of useful maps and a serviceable index. It is not a light book—by the frivolous it will be judged dull; but the serious student of history will recognise it as a valuable contribution toward the solution of many questions arising out of the crisis of which it treats. Moreover, one cannot lay it down without reflecting on that wonderful development of the executive power which enables the Indian Government of to-day to preserve calm amid pestilence and famine.

The Mount: Narrative of a Visit to the Site of a Gaulish City on Mont Beuvray, with a Description of the Neighbouring City of Autun. By P. G. Hamerton. (Seeley.)

THE Gaulish city is Bibracte, *oppidum Gallorum amplissimum* according to Cæsar; and in these pleasant chapters, which Mrs. Hamerton has been well-advised to rescue from the eventual dustheap, that strenuous and picturesque journalist, the late P. G. Hamerton, gives a somewhat diffuse, but extremely pleasant, account of his intimacy with a friend whom he styles "The Antiquary," whose life was devoted to the minute examination of the city's buried remains. Of this gentleman Mr. Hamerton writes:

"The contemporary history of neighbouring countries is a blank to my friend's mind, but he knows nearly all there is to be known about their condition from the time of Cæsar to the end of the fifth century."

The author tells with some humour, and with some indignation, of the spite and prejudice of which this amiable recluse is made the object. Nothing, it seems, will convince the local populace that anything has been done, or that any remains have been found. The discovery of amphore and the like is explained by various arbitrary hypotheses, the favourite being that in the secrecy of the night they have been stealthily buried by the Antiquary in the places whence he eventually exhumes them. The writer hopes this theory "was not intended to include the ramparts and the Gaulish houses." Incidentally Mr. Hamerton gives some charming local legends. Here is one of them, which furnishes a reason why the nightingale sings at night:

"Those little birds," says Pauchard, "have not always sung like that in the night-time. Long ago they sang in the day, but one of them had been singing so hard all day long . . . that when evening came he was very weary, and went to roost on the vine. . . . Now, it was a warm night in May, and the tendrils of the vine were growing very fast, and they twined round the little thin legs of the nightingale while he slept. His comrades came to awaken him, and said: "La vigne pousse—pousse—vite, vite, vite, vite!" but he was so tired that he could not be awakened. At last morning dawned, and then the sleeper awoke, but only to find himself helplessly fettered by the tendrils of the vine. . . . Then his comrades saw him die, and they said to one another, "We will sleep no more in the night so long as the vine is growing.""

The style is easy and lucid, and the book is pervaded by a painter's sense of beauty.

The Wheel of Life: a Few Memories and Recollections. By Clement Scott. (Lawrence Greening and Free Press Company.) THE score of descriptive essays "dashed off at lightning speed" which Mr. Clement Scott republishes in this little volume are of unequal merit and interest. With regard to some of them it occurs to the reader to wonder whether the journalistic exigencies which excused their appearance in an ephemeral form are a sufficient justification for their republication. A little revision and selection would not, we think, have come

amiss. However, several of them contain readable and quite interesting matter, as, considering their author's long and wide acquaintance with the journalistic and theatrical world, it would be strange if they did not. Whether or not we are of one mind with Mr. Clement Scott on certain points of theatrical criticism, it is impossible to ignore the fact that his views are generalisations from a vast range of experience. A man who has seen the part of Hamlet played by Phelps, Charles Kean, Barry Sullivan, Brooke, King, Fechter, Irving, Wilson Barrett, Rossi, Salvini, and Mounet-Sully may be permitted to have an opinion as to whether Mr. Beerbohm Tree's impersonation was a good one or not. The chapter on stage fights is excellent. Here is a story of Macready and Phelps in the Macbeth and Macduff fight:

"Macready as Macbeth commenced the old game of groaning, cursing, and swearing at Macduff *sotto voce*. But he positively frightened Phelps, who, when he came off, expressed his disgust and horror, saying he was not accustomed to be abused in such an intemperate fashion. 'Oh, never mind that,' said a bystander; 'it's only Mac's way. Pay him back in his own coin, and give him a taste of your special Billingsgate.' Whereupon, the very next night, directly Macbeth began swearing Macduff swore more awful words still; when Macbeth cursed enough to make the blood boil and curdle, Macduff did the same; and the combined oaths were sufficient to take the poor prompter's hair off. But it is recorded that the fight never went better."

Mr. Scott describes the volume as containing the first instalment of his recollections. If the following portions contain as much matter of interest they will be welcome; but we venture respectfully to suggest that the praise which he lavishes upon the young men his contemporaries—upon their appreciation of each other's work, their sincerity, and their freedom from the small vices with which we of a later generation are notoriously beset—would be no less effective if its expression were less vehement. We hope, too, that Mr. Scott will choose a better format for his next book. This one is a marvel of ugliness.

The Story of the House of Lancaster. By Henry Hartwright. (Elliot Stock.)

It is not so much what Mr. Hartwright writes as his depressing way of writing it that detracts from the value of his anxious study of the Lancastrian period. With the best will in the world he is not an exciting writer.

"On one occasion, when the French were wavering, as if about to retreat, the maid rushed forward, unfurled her banner, and led them on to victory."

How is that for thrill? What definite notion could it convey to anyone? Again, to quote quite at random:

"Elizabeth's first care was to find husbands for her six unmarried sisters! All had more or less of the Queen's beauty, with cultivated minds, which, in their retired life hitherto, had not been fully appreciated by the owners of birth and strong limbs."

Now the reader might prepare himself to receive romantic passages, but we had not read 288 pages of the book without beginning to know our Mr. Hartwright, and we found him true to himself:

"Margaret, in October, 1464, married Thomas FitzAlan, Lord Maltravers, subsequently twelfth Earl of Arundel. He was a son of Joan Neville, a sister of the Earl of Warwick, and, consequently, a second cousin of the King. Katherine married . . ."

And so on to the end of the five cultivated minds. This is the author's idea of "whiling an hour away" for us. In his preface he tells us that he has made an endeavour to render the story "more life-like by giving an accurate account, as far as possible, of the family of each of the principal characters introduced, instead of merely a string of names." How far this laudable aspiration has been realised the reader may judge for himself. For our part we regret much labour misapplied and wasted pains.

HISTORICAL MANUSCRIPTS COMMISSION (Fifteenth Report. Appendix).—Part II., *The Manuscripts of J. Eliot Hodgkin, Esq.* (H.M. Stationery Office.)

In issuing a selection from the Eliot Hodgkin MSS., the Historical Manuscripts Commission has done wisely. "Made collections" such as this (to adopt the phrase of the editor of this volume, Mr. J. Cordy Jeaffreson), are often of greater interest than the homogeneous masses of papers which repose in the archives of corporations or old families. Few collectors have taste as catholic as that of Mr. Eliot Hodgkin, whose range is not to be defined. The divisions of the volume before us give an idea of his variousness: (a) MS. books and printed books enriched with MS. notes, among which are the Aldine *editio princeps* of *Herodoti Libri Novem* (1502), containing MS. notes by Erasmus and a number of volumes with notes in Melancthon's hand; also among later treasures a notebook of John Bewick and several articles relating to Ireland, the Shakespearian forger. The remainder of the volume is arranged in the following manner: (b) Select letters and documents, mainly of historical interest, ranging from 1557 to 1788; (c) writings touching Charles I. and the Civil War; (d) writings touching Charles II. in exile; (e) draft letters of Sir Bernard Gascoigne; (f) Pepys papers; (g) Danby papers; (h) Ormonde papers; (i) Jacobite and Pretender papers; (k) miscellaneous writings, covering a vast number of subjects; and (l) D'Eon papers, relating to the Chevalier D'Eon, upon whom Mr. Eliot Hodgkin is a specialist. Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson's arrangement is perhaps the best that could be devised. We regret, however, that he could not see his way to make more use of the collector's own notes. "The multifarious treasures," he writes, "have been annotated with much learning and literary address by their owner, who knows thoroughly the MSS. in which he delights, and has illustrated most of them with explanatory comments." Yet not one is reproduced!

By-Ways of History: Studies in the Social Life and Rural Economy of the Olden Time. By James Colville, M.A., D.Sc. (Edinburgh: David Douglas.)

ELEVEN essays, republished for the most part from the pages of various magazines, furnish the contents of Dr. Colville's entertaining and profitable volume. His purpose is clear from the title beneath which he has collected them: to clothe with flesh the dry bones of history, to develop in the faded pictures that have come down to us some particular wrinkles and some of the expression that makes the difference between waxwork and life. And this laudable aim he has, in a measure, accomplished. It is not necessary that one should be a Caledonian to appreciate the essay on "Lowland Scotland in the Time of Burns"; wherein the incidental statement that, by reason of its unfortunate absence from the flora of the Holy Scriptures, the potato found a difficulty in winning for itself toleration, is delightfully illuminative. These are the trifles that make history vivacious. "Scottish Trade in the Olden Time," "The Scottish Tour in the Days of Charles I.," "Town Life in the Eighteenth Century" are titles taken at random, under which the reader will find good store of information that he probably would not light upon elsewhere.

The Municipal Year Book of the United Kingdom. 1897. By Robert Donald. (Offices of London.)

YEAR BOOKS increase with the years, and both age us. But one cannot deny the usefulness, the inevitableness of *The Municipal Year Book*, which is newly issued from the offices of London. Mr. Robert Donald is its editor, and he supplies particulars concerning the municipal governments of London, the large provincial towns, the county boroughs, and other incorporated towns. The systems under which water, gas, electricity, tramways, and artisans' dwellings are provided and managed are dealt with in separate sections. Mr. Donald is a high authority on his subject, and it is interesting to have his view on the influence of politics on municipal government. He makes very little of it. "Political feeling," he writes,

"may be introduced at elections, parties may exist on the councils, but a review of the institutions and the work as they are does not show that politics have any effect in moulding municipal policy. As a matter of fact, the towns which have been pioneers in municipal progress, which have gone farthest in collectivist control, are just now strongly Conservative or Unionist in Imperial politics."

Mr. Donald also rejoices in the general advance of municipal control: "There never was a time when more demands were made on Parliament for new powers and heavier responsibilities." Adequate space is given to the municipal government of London, which is unique, and is, perhaps, incapable of perfectly lucid explanation. A London fog of exceptions clings to every rule. If Mr. Donald does not quite banish the fog he makes it vastly more transparent.

FICTION.

The Outspan. Tales of South Africa. By J. P. Fitzpatrick. (W. Heinemann.)

THE following note is prefixed by the author to these stories: "A person of my acquaintance was once referred to in an up-country newspaper as 'Mr. Chimmage.' He wrote to the editor, explaining that his name was not 'Chimmage,' but 'Schimmelovitch'; and the editor, in making the correction, added, 'He has only himself to blame for the fact being known.'" This, we take it, is as much as to say that Mr. Fitzpatrick's stories deal with real people. Without any such hint, we should have suspected that to be the case, such an air of veracity blows through the pages. *The Outspan* is essentially a man's book—a record of the rough, free ways of the "Legion that never was 'listed,'" of the strong passions and lawless acts of refugees from society. Mr. Fitzpatrick writes straightforwardly and well; his words are forcible; his knowledge of life is wide and deep; and his sympathies are quick. If we had to place him we should say he deserved a place in the brotherhood of Mr. Kipling and Mr. Bret Harte, although we should ask from the new writer more work before finally establishing him there. Of these tales of South Africa we like best the one entitled "Soltké," which has humour and a ring of true pathos. But the first story, "The Outspan," has great merit. As an example of Mr. Fitzpatrick, not at his best but at his most quotable, take this glimpse of General Gordon:

"the soldier saint, the man who could lead a storming party, a forlorn hope, with a Bible in one hand and a cane in the other; the man who, in the infiniteness of his love and tenderness, and in the awful immutability of his decision and justice, realised qualities in a degree which we associate only with the Deity. I felt I could see this man helping, feeding with his own short rations, nursing, and praying with, the lowliest of his men, the incarnation of mercy. But I also saw him facing the semi-mutinuous regiment of barbarians, and, with the awful passionless decision of fate itself, singling out the leaders here and there—in all a dozen men—whom he shot dead before their comrades, and turning again as calm and unmoved as ever to repeat his order, which this time was obeyed! I pictured this man, with the splendid practical genius to re-conquer and re-organise China, treasuring a cutting which he had taken from what he verily believed to be the identical living tree from which Eve had plucked the forbidden fruit."

In the same story is mention of this simple epitaph on the grave of an old Irish servant:

"Paddy Tarry's Rest!
Are ye ready?
Aye, aye, Sir!"

We shall look with some eagerness at Mr. Fitzpatrick's next collection of stories. Africa has produced romances enough; but it is the short story which is the fitting vehicle for recording the deeds of pioneers. In Mr. Fitzpatrick they have perhaps found their chronicler.

A Galahad of the Greeks, and Other Stories. By S. Levett-Yeats. (Longmans.)

The story which lends its title to this volume deals with the fate of one of the best class of young Indian Civil men, fresh from the university with a first and his blue—clean-living, high-thinking—pitched into a God-forsaken Burmese station, with a debauched head of the police, a fanatical American missionary, and the missionary's pretty wife for his companions. To keep things lively for them there are also "Father Fragrance," a Buddhist clergyman and valiant leader of dacoits; Moung Sen, of the same profession, and their companions. There is plenty of dash about Mr. Levett-Yeats's manner of telling a spirited story; and if the end in this case is rather impotent, at least he does not let the reader go till he has reached it. Of the remaining stories, "The Worthy and Pitiful Quest of Susanna Hope (a Lost Hackluyt)" is a cleverish study, but what does this remind you of? "... fitted out the *Merchant Royal* with goodly merchandise, the same being well fenced with munitions *withal*." In the third story we have a sketch of Babu life that is strong and convincing. For the missionary and the fascinating widow, who are the central personages, are of less interest than the brown types among whom they live—Mr. and Mrs. Bunny and Master Eddie Bunny, Elder Bullin, and Mr. James Sarkies who loved Miss Bullin. These and others of their class are sympathetically studied and adroitly sketched. The fascinating widow marries Galbraith, the missionary; then her blackguard first husband turns up, and the fat is in the fire. The end is not so comforting as it would have been easy to make it. At the last we hear the fascinating widow, now a nun, singing a stanza of the *Stabat Mater* as an introit to a midnight Mass of New Year's Day; which scheme of a liturgical function is evidence of the writer's power of imagination.

Midst the Wild Carpathians. By Maurus Jókai. (Jarrold & Sons.)

JÓKAI has every one of the qualifications which go to make an historical novelist. He has all the passion of patriotism natural to the true Hungarian. He is well versed in the troublous and tangled history of mediæval Transylvania. Above all, he has the magic touch and almost barbaric force of imagination which can convert the petty feuds which make history into Titanic struggles fit for literature. There is a curious sense of undefined vastness about these Homeric heroes of Jókai's. Even the weakest of them, Apafi, who would have been the best of men with any other headgear but a crown—even the coarsest of them, Banfi—has a touch of the elemental which assorts well with their wild and fantastic surroundings. None of Jókai's historical novels is so great a favourite as this among his own people; and, making allowance for the obvious obstacles to the popularity of an historical romance in an alien country, one may presume that foreign readers will come to the same conclusion. Much and well as

Jókai has written, his pen has done nothing more vivid than some of these descriptions, and nothing more lurid than this grim story of intrigue and battle and treachery.

Captain Castle. By Carlton Dawe. (Smith Elder & Co.)

MR. CARLTON DAWE has made a creditable dish according to the *Treasure Island* recipe, but if he had tried more zealously we believe he could have made a much better one. He has the intentions in strong array, and a large measure of ability, and he has used most of the ingredients. The China Seas in themselves make for success, and when you have added an ocean tramp partly laden with dollars, a drunken captain, a drunken mate, a drunken chief engineer, a giant second engineer (Scotch, of course), a beautiful woman (the captain's wife), a mutiny, an attack by pirates, and a literary second mate (to tell the story afterwards) you have practically proved your case. All the same, the story has to be written, and it is here that Mr. Carlton Dawe is weak. His invention is fertile, his courage is undaunted, but his method is often annoying. This is partly because he has chosen an almost antipathetic figure as the historian of the voyage. The "I" of the book, the second mate, is not attractive. We can understand why he was so detested by the captain. With the best intentions in the world he was a prig, and prigs on an ocean tramp are intolerable. He came aboard in a collar and necktie, and morally he retained them all the trip. Hence his manner is now and then oppressive, as when he thus describes his avoidance of a bullet?

"I believe it is bad form for a soldier to bob. It looks as though he were afraid of being hit, which of course no man is. Yet it struck me that I might be, so I sank on one knee while the bullet whistled harmlessly over my head. I admit to making discretion the better part of valour. Those who like bullets can have them; I don't care much for them myself. It even appeared to me that the sea was much the better place for that sort of thing; much better, at any rate, than my body. But perhaps I was prejudiced."

This is sheer Mark Twain and water, and, coming at an exciting part of the book, is a nuisance. Mr. Dawe fails also to make certain things clear—as, for example, why the captain made no attempt to recover his dollars; and we cannot forgive the second mate for not shooting Li Chee at the very beginning of the mutiny, even although the story depends very much upon that rascal's life. But boys will revel in *Captain Castle*.

Allanson's Little Woman. By Eastwood Kidson. "Greenback" Series. (Jarrold.)

ALICE was the name of Allanson's Little Woman, and a very tiresome little woman she was. By a just and too rare dispensation she cracked her voice in "soaring over" a high note at a *soirée dansante*. She dreamed dreams about Tom Waterton and they came true. Tom Waterton reciprocated the attention, as Mr. Kidson might say. The story kicks off tremendously with the promise of preternatural sensationalism; but nothing

comes of it. The game is the dullest conceivable; and it is clear that Mr. Kidson has no story to tell, and, further, that if he had the finest in the world he must inevitably spoil it. He narrates a stirring incident in this fashion:

"... Frank saw in a moment his favourite was doomed, unless immediately rescued; and looking about and seeing no likely help, he threw off his coat and boots and plunged in before anyone suspected his intentions. 'What madness!' exclaimed several; but Frank was a strong swimmer, and, taking his opportunity as he approached the dog, permitted the breakers to go over his head; and then making a sudden dash for [sic], seized the top of the breakwater before another could fling him at it. . . . By this time some boatmen had arrived, and putting out from the landing-place, took him up in a boat; for it was hazardous to attempt swimming through the rough surf."

A Passing Madness. By Florence Marryat. (Hutchinson.)

DISAPPOINTMENT often lurks in the novels of writers whose popularity is unquestioned. It may be that one expects too much, or perhaps "the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense." Miss Marryat, of course, knows what is required of her by her special public; and she has a perfect right to neglect, if she chooses, matters to which that public is indifferent. But there is a point at which facility becomes dangerous; and we think that Miss Marryat, however little she may need to trouble herself with literary craftsmanship, might at least "j'ine her flats." The most uncritical reader is apt to grow impatient with a book in which a large fortune, important to the plot, is described indifferently as reverting wholly, and as reverting to the extent of one-half, to the same heiress. Miss Marryat might as well have made up her mind which way she would have it. Again, we cannot believe that even a doctor who lodged lunatics without a licence would keep one in his house while he was himself engaged to a lady who would inherit a fortune by that lunatic's decease. A very little thought, or even humour, would have obviated other absurdities, such as the lunatic's highly variable condition (he is described by the doctor as merely "eccentric," after nearly murdering a valet), the heiress's unfilial assignment of her father's ghost to "Heaven or wherever he may be," and the lightning change in the lady villain, who suddenly confesses her naughtiness, and becomes in a twinkling a self-sacrificing angel, ambitious of setting up a ragged school.

Ivan Alexandrovitch: a Siberian Romance. By Andrée Hope (Mrs. Harvey of Ickwell-Bury). (Fisher Unwin.)

ANDRÉE HOPE decidedly has talent, and she gives a vivid, and to us quite novel, impression of life in Siberia. One was not prepared to read of great wealth and lavish luxury in those far regions; but it seems that Siberian merchants squander money like South African millionaires. New also to us, and very horrible, was her account of the Buriatis, a savage tribe whose special employment is the chase of escaped

convicts. The final scene of their orgie in the tent reads like a description of West African cannibals; and the catastrophe which comes of it is very striking, and, though wholly unexpected, seems artistically right. Ivan himself, the half-reclaimed savage, from his first appearance in a ballroom at Paris until he brings his lovely bride home to the Government House at Yeniditak in the far north, and after that, through all his changing humours, to the moment when his wife recognises him among the naked savages, is an impressive and convincing figure. It is a grim book, but a remarkable one.

They that Sit in Darkness. By John Mackie. (Hutchinson & Co.)

THE young literature of Australia is indebted to Mr. Mackie for a tale which, while it abounds in local colour from the authoritative brush of one who, as he puts it in the preface, "figured in a humble way as a pioneer of civilisation" in the wilds of the northern continent, is also thrilling enough for any boy's book. What more can one ask in the way of peril and adventure than to have half-a-dozen whites, including ladies, besieged in a cave by as many hundred blacks; furious onslaughts repulsed with terrible slaughter; provisions raided, and ammunition stolen; a thrilling climb up an impossible cliff, and, eventually, a rescue in the very nick of time? But it would be a grave injustice to class Mr. Mackie's book as merely sensational. The other interests of it are well maintained; and one may safely say that no more accurate picture has been presented of bush life in what is probably the most grotesque corner of the world. The writer knows it well—better, probably, than most people would care to do; he tells us that he has subsisted for weeks together "on crows, hawks, snakes, and currajong roots." He has a pleasant and graphic pen, and the description of the trial-scene in MacArthur is a very telling piece of work. The characterisation, too, is much above the ordinary run of "bush" novels. The heroine suffers from the usual tendency of Australian heroines to excessive versatility, but she is so genuine a girl that one need not carp at her prowess with the stock-whip and her astuteness as a detective.

The Queen of the Moor. By Frederic Adye. (Macmillan & Co.)

SOMETHING of the ozone of Dartmoor has got into this book. Mr. Adye is an adept at that pleasant, leisurely style of descriptive writing which this over-hasty age is apt to skip as superfluous, but which in his hands conveys a refreshing sense of air and open sky. The story is laid in the closing years of the Napoleonic era. The Battle of Waterloo has a chapter to itself towards the end, perhaps for no very pressing reason, unless it be that the reader seems to expect it. But for the most part Mr. Adye's pen flits between Dartmoor Prison (which was then a place of confinement for captives of war) and Tor-Royal, the residence of a charming young lady

named Cecil Calmady, "The Queen of the Moor." The commandant of the prison is a suitor for her hand. She, however, has lost her heart to Arnaud de Valence, a French officer in his custody. The Commandant is a tyrant—why, in fiction, are all governors of prisons tyrants?—and uses his power to humiliate and thwart his captive. A mutiny breaks out, and Arnaud escapes. He is succoured in many perils by the mistress of Tor-Royal, and requites her in the usual manner. It is a pretty story of love and adventure, and the many pages which are perfectly irrelevant are by no means the least agreeable.

God, Man, and the Devil. By Ernest G. Henham. (Skeffington.)

THE title of this book argues a considerable lack of sense in the person who chose it, and the contents fully bear out that impression. The story is a pamphlet against divorce couched in the form of a wild melodrama, whose absurdities are too numerous to set out. It is amazing that a human being should exist capable of believing that other human beings act, speak, or think in such a way. The book concludes with the vision of a bishop who sees devils and angels fighting for possession of the cathedral in which he had read the marriage service over a *divorcée*. Naturally enough next morning he is discovered penitent and expiring.

From Grub to Butterfly. By Joseph Forster. (Ward & Downey.)

THE heroine of this work commenced life as a step cleaner; she advanced, by way of the music-hall stage, to be the wife, and subsequently the widow, of a lion comique. After this she became the mistress of a "veneered scoundrel," and then the daughter-in-law of an earl, also veneered, but aristocratically. The story is written in the style of a penny dreadful. Mr. Forster is mistaken in supposing that the speech of the lower classes can be successfully represented by the introduction at haphazard of mistakes in grammar; also in thinking that the eldest son of an earl is called "the honourable," and that a lady and her daughter would "excite unpleasant attention" by going unsuited to a theatre.

That Affair Next Door. By Anna Katharine Green (Mrs. Charles Rohlfs). (Putnams.)

THIS is one more detective story by the author of the *Leavenworth Case*, and rather a good detective story at that. In this case there is not only the detective, but the talented amateur who supersedes and outwits him; and the talented amateur is no less than a meddlesome old maid. That is rather a good idea. Old maids have in the extreme development a woman's eye for detail, and in sheer enthusiasm for inquiry no professional detective could approach them. Some of Miss Butterworth's intuitions are excellently in character. For instance, given a lady's hat. How to determine that it is new, but has been worn, and worn once only? A clever woman will guess; but hardly any man.

SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1897.

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THE WEEK.

CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

[This article is a chronicle of books published during the week. Reviews will follow in due course.]

THE DIARY OF "FATHER JOHN."

FEW people in England have heard of the Reverend John Sergieff; but it will not be surprising if the translation of his spiritual diary, entitled *My Life in Christ*, which has just been issued, makes his name venerated by thousands of the English-speaking race. The book is translated by E. E. Goulaeff, of St. Petersburg, who dedicates it to Her Majesty the Queen, and introduces it by quoting an account of Sergieff, which appeared in the *Times* of January 13, 1891. The passage is so interesting that we quote the essential part of it:

"Father Ivan, or John of Cronstadt, known and revered in every nook and corner of Russia, has hitherto been almost entirely unknown to English readers; but a circumstance just reported to the British chaplain at Cronstadt seems to indicate that the Christian influence of this remarkable priest of the Russian Church has at last found its way even into the United Kingdom. A short time ago a letter reached the British clergyman at Cronstadt, addressed in English to the parish priest of that port. It came from a correspondent in county Kerry, Ireland, and earnestly begged for the prayers of Father John on behalf of the writer, who appeared to be in great distress of mind and body. His letter is being translated, and will be forwarded to the reverend pastor.

"This is a curious proof of the influence and reputation of this wonderful man, who, in the midst of his Russian surroundings, seems to approach in these days to the first Apostles. He is, indeed, a true physician of the Gospel. His extraordinary healing powers, and the spiritual and bodily cures effected by the faithful acceptance of his earnest consolations, are attested on all sides by many sorts and conditions of men. To those who believe in

Father John—and their name is legion—the age of miracles is not yet over. Crowds press around him whenever he leaves his humble abode, and are happy if they can only touch the hem of his modest garb. Father John's life is one of uninterrupted and self-sacrificing charity and Christian ministrations among the poor, the sick, and the needy; not, however, refusing his presence and prayers to the well-to-do and rich, who send for him when other help fails, and never in vain, from all parts of the country. He has no vast business organisation of charity, and no corybantic Christianity, like 'General' Booth, and no religious politics, like Archbishop Nicanor of Odessa. Although enormous sums of money have passed through his hands to the Russian poor in all directions, he is still a poor man, living in the humblest possible way. Steamboats and trains in which he journeys to and fro on his truly Christian work are besieged with such crowds that the police have to protect him from their pressure.

"The report of his appearance in any house in St. Petersburg—and the news spreads like wildfire—brings throngs of poor people running madly from all the surrounding streets to get within the range of his healing presence, to receive his blessing or to implore his attendance at the sick-bed of relatives or friends.

"He advocates no impracticable Christian theories like Tolstoy; his life is one entirely of good works, and his influence for good among the Russian masses who have not yet reached the state of cynical unbelief of the lower orders in other countries is greater, perhaps, than of any Russian under the Czar."

The translator adds that this account of Sergieff more than holds good still. In a very short introductory note to his book "Father John" writes:

"Everything contained in it is but a gracious enlightenment which was bestowed upon my soul by the all-enlightening Holy Ghost during moments of deep self-concentration and of self-examination, especially during prayer."

A portrait of the author is given as the frontispiece, and the work is dedicated by the translator to Her Majesty the Queen.

SIR HENRY PARKES.

A YEAR has not quite elapsed since Sir Henry Parkes died, yet his biography, written in Australia, and occupying little fewer than six hundred pages, is before us. It is not necessary to suppose that there has been any undue haste in the matter. The life-story of an administrator is easily compiled, and Sir Henry Parkes was not a many-sided man. But he dabbled in verse, and a sonnet in which he describes the home of a Birmingham artisan at the beginning of the Queen's reign—such a home as he himself left when he emigrated—is decidedly interesting; for it presents a picture of English town life which has passed away, and the passing of which has synchronised with the growth of the Australian colonies and of Australian statesmanship.

"One of a brick-built row in street retired, A lowly dwelling so for comfort plann'd No foot of room was lost; in nothing grand, Yet wanting nought which humble heart desired. Parlour,—with creeping plants, the window wired, The furniture soiless kept by woman's hand,— In summer like some nook in fairyland, For winter nights, well hearth-rugg'd and coal-fired.

Snug kitchen in the rear, with childhood's sports

Gracing the threshold, and the home-cured fitch Within—fair picture 'gainst the poor man's wall!

Ope' to a garden plot, not crowded courts. Such our mechanic's home; nor wanted stitch His decent clothing; and content blessed all"

The book is well illustrated with portraits of Sir Henry Parkes at various times in his life, views of his residences, &c.

The Confessions of a Col-

OTHER BOOKS. lector is the title which

Mr. William Carew Hazlitt

gives to a book of reminiscences of the auction room. Mr. Hazlitt has collected both books and coins with untiring industry, and his fund of experience and anecdote is a large one. . . . There is need in this country for a better, a more orderly knowledge of American literature, and two books which have just come to hand tend to supply that need. *American Authors*, 1795—1895, by B. K. Foley, is a bibliography of first and notable editions of American books published in the century ending 1895. *An Introduction to American Literature*, by F. V. N. Painter, is educational in character. The writer discovers five periods in American literature which he names the First Colonial Period, the Second Colonial Period, the Revolutionary Period, the First National Period, and the Second National Period. Portraits of leading writers accompany the text. . . . *A Handbook to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome*, issued by Messrs. A. & C. Black, is a work of considerable bulk, the first part alone, which is before us, running to over five hundred octavo pages. The Handbook as a whole is intended "to give the visitor to Rome full information about the Christian side of its history, about Roman churches, ceremonies, and customs which does not fall within the scope of such an excellent handbook as that of Messrs. Murray's general guide." The first part deals with the Christian Monuments of Rome; and the Liturgy in Rome, Monasticism in Rome, and Ecclesiastical Rome will be dealt with in three succeeding volumes. . . . In *The Poems of Horace*, a literal prose rendering of the Roman's verse, the translator, M. A. Hamilton Bryce, has found it possible to introduce a slight novelty into his work. "I have endeavoured," he says—

"to produce a version having a pleasant run in the words, and a rhythmical cadence in the clauses and sentences. In doing this I have frequently fallen inadvertently in the first instance into a sort of blank verse in individual lines, with which rigid critics may perhaps find fault. Be that as it may, it appears to me that in most cases the effect on the reader's ear will be rather pleasing than otherwise—a result which I have steadily kept in view."

Under the title of *Ethics of John Stuart Mill*, Charles Douglas, M.A., has prepared a companion volume to his study of Mill's Philosophy. The present volume, which contains three introductory essays by Mr. Douglas, "is designed for the use of those who are beginning the study of moral science, and has been prepared in the belief that there is no better introduction to this subject than an accurate knowledge of Mill's ethical theory."

Mr. G. B. BURGIN has three hunting-grounds, if we are not mistaken: London, Canada, and Turkey. It is only natural that he should alternate them, and thus after his *Judge of Four Corners* (Canada) he gave us *Gascoigne's Ghost* (London) and *Tomalyn's Quest* (Turkey). In *Old Man's Marriage* he takes us back to Four Corners. *Wetherleigh*, by Richard Davey, is a romance of Hampton Court, a spot to which romance is now only imported, chiefly on Bank holidays. The story opens on a "bitter cold evening in December, 1652." . . . *Daughters of Thespis*, by John Bickerdyke, is a story of theatrical life, and is prefaced by a somewhat flamboyant address, "To my Brother Journalists, Reviewers, and to the Young Person." The Young Person is considerably warned off at the outset: "This book is too strong meat for you . . . and I would have you leave it unopened." The Young Person, in short, is told not to read the book, and the Reviewers how to read it. We doubt the wisdom of such buttonholing tactics in an author; they cannot improve a good book, or palliate a bad one. . . . *The Captain of the Parish* is laid in the Isle of Man, in the early years of the Queen's reign. The story, which has the air of being "strong," is concerned with Methodist revivals and the doings of the Latter Day Saints. . . . Other new novels to hand are *Ballyronan*, by Rupert Alexander; *In a Country Town*, by Honor Perceval; *A Pot of Honey*, by Susan Christian; *A Story of a Campaign Country*, by Robert Thynne; and *Sprays of Northern Pine*, by Fergus Mackenzie.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

[In the following list prices are given where they have been supplied by publishers.]

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- THE LESSONS OF HOLY SCRIPTURE APPOINTED BY THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND ILLUSTRATED BY THOUGHTS IN VERSE. By the late Rev. J. H. Wanklyn. Vols. V. and VI. Beemrose & Sons.
- THE SAYINGS OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST. Collected and arranged by J. W. Mackail. Longmans, Green & Co. 2s. 6d.
- HOUSEHOLD PRAYERS. By G. J. Cowley-Brown, M.A. St. Giles' Printing Co. (Edinburgh).
- THE CHRISTIAN FAITH. By Rowland Ellis, M.A. St. Giles' Printing Co. (Edinburgh).
- MY LIFE IN CHRIST: EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF JOHN LITTON SERGIEFF. Translated by E. E. Goulaeff. Cassell & Co.
- RELIGIOUS TRAINING IN SECONDARY SCHOOLS. By Rev. George C. Bell. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.
- THE CHRISTIAN ECOLESIA. By the late Fenton John Anthony Hort, D.D. Macmillan & Co. 6s.

HISTORY.

- THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION. By Jesse Macy, M.A. The Macmillan Co. 8s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHY.

- LIFE OF SIR HENRY PARKES. By Charles E. Lyne. T. Fisher Unwin. 16s.
- THE STORY OF A BUSY LIFE. Edited by J. R. Miller, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d.

POETRY.

- TRUMPETS AND SHAWNS. By Henry Hanby Hay. Arnold & Co. (Philadelphia). 1 dollar 50 cents.

FICTION.

- BALLYRONAN. By Rupert Alexander. Digby, Long & Co. 6s.
- WETHERLEIGH. By Richard Davey. The Roxburghe Press. 3s. 6d.

- THE STORY OF A CAMPAIGN ESTATE. By Robert Thynne. Roxburghe Press. 3s. 6d.

- THE EARTH CHILDREN. By Mrs. Stephen Batson. Hutchinson & Co. 2s.

- A POT OF HONEY. By Susan Christian. T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d.

- THE CAPTAIN OF THE PARISH. By John Quine. William Heinemann. 6s.

- A PASSING WORD. By Bessie Rayner Balloo. Ward & Downey. 6s.

- DAUGHTERS OF THESPIS. By John Bickerdyke. Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 6s.

- MAURICE QUAIN. By Morley Roberts. Hutchinson & Co. 6s.

- LADY TURPIN. By Henry Herman. Ward, Lock & Co. 3s. 6d.

- CAPTAIN SHANNON. By Coulson Kernahan. Ward, Lock & Co. 3s. 6d.

- SPRAYS OF NORTHERN PINE. By Fergus Mackenzie. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 3s. 6d.

- ABBE CONSTANTIN. By Ludovic Halévy. Translated by Thérèse Batbedat. John Macquenn.

- IN A COUNTRY TOWN. By Honor Percival. Richard Bentley & Son.

SCIENCE.

- PROBLEMS AND QUESTIONS IN PHYSICS. By Charles P. Matthews and John Shearer. The Macmillan Co. 7s. 6d.
- EXPERIMENTAL MORPHOLOGY. By Charles Benedict Davenport, Ph.D. Part I. Macmillan & Co. 9s.

POLITICAL.

- POLITICAL PAMPHLETS. Selected and arranged by H. F. Pollard. Kegan Paul. 6s.

- A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION. By Mrs. John Hays Hammond. Longmans, Green & Co. 2s. 6d.

- GOVERNMENTS AND PARTIES IN CONTINENTAL EUROPE. By A. Lawrence Lowell. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (Boston, U.S.A.)

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

- SKETCHES AROUND IN FIN DE SIÈCLE IBERIA. By Fanny Bullock Workman and William Hunter Workman. T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.

- HANDBOOK TO CHRISTIAN AND ECCLESIASTICAL ROME. By H. M. and M. A. R. T. Part I.: THE CHRISTIAN MONUMENTS OF ROME. A. & C. Black. 7s. 6d.

ARCHITECTURE.

- ARCHAEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF WESTERN INDIA. By Jas. Burgess. Thacker, Spink & Co. (Calcutta).

SOCIOLOGY.

- LIFE AND LABOUR OF THE PEOPLE IN LONDON. Edited by Charles Booth. Vol. IX.: COMPARISONS, SURVEY, AND CONCLUSIONS. Macmillan & Co. 7s. 6d.

EDUCATIONAL.

- CALENDAR OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, GALWAY: 1896-7. Dublin: University Press.

- GOLDSMITH'S VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. With Introduction and Notes by Michael Macmillan. Macmillan & Co. 2s. 6d.

- THE ESSENTIALS OF ALGEBRA FOR SECONDARY SCHOOLS. By Webster Wells. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn (Boston, U.S.A.).

- A TREATISE ON PRACTICAL, PLANE, AND SOLID GEOMETRY. By Thomas Jay Evans and W. W. F. Pullen. Chapman & Hall.

- ROYAL UNIVERSITY OF IRELAND: EXAMINATION PAPERS, 1896. Ponsonby & Weldrick (Dublin).

FOREIGN.

- PAGES CHOISIES DES AUTEURS CONTEMPORAINS: JULES CLARETIE. Armand Colin et Cie (Paris).

- ETUDES SOUS LE DRAPEAU ANTIQUE. Par Henri Weil. Librairie Hachette et Cie (Paris).

- HISTOIRE DE LA LANGUE ET DE LA LITTÉRATURE FRANÇAISE. Tome III. Armand Colin et Cie (Paris).

MISCELLANEOUS.

- AMERICAN MEN OF LETTERS. By Henrietta Christian Wright. David Nutt. 2 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

- INTRODUCTION TO AMERICAN LITERATURE. Part I. By F. V. N. Painter. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn (Boston, U.S.A.).

- THE CONFESSIONS OF A COLLECTOR. By William Carew Hazlitt. Ward & Downey.

- THE HOUSE OF DREAMS. Anonymous. James Bowden. 3s. 6d.

- AMERICAN AUTHORS, 1795-1895. By P. K. Foley. Printed for Subscribers (Boston, U.S.A.).

- THE THEORY OF INTERNATIONAL TRADE. By C. F. Bartstable, M.A. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.

- THE FORCING-BOOK. By L. H. Bailey. Macmillan & Co.

- IN AN ANCIENT MIRROR. By Herbert Flowerden. T. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE volume of selections which Mr. Meredith has made from his published poems for Messrs. Constable will appear in May. There is no likelihood that the collection will contain any entirely new poems, though this possibility is not barred. Mr. Meredith's sonnet on the death of Browning, and his poem for Trafalgar Day, which appeared in the *Daily Chronicle* last September, will be included. The collection, as a whole, will represent all Mr. Meredith's poetry. At present this is contained in five volumes, which are in the hands of Messrs. Macmillan. The selections will not be meagre, for the promised volume is likely to run to some three hundred octavo pages.

Books about London are common enough, and, it must be added, are usually undistinguished enough too. A very remarkable volume of a new kind, descriptive of London, is, however, now promised by Messrs. Constable. The artist, who is at this moment hard at work on his share of this book, is Mr. William Hyde, already known to the few as a strong imaginative painter in monochrome of nature in moods of turbulence or extreme peace. His drawings in Mr. Garnett's *Imaged World*, and his illustrations to Milton, in a scarce volume published by Messrs. Dent, are treasured by all who own them. London translated into Mr. Hyde's medium may surprise many persons unaccustomed to look for beauty in their immediate surroundings.

In a descriptive work excellence in illustrations too often connotes mediocrity in the letterpress; but, as readers of the *Academy* particularly will understand, such will not be the case in this forthcoming London book, for the author engaged is Mr. Francis Thompson. Mr. Thompson's prose is hardly less remarkable than his verse, and as he knows London intimately, and brings to his task a poetic imagination of extraordinary range and resource, this book should be awaited with very keen interest.

A CIRCULAR, signed by the Duke of Devonshire, has just been issued by the University of Cambridge, drawing attention to the acute condition of poverty in which, owing mainly to the fall in agricultural values, that body now finds itself, and asking that means may be found by which the University's endowments may be again raised to the level of its present requirements. A statement of these requirements and the financial condition of the University strengthens the appeal, which is not made directly to the public, but asks that the flow of benefactions for educational uses, which for years has practically ceased to reach the University, may again be directed to it. Unless some such addition is made to the revenue, the teaching resources of the University must obviously be crippled, and several plans for necessary enlargement of buildings and other improvements must remain in abeyance. The situation certainly is grave.

DURING this week Mr. F. R. Benson and his company have been attracting crowded audiences to the Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon. The special revival this year is "Henry V.," which is being played on the three last days of this week. The performances are all Shakespearian with the exception of "The School for Scandal," which will be played next Tuesday. Mr. Benson is deserving of the highest commendation for the intelligent and satisfactory manner in which, in season and out, he places Shakespeare before the multitude. The performance of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" last Monday went with a rare abandon and swing, each member of the company contributing to the fine full-bodied appreciation of Shakespearian humour that marks these revivals.

MR. W. E. H. LECKY, M.P., will occupy the chair at the Booksellers' dinner on May 8, and Mr. Slingsby Tanner the vice-chair. Among the guests who have signified their intention of being present on the occasion are the Archdeacon of London, Lord Roberts, and Sir Henry Cunningham. A wish has been generally expressed by members of the trade, especially by those coming from the country, that the galleries of the King's Hall should be open to ladies who wish to hear the speeches delivered on that occasion. This, the committee are pleased to announce, has been arranged; also that coffee and biscuits will be served if required. Tickets for the galleries may be obtained gratis, by any gentleman attending the dinner, from the secretary, Mr. G. Lerner, 48, Paternoster-row, E.C.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P., has chosen a clever title for his continuation of his *History of Our Own Times*. The supplementary, or fifth, volume is to be called *From 1880 to the Diamond Jubilee*. The services of the American gentleman who brought the history up to date some few years ago for his countrymen's benefit are not again to be requisitioned, for Messrs. Harper will publish Mr. McCarthy's work in America. Mr. McCarthy, under the strain of finishing the new volume, has broken down in health, and is now taking a thorough rest.

THE competition instituted by the *Critic* to ascertain which are the best twelve short stories by American authors has just closed, and the results are laid before the readers of that paper. The number of lists sent in fell a little short of five hundred, and the best, according to the judgment of the editor of the *Critic*, is the following: "The Man Without a Country," by Edward Everett Hale; "The Luck of Roaring Camp," by Bret Harte; "The Snow Image" and "The Great Stone Face," by Hawthorne; "The Gold Bug" and "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," by Poe; "The Lady, or the Tiger?" by Frank R. Stockton; "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" and "Rip Van Winkle," by Washington Irving; "Marse Chan," by T. N. Page; "Marjorie Daw," by T. B. Aldrich; and "The Revolt of Mother," by Miss Wilkins.

AT the time the competition was announced our impression was that the result was to be decided by *plébiscite*, which would certainly be more satisfactory; but apparently we were mistaken. Our own conviction is that no list that does not contain a story by Mr. G. W. Cable ought to gain the prize. The best of the lists mentioning one story only by each author is the following: "Marjorie Daw," by T. B. Aldrich; "Love in Old Cloathes," by H. C. Bunner; "The Lady, or the Tiger?" by Frank R. Stockton; "A Humble Romance," by Miss Wilkins; "The Gold Bug," by Poe; "The Birthmark," by Hawthorne; "The Luck of Roaring Camp," by Bret Harte; "The Jumping Frog," by Mark Twain; "The Man without a Country," by Edward Everett Hale; "Meh Lady," by T. N. Page; "Posson Jone," by George W. Cable; and "Gallegher," by Richard Harding Davis. This list contains more characteristically American stories than that which took the prize.

EVER since *Arms and the Man* Mr. Bernard Shaw seems to have been writing plays only in order that they may be produced once and lost for ever. Now and again news comes that a copyright performance of this or that new work by Mr. Shaw has been given, and the rest is silence. The latest of these tantalising trials took place on Saturday, when "The Devil's Disciple," a melodrama, was tried at the Bijou Theatre. In the cast was "Cashel Byron," whose profession, it will be remembered, was not acting but pugilism. The announcement is made that "The Devil's Disciple" is for the delectation of America.

MEANWHILE, Mr. Grant Richards has in hand an edition of Mr. Shaw's plays, which he will issue in monthly volumes.

DEAN FARRAR's literary reminiscences now appearing in the *Temple Magazine* have some excellent stories of notable persons. In the May instalment a memorable remark made by Huxley to Matthew Arnold is recorded. They were walking in Arnold's garden with Dean Farrar and talking of social duties. Arnold admitted to being fond of dining out. "I rather like it," he said. "It is rather nice to meet people." "Oh, yes," replied Huxley, laughing, "but we are not all such everlasting Cupids as you!"

EASTER MONDAY was the anniversary of Byron's death, but his statue in Hamilton-gardens gave little sign of the fact. A wreath of roses and an emblem bearing the Greek colours were the only visible tributes to his memory.

THE following conversation is reported by a contemporary to have been overheard in Westminster Abbey on Easter Sunday: "American Visitor (to Verger): 'Can you tell me where Browning's grave is?' Verger (pointing vaguely in the direction of Poets' Corner): 'Over there, somewhere.'"

A. V.: 'Yes, but can't you give me a more definite direction?' V.: 'No, I can't.' A. V.: 'Who can?' V.: 'Nobody.' We can't consult the book of the monuments to-day; Sunday is the day for Divine service, not for looking at monuments."

A LITTLE while ago Mr. Andrew Lang wrote to the ACADEMY to point out that Darwin's theory of evolution was anticipated by the ingenious author of *The Loves of the Triangles*. He has since tracked other ancient anticipations of modern discoveries, and the result is contained in an article entitled "The 'New' in the Old" in the *North American Review*. "The Robbers," also published, like Higgins's work, in *The Anti-Jacobin*, he calls a satire on Ibsenism before Ibsen was born. Laxity concerning the Seventh Commandment he also finds in earlier places, and even so long ago as 1745, it seems, people were charged with reading nothing but the newspapers! Mr. Lang's comment is that the discovery of such parallels "does seem to carry a presumption that these haggard old New Ideas [agnosticism and the like] may not be precisely adapted for use in the world as God made it, or, if you please, as it has been evolved."

PRINTED dedications of books more often than not seem superfluous to the reader. Now and again they become quite absurd. A book, for instance, has just been published, entitled *Sketches Awheel in Fin-de-Siècle Iberia*, by Mr. and Mrs. Workman, who are following the example set by Mr. and Mrs. Pennell in their *Canterbury Pilgrimage*. Mrs. Workman's share of this work is dedicated to her husband, and Mr. Workman's to his wife.

ANOTHER variety of dedication—the publisher's dedication—may be found in the new edition of Mr. Kipling's *Departmental Ditties*, which, not by the author but by the publisher, is dedicated to Lord Roberts.

THE Glasgow Athenæum, which for the past half-century has maintained in the West of Scotland a high academical and literary eminence, will celebrate its jubilee in October next. It is intended to publish an historical sketch of the institution on that occasion, and in this connexion we have been requested to indicate that any persons having in their possession letters or documents relating to the institution, especially during its earlier years, will greatly oblige by forwarding these to the secretary, Mr. James Lauder, St. George's-place, Glasgow, who will be responsible for their safe custody, and will return them to their respective owners with as little delay as possible.

MR. CROCKETT's next story is to be called *The Red Axe*, red being now the colour for fiction. Under the *Red Robe*, *The Reds of the Midi*, *The Red Badge of Courage*, *The Red Scour*—these titles jump to mind at once. The scene of *The Red Axe* being Pomerania, Mr. Crockett is now walking in that region. The business of a successful novelist has its compensations.

IN connexion with the portrait of Longfellow given this week and the article on the poet which appears on another page, it may be stated that an excellent and cheap one-volume edition of Longfellow's poems has just been published by Messrs. Bliss, Sands & Co. in their "Apollo" series.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN has accepted the dedication to herself of the new volume by Sir George S. Clarke, K.C.M.G., F.R.S., entitled *Imperial Defence*, which will be published immediately by the Imperial Press.

THE next volume of the "Famous Scots" Series will be *The Blackwood Group*, by Sir George Douglas. The publishers are Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.

Gleanings from Ibsen is the title of a book which Mr. Elliot Stock announces for immediate publication. It consists of a selection of the quotations from Ibsen's plays and poems, and will be prepared by an essay on "Ibsenism."

MR. GRANT RICHARDS will publish on April 29 *Limbo, and Other Essays*, by Vernon Lee, and *Paul's Stepmother*, a novel by Lady Troubridge.

A SERIES of articles will commence in the May number of *The Art Journal* on the collection of pictures at the Royal Holloway College. Two of the pictures, "The Railway Station," by W. P. Frith, R.A., and "A Highland Croft," by Peter Graham, R.A., will be reproduced as the frontispiece and extra plate.

MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. will publish on May 3 the first part of *Royal Academy Pictures for 1897*, which will as usual contain some important Academy pictures that will appear in no other publication.

MESSRS. METHUEN announce for publication this week Colonel Baden Powell's book on the recent Matabele Campaign. The author, who was Chief of the Staff to Sir Frederick Carrington, describes the operations of the campaign in the form of a personal narrative.

MESSRS. SERVICE & PATON will issue shortly in their "Illustrated English Library" Charlotte Brontë's *Shirley*, illustrated by Mr. F. H. Townsend, and Thackeray's *Pendennis*, illustrated by Miss Chris. Hammond.

THE May number of *Blackwood* will contain a paper apropos of the Queen's reign, entitled "'Tis Sixty Years Since"; also two articles dealing with the literature of the period: one by Mr. Frederick Greenwood on the Newspaper Press, the other on Early Victorian Fiction, by an anonymous writer. Another contribution of special interest at the present time is an article detailing the brilliant exploits of the distinguished native Indian Corps, the Queen's Own Guides, who are to furnish part of Her Majesty's escort in the Jubilee procession.

THE ONLOOKER.

"O. S."*

IT is difficult to write at all adequately of Mr. Owen Seaman's humorous verse without appearing, to those who for their sins are unfamiliar with it, to write extravagantly; the simple fact being that Mr. Owen Seaman's humorous verse is incomparably delightful. That is the simple fact, as all of Mr. Seaman's readers will agree. The doubter, to convince himself, has but to become a reader too. Let him open any one of Mr. Seaman's volumes anywhere, and in a minute we shall hear him exclaiming that there has been nothing approaching this since the days of Calverley. Not, however, that Mr. Seaman's work in the least resembles Calverley's. Mr. Seaman plays upon his own lyre, in his own style, and his tunes are all of his own imagining. If one instinctively brackets him with Calverley, it is not as his fellow in kind but as his peer in degree.

The greater part of Mr. Seaman's latest publication, *The Battle of the Bays*, is made up of parodies. Half-a-dozen conspicuous poets and poetasters are supposed in these effusions to be competing for the Laureateship. The fray is opened by a resounding *Song of Renunciation* "after A. C. S."

"In the days of my season of salad,
When the down was as dew on my cheek,
And for French I was bred on the ballad,
And for Greek on the writers of Greek—
Then I sang of the rose that is ruddy,
Of 'pleasure that winces and stings,'
Of white women, and wine that is bloody,
And similar things.

"Pan-atheist, bruiser and breaker
Of kings and the creatures of kings,
I shouted on Freedom to shake her
Feet loose of the fetter that clings;
Far rolling my ravenous red eye,
And lifting a mutinous lid,
To all monarchs and matrons I said I
Would shock them—and did."

But the years have passed, and bestowed discretion. "The delights of the time of my teething" have "melted like ices in May." The singer has changed both his mode and his motive:

"Hushed now is the bibulous bubble
Of 'lithe and lascivious' throats;
Long stript and extinct is the stubble
Of hoary and harvested oats."

In fact, "from the sweets that are sour as the sorrel's the bees have abortively swarmed," and the poet's "earlier morals are fairly reformed." And he boasts:

"I have written a loyal Armada,
And posed in a Jubilee pose;
I have babbled of babies and played a
New tune on the turn of their toes;
Washed white from the stain of Astarte,
My books any virgin may buy:
And I hear I am praised by a party
Called Something Mackay."

* *With Double Pipe*. (Oxford: B. H. Blackwell. 1888.)
Horace at Cambridge. (A. D. Innes & Co. 1895.)
Tillers of the Sand. (Smith, Elder & Co. 1895.)
The Battle of the Bays. (John Lane. 1897.)

So that the hope seems not unreasonable that

"When erased are the records, and rotten
The meshes of memory's net;
When the grace that forgives has forgotten
The things that are good to forget;
When the trill of my juvenile trumpet
Is dead and its echoes are dead,
Then the laurel shall lie on the crumpet
And crown of my head."

"A. C. S." is followed by "Sir E. A." with lines "for the albums of crowned heads only," translated from "the third Sa'dine Box of the Eighth Gazelle of Ghazal," and beginning,

"Yà Yà! Best Belovèd! I look to thy dimples
and drink;
Tiddlihi! To thy cheek-pits and chin-pit, my
Tulip, my Pink!"

And "Sir E. A." in turn cedes the stage to "Sir L. M.," who, like Monsieur Jourdain, has written prose all these years and never suspected it.

"Ah me! Dear me! I fain
Would use a stronger phrase, but hardly dare,
Being, whatever else, respectable,"

sighs the proseman. And then he is pierced with an arrow of his own winging:

"'High failure overleaps
The bounds of low successes.' There, again,
The harp that twanged was Welsh, but with
an echo
Of Browning."

"Sir L. M." had not studied "The Grammarian's Funeral" without learning something from it.

"Away by the haunts of the Yang-tee-boo,
Where the Yuletide runs cold gin,
And the rollicking sign of the Lord Knows
Who
Sees mariners drink like sin;
Where the Jolly Roger tips his quart
To the luck of the Union Jack;
And some are screwed on the foreign port,
And some on the starboard tack;
Ever they tell the tale anew
Of the chase for the Kipperling swag;
How the smack Tommy This and the smack
Tommy That
They broached each other like a whiskey-vat,
And the Fuzzy-Wuz took the bag."

Thus begins the "Rhyme of the Kipperling." And now we reach, perhaps, the best of all of Mr. Seaman's parodies, "The Ballad of a Nun," "after J. D." For here he parodies not merely his victim's manner, but his sentiment and his philosophy.

"I am sister to the mountain now,
And sister to the sun and moon,"

declared the perfervid heroine of Mr. Davidson's "Ballad of a Nun."

"I am sister to the microbe now,
And second cousin to the worm,"

sings the lady celebrated by Mr. Seaman. It is the same truth extended. It is the original proposition reduced to its lowest terms. It is Mr. Davidson's own child coming home to him with its clothes—the very clothes he gave it—turned inside out. "Heed not belletrist jargon," cries Mr. Davidson, with the frank illiteracy that characterises all his work—an illiteracy which Mr. Seaman mercilessly underlines in his play upon the word "Bellettrie."

In "Elegi Musarum," this is how "W. W." apostrophises "the stolid *Spec-tator*, bewildered with fabulous bow-wows":

"Vainly, O excellent organ! with ample and aqueous unction,

Vainly your voice on the ears of impregnable Laureate-makers,
Rang as the sinuous sea rings on a petrified coast;

Vainly your voice with a subtle and slightly indelicate largess,
Broke on an obdurate world hymning the advent of Me;

When from the 'commune of air,' from 'the exquisite fabric of Silence,'
I, a superior orb, burst into exquisite print."

In a ballad contributed quite recently to *Punch*, Mr. Seaman puts into the mouth of his publisher an explanation of the singular fact that the poets whose work he has thus exposed to ridicule "rather like" the jest.

"So far from feeling inward pain,
They show a sense of wit;
They hope your humour may attain
To make a thumping hit.

"Already tasting better times
They sell by twos and fours;
The public has to buy their rhymes
To see the point of yours."

But it is not only as a parodist that Mr. Seaman shines in *The Battle of the Bays*: his lines "To a Boy-Poet of the Decadence" showing a curious reversal of the epigram, "La nature l'a fait sanglier; la civilisation l'a réduit à l'état de Cochon," furnish an excellent specimen of his spontaneous mood:

"The Erotic affairs that you fiddle aloud
Are as vulgar as coin of the mint;
And you merely distinguish yourself from the crowd
By the fact that you put 'em in print.

"For your dull little vices we don't care a fig,
It is *this* that we deeply deplore:
You were cast for a common or usual pig.
But you play the invincible bore."

And certainly no one who read them when they first appeared in the *National Observer* will have forgotten "O. S.'s" verses on "A New Blue Book," inspired by the prospectus of the *Savoy*:

"The world's great age begins anew,
Cold virtue's weeds are cast;
Our heads are light, our tales are blue,
And things are moving fast;
And no one any longer quarrels
With anybody else's morals.

"Satyr and Faun their late repose
Now burst like anything;
New Mœnads, turning sprightlier toes,
Enjoy a jauntier fling;
With lustier lips old Pan shall play
Drain-pipes along the sewer's way.

"Priapus, wrongly left for dead,
Is dead no more than Pan;
Silenus rises from his bed
And hiccups like a man;
There's something rather chaste (between us)
About Priapus and Silenus."

We are glad, by the by, to note that *The Battle of the Bays* is published from the Bodley Head. If any other house had

fathered it there might have been a question of ill-nature. For

"the hairs of utter godlihead,
Who wear the yellow flower of blameless
bodlihead,"

are those who receive the most pitiless of Mr. Seaman's thrusts.

HENRY HARLAND.

LITERARY SKITTLES.

IN the old-fashioned style of composition I begin this gossip with a definition. The word "skittles" is adopted from the slang of chess. "Will you have a skittle?" "Only a skittle mind"—the question and answer imply that the *partie* is not serious, that the players will set themselves, regardless of soundness, to play a bright, easy, amusing, brilliant game. From the chance onlookers you will hear such expressions as "good," "clever," "splendid"; but the expert knows that such exclamations should be understood with a qualifying word, and should be read "good [skittles]," "splendid [skittles]," "clever [skittles]," &c., and that "playing the game" is a very different matter.

Some time ago a *British Reviewer* remarked of the journalistic critics that they oscillated "between the two extremes of rancorous abuse and unrestrained laudation." No doubt the vocabulary of these newspaper men is just a *lettle* strong, but still when a dozen "masterpieces" are turned out in one season, and a new "genius" turns up once a week, and a *chef d'œuvre* appears daily, why, we all know they are but masterpieces and geniuses of skittles. The art of fiction is at a very low ebb, and criticism at a somewhat lower. Hence, alike, the bad work and its slovenly eulogists.

But how are you going to discern between skittles and the genuine article, since few of the players confess what they are doing? I remember when I first started to write, an editor of the old school gave me an infallible recipe. My first task, for which I had absolutely no qualification, was to write dramatic criticism. "Now," said the dear old man, "before you begin, the great point is to master your canons of art and standards of criticism." Where these articles were to be found he did not disclose, nor did I discover; but anyone desirous of qualifying for a similar post is welcome to the hint. Let him but find these canons and standards, and at his touch the skittle player will be apparent for what he is and nothing more.

But the worst of it is, that while an infallible test of literature is hard to find—perhaps, indeed, its very existence is mythical and illusory—nine out of ten critics think they possess it, and work out their verdict—if they trouble to work it out at all—by a formula. Hence arises the exaggeration, the uncertainty of judgment, the confusion of opinion over which our reviewer wails. It is in some part due to the fact that we are at the dividing of the ways, and have no strong pre-eminent authoritative personality to direct us. Since the death of Matthew Arnold England has been extremely poor in critical talent of the first rank.

There is abundance of talent in the second rank, but it lacks guidance and courage and knowledge—it goes all wrong without a lead.

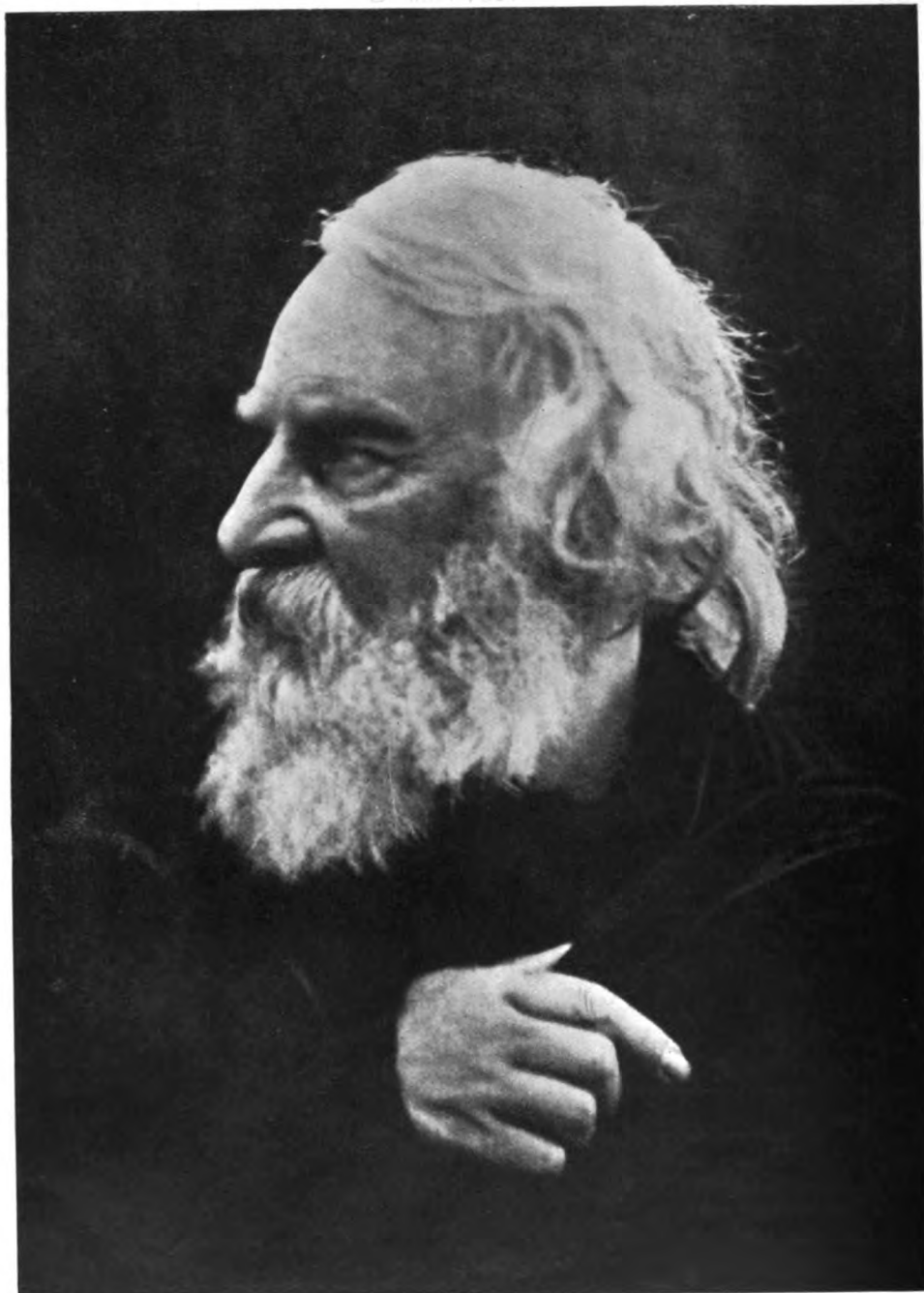
When Carlyle and Ruskin held sway over intellectual England, and especially dominated the understanding of the young, the "moral idea" was strong and prominent. It was the custom to judge writing not only by its cleverness or brilliance, but also as a force making for good or evil. Strong men almost invariably carry their principles to an extreme (Carlyle's Essay on Scott remains to show that he was no exception to the rule), and this naturally leads to a violent revulsion, so that recently quite other standards than those of the last generation have been set up. And the poor little newspaper reviewer, who is nought without his scale and compasses, is reduced to slogging away at random. He is divided between an old tradition that lingers in the ear and a new doctrine that is only half assimilated. Small blame to him if he uses too freely the spectacles of convention.

There is another excuse for him. It has always been the case in English literature that a great writer has been followed by a host of small imitators. The first sufferer from this among the moderns was Sir Walter, who, with his fine modesty, acknowledged himself beaten by those who had taken a cue from him—a strange acknowledgment now when the very names of those skittle players have been seized by oblivion, the "grisly phantom sitting at the gate." Tennyson, too, complained that "all could grow the flower now, for all had got the seed," but they did not; they only grew weeds that with them and their names are forgotten. Already, too, it has become a certainty that those who fashioned themselves on Dickens and Thackeray only played skittles—literature does not know them.

Just now it is safe to say the influence of convention is very strongly at work. The fashion set by George Eliot has been adopted and worked with astonishing results by at least two prominent writers, Mrs. Humphry Ward and Madame Sarah Grand; and Robert Louis Stevenson, whatever be his real claim to immortality, has at least the distinction of having inspired more bad imitators than any other modern writer. And any observant reader of current criticism may notice that the writers of it, instead of stamping and marking this imitation, are only part of the great indiscriminating public which finds a pinchbeck imitation more to its mind than it did the genuine original.

And yet, to be perfectly frank and fair, it is no condemnation of an author to say he has studied a model, else the immortal Fielding himself would be condemned. Be it observed, however, that the weakest of his work is that for which he borrowed the idea from Cervantes—he lives by his Squire Western, his Parson Adams, his pictures of English life, not by Partridge, his version of Sancho Panza. And the great novelists who began by accepting Fielding as a model, writers so diverse as Sir Walter Scott and Thackeray, as Charles Dickens and George Eliot, survive because the personality and experience of each found its

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HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

From a Photograph by Mrs. J. M. Cameron

expression. They were students of a classic, not servile imitators of a model.

May we say as much of the imitators of to-day? Well, in the first place they are surprisingly numerous, so that we must pick and choose, and that is why one feels the want of those lost canons and standards. Besides, it would be odious to single out this or that name from the crowd, and say "Thou art not *ipse*, for somebody else is he"; far easier is it to qualify the applause of the general by adding the missing word "skittles." P.

DR. JAMES MARTINEAU.

THE present century has furnished numerous examples of great thinkers who have lived to an advanced age, but it is questionable whether it has given us a more illustrious example of keen intellectual strength, combined with a vigorous vitality, than may be found in Dr. James Martineau, who last Wednesday entered upon his ninety-third year. Nearly fifty years ago, his *Endeavour after a Christian Life* were inspiring the religious sympathies of another great homiletical writer, F. W. Robertson. Ten years later, the critical world was moved to admiration by the *Essays Philosophical and Theological*, and an able materialistic writer, who fully appreciated the essayist's fine dialectic ability, remarked that Martineau was one of the most dangerous opponents that the materialistic school had as yet encountered. But Martineau's reputation as a critic rests on something sounder than mere controversial skill. His friend William Rathbone Gregg once remarked to him, at a time when Martineau was editing a quarterly journal: "Remember, that an editor is *ex officio* a censor too, and he cannot do his duty on the mass of nonsense that is published unless he selects a victim for his pillory in every number." On which Martineau made this significant and characteristic comment: "I could never be moved to give an account of a book by pure antipathy any more than by monotonous assent. 'Anathema' in the one case, 'Amen' in the other, exhausting all that one would be impelled to say. The whole interest of literary intercourse, like that of all-quickening friendship, is conditional on crossing veins of likeness and unlikeness in thought and character, deepening the zest of sympathy by the need and the possibility of more. And true criticism seems to me the recorded struggle of the reader's mind into closer relations with an author whose intermittent bursts of light, helpful as they are, still do not enable him clearly to see his way." Martineau, in fact, never rested content with the somewhat barren victories of logic, invariably striving to reach beyond mere verbal fallacies and defects of expression for some helpful thought in the work criticised. He has been sometimes called a destructive critic, which, in the broadest sense of the phrase (a foolish one at the best), he assuredly was not. Take, for instance, his criticisms of Cardinal Newman and F. D. Maurice, religious thinkers from

whom he differed widely on many theological problems; and you find that, despite the trenchant way in which he dealt with the Anglican's Hegelian sympathies, and despite the uncompromising attack upon the Roman Catholics' theological standpoint, the thinkers aforesaid have rarely been so luminously expounded, or their peculiar genius so sympathetically dwelt on, even by their enthusiastic disciples.

When W. G. Ward, the famous Roman Catholic, published his work on religious philosophy, he sent the proofs to Martineau for correction and suggestion. Indeed, some of Martineau's warmest admirers and friends have been great Roman Catholics. Nor is this difficult to understand, strange as it may seem at first sight, for on the subject of Natural Religion the Unitarian and Roman Catholic position is identical, and in opposition to the Protestant view.

One realises Martineau's great faculty for philosophical and theological criticism most clearly, perhaps, when one remembers his services as a constructive thinker (e.g., *A Study in Religion*, and *The Seat of Authority in Religion*, notably Part I.). A writer has often evinced great critical brilliance and yet shown little constructive power: Matthew Arnold for instance, admirable in analysis, made little or no contribution to synthetic thought. F. D. Maurice on the other hand, despite his powerful synthetic mind and deep insight into religious problems, seemed almost destitute of critical ability. In Martineau we find that rare combination—a fine critical faculty and a powerful constructive genius.

Though, like all independent thinkers, he often found himself willy-nilly in the arena of controversy; his distaste for polemical theology has always been marked.

When the Agnostic school, headed by Herbert Spencer and Huxley, was first influencing modern thought, Tennyson (so Martineau once told the writer) remarked that something must be done "to put down these Agnostics." A society (that afterwards came into existence as the well-known Metaphysical Society) was suggested for the purpose. But Martineau refused to belong to any society formed for the purpose of putting down theories, though he considered that a society composed of Agnostics as well as of Theists might be helpful, owing to the free exchange of opinion and mutual criticism of the members. This was quite characteristic of one who in an essay on *Mansel's Limits of Religious Thought*, many years before, wrote as follows:

"In the apprehension of our Divine relations the logical faculty has but a secondary function—to justify, to reconcile, to organise, to unfold certain given convictions; and is misapplied in the attempt to evoke or reinstate what is not there. Hence it is that, in many a mind, a mass of sceptic clouds, charged with thunders of denial, will cling steadfast to its cold heights against your keenest blasts of argument; and then, by some unnoticed change in the climate of the soul, will silently disperse."

Would that all our writers on Apologetics took this to heart! Less time would then be wasted in *merely* labouring out critical refutations of religious doubts.

On Dr. Martineau's theological views

little need be said here. That broad-minded, orthodox critic, Mr. R. H. Hutton, has said that Martineau's teaching, "as a whole," is "by far the ablest vindication of the philosophy implicitly assumed in Christianity which our age has produced." And many who are unable to sympathise with the great Unitarian's critical exegesis may endorse Mr. Hutton's verdict as regards his philosophy, unless, indeed, they belong to that class of which an old lady in the South of England is a fit example. This worthy dame had borrowed a volume of Martineau's sermons from the pastor, and found great comfort and help from them, till one day she discovered to her horror that the writer was a Unitarian. She immediately returned the book, observing that, although she had *imagined* the discourses had done her good, the effect must have been similar to that of a pleasant poison. Not so very long ago, the dreadful word heretic was quite sufficient in many people's eyes to veto all the ethical as well as the religious teaching of the person so called; but times are changed, and now one of the "heretics" in the famous *Essays and Reviews* is the head of the Established Church; so the word has, not unnaturally, lost some of its blighting force.

What Carlyle has written of Goethe may well be said of the famous nonagenarian who has formed the subject of the present article. "He," said Carlyle, speaking of the great German, "who would learn to reconcile reverence with clearness, to deny and defy what is false, yet believe and worship what is true . . . let him look here."

Mere differences on points of historical theology, indeed, sink into insignificance when contemplating a Christian Theist whose bracing intellect and warm transcendental sympathies have so powerfully affected the religious thought of the age, and who, more ably than any other thinker, has insisted on the intimate connexion between ethics and religion.

ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

XXIV.—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

LONGFELLOW was not a great poet, but he was a great illuminator. His intellect shone. Everything that he touched was brighter for the touching, and hence his vast influence. The man who can brighten and help will always command the mass of readers.

Longfellow appeared when he was most needed. There were then thousands of persons in want of a poet, and Longfellow was the poet they wanted. Byron had ceased to thrill them, Keats was too sensuous, Shelley too transcendental, Wordsworth supplied no immediate consolation, Tennyson chilled, and Browning puzzled them. Then one day, across the Atlantic, a new poet arose, a "buttonholing," musical singer, whose message was one of comfort and encouragement, whose words were simple and sufficient, whose mind did not seem at all out of reach, whose poems had regular rhythms and attractive forms, whose phil-

osophy bore relation to life around him, who had a pleasant romantic gift and a homely feeling for nature. People turned to Longfellow with that joy with which fifty years before Cowper had been welcomed.

Longfellow had the clean, genial, transparent New England mind. He saw things in definite forms, and he avoided rhetoric. His poetry was himself—ample, benignant, wholesome, straightforward. Though rarely visited by high inspiration, he was never dull and never trivial. Above all he was always interesting. "Evangeline," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," "Hiawatha," "The Tales of a Wayside Inn," with the consummately easy links of familiar rhyme which bind them together, "The Spanish Student," the numerous shorter pieces which have become household words on both sides of the Atlantic—all are interesting. The thought is often extremely commonplace, the workmanship frequently undistinguished, but no one can deny them the quality of interest. Longfellow's nice ear and variety of metre made also for popularity. But most of all he was optimistic and cheering. No poet has been such a friend to his readers as Longfellow. Women almost worship him; he is the boy's favourite.

To our mind his best work is contained in his sea poems and in "Hiawatha." The sea drew his finest from him. Elsewhere his work is often sweet and strong, but the sea lent him magic:

"The heart of the great ocean
Sends a thrilling pulse through me,"

he wrote; and again, in the beautiful autobiographical poem called "My Lost Youth,"

"I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free:
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea."

Longfellow never forgot them, and it was these early associations and their quickening effect on his imagination that make his "Building of the Ship," and "A Dutch Picture" and "My Lost Youth," and "Hiawatha's Sailing," and portions of "The Saga of King Olaf," so living and memorable. Longfellow's whole soul was in them as he wrote; they pleased him and excited him to a degree to which the bulk of his work could not approach: they were his *own* poems.

THE BOOK MARKET.

THE BOOKS THAT ARE SELLING.

WE have received from booksellers in London and other large centres the following returns of the books most in demand at the moment:

LONDON (STRAND).

FICTION.

Hilda Strafford. By Beatrice Harraden.
The Massarenes. By Ouida.
The Well-Beloved. By Thomas Hardy.
On the Face of the Waters. By Mrs. F. A. Steel.
The Green Book. By Maurus Jokai.
Christine of the Hills. By Max Pemberton.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Life of Nelson. By Captain Mahan.
The History of the Papacy. By Bishop Creighton.
(New edition. Vols. I., II., and III.)
Ancient Greek Literature. By Gilbert Murray.
The Age of the Despot. By J. A. Symonds.
Bell's Cathedral Series.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

English Sonnets. By Q.
The Battle of the Bays. By O. Seaman.
Paradise of English Poetry. By H. C. Beeching.

TRAVEL.

The Fall of the Congo Arabs. By Captain S. L. Hinde.

BELLES LETTRES.

Manners for Men. By Mrs. Humphry.
The Flourishing of Romance and Rise of Allegory.
By Prof. George Saintsbury.
Temple Classics: Montaigne's Essays. Morte d'Arthur.
Cakes and Ale. By Edward Spencer.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Who's Who. By Douglas Sladen.
War, Famine, and Food Supply. By Marston.

Note.—In preparation for the Easter holiday the sale of Maps and Guide-Books was larger this year than ever. The output of six-shilling novels shows no falling off.

LONDON (OXFORD-STREET).

FICTION.

The Well-Beloved. By Thomas Hardy.
Phroso. By Anthony Hope.
Guavas the Tinner. By Rev. S. Baring-Gould.
The Whirlpool. By George Gissing.

BIOGRAPHY.

Life of Jowett. By E. A. Abbott and L. Campbell.
Forty-one Years in India. By Lord Roberts.
Life of Nelson. By Captain Mahan.

POETRY.

The Battle of the Bays. By O. Seaman.
The Pike County Ballads. By Col. John Hay.

THEOLOGY.

The Heritage of the Spirit. By Bishop Creighton.
The Sermon on the Mount. By Canon Gore.

BELLES LETTRES.

Temple Classics and Dramatists.
Essay on Comedy. By George Meredith.
The Treasure of the Humble. By Maurice Maeterlinck.

Although several of our best writers have published novels this spring, there has been no particular boom with any of them, and the supply of Fiction from unknown authors is much in excess of the demand. Holme's "Queen Victoria" still selling well.

LIVERPOOL.

FICTION.

Under Love's Rule. By Miss Braddon.
On the Face of the Waters. By Mrs. F. A. Steel.
Hilda Strafford. By Beatrice Harraden.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Life of Jowett. By E. A. Abbott and L. Campbell.
Cyprian. By the late Archbishop Benson.

THEOLOGY.

Some Lessons of the Revised Version. By Bishop Westcott.
The Christian Ecclesia. By the late Dr. Hort.

BRIGHTON.

FICTION.

Phroso. By Anthony Hope.
The Sign of the Cross. By Wilson Barrett.
Ziska. By Marie Corelli.
Hilda Strafford. By Beatrice Harraden.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Forty-one Years in India. By Lord Roberts.
Life of Lord Nelson. By Captain Mahan.

TRAVEL.

Farthest North. By Dr. Nansen.
Travels in West Africa. By Miss Kingsley.

THEOLOGY.

The Sermon on the Mount. By Canon Gore.
Faith and Self-Surrender. By Dr. Martineau.

Note.—Trade is much more brisk, and the demand for better class books and better editions is greater than for some time past.

BRISTOL.

FICTION.

The Massarenes. By Ouida.
King Noanett. By F. J. Stimson.

BIOGRAPHY.

Life of Nelson. By Captain Mahan.
Life of Jowett. By E. A. Abbott and L. Campbell.

Note.—Very few books selling of any kind.

DUBLIN.

FICTION.

Lads' Love. By S. R. Crockett.
The Jessamy Bride. By Frankfort Moore.
The Massarenes. By Ouida.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Forty-one Years in India. By Lord Roberts.
Life of Dr. Jowett. By E. A. Abbott and L. Campbell.
Cyprian. By the late Archbishop Benson.

THEOLOGY.

The Christian Ecclesia. By the late Dr. Hort.
The Sermon on the Mount. By Canon Gore.

BELLES LETTRES.

Ancient Greek Literature. By Gilbert Murray.
Temple Classics: Montaigne's Essays. Morte d'Arthur.

N.B.—Business has been very dull throughout Lent, and there is little to note. The continued sale of Lord Roberts's book is the only feature that calls for mention.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

M. PADEREWSKI seems fond of playing two concertos at one concert; anyhow, he selects works which display admirable contrast. At the Crystal Palace lately he gave Chopin in F minor, and afterwards Liszt in E flat; and virtuosity, though of a different kind, prevails in both. At his orchestral concert at the Queen's Hall on Friday, April 9, the contrast was far more striking. The two concertos were Schumann in A minor, and Liszt in

E flat. In the first, the pianist has many opportunities of distinguishing himself—only a player, indeed, of the first rank can render justice to the music—and yet the solo part blends with the orchestra; at times it is naturally prominent, though never unduly so. In Liszt, on the other hand, the pianist, as it were, commands the situation; the function of the orchestra seems to be principally that of supporting or enhancing the solo part. Among modern concertos Liszt's is one of the most showy; Schumann's one of the most substantial since Beethoven. M. Paderewski's rendering of the former is highly effective; that of the latter is, however, open to exception. Touch, tone, and technique are exquisite; in these matters, indeed, there is no fault whatever to find. But that emphasising of the sentiment until it becomes sentimentality is, to say the least of it, un-Schumannish. It is especially in the first movement that M. Paderewski thus gives way. Chopin may be overplayed in a similar manner, only that composer indulged sometimes in feeling of a genuine, sometimes of an artificial, kind, so that exaggeration in the rendering of his music does not always rub you up the wrong way; in Schumann such treatment is always of unpleasant effect. M. Paderewski must have heard Clara Schumann play the Concerto—or, if not the lady herself, one or other of her pupils who interpret it in the same spirit, if not with the same skill and poetry—yet he evidently prefers his own reading. He has, of course, a perfect right to interpret the music as he thinks fit, but it seems a pity not to follow as closely as possible the Clara reading, which, there is every reason to believe, met with the full approval of the composer himself. M. Paderewski achieved great success, in which M. Wood, the conductor, and his orchestra certainly won a fair share.

Mr. Felix Mottl conducted Beethoven's Choral Symphony at his third concert at Queen's Hall, on Tuesday evening, April 13. That it would be an interesting performance was a foregone conclusion, for the reputation so quickly won here by M. Mottl has been fully maintained. There was no lack of intelligence, no lack of life in his rendering of the three instrumental movements, yet the conductor, somehow or other, did not quite rise to the height of his great argument. There was too much effort in the opening movement. The conductor appeared as if he were making up for insufficient rehearsal; this was, of course, not the case; he was only anxious to convey the full power of the music. The Scherzo was admirable, but the slow movement, taken at an unusually slow pace, did not, on that very account, seem as impressive as usual. The selected body of Leeds singers which took part in the choral section acquitted themselves well of their task. The soloists were Miss Pallisser, Miss R. Green, Mr. Fischer-Sobell, and Mr. Andrew Black, and of these the ladies were the most satisfactory. The excerpts from "Tannhauser" and "Lohengrin" were given to show off the fine body of singers; the "Bridal Chorus" was especially delightful.

J. S. S.

SCIENCE.

THE merits of being wise after the event have never been highly esteemed, but they enjoy a positive vogue, apparently, in comparison with the recognition allotted to those who anticipated the theory of evolution. Mr. Andrew Lang has recently unearthed "Higgins," as one whose published writings contained the jewel of evolutionary truth at an earlier date than those of Mr. Herbert Spencer. Prof. Poulton, in the April number of *Science Progress*, introduces us to yet another pioneer, in the shape of the anthropologist, James Cowles Pritchard, whose *Researches into the History of Mankind* (second edition, published 1826) contains a curiously full and accurate statement of some of the main principles of the same great theory. Pritchard, says Prof. Poulton, apprehended very clearly that domesticated races of animals and plants have been produced by human selection, apart from the customary agencies of favourable surroundings and cultivation. He also believed in the possibility of organic evolution, and supported it by excellent arguments which have still the strongest weight to-day. He even recognised the operation of natural selection (Darwin's great contribution to the theory), although he assigned to it a subordinate rôle. The most important anticipation, however, is, he says, a masterly discussion on the transmission of acquired characters, in which the distinction between acquired and inherent or congenital characteristics is clearly drawn, the conclusions being in the main identical with those of Prof. Weismann, published more than half a century later.

THE equipment of the Royal Observatory at Greenwich has been notably enriched by the recent completion of the great 26-inch photographic telescope presented by Sir Henry Thompson. This is at present the finest instrument for the purpose in the world. It was begun in 1894, and although expected to be finished in eighteen months, was from various causes delayed until now. The *Times*, in a full descriptive article, mentions that every precaution has been taken to ensure a mounting as rigid and free from tremor as possible. The instrument is placed on an arch joining the tops of two solid piers, to which the lower part of the whole building is firmly tied. The massive equatorial mounting itself is on the model of that which has given excellent results with the 13-inch astrographic equatorial, though several improvements have been introduced by Sir Howard Grubb, the maker both of this and of the previous instrument. Of these the most notable is the modification of the frame by which complete circumpolar motion of the instrument is rendered possible even when it is pointing to the pole. The equatorial carries several distinct telescopes. At one end of the declination axis is a large refractor, also presented by Sir Henry Thompson, together with a guiding telescope and photoheliograph. At the other end is a 30-inch reflector with guiding telescope. The

photographs taken with the aid of the new refractor are twice the size of those which compose the universal astrographic map now in process of compilation. The whole apparatus weighs about ten tons.

THE premature adoption, combined with inadequate knowledge, and the consequent failures of Koch's tuberculin, seven years ago, produced a great, but most unjust, prejudice against the work of this brilliant bacteriologist. Koch himself, however, has never been discouraged by the unfortunate application of his early results, but has devoted himself with rare patience to developing their more promising features. The world is apt to ignore the fact that tuberculin has been, and is now, in almost constant use as a means of diagnosing tuberculous disease in animals, for which purpose it is practically infallible. We owe to it the most important factor in the supply of pure milk to our big towns, inasmuch as periodic inspections of dairy animals are made by testing their condition with tuberculin. But Prof. Koch has also been working at the more sensational side of his subject, the application of tuberculin and other preparations of the tubercle bacillus to the cure of human tuberculosis. In early cases of disease it is used with great advantage, and under certain special conditions in established cases also, at the consumption hospital in the Isle of Wight and elsewhere. Koch himself has lately added much important information to our knowledge of the subject, and has successfully treated various forms of tuberculous disease, especially lupus. Whether his preparation will ever furnish us with a general cure for that most terrible of ailments, slow consumption, remains to be seen.

IN a recent annual report of the Liverpool Marine Biological Committee, Prof. Herdman records a pretty instance of how local aquaria can be used as an educational influence.

"If a boy," he says, "brings us a light-coloured shanny, caught in a shallow exposed pool, we can place the little fish in a deep vessel in semi-darkness under a table, or cover it with some brown sea-weed, the result being that when the boy comes next day to look for his specimen he has been known to exclaim, 'Hullo! where is my shanny? There is only a black one here.' It is then easy, by putting the fish into a shallow white dish in the bright sunlight, in a short time to turn the black shanny into what he recognises as the light-coloured one he caught. You can then tell him of the beautiful pigment cells of the skin, and show them to him under a microscope in a small living fish, in a watch-glass full of sea-water. You can show him a speckled shrimp hiding in sand and a mottled shrimp in gravel, and the little prawn *Virbius*, which may be almost any colour according as you change its surroundings from green to red or to dark brown sea-weeds. You explain the difference in pigmentation on the upper and lower sides of a flat fish, you remind him of the chameleon, tell of Lord Lister's observations on the change of colour in the skin of the frog, and—most beautiful experiment of all—show him the 'blushing' of the newly born cuttle-fish. From this there opens up a wide range of physiology, of the influence of light and the controlling action of nerves, not to mention natural selection and evolution

in general. This is only one of many examples that might be taken. Almost any of the common marine animals, if carefully watched as to structure and habits, show us interesting cases of adaptation to their surroundings and mode of life."

H. C. M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

IN DEFENCE OF THOMSON.

London: April 16.

Permit me to express my strong disagreement with your criticism last week of the author of "The Seasons" as "a very little poet," "a poet only by courtesy—you could not find in all his formal numbers one spark of the divine fire," "a name that stands for little or nothing," "read now, if we read him at all" (not for his naturalism, but) "for the very opposite quality—artificiality"; while the same critic refers to Thomson's expression concerning two lovers, that they "looked unutterable things," as "the only phrase by which he is likely to be spontaneously remembered," and merely confesses to "a certain curiosity" in reading his eighteenth century allusions to "The British Fair," &c., &c., as "phrases which speak to us from another world than ours, from a world which had taste that was not touched with emotion, a world, in short, which lacked the one thing needful for poetical life—inspiration." Let your critic say what he likes concerning the uninspired character of the early eighteenth century world, but if he can read "The Seasons" and say that it is not "touched with emotion" he must have a very peculiar idea of what emotion and poetic inspiration are. It is precisely because this epoch-making poem in the history of English poetry is not merely the beginning (which led to Collins, Gray, Goldsmith, Cowper, and so to Wordsworth) of a new and unartificial way of writing about nature—every-day external nature simply described—but is also so extraordinarily charged with keen humanity, true religion, a more than Wordsworthian morality, and a splendid patriotism, that its formal numbers, orderly and tranquil measure, and unsensational subject-matter appeal so finely to the emotions, and must enchain every true lover of real poetry who does not confuse that misinterpreted term with the temporary cult of a contemporary clique.

As regards the phrases by which Thomson is spontaneously remembered I do not know that that is a very fair test; but it is singular that your critic should mention the one phrase that is certainly least recalled as of Thomson's authorship. There are two quotations in "The Seasons" that are far better known. One is from "Spring":

"Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
The gen'rous purpose in the glowing breast."
(1148-1152.)

The other is part of a passage so beautiful in itself, and so essentially the work of a poet by something more than courtesy, that a larger portion may well be quoted. It is in "Autumn," the description of the young girl, who, with her old mother, lived in reduced circumstances in the "woody vale":

"Her form was fresher than the morning rose
When the dew wets its leaves: unstain'd and pure
As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers;

Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune promised once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star

Of ev'ning, shone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.
Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close embow'ring woods.
As in the hollow breast of Appennine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the world."
(192-212)

Is that not simple, sensuous, passionate? Or is it mere artificiality, untouched by emotion?

Your critic speaks contemptuously of Thomson's "observation of nature which was rewarded no more intimately than by a knowledge of the time-sequence of snowdrop, crocus, primrose, and 'violet darkly blue.'" No more intimately! Let me quote the passage, one of the most beautiful pieces of natural description ever written, and, purely as a technical accomplishment, showing Thomson's perfect mastery over his measure—

"Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,
And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace;
Throws out the snowdrop, and the crocus first;
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes;
The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron-brown;
And lavish stock that scents the garden round;
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
Anemonies; auriculas, enrich'd
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
And full ranunculus, of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip race, where Beauty plays
Her idle freaks; from family diffus'd
To family, as flies the father-dust,
The varied colours run; and, while they break
On the charm'd eye, th' exulting florist marks,
With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud,
First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes;
Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
Low-bent, and blushing inward; nor jonquils,
Of potent fragrance; nor narcissus fair,
As over the fabled fountain hanging still;
Nor broad carnations, nor gay-spotted pinks;
Nor shower'd from every bush, the damask rose.
Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,
With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom."

The "time-sequence" here is nothing. The charm is the simple joy of the poet in the natural objects he depicts.

But it is not on "passages" or "phrases" that Thomson's fame, and far more than a "sustained name," depends. How any student of poetry can deny the enormous influence of "The Seasons" upon English nature-poetry, and, in particular, because primarily, upon all the later eighteenth century poets, passes my comprehension. Cowper and Wordsworth meant what they said when they admitted the debt; and your critic's ungenerous sneer at Wordsworth's "generous obiter dictum," and at Johnson's left-handed compliment (Johnson undoubtedly appreciated Thomson rightly, though he could not tell his real historical significance), may very well match his prefer-

ence for such literary judges as Horace Walpole and Boswell. But Thomson's "inspiration" can only properly be gathered from the sustained grandeur of his noble work, its delightful variety, its ordered procession of images and ideas, and its noble piety. His "Summer" is magnificent, if only for the way in which the theme is never allowed to flag, always kept at its exalted level, and varied by episode and invocation and reflection. Nothing could be prettier, more "intimate," and, at the same time, more chaste, than the digression where Damon watches Musidora bathing (1268-1369). There is a distinct humour, too, in Thomson, as witness his almost mock-heroic account of a day's angling in "Spring" (277-440). While his pathos may be exemplified by the sublime lines in "Winter" (223-358), which depict the husbandman caught and overwhelmed by the snow, while his wife and children wait in vain for him at home. It is worth noting that Collins was verbally inspired by this passage in those beautiful lines in the "Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands":

"For him in vain his anxious wife shall wait,
Or wander forth to meet him on his way;
For him in vain at to-fall of the day,
His babes shall linger at th' unclosing gate;
Ah, ne'er shall he return," &c.

Not one spark of the divine fire! How, then, account for Thomson's fame at all? How account for the passages I have quoted, or for lines like these, of the birds in Spring that

"In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
And shiver every feather with desire?"

Or of the lightning-blasted sheep that lie

"with that same harmless look
They wore alive, and ruminating still
In fancy's eye"?

From the first lines of the Spring invocation—

"Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend."

—from these very first lines to the closing reflections on the life of man compared with the life of nature the whole poem seems to me to be "inspired," if ever anything was—inspired, that is, by the true poet's enthusiasm for beauty and truth, not only in the natural but the moral life of the universe. That the world has grown since Thomson's day is no demerit in him. Let us not speak contemptuously of a considerable poet because, largely owing to him, a good many of his moral reflections and unelaborated descriptions now appear to us as bald and obvious. By such judgments do we lose respect even for Milton, and Virgil's *Georgics* cease to be anything but a useful school exercise.

HUGH CHISHOLM.

FOLKLORE, AND THE ORIGIN OF CIVILISATION.

Haslemere: April 15.

I trust that you will have the fairness to publish the following facts, by which your readers may gauge the accuracy of the statements made by your reviewer of *Greek Folk-Poetry*. He is good enough to admit that there is "nothing improbable about the idea" that civilisation "may have resulted from the co-operation of two races"; but he affirms that I "insist on the necessity of one of these races having been always white." I make no such general assertion. I insist only on the fact that, in the words of your reviewer, "the social constitution of Ancient Chaldaea and of Ancient Egypt rested on the exploitation of a coloured by a white race." And I think that a writer who undertook the criticism of my theory of the conflict of races might have been expected

to be acquainted with the "overwhelming evidence" for that fact. Your reviewer appears to be equally ignorant of the immense amount of work done of late years in demonstrating the dependence of the Chinese on the Chaldaean civilisation; and in showing also the co-operation of higher and lower races in the origination of the American civilisations, though the higher may not have been a white race. Your reviewer further affirms that "Mr. Stuart-Glennie requires us to believe that no combination of white races could originate a civilisation." This assertion is likewise the reverse of the fact. For I expressly and repeatedly say that by higher and lower races I mean races thus differing either racially or economically, owing to one of them being possessed of wealth, knowledge of arts, &c. But besides foisting on me assertions which I have not made, your reviewer grounds arguments on unsupported assertions of his own. Thus he declares that history is a late product of civilisation. But the fact is, that we find written records at the very initiation of the earliest known civilisations, and that the "invention of recording arts" is therefore made a chief feature in my definition of civilisation. And similarly ignoring my definition of Paganism, your reviewer undertakes to criticise my essay on *The Survival of Paganism*. Now, sir, I say that when a writer clearly defines the subjects of which he treats, nothing, save such misstatements of his theories as above indicated, can be more unfair on the part of a critic than to ignore those definitions, and substitute definitions of his own by which he cannot but be led into irrelevancies. And I refrain, therefore, from further comment on the ignorance shown by your critic of the present condition of scientific research, both with respect to folklore and to the origins of civilisation.

J. S. STUART-GLENNIE.

I regret that Mr. Stuart-Glennie's views about the origin of civilisation were not stated with perfect correctness in my review of *Greek Folk-Poesy*. But the error does not seem to be of any great practical importance. Mr. Stuart-Glennie seems to hold that the co-operation of a lower with a higher race was a "necessary condition" for the first beginning of a civilisation; and in all the historical instances adduced as proofs or examples of his theory the higher race, according to him, was white. Thus the same inductive argument which goes to prove the necessity of two factors in the process goes as far to prove that one of them was a white race, and, I may add, that the other was a coloured race. At any rate, my objections, whatever they may be worth, are as good against the wider as against the narrower form of the theory. For I contend that the higher race, white or not, may, for aught we know, have become civilised by internal differentiation before it came into contact with the lower race. Apparently Mr. Stuart-Glennie means by a "higher white race" one "possessed of wealth, knowledge of art, &c." My point is, that the possession of these advantages is itself an evidence of civilisation, and therefore not an explanation of what is in question—namely, the origin of all civilisation. In this sense I asserted, and I now confidently repeat the assertion, that history is a late product of civilisation, if we understand history and civilisation to mean what nearly everybody supposes them to mean. Mr. Stuart-Glennie may of course define them as he pleases, but I am not bound by his definitions. When he says that "we find written records at the very initiation of the earliest known civilisations," his use of the plural pronoun appears a little too liberal. He may possess documents going back to the beginning of Egyptian or Chaldaean civilisation; but other investigators

are not so fortunate. Tiele, for instance, observes that "the earliest Egyptian texts belong to a period when the writing, the art, and the whole culture of Egypt had already been long developing" (*History of Religion in Antiquity*, German transl. i. 25).

I said that Mr. Stuart-Glennie gives no reference to the "overwhelming evidence" that the social constitution of Ancient Chaldaea and of Ancient Egypt rested on the exploitation of a coloured by a white race. He neither mentions nor supplies the reference; he only uses violent language about my ignorance and unfitness to criticise his theories. Does he know that Eduard Meyer, writing in 1883 about Egypt, mentions this theory as "a hypothesis that cannot be proved"? that Chantepie De La Saussaye, writing in 1887 (corrected up to date in the English translation of 1891), mentions it as merely the opinion of "some Egyptologists" (*Science of Religion*, p. 254), without himself venturing to decide on the matter? and that Tiele, who himself is convinced of its truth, admits, in 1895, that it is questioned by some contemporary ethnologists (*op. cit.*, p. 23)? Is he aware that, according to the same high authority, the racial affinities of the Accado-Sumerians are still uncertain, and that the question whether that people was preceded by other inhabitants in the valley of the Euphrates "cannot as yet be answered" (*ib.*, p. 138)? As to the alleged connexion of Chinese civilisation with that of Ancient Babylon, Prof. Legge, writing in 1889, mentions it as having been "suggested but not proved"; and Chantepie De La Saussaye observes the same caution two years later (*op. cit.*, p. 333). Here, then, is "overwhelming evidence," not indeed of events alleged to have happened several thousands of years ago, but in justification of my scepticism as a reviewer, and in proof of Mr. Stuart-Glennie's rashness as a controversialist.

Finally, I quite fail to see how Mr. Stuart-Glennie's definition of Paganism invalidates a single word contained in my second article, or what definition I there substituted for it, or what it has to do with his attacks on Christianity, or with my remarks about the genesis of fairy-tales.

THE REVIEWER OF "GREEK FOLK-POESY."

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"The plan," says the *Saturday*, "The Whirlpool," has been conceived in quite the Zolaesque spirit. The project is to treat the London of middle-class 'society' and stock-jobbing as a gigantic maelstrom; but "as his characters develop personalities of their own, [the author] becomes interested in these instead, and forgets all about the central purpose of the work," because Mr. Gissing is a realist [Zola is not], and his talent does not lie in the direction of making puppets move on wires." *The Whirlpool* is undoubtedly the most ambitious of his books. If we leave *In the Year of Jubilee* out of the account, it is possibly also his best. "From a literary point of view," writes the *Chronicle*, "Mr. Gissing's most remarkable characteristic is his skilful use of small detail. . . . He uses a note-book, but he uses it like an artist, and not like a reporter. . . . He tells us a great deal about his characters—much more than most authors of the first rank tell us; but when we carefully consider what he tells us we invariably find that even the apparently most inessential revelations have a direct bearing upon the

realisation of character. . . . We take it for granted that everyone who has read any of his previous works will read this. Those who have not could hardly be introduced to Mr. Gissing under better auspices." The *Scotsman* writes: "It is not edifying. But the story is deeply interesting, and the characters are delineated with great skill. . . . But if all or the greater part of human society were as morally blasted as the section of it here exhibited, a Noah's deluge would be the only conceivable remedy." "If the *Whirlpool*," writes the *Manchester Guardian*, "offers a less vivid and compact picture than one or two of Mr. Gissing's earlier books, that is partly because it covers a larger canvas. . . . The indictment he has drawn against modern life in certain classes. . . . is undoubtedly accurate, as far as it goes, and impressive." "Nowhere," says the *Weekly Sun*, "are his special characteristics and attributes more noticeable than in the whirlpool, . . . one of the greatest novels he has written."

"If Mr. Baring-Gould had stuck to his last," writes the *Pall Mall*, "he would be ranked to-day among the very first of modern novelists. Unhappily . . . when he writes a novel now it is plain that he merely considers it as an inevitable accessory to his folk-lore or his archæology. . . . whosoever desires to learn the laws that governed the Duchy, the habits and customs of Dartmoor, or the methods of tinning [in the reign of Elizabeth] could do no better than consult this book. . . . A romance is here sure enough, but it could have been so much better." "The curious aloofness of these miners from the generality of the English people," writes the *Athenæum*, "and the convincing manner in which the author throws the reader among them . . . , perhaps account for" the kind of flavour which elevates this book "far above the ordinary novel." The *Spectator* writes: "Mr. Baring-Gould's knowledge of the county and his familiarity with the strange superstitions of the district have seldom been more felicitously employed than in this strange romance," which, "like everything he writes, is quite out of the beaten track of fiction."

"VIEWED simply as a novel," writes Mr. Courtney in the *Daily Telegraph*, "Mrs. Atherton's *Patience Sparhawk* is weakened by its prolixity, and redeemed by its dramatic close. . . . The last 100 pages are worth waiting for. . . . Mrs. Atherton has not yet learnt to stand apart from her creations. . . . A brilliant analytical inquiry into the baffling and scintillating paradoxes of American character." "The book," writes the *Standard*, "is a clever and conscientious piece of work, but its characters and scenes are somewhat too obviously drawn from life: they give the impression of a merciless photograph untouched by the artist." The *Pall Mall* recommends the book, "with all its faults," as "one of the most interesting novels of the year."

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REVIEWS.

THE TREASURE OF THE HUMBLE.

The Treasure of the Humble. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alfred Sutro. With Introduction by A. B. Walkley. (George Allen.)

BY this volume of essays M. Maeterlinck, poet, mystic, and barrister, should enter his kingdom. That he lingered on the road was due to his discoverer and frantic adorer, M. Octave Mirabeau. "La Princesse Maleine" is a remarkable play, but it was unkind of the amiable and distinguished French critic to prepare English readers for a perusal by the statement that it was "more tragic than 'Macbeth,' more extraordinary than 'Hamlet,' more beautiful than both combined." The sponsor for *The Treasure of the Humble* is Mr. A. B. Walkley. His introduction is compact and ingenious, but Mr. Walkley is not a mystic.

"M. Maeterlinck began," says Mr. Walkley, "by visualising and synthesising his ideas of life; here you shall find him trying to analyse these ideas and consumed with anxiety to tell us the truth that is in him. Reversing the course prescribed by Mr. Squeers for his pupils, M. Maeterlinck, having cleaned w-i-n-d-e-r, winder, now goes and spells it."

The Treasure of the Humble, which has been delicately translated from the French by Mr. Alfred Sutro, consists of ten short essays. Under such titles as "The Awakening of the Soul," "Mystic Morality," "The Invisible Goodness," "The Inner Beauty," &c., M. Maeterlinck gives voice to his philosophy. Again and again he proclaims with eager insistence that the discoveries to be made—that have been made—in the spiritual world are as many and as momentous as those that have been wrested from the physical universe:

"There are in man many regions more fertile, more profound, and more interesting than those

of his reason or intelligence. . . . We are in the hands of strange powers, whose intentions we are on the eve of divining."

This modest little volume is indeed a cup of cold water for the parched who have sought for peace in the din of theological warfare and have found it not. M. Maeterlinck is neither destructive nor constructive. He chastises nobody. He bludgeons none. Defiance never flames in his forehead. He hazards no attempt at reconciliation between science and religion. He urges no creed. In his pages there is no hint of dogma. A few names whisper through them, but they are mainly poets and seers. He but describes the ways, the moods, the aspirations of his soul in its desert journey through this life, and the desert blossoms as he goes. His eyes are clear: his heart is fearless. God is with the world. All is well. He takes it for granted that the great problems have been solved by the introspective mystics—by Plotinus, for example, "who of all intellects known to me draws the nearest to the divine." M. Maeterlinck has been called a decadent. Rather should he be styled a heroic optimist. His belief in mankind almost transcends his vocabulary. How can one ever express "the thing that is piteously flapping its wings at the back of our throat and craving for utterance"? His pages are radiant with the conviction that

"a spiritual epoch is upon us. Certain it is that there passes not a day but the soul adds to its ever-widening domain. It is now clearly making a mighty effort. Its manifestations are everywhere, and they are strangely urgent, pressing, imperious even, as though the order had been given, and no time must be lost."

M. Maeterlinck's ministry is to the lowly and humble of heart. The arrogant, the robust, the very sure need him not. It is no new thing that he comes to tell. He but expresses in rhythmic, vibrant language the ancient command to obey the divinity within, and to put it into correspondence with the infinite.

"It is only by the communications we have with the infinite that we are to be distinguished from each other. . . . It lies within our power to increase those communications. . . . In everything that happens is there light, and the greatness of the greatest of men has but consisted in that they had trained their eyes to be open to every ray of this light."

The mysticism of the ages has descended upon him. There is no trail of the proselytiser. "He does but adumbrate and whisper, knowing that there are who will understand."

In those pages there is but one hint of that religion founded ages ago, upon the discovery and practice of those occult powers which now "we are on the eve of divining." Perhaps, however, the "we" applies only to the Occident. If M. Maeterlinck's optimism sometimes leads him into super-subtleties whither the ordinary man cannot follow, the ordinary man can at least appreciate such wise words as those on the subject of emotional moments. After stating that every infinite thought beautifies our lives, M. Maeterlinck proceeds:

"But we must not deceive ourselves. To every man there come noble thoughts that pass

across his heart like great white birds. Alas! they do not count; they are strangers whom we are surprised to see, whom we dismiss with importunate gesture. Their time is too short to touch our life. Our soul will not become earnest and deep-searching, as is the soul of the angels, for that we have, for one fleeting instant, beheld the universe in the shadow of death or eternity, in the radiance of joy or the flames of beauty and love. We have all known moments such as these—moments that have but left worthless ashes behind. These things must be habitual with us; it is of no avail that they should come by chance. We must learn to live in a beauty, an earnestness, that shall become part of ourselves."

The Treasure of the Humble must be approached in the spirit which prompted the writing of it. Who can but be grateful to an author whose sole aim has been to express the beauty that he feels within him and sees about him. To differ from him, to protest against some of his deductions, is but to provoke a calm, compassionate smile which might be interpreted: "I know that those things are—I have felt them." Yet who will follow this young adept to the point of such a deduction from his philosophy as this: "Of the dead alone should portraits be painted, for it is only they who are truly themselves, and who, for one instant, stand revealed as they are"? The dead are not themselves. We like to think them beautiful, and for a few hours we make them so. But there is no beauty in that from which the best has gone. There is no beauty in a withered flower or in an empty house. Again, who is on his side in such a remark as this about those predestined to early death:

"Others there are who linger for a moment, who look at us with an eager smile, and seem to be on the point of confessing that they know all: and then, towards their twentieth year, they leave us, hurriedly, muffling their footsteps, as though they had just discovered that they had chosen the wrong dwelling-place, and had been about to pass their lives among men whom they did not know."

This is sheer sentimentality. The following passages are on quite a different level:

"There are some who dare assert that we can learn to be happy, that as we become better so do we meet men of loftier mind; that a man who is good attracts with irresistible force events as good as he, and that in a beautiful soul the saddest fortune is transformed into beauty."

"And, further, we know that the dead do not die. We know now that it is not in our churches that they are to be found, but in the houses, the habits of us all. That there is not a gesture, a thought, a sin, a tear, an atom of acquired consciousness that is lost in the depths of the earth; and that at the most insignificant of our acts our ancestors rise—not in their tombs, where they move not, but in ourselves, where they always live."

M. Maeterlinck has no power of detachment. He reads himself into the heart of the world. Envy and contempt are foreign to him. He calls us all to the heights. Confident that the souls of his fellow mortals are as responsive and subtle as his own, can one wonder that he is on tip-toe with expectation for that time "when our souls will know of each other without the intermediary of the senses"?

His veneration for the age in which we live is touching. To him the world is not very evil, nor are the times waxing late. On the contrary, something surprisingly new and beautiful is in store for the children of men, psychic gifts that were hidden from our ancestors. He believes that

"in the work-a-day lives of the very humblest of men spiritual phenomena manifest themselves—mysterious, direct workings, that bring soul nearer to soul; and of all of this we can find no record in former times. And the reason must surely be that these things were not so clearly evident then."

We do not oppose, we would not care to oppose, rather do we welcome the notion that the number of men and women conscious of psychic powers, striving for that equal balance of the spiritual and physical that makes the perfect man, is larger to-day than it has been during any epoch. But to say, as M. Maeterlinck does, in the face of the great harvest of spiritual victories recorded in the sacred and secular writings of all countries—to say that in past ages such experiences had escaped the notice of sages, and had been passed over in silence, can be regarded only as the enthusiasm of an enthusiast. No period of history has had a monopoly of personal and intimate revelation, and no period has been without the public profession of spiritual achievements. Have there not always been men and women whose hearts burned within them when He has walked with them by the way?

But if M. Maeterlinck's judgment of the past suffers from his enthusiasm for the present, that does not lessen the beauty of these chapters. Particularly would we recommend the essays on "The Deeper Life," "The Inner Beauty," and that "On Women." In the last named M. Maeterlinck applies his philosophy. If he gives to all women gifts which others would only ascribe to the few, what of that? Do we not all accept the few, and reject the many? And even if his experience is not ours, there before us is the white road winding between the hills to the country beyond, which we would cross but for the chains about our limbs. Nevertheless the new country is there.

"It would seem that women are more largely swayed by destiny than ourselves. They submit to its decrees with far more simplicity; nor is there sincerity in the resistance they offer. They are still nearer to God, and yield themselves with less reserve to the pure workings of the mystery. . . . The woman never forgets the path that leads to the centre of her being. . . . It is as though her soul were ever within call; for by day and night is she prepared to give answer to the loftiest appeals from another soul; and the ransom of the poorest is indistinguishable from the ransom of a queen. . . . There are still the divine emotions of the first days: and the sources of their being lie, deeper far than ours, in all that was illimitable."

The Treasure of the Humble is for the illumination of unprofitable hours. That power it has. The paths of some whose way was obscure before it will make plain, and themselves glad.

A GOOD OLD ENGLISH FAMILY.

The Stapletons of Yorkshire. By H. E. Chetwynd-Stapleton. (Longmans.)

MR. CHETWYND-STAPLETON has given us an interesting and, on the whole, a distinctly workmanlike contribution to genealogical literature. He has traced the story of an ancient and honourable house that for half a dozen centuries played a worthy part in the annals of our land. Stapletons stood at Cressy, at Auray, at Falkirk, possibly at Poitiers, and, though the name is not in the muster-roll, probably at Agincourt. They fell before the Scot at Bannockburn, they "prosecuted the *faetha*" with interest on Flodden Field and Pinkie Hill; yet in turn it was a Stapleton who led the second line of the Highland army at Culloden. In the various civil wars they fought in sundry fields from Boroughbridge to Towton Moor, and the kin was represented at the first battle of Newbury and on both sides at Edgehill. In official employment, too, we find them: here it was a judge, here a sheriff, there an escheator. In scholarship they provided Juvenal with a translator; in religion they supplied Cromwell with a chaplain.

The backbone of the book is furnished by the records of the family, and this is supplemented by just so much of general history as is needed to render the narrative connected and intelligible. The wise discretion with which the latter element has been kept in hand and strictly subordinated to the main purpose deserves recognition. The author has nowhere succumbed to temptation, and become "chatty" or discursive. He means business, and to business he confines himself throughout. A work of this class, with its heterogeneous mass of details, and its multitude of side-lights that vividly illustrate personal and domestic life from mediæval to modern times, is a valuable adjunct to formal history. Mr. Chetwynd-Stapleton has been careful duly to state the references without which such a book would be valueless, and in most cases where it was requisite these have been to original authorities. Sometimes, however, we are unnecessarily referred to second-hand sources. To object to the latter when they are such as Stubbs or Eyton would, of course, be more than hypercritical; but when we are sent to Hume or to Miss Strickland it becomes quite another thing. Indeed, herein lies the writer's weak point: in the case of modern historians he seems now and then not quite to know where to go. In dealing with the Stuart period, for example, he does not appear to have consulted Mr. Gardiner's works at all. Still, if for some occult reason he was obliged to cite in preference Green or Guizot, a glance at p. 154 of the first volume of Mr. Gardiner's *Great Civil War* will show him that it was a little hard on the first-named to misquote him in the matter of Hampden, as he has done on p. 264. And thereby hang other tales. We were under the impression, for instance, that the objectionable and unscholarly practice of dubbing all Englishmen who inhabited this island before the Norman

Conquest as "Saxons" had gone out of fashion—at any rate, on this side of the Irish Sea; but in these pages we are confronted by "Saxon times," "Saxon villages in Yorkshire," "The Saxons of Northumbria," and ghosts of similar *bêtises*, which we hoped were not only dead and buried, but laid to rest for ever. And while we are indulging our unpleasant humour we may as well deliver all our soul at once and have done with it. Surely it was hardly worth while to print on pp. 35 and 36 an extremely loose paraphrase by Blaauw of a passage from *Le Siège de Karlaerok*, the resemblance of which to the original is of the faintest. Surely for "Princess," on p. 29, we should read "Lady," which was the style for daughters of the sovereign till the reign of Henry VIII., and lingered on at least as late as that of James I. Surely, in the absence of any note or explanation touching the use of the word "baronet" prior to 1611, the general reader will be sorely puzzled at seeing "barrinet" in an epitaph of the time of Edward VI. (p. 156).

The beginning of the thirteenth century is the usual term beyond which it becomes extremely difficult to authenticate descent. Roughly speaking, some of our most important aids suddenly fail us about the final years of John's reign, and the first years of Henry III.; for we then reach the earliest limits of organised armory, of definite fixity of hereditary surnames, of the *inquisitiones post mortem*, of the rolls of arms. And so it is here. Working upwards, the Stapleton pedigree virtually stops at 1208, though there is a strong presumption that it can be carried one generation further back. The Irish branch of the family derive their stock from a Sir John Stapleton, who, it is claimed, was one of the "adventurers" that went over with Strongbow. The evidence adduced is a statement in a Baronetage, but the name does not occur in Regan, nor in Giraldus, nor, so far as our memory serves us, in any other contemporary chronicler. Pages 67 and 307 (line 6 of the pedigree) incidentally help to establish a point of some importance, which it is strange should have escaped notice. The Sir Nicholas Stapleton there treated of is in the Fitz-Williams Roll of Arms, to which Sir Harris Nicolas assigned the approximate date 1337—1350. As Sir Nicholas died in 1343 the estimate is narrowed by nearly one half, to somewhere between 1337 and 1344. We may, perhaps, be allowed also to call the author's attention to one "Thomas de Stapleton, miles," who was a conservator of the border-truce of 1449 (*Leges Marchiarum*, edited by William [Nicholson], Bishop of Carlisle, 1747, p. 25); and to the quaint description of Sir Miles in the Chronicle of Geoffrey le Baker of Swinbrook, under the year 1356 (p. 139 of Sir E. Maunde Thompson's edition). The reference for the knighting of Sir Richard Stapleton at the accession of Mary Tudor, which is omitted, is MS. Coll. of Arms, i. 7, f. 74. There is an ugly story, by the way, about Sandys, the first Protestant Archbishop of York. It is fairly told, and looks as though it were proved. The illustrations in the volume are by the author, and the only one that is

not of interest is that of the Stapleton chantry at North Morton, the sole discernible feature of which is an array of such toys and gew-gaws as usually adorn the east end of Anglican churches of the ritualistic persuasion. Nevertheless, when all is said, there remains a tribute of gratitude to be paid to Mr. Chetwynd-Stapleton for producing an excellent, if not an absolutely perfect, piece of work, and, with Pope, we may fairly allow that "applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due."

THE SECRET ROSE.

The Secret Rose. By W. B. Yeats. With Illustrations by S. B. Yeats. (Lawrence & Bullen.)

It is a hard case when the one right word for a critic to use is a word that has been so hackneyed, so bandied about in vague characterisation, that it has become rightly suspect and almost even tabooed. Yet hackneyed or not, there is only one word which describes the quality of Mr. Yeats's stories, and that is glamour—the glamour of the Celt. His tales have a good deal of talk about magic in them, more, in fact, than is to everybody's taste, for not everybody can be brought to take spirit-raising seriously; but on every page in the book there is proof given of a magic to which all lovers of literature must be submissive—the natural magic of style. Here is no artifice of haziness, no mist of words; rather, the extraordinary thing about these stories is the distinctness with which they bring present to the senses whatever is related. Take, for instance, a few words from the first one, "The Binding of the Hair," which tells of Queen Deetira and the bard Aodh's (Hugh's) last song, upon whose prelude there broke in the alarm for battle.

"Then he took down from a pillar his shield of wicker and hide, and his bronze helmet and sword, and passed among the crowd that went shouting through the wide door; and there was no one left in the room except the queen and her women and the foolish king, who slept on, with his head against a pillar."

How that conjures up the sense of desolation and vastness in the hall that a moment before had been crowded; one seems to feel the noise of feet dying away. It is all distinct, but with the distinctness of a dream; and Mr. Yeats's utterance is, like Aodh's, "dream-heavy." The thing is done partly by a singular felicity of comparison, as in this phrase: "A very old man, whose face was almost as fleshless as the foot of a bird"; but chiefly by the distinctness of the artist's own vision. Yet this constant appeal to the eye is never allowed to predominate or to mask the central thought which each study conveys, as, for instance, "The Heart of the Spring," which sets out the aspiration of the alchemist and life's ironic commentary upon it. Dreamy as the stories are, they are not fantastic; their characters act with human coherency. Mr. Yeats is fond of the supernatural: in "The Curse of the Fires and of the Shadows" he

has introduced it for his own pleasure since in the tradition it was no one of the Shee who led the five Cromwellians to their fatal gallop over the precipice, but a simple peasant. Yet we like him best when he does not stir outside of the human pale. "The Crucifixion of the Outcast" is a grim tale of the way in which respectable folk dealt with the strolling gleeman when respectability had full power to make itself respected; we suspect an apologue. Anyhow, this is one of the only two stories in the book touched with the humour that made *Celtic Twilight* so delightful. The other is by far the best of them all, the tale or series of tales relating to the adventures of Owen Hanrahan the Red, last of the Gaelic singers in Ireland. Here is a splendid touch. The poet whose power over women had been not less than his passion for them sees a girl crying, and offers help:

"My father and my mother and my brothers," she went on, "are marrying me to old Paddy Doe because of the hundred acres he rents under the mountain, and I would have you put him into a rhyme as you put old Peter Kilmartin in the days when you were young, that sorrow may be over him, rising up and lying down."

"I will put him into a little song that shall bring shame and sorrow over him; but how many years has he, for I would put them into a song?"

"Oh, he has years upon years—he is as old as you are, Owen Hanrahan."

"As old as me," said Hanrahan, in a broken voice. "There are twenty years between him and me if there is a day. An evil hour has come for Owen Hanrahan when a colleen with a cheek like the blossom of May thinks him an old man. Colleen, colleen, an arrow is in my heart."

Beautiful as is the "Vision of Owen Hanrahan" with its fine symbolism, there is nothing in it worth that. But beautiful it is, a new and genuine inspiration from the old mythology of the Gael. The old gods are no more dead for Mr. Yeats than were Pan and Apollo for Milton. "When one looks into the darkness," he says in his preface, there is always something there." Most of us look very little into the dark; and we are inclined to retort that those who look into the dark see nothing but fancies. Yet such a book as this makes one ponder whether the light of common day does not blind us to many starry presences. For all that we have no patience with the last and longest story, "Rosa Alchemica," which is totally distinct from the rest and resembles the recital of an opium-dream. Like everything else in the book, however, it is beautifully written—in long, slow, undulating sentences, easy and sinuous in their progress as the motion of a serpent.

The illustrations are admirable. There are not many points of likeness between Mr. Yeats and Mr. Kipling; but each has a father who draws beautiful pictures for his son's books. Print and paper leave nothing to be desired; but it was a pity to use ridged not smooth material for the binding, as it impairs the effect of Miss Gyles's intricate symbolic design for the cover—a model of decorative work.

MILLET.

Jean François Millet; his Life and Letters
By Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Henry Ady).
(Swan Sonnenschein & Co.)

It is difficult for those who love Millet and his work to have too much of him. Every new thing we hear, every new touch we see, confirms what we know, adds something to the completeness of the picture we have formed of him in our minds. This picture has really been drawn by the artist himself in that powerful fragment of biography and those numerous letters of his. In these the outlines of his life and character, the broad, simple illumination of his soul, stand out grandly like one of his own crayons. The proportion, the expression, the humble but sublime truth, are all there, and can be altered by no addition to our knowledge, for they are the impress of the man himself, as of a foot in the sand. This picture of him as drawn by himself in words is but a reflection of the personality we divine from his designs, for never were the man and the artist more identical; and as he was in himself so did he appear to others. To Sensier, who knew him all his life, to M. Piedganel, and other more or less casual visitors, he appeared essentially the same grave grand being, worthy of all love and admiration, almost of worship, so possessed was he by a noble purpose, so heroic and constant in its pursuit.

Since the appearance of the *Life* by Sensier and Mantz, a number of interesting memorials of Millet have been published in various quarters, and many valuable critical papers have been written, and it is quite time that all these, or the essence of them, should be gathered together in one work. Mrs. Ady has done her best to make her book complete as far as facts are concerned, and has also gleaned on her own account from "members of his family and personal friends," so that from a biographical point of view her work may be regarded as nearly final. It is a pity that in her preface she did not state distinctly what additions she has made to the already published material; but they do not seem to be of any great importance. The credit, and it is no little credit, that is due to her work, is that she has arranged and presented her material so as to produce a fuller and truer picture of the great painter-poet than has been done before, and has shown us that his life, if not "gay" in the ordinary sense, was full of deep happiness, and that his constant and sometimes terrible struggles with poverty, the long neglect of his genius and the ridicule and disappointment which he had to endure, never shook his confidence in himself and the truth of his principles. His life was a long battle, but he was never without a small but solid band of friends, and his domestic peace was invaded only by such sickness and death as are common to all humanity. His life was perhaps shortened by his sufferings, but he at least lived long enough to win his battle. If we should call no man happy, neither should we call any man unhappy until the end of life, when the ounces of sweet can be weighed against the pounds of sour.

Are there many, one wonders, who would now dispute Millet's claim to be a great artist? It does not much matter what we call such a man or what faults we may find in his work. We may admit that he was not a great colourist, we may allow that his handling was often rough, and compare him to his disadvantage with other great masters in this or that quality, but he yet remains one of them—as alone and supreme in his way as Michel-Angelo or Rembrandt in theirs. Nor are those defects to which we refer any other than the defects of his qualities—necessary factors of that unique and powerful personality which alone could have produced "The Sower" and "The Angelus." There is, perhaps, no artist whose work, be it only a rough study of a shepherdess, suffers more from the slightest alteration. Of all the many excellent engravings from his pictures or drawings we know scarcely one which does not let out the life of it, except those few wood-engravings which were cut by his brother from lines drawn by himself; and there is not one of the highly finished etchings from the Angelus which does not polish away half its grandeur and solemnity. The spirit of his art is engrained in his touch.

But this is scarcely the occasion to speak of Millet's art. As Mrs. Ady reminds us, he has been well praised—was well praised even before he became famous; and she herself has praised him well also:

"The range of art," she says in her concluding words, "is for ever widened by this man's genius. Never again can we look on those hewers of wood and drawers of water, never again can we see the sower scattering his seed, or the gleaners stooping to gather the ripened corn, without recalling the majestic forms of Millet's types. His place with the immortals is sure. His fame rests on secure foundations, and his work, modern as it is to the core, has more of the true Greek spirit than any other of our age. His pictures of seed-time and harvest, of morning and evening will rank with the great art of all time—with the frieze of the Parthenon and with the frescoes of Michel-Angelo."

Prophecy is always dangerous, and a day may come when neither Millet nor Michel-Angelo will appeal to mortals, but this day is, it may be hoped, far distant, and, at any rate, we may be glad that we have not seen it; and that there are still some of us who view the expression of great ideas as the noblest employment of art, and can feel the grandeur of the human form and the eloquent beauty of its movements, whether they are carved by Pheidias or drawn by Millet.

PHILOSOPHY v. SCIENCE.

Man's Place in Nature, and other Essays. By Andrew Seth. (Blackwood.)

WITH the somewhat important exception of the second part of "The New Psychology and Automatism," which is now printed for the first time, all the papers comprised in this volume have already appeared either in *Blackwood*, *The Contemporary*, or *The Philosophical Review*. They are almost exclusively

of a critical character, dealing with some of the chief contributions to philosophical studies that have been published during the last six years—that is, since the author's appointment to the chair of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh, in 1891. Although the book thus lacks formal unity, its heterogeneous contents acquire a certain consistency from the uniform metaphysical spirit which animates them, which, as might be expected from the author's official position, is itself a faithful reflex of the traditions of the Scottish School of Philosophy. Hence uncompromising antagonism to the new views of the universe, of man and of ethics suggested by evolutionary doctrines, is conspicuous on every page, and the student of philosophy is not startled when he reads that

"man as the subject of duty, and the heir of immortal hopes, is restored by Kant to that central position in the universe from which, as a merely physical being, Copernicus had degraded him" (p. 32).

Here is the true note of the orthodox metaphysician. Man "degraded" by the progress of science, which, for the Ptolemaic and Biblical geocentric, substitutes the rational heliocentric solar system of Copernicus! It will readily be allowed that Prof. Seth has at least the courage of his opinions, although he is fain to admit that this venerable "anthropocentric" view of things must to a certain extent "remain a conviction rather than a demonstration." But then it becomes all the more difficult to appreciate the courage with which philosophy—speculation—which leads only to "convictions" is made the arbiter of science which claims to "demonstrate." Indeed, this *de haut en bas* view of the rôle of philosophy in its relation to the scientific method is apt to become slightly irritating, as when we are told that

"it is the most indefensible function of philosophy to act as critic of the sciences. The philosopher has to examine the conceptions which each science accepts without criticism; he has to point out the limits or conditions within which the conception or theory holds true. In other words, he has to restrain the ardour of the specialist who would build upon his results a philosophic theory of the universe,"

and so forth.

To build up a theory of the universe is about the best thing aimed at by the specialist, though it is the common ambition of all philosophic systems. The respective rôles are here reversed, and it is forgotten that philosophy is and always must be essentially polemical. It starts with some cut-and-dry theory which has to be maintained deductively against all rival theories; hence, like the French Revolution, it "devours its own children." Science, on the contrary, being indifferent to any theory, seeks only the truth mainly by the inductive method, rejects foregone conclusions, continually verifies its facts, and thus gradually builds up a system by the study not of the self, but of the environment of which the self is the outcome. This is why old Friar Bacon dared to assert, in the days of prepotent dogmatism, that observation was the "domina

scientiarum omnium, et finis totius speculationis."

We are told, indeed, that the criticism of past philosophies "should not be purely negative," and that past systems may become "so many stepping-stones on which we rise to fuller and clearer insight." But the naturalist, who is here severely handled, may well retort that the pursuit of these metaphysical studies has thrown the author himself back upon Aristotle's theory of final causes and consequent teleology, which is restored to all its pristine honours, and vehemently defended against Spencerian and Darwinian views of development. In a true philosophy the first point is "the necessity of a teleological view of the universe," a view which, with Trendelenburg, is here made directly antithetical to the mechanical standpoint. Philosophical truth "lies altogether with the teleological point of view. Any system which abandons this point of view lapses thereby from philosophy to science" (p. 57). In a word, the doctrine that all change is conditioned by natural causes is regarded as gross materialism, while the presumptuous interpretation of such change in the light of the Divine Will is held up as the highest wisdom. Yet the history of philosophic thought makes it evident enough that this "lapse" from science to metaphysics, this arrest of human progress for nearly two thousand years, was largely brought about by Aristotle's disastrous discovery of final causes.

It is right to say that Prof. Seth treats all his opponents with marked courtesy and fairness. Their views are fully stated in as clear, if not in quite as vigorous, language as his attempted refutations. Hence the reader will here find a pleasant exposition of the general line of argument, and of the strong and weak points in Huxley's famous Romanes lecture on "Evolution and Ethics"; in Münsterberg's *Willenshandlung*, which is an analysis of the act of will (unconscious will) from the mechanical standpoint; in Mr. F. H. Bradley's *Appearance and Reality*, which constitutes a new and instructive theory of the Absolute; and in Mr. Balfour's *Foundations of Belief*, which is here studied in connexion with his previous work, a *Defence of Philosophic Doubt* (1879).

Prof. Seth should supply an index, if a second edition of these essays be called for.

PROF. FREEMAN'S TRAVELS.

Sketches of Travel in Normandy and Maine. By Edward A. Freeman. With a Preface by W. H. Hutton. (Macmillan & Co.)

THE late Prof. Freeman was an indefatigable traveller. An indefatigable writer also, he was in the habit, while his impressions were still fresh, of working them up into contributions for the *Saturday Review* in the sixties and in the nineties for the *Guardian*. Two or three volumes of these sketches have already been published. Those contained in the present volume date from three journeys undertaken in connexion with his *Norman Conquest* and *William Rufus*, and with a projected work on Henry the First, for with

Freeman travel was always an essential part of historical study.

"Beyond doubt the finished historian must be a traveller; he must see with his own eyes the true look of a wide land; he must see, too, with his eyes the very spots where great events happened; he must mark the lie of a city, and take in, so far as a non-technical eye can, all that is special about a battle-field."

Just as we find him "stepping out Sicily" for himself, so we find him in Normandy and Maine curious of every nook and corner, every fragment of ruined wall or filled-in ditch which has the remotest historical bearing upon his great subject. He follows the traces of the Conqueror from Falaise, where "Arletta's pretty feet twinkling in the brook made her the mother of William the Bastard," to Mantes, where, on that fatal day, William "did a rueful thing, and more ruefully it him befel"; he haunts the abbey of "the kindly, gossiping, rambling old monk," Ordericus Vitalis, the "tenellus exsul" from England at Saint-Evroul; he studies the battle of Tinchebray on the spot with a copy of the Abbé Dumaine's history in three volumes; he makes his pilgrimage to La Lande-Patray, as he himself confesses, with the purpose of getting "a better understanding of a single sentence of the *Roman de Rou.*" And all this he does with a robust interest and an avidity for knowledge which may well be the despair of many a younger scholar.

Well, this is one kind of travel; and if one had Freeman's knowledge, Freeman's method is admirably calculated to turn a holiday trip into a liberal education. But then we are not all specialists upon the eleventh century, and for those of us who are not the companionship of the professor's book will prove somewhat exacting and severe. He was not in the least a pedant by nature; he had far too much humour for that, and too much humanity; but in this book at least he is a little uncompromising in his assumption that the erudition of his readers is more or less on a level with his own. His enormous and minute knowledge of architecture, for instance, is bewildering to the less expert, who have perhaps forgotten, if they ever knew, what a "discontinuous impost" is, and who are hardly helped to realise Quereville by a comparison with "the little church of Montmajour, near Arles." Moreover, there is a class of travellers—to which we frankly confess ourselves to belong—who, when they go abroad, prefer, on the whole, to forget even what scanty pretensions to scholarship they may have, to put off the intellectual man, and to surrender themselves for the time to visual impressions and to the education, no less real but less deliberate, of a new atmosphere. To such the notion of attacking Tinchebray with three volumes of the Abbé Dumaine would be repellent; the memory of the white-ankled Arletta is less to them than the vision of a peasant hoeing his potatoes in sabots and a blue blouse; they are content to glean what history and antiquities they can with the aid of an uninstructed eye and a Baedeker's guide-book, and for the rest to wander among vineyards and queer courtyards, to attend mass, to sit in cafés, and to catch the savour

of an unfamiliar, an alien life. Such will find little to their taste in Prof. Freeman, racy and vigorous as his way of writing is. For foreign life, indeed, as life, he seems to have cared but little, rejoicing in Normandy partly because it was so thoroughly English, glad of hedges to the fields, and of "cider" instead of thin wine, and of anything in the shape of a meal which reminded him of beef-steak. Whether you care for the book as a guide or not, it recalls to those who knew Freeman a most genial and inspiring personality, a fine example both as man and as student. It is introduced by a somewhat unnecessary preface from Mr. W. H. Hutton, and is illustrated by drawings of Freeman's own, in which one fears that perspective must have been sacrificed to accuracy of architectural detail.

BALI, LOMBOCK, AND THE SASSAKS.

With the Dutch in the East: An Outline of the Military Operations in Lombok, 1894. By Capt. W. Cool. Translated from the Dutch by E. J. Taylor. (Luzac.)

Lombok would have few claims to attention were its importance estimated by its size. It forms but a small link in the long chain of volcanic lands, which sweep round from Sumatra through Java to Timor. But for students of the distribution of organic forms on the globe it has become a sort of classic land, ever since Mr. A. R. Wallace drew his famous parting-line between the Indo-Malayan and Austro-Malayan biological regions through the narrow strait separating it from Bali. To folklorists and students of primitive religions it had always presented many attractive features, and these attractions are likely to be increased since the island has been brought under the direct administration of Holland by the war of 1894. How this important change has been brought about is fully related in the present volume, an English translation of which would, however, scarcely be justified but for the copious ethnological data with which the author has fortunately relieved his somewhat tedious account of the events preceding and accompanying the military operations, by which an end was at last put to the oppressive rule of the Balinese Hindu section over the far more numerous Mohammedan Sassak aborigines.

To understand the peculiar interest attaching to the social and religious relations in Bali and Lombok, for in this respect the two islands are inseparable, it should be remembered that Hinduism, at one time dominant throughout the greater part of the Eastern Archipelago, was gradually driven out either by a revival of the never extinct primitive heathendom, or by the spread of Islam, everywhere except in Bali. Here a strange fusion of Brahminical and Buddhist forms, further leavened by the original nature-worship, not only held its ground, but was even powerful enough to encroach upon the Mohammedan domain already established among the Sassaks of Lombok, probably over three hundred years ago. Since the close of the seventeenth century the Hindu Balinese have

been politically and socially dominant in this island, and have even extended their power at times eastwards to Sumbawa. The consequence is that, while Islam reigns supreme in Java, formerly the great stronghold of Hinduism, the three western members of the Lesser Sundanese group present the strange and instructive spectacle of religious communities living in the closest contact, yet professing every form of belief from the grossest anthropomorphism to the purest monotheism. It is the same with the cultures, and general social conditions which show an almost unbroken transition from the savagery of Sumbawa to the relative degrees of refinement reached by the natives of Lombok and, especially, of Bali. Here, however, owing to the unfavourable political relations, a retrograde movement is perceptible in the crumbling temples, grass-grown highways, and neglected homesteads. But in all cases it is patent enough that

"just as Hinduism has only touched the outer surface of their religion, it has failed to penetrate into their social institutions, which, like their gods, originate from the time when Polynesian heathendom was all powerful" (p. 139).

Folklorists will be much interested in the local traditions here recorded on the way these foreign gods took possession of the Lesser Sundanese Islands, after their expulsion from Java by the Mussulman invaders in the fifteenth century. It appears that the Hindu deities were greatly incensed at the introduction of the Koran, and in order to avoid contact with the "foreign devils" moved eastwards with the intention of setting up their throne in Bali. But Bali already possessed its own gods, the wicked Rakshasas, who fiercely resented the intrusion, but who were ultimately annihilated all but the still reigning Mraya Dawana. Then the new thrones had to be erected on heights, as in Java; but at that time there were no mountains in Bali, which was a very flat country, and to meet the difficulty the four hills at the eastern extremity of Java had to be transferred to their new dominion. The Gunong-Agong, highest of the four, was set down in the east and became the Olympus of Bali, while the other three were placed in the west, south, and north, and assigned to the different gods according to their respective ranks. And thus were at once explained the local theogony and the present physical features of the island.

For the further peregrinations of the Hindu pantheon to Lombok and their struggles with the Mohammedan Sassaks the reader must be referred to the work under notice. Here he will also find a detailed account of the now happily terminated misrule of the Balinese dynasty, and how the lately deposed raja

"reigned as an autocratic despot, sucking out the very life-blood of his [Mussulman] subjects, living in splendour and dissipation bought at the cost of so much hardship and injustice, and . . . becoming more brutal and barbarous year by year" (p. 143).

The author is somewhat puzzled to reconcile these misdeeds with the mild precepts of the Hindu religion; but it need scarcely be

remarked that Lombeck is not the only place where religious theory and practice are at variance.

Despite one or two solecisms, Mr. Taylor's version deserves a word of recognition, and the general equipment of the book is creditable to the Amsterdam press, although some of the numerous illustrations by Herr G. B. Hooyer leave something to be desired from the artistic standpoint. There is a good index, but a poor map of Lombeck, not even drawn to scale.

HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY.

A Historical Geography of the British Colonies.

By C. P. Lucas, B.A., of Balliol College and the Colonial Office. Vol. IV.: South and East Africa. In two separate parts: I. Historical; II. Geographical. (Clarendon Press.)

AMONG the innumerable swarm of books and pamphlets on South Africa which give each other the lie more or less direct on every bookstall, it is a pleasure to come upon a work of solid historical value, full of sound and luminous political reflection, and based upon accurate knowledge. Mr. Lucas has already proved by his earlier volumes that he can make even geography readable. But in this book the geography is railed off into a second volume, and people will be inclined to read only the first, which recounts the history of South Africa since white men set foot there. Its value is twofold. First, it narrates clearly and concisely the actual events of South Africa's history, which have been few, and its constitutional changes, which have been many. It traces out the steps by which there grew up round the Dutch trading outpost a population of farmers who rather assimilated themselves to the native life than brought in European ways: it tells how the Cape passed to England and became a real colony; it narrates the different extensions of the border and the wars they involved; the advances and the retrogressions of the English flag, and the progressive emancipation of the colony from home control. Each step in the progress by which the different constituent parts of South Africa have reached their present status is clearly recorded. But, secondly, the work has an interest rarer and greater than that of a mere historical record, however lucidly written. Mr. Lucas has a singular power of seeing two sides of a question. So with a skilful hand he analyses the moral difficulty which is at the root of the South African tangle. Are the British and Dutch races hopelessly and irrevocably hostile? that is practically the question which everybody, including the Parliamentary committee, is trying to answer. Mr. Lucas contributes to the solution a historical study of the Boers. No one could praise more eloquently the race from which they spring; but the Boers are Dutchmen with a difference, Dutchmen, as he says, "run wild." He shows clearly how this race, tenacious of the old, suspicious of the new, and doggedly stubborn against compulsion, has been in South Africa secluded from the course of

events, unaffected by the ferment of ideas, a century behind Europe in its beliefs. In upon it breaks European civilisation, with its virtues and vices of the newest type, humanitarian and speculative; and the Boers set up their bristles in stubborn antagonism. Once to realise how natural it is for the Boers to be what they are is to see the necessity of patience. But in the meantime the Boers are not on our intellectual level, and one moral is plain to Mr. Lucas. The course of our African policy has been vacillation. Savages will never understand that the power which does not chastise aggression may be restrained by another motive than fear, and in this matter the Boers are not very different from Zulus. Whatever is done in Africa, there must be no more undoing, no more going back. Mr. Lucas's book is salutary reading, alike for the people who are impatient with a state that still grants monopolies and limits naturalisation, and for those who believe in the universal efficacy of a soft answer—even to kicks. And no one can read it without admiring a style that is weighty without ever being ponderous, and often rises to eloquence, but never sinks into rhetoric.

THE LITERATURE OF MUSIC.

"THE BOOK-LOVER'S LIBRARY."—*The Literature of Music*. By J. E. Matthew. (Elliot Stock.)

THE author of this little book felt at first doubtful whether he could treat so large a subject in so small a space. His task certainly was by no means an easy one, and the work of compression has been cleverly managed. The arrangements, too, are good. There are chapters on the literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but there is no special chapter on that of the nineteenth. Some works on music of the present century are, however, noticed under various headings: histories under "Histories of Music," dictionaries under "Dictionaries of Music," and so on; still many remain unnoticed, such as Day's "Harmony," or Berlioz' *Mémoires*, &c. Mr. Matthew in his preface mentions topics which it has been necessary to pass by entirely; and this statement one must accept as an explanation of any omissions. He, however, deserves praise for this first attempt at a work on the literature of music.

The chapter on early printed works is excellent; in addition to naming books, our author manages to give an outline of their contents. In mentioning the *Micrologus* of Ornithoparcus he quotes an amusing sentence from the translation of that work by the eminent lutenist John Dowland. It runs thus: "The English doe carroll; the French sing; the Spaniards weepe; the Italians which dwell about the coasts of Janua (Genoa?) caper with their voyces; the others barke; but the Germanes (which I am ashamed to utter) doe howle like wolves." In the following chapter he speaks of the *El Melopeo* of Pedro Cerone as a work "among the scarcest in musical literature. He mentions one copy formerly in the possession of the

late Mr. John Bishop, of Cheltenham, and another "lying before the writer as he pens this notice." We would also add that there is a copy in the library of the late Rev. Sir F. Arthur Gore Ouseley, at St. Michael's College, Tenbury. In the chapter "Histories of Music—Biography," it is stated that the materials collected by J. N. Forkel for a third volume of his *Allgemeine Geschichte für Musik* were offered, after the author's death in 1818, to Choron and to Fêtes. Dr. Hugo Riemann in his *Musik-Lexikon*—a work, by the way, not alluded to in any part of Mr. Matthew's book—states that they were handed over to the publisher Schwickert. In noticing Dr. Langhan's *Geschichte der Musik* our writer suggests that an English translation would be a boon to many students, and this statement we cordially endorse.

Reference is made to the catalogue of MS. music in the British Museum drawn up by Mr. T. Oliphant; and we are told that the proposal to print a catalogue of all the music in the British Museum down to the year 1800 "appears to be in abeyance." Regret, too, is expressed that the time of the "accomplished gentlemen" who preside over the music should be mainly occupied in "cataloguing the last set of waltzes or the vulgar inanities of the music-hall—no doubt a sad necessity, but surely a task within the powers of an intelligent lad." We doubt whether our author is quite correctly informed as to the manner in which these "gentlemen" spend the greater part of their time. Mr. Matthews's suggestion that an intelligent lad should undertake the task might be useful to music-hall artistes, but such occupation would be scarce likely to improve the artistic tastes of the youth. The catalogue of the library of the richest nation in the world is decidedly capable of improvement, as all who have to consult its pages are well aware; and if the music catalogue were only as good as that of the books musicians would be thankful.

In the best regulated books mistakes will occur; and in view of a second edition we will mention one or two which have attracted our notice in reading. Mr. R. A. Streatfeild's name is spelt Streatfield. Sir George Grove, again, is made responsible for the article "Schumann" in the *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*; that article, however, was written by Dr. Philipp Spitta. Complaint, by the way, is made of the want of proportion in the length of articles in this Dictionary, and the editor is pointed out as the chief offender. Schumann once described Schubert's lengths as "heavenly"; and surely musicians who have read and profited by the articles "Beethoven," "Schubert," and "Mendelssohn" must feel that their lengths are more than atoned for by their great value and interest. There are times when criticism, however just, seems out of place.

Among catalogues of compositions the *Verzeichniss des musikalischen Nachlasses des verstorbenen Capellmeisters C. P. E. Bach* (published at Hamburg in 1790) might have been mentioned. We are told "that no printed thematic catalogue exists of the works of Haydn." No complete catalogue, certainly, has been issued; yet C. F. Pohl in

his second volume of his *Life of Haydn* gave a thematic catalogue up to the period when Haydn first went to London. The death of the author unfortunately prevented the completion of that work.

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

Majolica. By C. Drury E. Fortnum. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

THIS is a book to which all lovers of the many beautiful wares which are comprehended in its title have been long looking forward. Fifteen years have passed since Mr. Fortnum wrote his well-known descriptive catalogue of the collection of majolica in the South Kensington Museum; and the present volume is sufficient witness that his interest in the subject has not slackened in the interval. Though mainly concerned with the wares of Italy, it traces the history of glazed and painted pottery from its origin in Egypt, Babylonia, and Persia, to its later developments in Damascus and Rhodes, in Sicily and Spain, and it even glances at the famous porcelain of the Medici, although that most interesting and beautiful fabric hardly comes within the title of the book. There is scarcely any branch of art which has been more carefully studied, or on which more light has been thrown by researches in recent years. The discoveries of Mr. Petrie in the Fayoum, Mr. Wallis at Fostat, and M. Dieulafoy at Susa, are only a few instances in which excavation has made important additions to existing knowledge of ancient Oriental ceramics; and with regard to more modern and European "majolica," the names of those who have laboured in the field are almost legion. Mr. Fortnum has not only kept himself *au courant* with the literature of his subject, but he has also maintained his position as a connoisseur and an authority. There are few men who could match either his knowledge or his taste; few experts competent even to review this splendid volume. Here we can only call attention to its importance, and the admirable manner in which it has been produced. We only wish that all the illustrations had been coloured, like the frontispiece.

The Outgoing Turk. By H. C. Thomson. (William Heinemann.)

MR. THOMSON'S title is somewhat misleading, though he is careful to explain in the preface that "Turk" is used in the sense of "Osmanli official." Moreover, the book has to do not with the provinces from which the Turkish officials are going, but with those from which they have gone, for it is in reality an account of recent travel in Bosnia and Herzegovina, which are now administered by Austria—the Turkish officials having gone bag and baggage. Mr. Thomson does justice to the great work which Austria, through Herr von Kallay, has done in Bosnia, where the Moslems number about half the population, and where it would consequently have been impossible to erect

an autonomous state. What Austria has accomplished can only be realised by those who remember what the province was in 1878, and Mr. Thomson's travels and inquiries show very clearly how beneficent the seventeen or eighteen years of firm rule have been. The book is very interesting and informing so far as it relates to Bosnia and Herzegovina, but the last few chapters, which deal with the present situation in the Balkans, are not quite so happy. Of the provinces now occupied by Austria the author writes with knowledge, but he does not appear to have much personal experience of Albania and Macedonia, and his speculations on the policies of England, Austria, and Russia with relation to the matters which are now agitating the peninsula are not so valuable as his remarks in the earlier and more important of his chapters. Incidentally, Mr. Thomson's account of Austrian administration in Bosnia will in many places provide a clue to the future of the Turkish empire, and of the destiny of the yet unappropriated portions when the inevitable crash occurs.

Household Economics; a Course of Lectures in the School of Economics of the University of Wisconsin. By Helen Campbell. (Putnam's Sons.)

PREMISING that there is nothing facetious about *Household Economics*, why as we read it do we smile against our will? Perhaps because it is so deadly serious; also it begins so very much at the beginning. "What is a house?" asks Mrs. Helen Campbell in chap. ii.; and then we have quotations from *Mariana in the Moated Grange*, *Poe's House of Usher*, *The House of the Seven Gables*, and "a little book by E. Gardner, of Springfield, Mass.," entitled *The House that Jill Built*, to illustrate the relation of the House to human life. Mrs. Helen Campbell is a sort of domestic Drummond, bent upon showing that the House is not out of date in an age of Science. Thus we have the sub-headings: "Organic Structure of the House with its Evolution," "The Kitchen and Derivatives," "Relation of Differentiation and Specialisation in Building to the Same Processes in Social Evolution," "The Rudimentary Shop." But that she may not seem altogether to have parted company with the old wisdom, the chapter on "Cleaning and its Processes" begins: "Cleanliness is next to godliness." A certain professorial pomposity apart, these lectures are really a useful and interesting series of instructions upon decoration, furnishing, cooking, cleaning, and the great servant question. Also, on behalf of her sex, Mrs. Campbell demands Emancipation in general, but not from the duty of ordering dinner.

Picturesque Burma Past and Present. By Mrs. Ernest Hart. (J. M. Dent.)

A TOUR through Burma in the spring of 1895, Mrs. Hart in her preface tells us, was the origin of this handsome volume. The writer seems to have made excellent use of her opportunities. She saw everything and found out all about it; then she came home and wrote it down. The title she has

selected does her work injustice to this extent: that she has by no means suffered herself to be confined within the limits of "picturesque" description. She has learned much of the people's mind, both as it expresses itself in their social order and as it is exemplified in their history. As an observer of social phenomena, and especially of the progress of European reforms and conventions, she shows a mind admirably balanced between sentiment and common sense. She cannot but regret the impending disappearance of the gay *insouciance* which "would rather share than hold, and saw in content something holier than successful strife"; nevertheless, she has faith that "to be passed under the rule of the English, to be freed from tyranny, to be taught good government is a happy fate for Burma." Her account of the emancipated condition of the Burmese women is of importance. A large number of photographs are reproduced; there are maps, and a good index.

St. Mark's Indebtedness to St. Matthew. By F. P. Badham, M.A. (Fisher Unwin.)

WE quoted with approval some weeks ago Dr. Salmon's expressed opinion that the question of the inter-relations of the Synoptists had its roots deep down in the science of Biblical criticism at large, and that nothing final would be accomplished in the matter of reconstructing the text of the New Testament until those relations should have been determined. It is with pleasure, therefore, that we find Mr. Badham resolutely devoting himself, in the little book before us, to an exhaustive inquiry into one branch of the subject—the question of the measure in which the Second Gospel is derived from the First. In spite of the number of critics who maintain the superiority of St. Mark as an original document, a number which still grows, Mr. Badham is very strongly assured that the contradictory proposition is nearer to fact; and for his opinion he marshals sixteen chapters full of arguments, the cumulative force of which, if not final, is very grave. His reasons, it is hardly necessary to say, do not all of them appear for the first time, but it is interesting to note how the writer treats the hard-worked argument in graphic touches so abundant in the book.

"Consider [he writes] the frequently trivial character of the details. . . . With the phenomena of the Apocryphal Gospels before us it ought surely to be reckoned a sign of decadence that our Second Evangelist dilates so exuberantly on the Gadarene's ferocity and the epileptic's paroxysm. . . . We have little more reason to assume that our author was independent than to infer from the ordinary uncanonical details of a sacred picture that the artist had exceptional sources of information."

Mr. Badham has a clear head and a good critical instinct. The later eschatology of St. Mark, the un-Judaic character of his narrative, the glosses and inflation, two passages in which St. Matthew's narrative appears in a corrected form in St. Mark, are a few of the heads under which the subject is handled. The author's style is singularly concise and lucid.

FICTION.

Patience Sparhawk and Her Times. By Gertrude Atherton. (John Lane.)

DURING these two or three years certain social sketches published in *Vanity Fair* over the signature of Mrs. Atherton have indicated the settlement in our midst of an American writer of much promise. Now comes the novel. It cannot be denied that, upon the whole, the promise is fulfilled. In one of its many aspects the book invites, and indeed deserves, ridicule. It is ridiculous as the embodiment of Mrs. Atherton's philosophical proposition about the women of America. These dames and damsels may really be struggling to be free from the conventions which keep society decent and girlhood charming; but we cannot believe that they will ever, as a class, settle down into the humourless hetairism in which practically all the characters of this book spend the mid period of the romance. Mrs. Atherton's philosophy of the American woman need not, however, trouble us long. It springs from an excess of zeal, and may be overlooked. The story itself is fresh and arresting. *Patience Sparhawk* is at school when we make her acquaintance. Her father is dead, and her mother is given to drink and wantoning; and, young as she is, *Patience*, who has a sensitive soul, is bitterly at issue with the world. Dreary this state of affairs undoubtedly is; but it is treated with extraordinary skill. So keenly sympathetic is Mrs. Atherton's study of the strange rural life in America, that we follow her for many chapters with a very unusual interest. Her perceptions are acute, and her reflections are extraordinarily well phrased. Nor does the work fall off when, having tried to kill her mother, *Patience* leaves home for the great city. There she is taken charge of by two maiden relations, whose evangelical activities George Eliot herself could scarce have depicted with finer art. Meanwhile, *Patience* has been developing. Her Spanish nature has blossomed into a critical, reticent *hauteur*, and she has become beautiful. There ends Mrs. Atherton's essay in real literature. The love-making and the wedlocks which follow will not bear examination. The book reveals an unusual perspicacity as regards women; but Mrs. Atherton's men are not good. With the exception of the two editors under whose joint auspices *Patience* becomes a "newspaper woman," the male characters in the book are unnatural. Finally, being suspected of having poisoned her husband, *Patience* is condemned to death. Thereupon the novelist finds her proper pace again, and the pace is rapid. Times without record the same situation has been made use of by sensational writers; but we should be surprised to learn that it has ever been more effectively treated than it is in this novel. The narrative flies before our eyes as fast as the special train which is bearing the reprieve, and a new lover, to the gaol in which the heroine is about to be "electrocuted." It is not literature of a high kind; but, such as it is, it is brilliant.

Magnhild and Dust. By Björnsterne Björnson. Translated from the Norwegian. (Heinemann.)

"*Magnhild*," says Mr. Edmund Gosse in a note prefixed to the present translation, "was originally published in Copenhagen in October, 1877." The importance of this remark will, we think, strike anyone who now reads the story for the first time. It is written with all Björnson's well-known ability. It is vivid. It is impressive in a way. But it is all ancient history now. A few years ago the Norwegian wife who could not get on with her husband and the Norwegian husband who did not understand his wife were, to many people, very interesting figures. But those years are past. What we may call the Scandinavian fever has to a great extent abated. Those uncomfortable households of grotesque people, all nerves and *malaise* and egotism, have become at least familiar, if not actually tiresome. Therefore, though we are quite willing to believe, on the authority of Mr. Gosse, that *Magnhild* "produced a violent impression in Scandinavia" in 1877, we doubt if its publication in English twenty years later is likely to move anybody very much one way or the other. *Magnhild* is a victim to that morbid egotism to which the women of Norwegian novels are usually a prey. She has the customary inability to accept the hard facts of life and make the best of them. She lives among the usual throng of monsters, mental or physical, who are sketched with Björnson's painful and perhaps inartistic minuteness. The actions of the various characters in the story are generally preposterous if not maniacal, and altogether the effect which it produces is one of unrelieved gloom and depression. We would not for a moment be understood to underestimate the cleverness with which it is written, nor do we assert that it is untrue to life—in Norway. Other places other manners. But we do venture to maintain that it is not very agreeable reading. The sombre dead-level of squalour and horror with which it deals would be apt to get on one's nerves, and the feckless, shiftless, slatternly *Magnhild* is, we hope, a character more likely to excite impatience than sympathy in the breast of the healthy British maiden. Probably it would be better if she did not read about her at all. We admit, then, the cleverness of the book, perhaps even its utility—in 1877 (it was conceived, we imagine, in the missionary spirit); but we question whether, in this year of grace, it was worth translating. *Dust*, the other story in the volume, is also gloomy, but not quite so revolting. The translation is very satisfactory.

A Prince of Tyrone. By Charlotte Fennell and J. P. O'Callaghan. (Blackwood.)

AN Irish historical novel of real merit has at last appeared. *A Prince of Tyrone* is a notable book, and the joint authors of it are the more to be congratulated because, while they have produced a story that will delight mere novel-readers, they have, on the whole, adhered with praiseworthy fidelity to the historical events which are the basis

of their fiction. The novel contains little that is not set forth in the chapter on Shane O'Neill in the scholarly little manual which, meeting, as it does, a want long felt by men and women, is—with, perhaps, unintentional humour—published in Mr. Unwin's *Children's Study*. Only in one important point do the writers of the novel diverge from the historian: Neil Gray was not the villain which the romancists make him. With the strong tide in favour of historical fiction which has recently set in, *A Prince of Tyrone* should run into a second edition; and it is to be hoped that when it does certain defects will be removed. This should be the easier that most of them are of a verbal nature. Such Anglo-Irish phrasing as "her offence" for *her cause of offence* will perplex the Saxon, in whose language the book purports to be written, and such pleonastic wording as "a decided air of culture," "a thorough man of the world," is as little to be admired as this wonderful sentence: "How it had failed in achieving its purpose ever remained one of those mysteries of chance that are never solved." The writers are too fond of quotations, and have not mastered the treatment of the quotation-mark, which they use with painful honesty (*vide* pp. 94, 110, 142, 359). Loose syntax marks pp. 120 and 172; and while hearty thanks will be, doubtless by many, accorded to the story-tellers that they have resisted the temptation to cast their Elizabethan tale in would-be Elizabethan English, they will not be lauded for making a prince of Tyrone say: "this bother"; for writing of his "'ways' with women"; for writing "to where," "very contented," "between three," "you had not used to be," and "kneeling on" (for "still kneeling"). These are inelegancies marring an otherwise excellent work. Similarly the grammar in places wants mending. There is here only space to give the figures of pages. Let the writers turn to pp. 5, 33, 46, 94, 232, 239.

The Pilgrimage of the Ben Beriah. By Charlotte M. Yonge. (Macmillan & Co.)

MISS YONGE in this book employs her familiar method, but not on the familiar lines. It is a story of the Israelites' wanderings in the Wilderness, and her object is apparently to make her readers realise the Biblical narrative by narrating it afresh from an individual point of view. She tells the fortunes of a single family of the tribe of Ephraim. Miss Yonge's unit of construction is always the family not the individual, and this family closely resembles a good many others which have inhabited her placid pages. There is the sceptical man, the rebellious young woman, the virtuous mother, and the admirable father. There are the usual marriages and the usual subsequent grandchildren. Add to these ingredients a highly rationalistic account of the crossing of the Red Sea and the result is a trifle incongruous. Miss Yonge has written such really excellent novels that we rather regret to see her employing her talents on what could be at best only a *tour de force*.

SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1897.

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THE WEEK.

CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

[This article is a chronicle of books published during the week. Reviews will follow in due course.]

THE BIBLE: ITS MEANING AND SUPREMACY. DEAN FARRAR'S new book, *The Bible: its Meaning and Supremacy*, may probably be regarded as his final and most comprehensive exposition of the views of Divine truth which he has endeavoured to enforce in a series of works extending over nearly thirty years. The earliest of his theological works was *Seekers after God*, published in 1869. This was followed in 1871 by a volume of Hulsean Lectures, *The Witness of History to Christ*. In 1874 appeared what perhaps should now no longer be regarded as Dean Farrar's *magnum opus*, the *Life of Christ*. Its success is one of the commonplaces of latter-day publishing. Twelve editions were called for within a year of its publication. In 1877 appeared *In the Days of My Youth*, marking the close of Dean Farrar's head-mastership of Marlborough College. The companion *Life of St. Paul* appeared in 1879. A year after Dean, then Canon, Farrar startled the Church, but rejoiced many both within and without its pale, by the attack which he made on the doctrine of eternal damnation in his bold work, *Eternal Hope*. *The Early Days of Christianity*, in two portly volumes, followed in 1882. Since then Dean Farrar's pen has been still at work. Perhaps his *Life of Christ in Art* has been the least successful of his works. His published sermons are many. To-day he treats of the meaning and supremacy of the Book of which all his works prove him to have been at least a close and reverent student. The volume before us is a large post octavo of rather more than three hundred pages. It contains twenty-three chapters and an Intro-

duction. The chapter headings are usually complete and expressive propositions, thus: "The Bible is not one Homogeneous Book, but a gradually collected Canon"; "The 'Allegorical Method' of Exegesis Untenable"; "The Bible is not Homogeneous in its Morality"; "Dangerous Results of the 'Supernatural Dictation' Theory"; "Supremacy of the Bible"; "The Bible and Individual Souls," &c.

ST. PAUL,
BY
A NOVELIST.

MR. BARING-GOULD's writings require a good deal of sorting out. Three classes of books he has produced, and all in abundance; these being works of fiction, folk-lore, and theology. In his latest work Mr. Gould unites the extremes of his abilities in an effort to treat of the life of St. Paul in the spirit of the novelist. His, however, is not the only novelist's pen which is now being drawn to Biblical subjects, others which we need not name being under the same strong attraction. In approaching his present task Mr. Baring-Gould makes his aim very clear.

"The line I have adopted is that of a man of the world, of a novelist with some experience of life and some acquaintance with the springs of conduct that actuate mankind. . . . I treat the great Apostle as a man. I put aside detail unnecessary to my purpose—archæological, epigraphical, historical, geographical. My book is not, therefore, a *Life of St. Paul*, if incidents and accidents make up a man's life, but a study of his mind, the formation of his opinions, their modification under new conditions, and the direction taken by his work, under pressure of various kinds, and from different sides. . . . From the point of view I have elected, I am bound to consider Paul mainly from the human side. I do not deny the other, the spiritual side (God forbid it!); but I think that this latter has been unduly studied to the neglect of the human aspect. A biography that does not take both into account must be a limping and incomplete production."

"THE FOUNTAINS
OF OXUS."

MR. GEORGE CURZON has reprinted the papers on the *Pamirs and the Source of the Oxus* which he contributed last year to the *Geographical Journal*. Here are the opening sentences:

"There is a passage in a now too-little-read book by a famous author that depicts the very curiosity whereby I was led in the autumn of 1894 to make the geographical researches which this essay will attempt to record. In his *Anatomy of Melancholy* the ingenious Burton, summarising the problems of natural history or physical geography which he would fain have solved, speaks thus: 'I would examine the Caspian Sea, and see where and how it exonerates itself after it hath taken in Volga, Iaxeres, Oxus, and those great rivers. I would find out with Trajan the fountains of Danubius, of Ganges, and of Oxus.' To myself, also, the Oxus, that great parent stream of humanity, which has equally impressed the imagination of Greek and Arab, of Chinese and Tartar, and which, from a period of over three thousand years ago, has successfully figured in the literature of the Sanskrit Puranas, the Alexandrian historians, and the Arab geographers, had always similarly appealed. Descending from the hidden 'Roof of the World,' its waters tell of forgotten peoples, and whisper secrets of unknown lands. They

are believed to have rocked the cradle of our race. Long the legendary watermark between Iran and Turan, they have furrowed a deep channel in the destinies and character of mankind."

The book is accompanied by a map and illustrations.

MR. DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY has published either one, two, or three novels in

every year from 1880 to 1896 inclusive, and his novel *A Rogue's Conscience*, just issued, brings up to the present moment a record of work in which quality and quantity have not been divorced. The rogue generally makes a good hero, even if he is a bad man. The story opens with these quiet, appetising sentences:

"Mr. James Mortimer and Mr. Alexander Ross were hiding from justice. This was a condition of things to which Mr. Mortimer had grown accustomed, but Mr. Ross had never until now felt what it was to be personally inquired after by the police."

. . . *Love in Old Clothes, and Other Stories*, by H. C. Bunner, comes to us from America, where it has enjoyed much popularity. The story which gives its title to the volume is certainly quaintly conceived. It is a modern love-story (to be precise, it is enacted in the year 1883) told in archaic language, thus:

"Because a man have a Hatt with a Brimme to it like y^e Poope-Decke of a Steam-Shippe, and breeches lyke y^e Case of an umbrella, and have loste money on Hindoo, he is not therefore in y^e beste Societie."

The author reverts to modern English, or rather American, in the six other stories which go to make up the volume. . . . A new novel, with Nihilism in it, is *A Russian Wild Flower*, by E. A. Brayley-Hodgetts, who in his book of travel, *In the Track of the Russian Famine*, has already shown his acquaintance with the Czar's dominions.

IN THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE OTHER BOOKS. *Scottish Union Question* Mr. G. W. T. Omond (whose

Life of Fletcher of Saltoun was recently added to the "Famous Scots" series) has described those attempts to unite the kingdoms of England and Scotland which were made before the final Act of Union in 1707. The story of these efforts, says Mr. Omond, is one "of mutual confidence and common aspirations at the Reformation and the Revolution, but more frequently of jealousies, recriminations, and misunderstandings, most of which are now happily removed." . . . The excellent "Cathedral" series of George Bell & Son progresses rapidly, *Rochester* and *Oxford* having now received their respective volumes. . . . *English Lyric Poetry, 1500—1700*, is an anthology by an American scholar, Dr. Frederic Ives Carpenter, lecturer on English literature at the University of Chicago, who is introduced to English readers by Prof. Herford. Dr. Carpenter has already written, says Prof. Herford, "a comprehensive investigation of the poetic speech of the Elizabethans"—*Metaphor and Simile in the Minor Elizabethan Drama*. Dr. Carpenter's Introduction is quite a considerable essay, filling sixty-five pages. "Vernon

Lee's" contributions to philosophical and æsthetic criticism have been many since, in 1880, she published *Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy*. From her busy pen there now comes a dainty little book with the title *Limbo and Other Essays*. The other papers in the volume include among their titles: "In Praise of Old Houses," "Tuscan Midsummer Magic," "About Leisure," &c. . . . The late Mr. David J. Smithson's *Elocution and the Dramatic Art* is reissued in a revised form by Messrs. George Bell & Sons. Mr. Charles Reeve Taylor, who edits the work, repeats his predecessor's warning that "Elocution cannot be taught without a master; and, however humble the abilities of the teacher may be, the pupil who is diligent will be sure to learn something." The bulk of the book consists of selections suitable for delivery and practice.

MESSRS. DOWNEY & Co.'s NEW EDITIONS. sumptuous, but limited, edition of the novels of Charles Lever is continued in *Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon*. The two volumes of this re-issue of Lever's masterpiece are embellished with twenty-two etchings from the plates of "Phiz." A Bibliographical Note reminds us that *Charles O'Malley* appeared originally as a serial contribution to the *Dublin University Magazine*, commencing in the issue for March, 1840, and ending in that of December, 1841. It was then reissued in those undated monthly parts in paper covers which are still so prized by book collectors. . . . The "Gads-hill" edition of the works of Charles Dickens gives us *Nicholas Nickleby*, with the original illustrations. Mr. Lang writes that

"on November 19, 1837, Dickens, who had not nearly finished *Oliver Twist*, entered into an agreement with Messrs. Chapman & Hall 'to write a new work, the title whereof shall be determined by him, of a similar character and of the same extent as' *Pickwick*. The book ran from April, 1838, to October, 1839."

. . . Messrs. Macmillan add to their "Standard Novels" a welcome reprint of Maria Edgeworth's *The Parents' Assistant; or, Stories for Children*, illustrated by Miss Chris. Hammond. Mrs. Richmond Ritchie contributes an Introduction, in which she recalls her own delight, as a child, in these tales. . . . The late Sir Stevenson Arthur Blackwood's life may be said to have been a dual one. He was known to the general British public, and to publics beyond the seas, as the Secretary of the Post Office; to his family, friends, and a more limited public he was known as an earnest Christian, a social worker, and a preacher of some power. Both aspects of his career are set forth in great fulness in *Some Records of the Life of Stevenson Arthur Blackwood*, of which a "popular edition" has just been issued by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

[In the following list prices are given where they have been supplied by Publishers.]

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

ON THE USE OF SCIENCE TO CHRISTIANS. By Emma Marie Caillard. James Nisbet & Co. 1s. 6d.
THE EUCCHARISTIC MANUALS OF JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY. Edited by Rev. W. E. Dutton. John Hodges.

THE DIES IREM. Part I.: THE HYMN. By Rev. C. F. S. Warton. Skeffington & Son. 8s.
THE BIBLE: ITS MEANING AND SUPREMACY. By F. W. Farrar, D.D. Longmans & Co. 15s.
SOME LESSONS OF THE REVISED VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By the Right Rev. Brooks Foss Westcott, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton. 8s.
THE INCARNATION. By E. N. Gifford, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d.
THE MODERN READER'S BIBLE: JEREMIAH. Edited by Richard G. Moulton, M.A. Macmillan & Co. 2s. 6d.

HISTORY.

BELL'S CATHEDRAL SERIES: THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ROCHESTER. By G. H. Palmer, B.A. And THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF OXFORD. By Rev. Percy Dearmer, M.A.
THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE SCOTTISH UNION QUESTION. G. W. T. Omond. Oliphant, Anderson & Fetter.

POETRY.

THE ANNALS OF ENGLAND IN VERSE AND RHYME. By George Norman Hexter. Chapman & Hall. 3s. 6d.
DEPARTMENTAL DIVING. Ninth edition. By Rudyard Kipling. W. Thacker & Co.
RUBY BLITHE, AND OTHER POEMS. By William J. Tate. Digby, Long & Co.
ENGLISH LYRIC POETRY. With an Introduction by Frederic Ives Carpenter. Blackie & Son, Ltd.

FICTION.

THE DREAMS OF DANIA. By Frederick Langbridge, James Bowden. 3s. 6d.
A ROGUE'S CONSCIENCE. By David Christie Murray. Downey & Co. 3s. 6d.
OUT OF HER SMOUD. By Henry Ochiltree. A. & C. Black.
WITHOUT ISSUE. By Henry Crosswell. Hurst & Blackett. 6s.
HIS COUSIN THE WALLABY, AND THREE OTHER AUSTRALIAN STORIES. By Arthur Forbes. George Robertson & Co.
A MINION OF THE MOON. By T. W. Speight. Chatto & Windus.
LOVE IN OLD CLOATHES, AND OTHER STORIES. By H. C. Bunner. Downey & Co. 5s.
THE PARENT'S ASSISTANT. New Edition. By Maria Edgeworth. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.
THE PINK TULIP. By Caroline Stanley. The Roxburghe Press. 3s. 6d.
A RUSSIAN WILD FLOWER. By E. A. Brayley Hodgetts. John Macquenn.
JOHN ARMISTEAD'S REVENGE. By P. Hay Hunter. Oliphant, Anderson, & Fetter. 3s. 6d.
THE GREAT JADELL DIAMOND. By J. L. Owen. The Roxburghe Press. 3s. 6d.

NATURAL HISTORY.

BIRDS OF OUR ISLANDS. By F. A. Fulcher. Andrew Melrose. 3s. 6d.

GEOGRAPHICAL.

THE PANIERS AND THE SOURCE OF THE OXUS. By the Right Hon. George N. Curzon, M.P. Edward Stanford. 6s.

EDUCATIONAL.

HERODOTUS: BOOK III. Edited by John Thompson, M.A., and R. J. Hayes, M.A. W. B. Clive. 4s. 6d.
THE ROYAL UNIVERSITY OF IRELAND: CALENDAR FOR 1897. Longmans & Co.
VIRGIL: GEORGE IV. By T. E. Page, M.A. Macmillan & Co. 1s. 6d.
THUCYDIDES: BOOK VI. Edited by E. C. Marchant, M.A. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.
A HANDBOOK OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. Originally compiled by Austin Dobson. New edition, revised by W. Hall Griffin, B.A. Crosby, Lockwood & Son.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GLIMPSES OF OUR EMPIRE. By Robinson Souttar, M.A. Hodder & Stoughton. 1s. 6d.
BOX-MOTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. Edited by Walter Jarrold. J. M. Dent & Co.
THE COMPLETE CYCLIST. By A. C. Pemberton and Others. Edited by B. Fletcher Robinson. A. D. Innes & Co. 6s.
THE WHITE SLAVES OF ENGLAND. By Robert Harborough Sherard. Illustrated by Harold Piffard. James Bowden. 2s. 6d.
FADS OF AN OLD PHYSICIAN. By George S. Keith, M.D. A. & C. Black.
DOMESTIC SERVICE IN THE UNITED STATES. By Lucy Maynard Salmon. Macmillan & Co. 7s. 6d.
A TREATISE ON ROCKS, ROCK-WEATHERING, AND SOILS. By George P. Merrill. Macmillan & Co.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. HENRY FROWDE will publish shortly the second part of the *Yattendon Hymnal*, containing fifty hymns, with English words for singing in churches, edited by Mr. Robert Bridges. This hymnal is being printed with the quaint music types of Peter Walpergen, and the fine Roman and italic of Bishop Fell, at the Oxford University Press, and issued in royal quarto and (limited) folio editions. Mr. Bridge's home is at Yattendon.

THIS year being the centenary of the death of Edmund Burke, a series of commemorative meetings is to be held in Belfast under the auspices of the Belfast Library and Society for Promoting Knowledge. On Tuesday, May 4, under the presidency of the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, an address will be delivered by the Archbishop of Armagh upon "Burke as Orator and Writer." On Thursday, May 6, D. G. Barkley, Esq., LL.D., will preside, and a lecture, entitled "Burke as Statesman and Political Thinker," will be given by His Honour Judge Webb, Q.C. On the third and concluding evening, Saturday, May 8, the Rev. J. J. Nesbitt, M.A., will give a series of readings from the writings of Edmund Burke.

To those who are awaiting with eagerness the appearance of Mrs. Meynell's promised anthology of the best poems in the English language, which Mr. Grant Richards will publish under the title *The Flower of the Mind*, the Autolycus article in Wednesday's *Pall Mall Gazette* should be particularly interesting, for in it, week by week, Mrs. Meynell is appraising the merits of certain poets whose work she has latterly assayed. Last week she wrote of Gray's *Elegy*, this week Cowley was examined.

It may be as well to correct two rumours that have been in circulation during the past week. The Queen has not caused a memoir of Prince Henry of Battenburg to be written for private circulation, and Mr. Kipling has not gone to the seat of war to represent the *Times*.

THE *Westminster Gazette* announces that it has made arrangements with Mr. Stephen Crane for special letters describing the war. Mr. Crane is with the Greek army.

In the current number of the *University Magazine* two popular women novelists come in for hard treatment in articles entitled respectively, "Marie Corelli and her Public" and "The Downfall of Olive Schreiner."

THE *Dome* being concerned with architecture, literature, painting, and music, offers in its first number matter touching all four subjects. Painting and the allied arts come off with greatest honour, and architecture with least. The page of the *Dome* is too small for justice to be done to its artists. The literature is fair. We quote

the following Song of Brotherhood by Mr. James Snedborough:

"Once in the tender moonlight
I wakened out of sleep:
Unclouded was all heaven,
And foamless all the deep.
"I saw them through the window,
The homely sea and sky:
We seemed such friends that moment,
Such brothers, God and I."

The *Dome* is announced to appear quarterly.

ANOTHER new periodical is *The Genealogical Magazine*, which begins with the May number. It is described as a journal of family history, heraldry, and pedigrees, and from the character of the queries printed at the end of the number it would seem likely to be of value as well as interest. The notes under the heading of "By the Way" are bright and timely. Among the articles is one describing Governor Bradford's Log of the *Mayflower*. Mr. Elliot Stock is the publisher of *The Genealogical Magazine*.

MESSRS. GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED, will publish next week a book by Mr. Edwin A. Pratt, entitled *Pioneer Women in Victoria's Reign*, being short histories of great movements. He sketches the work done by Miss Harriet Martineau and Miss Jennie Boucherett towards securing suitable "Employment for Women"; by Miss Rye and Mrs. Chisholm in the cause of "Emigration"; by Miss Buss in aid of "The Higher Education of Women"; by Drs. Elizabeth Blackwell, Garrett Anderson, and Sophia Jex Blake as "Pioneer Women Doctors"; by Miss Nightingale and others in promoting skilled "Nursing"; by Miss L. Twining for securing "Poor Law Reform"; and by Miss Mary Carpenter, Lady Kinnaird, Mrs. Nassau Senior, and many others, towards alleviating the lot of the friendless, the helpless, the blind, and the deserving poor throughout the country.

THE *Critic* introduces us to the nearest approach to the immortal Marjorie Fleming that Chicago can produce. This is Myra Bradwell Helmer, a novelist of seven years of age, whose short stories have been published and sold for a charity. In her preface to the collection Myra says: "I talked it and mamma wrote it down for me just as I talked it." In one story the child tells how typhoid fever broke out among the fairies. When the fairy doctor came he told the fairy godmother all about "microbes and germs, and told her to boil the water." The fairy godmother was not inclined to take as law and gospel all that the doctor said, and asked if "a hair was a sidewalk for a microbe." To this the doctor evasively replied, "Oh, no! They are much smaller." This was too much for the fairy godmother, who wanted to know "if the germ had the fever why didn't the fever, which killed little boys and girls, kill the germ. And if the germ didn't have the fever, how could it give the fever; how could a thing give a thing it didn't have." The fairy doctor, taking refuge in evasion, answered, "Nobody knows but God."

WITH the June number the magazine *Belgravia* will be enlarged and improved. Nowadays a magazine for which a shilling is asked must be enlarged and improved to an extraordinary extent if it is to come triumphantly out of the struggle for life. A new cover has been designed for *Belgravia*, and among its forthcoming features will be an article descriptive of London hospital work for sixty years.

MYRA BRADWELL HELMER is also a poetess. In one place she sings:

"The flower that bends down to the earth
Will soon go back to God,
But never again will it return
The same as it was plod."

In a footnote the child explains that "this poem which came in my head quick and sudden doesn't make sense, because the word plod, which rhymes so nicely with God, doesn't mean what I want it to." This is quaint, but we cannot agree with the *Critic* that Marjorie Fleming is equalled.

WITH its current issue the *Lark* of San Francisco ceases. No more shall we be bidden "Hark, hark, the lark at the Golden Gate."

ONE hardly looks to the *Quarterly Review* for any record of the Queen's preferences in literature, but none the less in the new number a few of Her Majesty's favourite authors are mentioned. The poets are Shakespeare, Scott, Tennyson and Adelaide Ann Proctor; the novelists, Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, Mrs. Craik, Mrs. Oliphant and Edna Lyall. In German Her Majesty reads with most pleasure Goethe, Heine, and Schiller; and in French, Racine, Corneille, and Lamartine.

THE last week has seen the appearance of two new poems by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, one written to explain a picture of a vampire exhibited in the New Gallery by the poet's cousin, Mr. Philip Burne-Jones. The other was "Our Lady of the Snow," a poetical commentary on the New Canadian Tariff, printed in the *Times* on Tuesday. Neither effort strikes us as clear, yet each has the air of meaning a great deal. In "Our Lady of the Snow" the swing of the lines and their obvious patriotic intent are most tantalising; they make an appeal which the brain vainly tries to transmit to the heart. "The Vampire" is worse, with its maddening lilt and its hidden meaning. If Mr. Kipling were mischievously inclined he might flood us with haunting lines which no one understood and no one dared pronounce meaninglessly.

THREE is probably always room for a new handbook to London, provided it be good. That which Messrs. Darlington & Co. are now preparing promises to be particularly good. The authors are E. C. Cook and E. T. Cook, M.A., the latter being editor of the *Daily News* and the author of an excellent Handbook to the National Gallery. His contributions to the forthcoming volume are chapters on the British Museum, the National Gallery, the

National Portrait Gallery, and the South Kensington Museum. The new handbook will be illustrated by maps, plans, and pictures.

FACT and fiction are eternally at one another's heels. Now it is fact which is the forerunner, now fiction gets ahead. The other day an explosion occurred on the Underground Railway, at Aldersgate Station, which is attributed to foul play. This happened only a very little while after the appearance of Mr. Coulson Kernahan's *Captain Shannon*, a prominent incident of which is the destruction of Blackfriars Station by a dynamite bomb left in one of the railway carriages.

MR. JOSEPH PENNELL will contribute an article on "Bull Fighting and Bull Fighters" to the May number of *Cosmopolis*. Mr. Karl Blind will write on "Walter von der Vogelweide"; and, in the German section, M. A. Brandl will pronounce on Mr. Thomas Hardy and Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Mr. Kipling's story, "Slaves of the Lamp," comes to a conclusion in this number.

MR. HINKSON has in hand a romance of the Irish Rebellion of 1798, the centenary of which is to be extensively kept in Ireland and America. It is founded on a little-known contemporary diary of a prisoner, and will be published under the title of *The Green Cockade*.

MESSRS. J. M. DENT & Co. write to us as follows: "We notice in your issue of last week that our volume of reproductions of Mr. Hyde's illustrations to Milton's *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* is stated to be scarce. This is not the case: we have copies left of both it and Mr. Garnett's *Imaged World* at the service of the many just admirers of Mr. Hyde's work."

MR. BARRY PAIN is writing for the *English Illustrated Magazine* a series of twelve romantic papers around and about the personality of Robin Hood.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK, who has already published interesting facsimile reprints of the first editions of *The Compleat Angler*, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, Herbert's *Temple*, and other classics, is now adding *The Christian Year* to the list. Keble's work dates from 1827. To this reprint the Bishop of Rochester will prefix an introduction.

THE date fixed for the Women Writers' Dinner this year is June 14. Mrs. F. A. Steel and Miss E. F. Montrésor have been added to the committee.

THE "Man of Kent," writing in the *British Weekly*, comments on the present position of the *Speaker* as a political organ, and states that a movement is on foot to start "a Liberal Spectator" at a moderate price. "A moderate price" we take to mean threepence.

THE ONLOOKER.

MR. GEORGE MOORE ON STEVENSON.

THE publication by Mr. W. B. Yeats of a little book called *The Secret Rose* has given occasion to Mr. George Moore to issue a pontifical depreciation of Stevenson in the columns of the *Daily Chronicle*—a depreciation which naturally possesses a sort of vicarious importance by reason of the vogue which that paper necessarily gives to it. Therefore it deserves an answer; not because it is either well-conceived or strongly written, but because it happened to be written there.

The first lesson of Mr. Yeats's book, cries Mr. Moore, is that "Stevenson is not the only man who ever lived who wrote English prose," and than that "there could hardly be whispered at the present time a more welcome truth." Since it is clear that no human being in his senses has ever claimed, in that redundant phrase, that Stevenson "is the only man who ever lived who wrote English prose," and equally clear, therefore, that this truth is neither welcome nor unwelcome, one may wonder a little why Mr. Moore should choose this particular occasion to air his views upon a subject about which he is, of course, at liberty to hold whatever views he pleases. But, as Mr. Moore says, "we all have our way of doing things"—and this is Mr. Moore's way.

The depreciation falls into two divisions: a particular comparison, unfavourable to Stevenson's work, with Mr. Yeats's book, and a general whistling down the wind of Stevenson's capacity for thought, invention, and even true style. Mr. Moore satisfies himself on the first point by a quotation from *The Secret Rose*, of which this forms part:

"It was one of those warm, beautiful nights, when everything seems carved of precious stones. The woods of the Sleuth Hound away to the south looked as though cut out of green beryl, and the waters that mirrored them shone like opal. The roses he was gathering were like glowing rubies, and the lilies had the dull lustre of pearl. Everything had taken upon itself the look of something imperishable, except a glow-worm, whose faint flame burnt on steadily among the shadows, moving hither and thither, the only thing that seemed alive, the only thing that seemed perishable as mortal hope."

"There are many summer nights in Stevenson's writing," comments Mr. Moore; "do you know one as fluid, as boundless, as brilliant, or so silent? . . . By the side of this beautiful prose, subtle, wistful as the moon shining upon mist, does not Stevenson's vision seem dry, hard, prosaic?"

That is the challenge. Now be it far from me to dispraise the workmanship which created Mr. Yeats's "fluid" summer night—in a perfectly artificial way it is pretty and delicate. True, it suggests no particular fact of nature or imagination; you talk in this kind of prose about nights when everything seems carved out of jewels as a kind of matter of course; you deal with opals and amethysts and rubies and roses because these are the world's possessions you like to talk about. Such remote comparisons of everyday things, not to realities, not to

suggestions of realities, but to some commodity of high market value were justified, or ever Mr. Yeats wrote thus, in the collected works of Solomon. It is a well-known trick, which deftly done is rather pleasant, and which is done by Mr. Yeats very deftly indeed, as deftly as Mr. Strudwick has done it in painting; but to depreciate Stevenson as "dry and prosaic" because he used no such trick, because when he wrote of summer nights he thought of summer nights and not of precious stones, is as wise as to prefer vinegar in a gold cup to rare wine in a customary wine-glass. The roses were like glowing rubies—were they? And the lily had the dull lustre of pearl? And the waters shone like opal? And I suppose you would liken the morning twilight to turquoises, and the dawn to a tiara of diamonds, and so forth, and so forth. It is almost unfair to pitch a high Stevensonian phrase into rivalry with this pretty filagree, but let it be done for once and then be left. Stevenson also wrote of a summer night which happened in the Cevennes pine-woods; he too described the morning twilight, but, alas! without the aid of the jewel-case; he called it the "blue light which is the mother of the dawn." That may not be fluid or as wistful as the moon shining on mist, but it is—well, it is art.

Mr. Moore's views upon Stevenson's style are interesting chiefly by reason of the revelation they give of Mr. Moore's views upon style of any kind. To him style appears not so much as the necessary and unique expression of a definite thought, so that thought and style are in a sense one, but as the deliberate clothing of something which one supposes that Mr. Moore supposes to be a thought without words. Stevenson's style, he says in effect, is mere trickwork. He thinks a thought and he takes the dictionary and proceeds to clothe the thought in rare garments. This is the Stevensonian invention, and Mr. Moore discovered it one day, about ten years ago, when he was reading a story—"I forget which, but it does not matter," and "I was struck by the unexpectedness of every epithet"—and suddenly Mr. Moore saw that he could easily substitute an "ordinary" epithet for every "extraordinary" epithet. It came in a flash, in this way. In a passionate phrase Stevenson had described a man stopping a clock with "interjected finger," the flight of the word is intensely significant, as most men can see; but Mr. Moore saw that "inserted finger" might have been written by somebody not Stevenson, and, behold, the great discovery was made! All Stevenson, says Mr. Moore, is in that "interjected finger." I have stated Mr. Moore's case, in my own way—as he would say. The mere statement should suffice.

The rest of this singular attack does not call for any reply, chiefly because Mr. Moore is clearly without more than the vaguest knowledge of what Stevenson really wrote. "Great literature cannot be composed from narratives of perilous adventures," says this reviewer. It is an odd assertion, seeing that Mr. Moore appeals to the "ancient writers" in justification of his view, and I need not insult him by reminding him of any ancient writer save Homer—but let that

pass. The discussion ceases when you remember that Stevenson by no means confined himself to "narratives of perilous adventures." Has Mr. Moore never read *An Inland Voyage*, *Travels with a Donkey*, *Virginibus Puerisque*, *Familiar Studies of Men and Books*, *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, *The Child's Garden of Verses*, *Underwoods*, or *Ballads*? to name but these, which are none of them composed from narratives of perilous adventures. With that the bottom falls clean out of Mr. Moore's case. It is useless to pursue the controversy, for there is none. I claim no rank, no excellence, no supremacy for Mr. Moore's Stevenson. He is a fantasy, the creature of an imperfect dream. The real Stevenson who wrote is not here under discussion; he needs no championing.

VERNON BLACKBURN.

MR. KIPLING'S BEGINNINGS.*

MR. KIPLING's earliest volume of verse, *Departmental Ditties*, was from the first good reading; but now, in the light of the fuller knowledge that we have of the range of his genius and the development of his philosophy, it becomes peculiarly interesting, although less, perhaps, for the verses themselves (since the workmanship is often crude) than as an indication of how their author's mind was shaping. For if it were the habit of critics to prophesy (which it is not), a sagacious reviewer, on the appearance of *Departmental Ditties* years ago, might have based upon the promise of that book and the tendencies it displayed a fairly accurate forecast of the nature of Mr. Kipling's performances in the future. Critics are, however, frequently wise men, and wise men leave vaticination alone; or (like the present writer) predict only after the event. This new edition of the *Departmental Ditties*, the ninth, offers opportunity of a search for beginnings.

The child (or, in this case, the youth) is very noticeably the father of the man. The man is younger—that is all: his eyes are less tolerant, his cynicism is more obvious, he is nearer his models (the author of the *Bab Ballads*, for example); but there is the same instinct for the biting word, the same joy in swinging metre, the same exultation in brute strength and brute callousness, the same vigilance for life's ironies: all are here, though in lesser degree. Let us see how the young writer was anticipating his maturer work. In "The Galley Slave," for instance, can one not find the bed-plates of "The Finest Story in the World"?

"Oh gallant was our galley from her carved steering-wheel
To her figure-head of silver and her beak of hammered steel;
The leg-bar chafed the ankle, and we gasped for cooler air,
But no galley on the water with our galley could compare!"

* *Departmental Ditties*. By Rudyard Kipling. Ninth edition. Illustrated by Dudley Cleave. (W. Thacker & Co.)

"Our bulkheads bulged with cotton and our masts were stepped in gold—
We ran a mighty merchandise of niggers in the hold;
The white foam spun behind us, and the black shark swam below,
As we gripped the kicking sweep-head and we made that galley go."

In "Arithmetic on the Frontier" there is the kernel of more than one Kipling story:

"A scrimmage in a Border Station—
A canter down some dark defile—
Two thousand pounds of education
Drops to ten-rupee jezail—
The Crammer's boast, the Squadron's pride,
Shot like a rabbit in a ride!"

And the "General Summary," but with different treatment and application, might be said, without undue stretching, to be the forerunner of "King Romance" in *The Seven Seas*:

"Who shall doubt the secret hid
Under Cheops' pyramid
Was that the contractor did
Cheops out of several millions?
Or that Joseph's sudden rise
To Comptroller of Supplies
Was a fraud of monstrous size
On King Pharaoh's swart Civilians?"

There is a hint of the beautiful musical *envoy* to the *Barack-Room Ballads* in "In Spring Time" and "Christmas in India."

"Through the pines the gusts are booming,
o'er the brown fields blowing chill,
From the furrow of the ploughshare streams
the fragrance of the loam,
And the hawk nests on the cliffside and the jackdaw in the hill,
And my heart is back in England 'mid the sights and sounds of Home."

The man who wrote "The Ballad of Fisher's Boarding-House" would obviously one day go on to write something as strong as "The Rhyme of the Three Whalers":

"'Twas Fultah Fisher's boarding-house,
Where sailor-men reside,
And there were men of all the ports
From Mississipp to Clyde,
And regally they spat and smoked
And fearsomely they lied.

"They lied about the purple sea
That gave them scanty bread,
They lied about the earth beneath,
The heavens overhead.
For they had looked too often on
Black rum when that was red."

And so on, down to the killing of Hans—

"Thus slew they Hans, the blue-eyed Dane,
Bull-throated, bare of arm,
But Anne of Austria looted first
The maid Ultruda's charm—
The little silver crucifix
That keeps a man from harm."

"Divided Destinies" gives us a glimpse of the Jungle books; and the core of "At the End of the Passage" is in "La Nuit Blanche," that wonderful description of the delirium of fever:

"Then a Face came blind and weeping,
And It couldn't wipe Its eyes,
And It muttered I was keeping
Back the moonlight from the skies;
So I patted It for pity,
But It whistled shrill with wrath,
And a huge black Devil City
Poured its peoples on my path.

"So I flew with steps uncertain
On a thousand-year-long race,
But the bellying of the curtain
Kept me always in one place;
While the tumult rose and maddened
To the roar of earth on fire,
Ere it ebbed and sank and saddened
To a whisper tense as wire."

What one does not find in *Departmental Ditties* is the patriotism, the military note, and the love of the sea which distinguish the later writings. The philosophy of life is there, little changed; and the mode of treatment is almost the same as in the more recent books, except that it is less sure.

One curious circumstance is brought to light by this re-perusal of *Departmental Ditties*, and that is the similarity between the tone of Mr. Kipling's maxims in imitation of Hafiz and Col. John Hay's distiches. The American's distiches are now well known; here are some of the Anglo-Indian's cynicisms:

"The temper of chums, the love of your wife,
and a new piano's tune—
Which of the three will you trust at the end
of an Indian June?"

Again,

"If She grow suddenly gracious—reflect. Is it
all for thee?
The black buck is stalked through the bullock,
and Man through jealousy."

Again,

"Seek not the favour of women. So shall you
find it indeed.
Does not the boar break cover just when
you're lighting a weed?"

Now and again Mr. Kipling, in this, his earliest effort, reached high-water mark. He has, for instance, tried other variants of "The Story of Uriah," but in the departmental ditty which bears that title—a mere matter of thirty-two lines—he fixes the standard. Nor can we see how "The Ballad of Fisher's Boarding House," "Pagett, M.P.," or "La Nuit Blanche" could be bettered, while "Pink Dominoes" is in a manner which the author has not attempted since. We would also pick out the "General Survey," "Arithmetic on the Frontier," "A Code of Morals," and (inexplicable though it be) "What Happened." Much of the book is, it is true, second rate and cheap, but there are a few pieces which we should like to see collected with Mr. Kipling's later work. Some day, perhaps, he will overhaul the three volumes in which his poetry is stored and make from them certain selections having each an individual character.

"HENRY V." AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

It is somewhat painful and surprising to find that the Shakespeare Memorial performances attract little attention in London. Playgoers profess to regret that during 1896 only five of Shakespeare's plays were presented to them, yet neglect the opportunity of seeing twice that number excellently performed within a fortnight. Moreover, the newspapers that can find a column for an account of a paltry musical

farce at a second-rate West-End theatre, or two columns of report and pretended criticism concerning the Lyceum production of the translation of a third-rate French piece, almost ignore the Stratford performances. Now so far as nine of the ten plays that formed the Benson *répertoire* are concerned it is needless to say much, seeing Mr. Benson's able method of staging them, and the high qualities of the acting in them, are well-known to students of the drama. The "Henry V." deserves discussion, since it is the novelty of this festival.

Moreover, "Henry V." is quite a novelty to most of us. No doubt it was presented in gorgeous spectacular fashion at Drury Lane in 1879, which, however, is now so far back in stage history as to be but little later than the beginning of the famous Irving management at the Lyceum. It is not very difficult to see why the play has been thus neglected; but Mr. Benson very nearly, perhaps quite, succeeds in showing that the neglect has been ill-founded, and that such remarks as "It is the least dramatic of the series," and that "It is a magnificent monologue," are beyond the truth. We may not assert that "Henry V." takes a high rank as drama among Shakespeare's work; yet it has far stronger acting qualities than have been ascribed to it. Those who were so fortunate as to be present at the "first night" at Stratford, and also the birthday performance, have had an interesting opportunity of seeing how much can be done with such a play by adroit yet respectful handling. A dexterous change in order of the scenes, and one or two bold cuts, rendered a piece which seemed to fade away in the middle of the fourth act really interesting, and even dramatic to the end of the fifth.

The complaint made against the play has always been that it is a purely one-part work—this might have been an attraction to some actor-managers. Mr. Benson, in making the sacrifices of text without which Shakespearean drama cannot be given to the feeble playgoers of our days, has taken pains to do so rather at the cost of the King's part than that of the minor characters; consequently these, and many of them are admirable examples of Shakespeare's character drawing, stand out vividly; nevertheless, Mr. Benson, by his force and skill, makes the King appear a splendid heroic figure among them. It is curious to see how wise selection and arrangement make the dramatist's idea of contrast between the English and French so striking. Perhaps one should not say English, since it is noteworthy that in this play, in which Shakespeare has adopted a national tone somewhat prophetically, we have the English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh fighting side by side. To heighten this contrast, one daring, and possibly unjustifiable, step has been taken. In the French camp-scene a song and dance have been introduced, emphasising the idea hinted in the chorus concerning the revelling of the French over-night, and there follow in sharp comparison scenes to show the pious, and one may add, business-like, preparation of the little British army. For sake of this the song and dance are perhaps pardonable, though since it has

been necessary, on account of time, to omit the famous choruses one is indisposed to assent to any interpolation. As it stands the play shows a real dramatic growth of interest, one might almost say plot, down to the end of the fourth act, when, after Montjoy's admission of defeat, the curtain comes down on a picturesque procession of priests and monks with cross and banner coming with holy chaunt across the battlefield among the victorious warriors. It was before this on the first night that came the well-known scene between Pistol and the French prisoner, and the episode of William's discovery of his glove in Fluellen's hat; but on the second night they were taken out and put at the beginning of the fifth act, and the effect was a great gain in strength, the play moving forward powerfully to the end of the fourth act and re-awakening in the fifth, to round the stories of the minor characters, and end in the quaint and amusing courtship scene.

The play lends itself remarkably to scenic display, which is well, since nowadays the public will not accept the descriptions of the chorus as compensation for the

"Four or five most vile and ragged fools,
Right ill-dispos'd in brawl ridiculous."

Mr. Benson, with a skill quite marvelous considering the size of the stage, has contrived some very effective pictures, adopting for the battle-scene the device of a single tableau and using no "alarms and excursions." There are so many characters of importance in the piece that the ordinary Benson company has been increased for the occasion, and owing to this there was in one or two scenes some lack of homogeneity in the acting. Taken, however, as a whole, the performance was exceedingly good. Mr. Benson's Henry was a rather quiet, dignified presentation, which in its effect seemed out of proportion to the means adopted, and one can but assume that it is the actor's sincerity and fine art which made him stand out vividly as a true king among men. We can hardly discuss in detail the long cast, but it would be unjust to ignore the richly humorous Fluellen of Mr. Weir, the powerful Williams of Mr. Swete, the vivid Pistol of Mr. Asche, and Mr. Nicholson's clever Nym; while the admirable acting of Miss Alice Denzil as Mistress Quickly and the charming Katherine of Mrs. Benson must be named.

ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

XXV.—ANDREW MARVELL.

ANDREW MARVELL was a gentleman who wrote with ease; and though the body of his poetical work is of the most slender, his place among the amateur poets, or poets whose primary idea in singing is to please themselves or their friends, is with the highest. He is remarkable chiefly for distinction of intellect; remarkable incidentally in being almost the last poet, until Crabbe and Cowper came, to look at nature for himself. After Marvell the artificial period set in like a frost, and held the fields

and lawns with an iron grasp. Marvell's little handful of out-of-door poems—"Upon Appleton House," "The Garden," "Upon the Hill and Grove at Billborow," "The Bermudas"—are as felicitous and debonair as anything in the language. In the presence of yew hedges and box-wood walks, the spreading hands of cedars and the fragrance of roses, the plashings of the fountain and the silent reminder of the sundial, he was sensitive and impressionable to his fingertips: in a garden after his own heart he could annihilate "all that's made to a green thought in a green shade." Later in life he fell a victim to the snare of politics, but once he could ask:

"Unhappy! shall we never more
That sweet militia restore,
When gardens only had their tow'rs,
And all the garrisons were flow'rs,
When roses only arms might bear,
And men did rosie garlands wear?
Tulips, in several colours barr'd,
Were then the Switzers of our guard;
The gardiner had the souldier's place,
And his more gentle forts did trace;
The nursery of all things green
Was then the only magazine."

Once, in "The Garden," Marvell could write:

"Fair Quiet, I have found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear!
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among these plants will grow;
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude."

And again:

"Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide:
There like a bird it sits and sings."

It is sad to think that such a divine loafer as the poet of "The Garden"—

"The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insnar'd with flow'rs, I fall on grass"—

should ever have succumbed to faction. But so it was. For the bulk of his later work Marvell courted only the satirical muse. His "Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland" is a magnificent exception. No such serious poem was ever handicapped by so abrupt and undignified a metre or came out of the ordeal so triumphantly. The stanzas referring to Charles I. are well known:

"He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try."

"Nor called the gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right;
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed."

Of Marvell's frankly satirical manner these lines from "The Loyal Scot" are a good example:

"What ethic river is this wondrous Tweed,
Whose one bank virtue, t'other vice does breed?
Or what new perpendicular does rise
Up from her streams continued to the skies,
That between us the common air should bar,
And split the influence of every star—"

although his best-known effort is the rather too heavy-handed squib entitled "The Character of Holland." In a more familiar style is the letter to the learned Dr. Wittie, on the completion of his translation of *Popular Errors*, which shows that Marvell's allegiance to the weed in later life was not less sound than his love of flowers in younger days. He begins:

"Our books in growing ranks so numerous be
That scarce one cuttle fish swims in the sea,"

by which he means that they all have been captured for ink; and continues, of the multitude of books:

"Sturdier they rise from printing-press's blows.
The more 'tis pressed this Hydra bulkier grows."

Can acornite or plant else known to men
Expel this cacœthes of the pen?
Ind only on our sorrows taking pity
Provides an antidote, dear Dr. Wittie.
Tobacco, useful poison, Ind bestows,
Which more than hellebore drives out our woes."

Marvell, who acted as Milton's secretary, was one of the few of the poet's contemporaries conscious of the sublimity of *Paradise Lost*. As the years pass on it is likely that the appreciation of his own poetry will increase rather than lessen.

THE BOOK MARKET.

THE BOOK AND THE BARROW.

IT was the sight of a very presentable copy of *Evelyn's Diary* that checked my progress down the Farringdon-road the other afternoon. But for that I should have nothing to record beyond the fact that it rained in that prosaic and normally noisy thoroughfare. Yet even rain and mud and noise are mitigated here by the straggling ramshackle book market which lines the pavement between Farringdon-road Station and the Clerkenwell-road. The man must be very dull, or very anxious, who can pass these six or eight open bookstalls without stopping at one of them. For here, side by side, are life and literature. Here is the "daily tragedy" of which Maeterlinck is just now the spokesman, and here is the treasure of the humble and the harassed. I bought the *Evelyn* at a comforting price; and then, half in the shelter of a tarpaulin roof, half outside it, I talked in mildly inquisitive fashion.

"Yes, sir," he said, "you might have seen me here three or four years ago, seeing I've been here with hardly a miss every day for nineteen years."

"Nine—teen —!"

"Yes, sir; I'm the veteran of the lot. They call me The Veteran. I was the first man to sell books on the pavement, though, to be sure, I began by selling chestnuts."

"And for all these years you have been able to sell books here for a living?"

"Yes, sir; and not such a bad living either, as things go, and as things change. But look at the competition now"—and my friend stepped back a pace and jer'd his thumb expressively toward the Meat



ANDREW MARVELL

From the Picture in the National Portrait Gallery

Market and toward Clerkenwell. 'Why, sir,' he continued, 'I have to be humble now. A man comes here and picks up this book and reads it for half-an-hour. Ten years ago I should have stopped that sort of thing. But now I say: 'Nice book that, sir. Will it be in your line to-day?' And he'll answer, 'I don't know yet; I'm looking at it.' And he'll read it ten minutes longer and then he'll say: 'A shillin'!' as if he were astonished at the price. And perhaps I take tenpence; perhaps I don't—just depends."

"Do you obtain regular customers here?"

"Oh, dear, yes, sir; plenty. You see I'm well known, and I learned long ago what to buy. Now, take theology—that's what I'm famous for, though I do believe in the Miscellaneous. Still, I lean to theology, and so do a lot of people that come here."

"But will you tell me that you have a good sale for such books as these: *Nolan on the Prophecies*, *Toplady's Works*, *Horne's Introduction to the Scriptures* in six volumes, and *Law's Serious Call*?"

"Yes, sir, I have. Why, it's no uncommon thing for a dozen of Mr. Spurgeon's students to be round here together looking for books; and as for ministers, we have scores of them. Why, sir, when we were threatened to be cleared away by the Holborn Board of Works the ministers took our part. They said it was a grand thing for the working man to see books in the street."

"Just so. Well, now, if it is a fair question, where do you buy your books?"

"Chancery-lane, sir."

"What, in the Chancery-lane sale-rooms?"

"Certainly, sir," said my friend with a touch of pride. "These dozen years I've bought my books there, and many's the time I've stood bidding behind Quaritch."

"And this is?"

"A shilling, sir; and thank you."

BOOKSELLING CHAT.

INTEREST in the sale of the Ashburnham library increases as the event draws near. The sale, which will be opened on June 25, is expected to last eight days, and among the items to be offered is the first printed edition of the Bible, for which the Earl gave £3,400. The Caxton books include a first edition of the *Canterbury Tales* and a fine copy of Boethius' *De Consolatione Philosophie*. The Wynkyn de Worde books are also a striking lot.

MESSRS. KARSLAKE & CO., of Charing Cross-road, though second-hand booksellers, have had the enterprise to publish an attractive album of early portraits and portrait-groups of the Queen and Royal Family. Most of the reproductions are from fine proof impressions of engravings by Cousins and other early Victorian engravers. The album, which is sold at a shilling, is a suitable contribution to the literary output of this year of Jubilee.

THE eleven Carlyle letters sold at Sotheby's on Tuesday realised £35 5s. Of these, one sold for £4 18s. This was the letter containing references to *Frederick the Great*; another letter, relating to the proofs of Carlyle's *Cromwell*, went for £4 14s. A third letter, addressed to Mrs. Montagu, and dealing with the pension to Burns's sister, fetched £3.

A LARGE London bookseller remarked the other day that his stock of leather-bound books and "sets" of standard authors had been much depleted at Easter. He was replenishing it for American and South African customers. In answer to a few inquiries he enlarged on the magnificent purchases frequently made by rich South Africans in London. A wealthy diamond merchant will order a hundred pounds' worth of leather-bound sets on sight, and with very little regard to literary choice. One customer buys books to that amount every year, but sells them at handsome profits in South Africa, where the sight of a really beautifully bound and printed book fresh from London opens purses easily.

THE same bookseller finds his Jewish customers very eager for leather-bound books and "sets"; and he added the interesting information that they are all attracted by the same books. As they frequently come into his shop a dozen together, the difficulty is to supply them all with Dickens, Macaulay, or Charlotte Brontë. For these are the authors they love. Chambers's *Encyclopædia* is in large and constant demand among Jewish customers. A book which they all buy, sooner or later, is Mr. Arthur William A'Beckett's *The Comic History of England*. Why? It amuses them; and little Jewish boys ripen to it every day.

THE NEW GALLERY.

SUMMER EXHIBITION.

To say that this exhibition is unequal is to use a most insufficient word. Certain spaces of the line are devoted, with all state and honour, to work that would hardly pass into the Royal Academy; and again there are a greater number, in proportion, of beautiful and salient things than there are at any Academy, or at any other Gallery, including the New English Art Club. Mr. Sargent is represented by two portraits, in which the vitality of his eye and hand is at the flood. The lamplight portrait of "Mrs. George Batten, Singing," has an extraordinary spirit; the change and flicker of life are on the closed eyelids, the singing mouth, and the whole face lightly strained and mobile. This is but a head and bust. The full-length of "Mrs. George Swinton," in white satin, seems to flash light on our eyes, and yet the first thing we see by that illumination is simplicity—simply painted soft hair, simple gleams of white, simple jewels, a face almost severely simple in the painting, and, as usual, somewhat abruptly lighted, and the simple pale colours of the chair, unhelped by shadow in the delicate concave and texture of the plain, hollow, silken back. One difference between this shining work and something fine, but not so masterly, is that the greater achievement does not at all take you by surprise by its emphasis, whereas the lesser is sometimes overwhelming. There are two or three good and even brilliant pictures in the New Gallery that have such lights and such salience—such execution—as seem to insist too much even upon the technical artistic quality; yet what they so boast of is less than the technical quality of Mr. Sargent, where the triumph so outruns comparison and makes no noise. Among the most conspicuous best pictures (and we shall have space for few but these) is a land-

scape—"Blue and Silver and Gold"—by Mr. Leslie Thomson, which has a tranquil if not thrilling charm of harmony; on the nude figures of bathing nymphs under an eastern sky, the light is warm from an actual or recent sunset; the moon is hidden from us, like the sun, but has gathered enough light to silver the cloud and the waters; the pine-trees to the right are beautiful in drawing and feeling. Mr. Fred Hall also paints evening light in his "Drinking Pool"; nothing could be finer than the cattle—in movement, action, life, surface, and form; and there is a charming passage in the more distant landscape, where the moon is beginning to rise, but this light that challenges bright-blue shadows gives us the impression of light as it were turned high, as nature's sunset does not look. This kind of fragrantcy is not chargeable against Mr. Edward Stott, who suggests light gently in his "Village Inn" and "Summer Idyll": purely beautiful is the colour of a white horse with twilight on the cool and tender white, whilst the inn window shines close by. Mr. Moffat Lindner's "Storm Cloud, Christchurch Harbour," seems finer in the landscape than in the cloud, which has no glory, whether of form, flight, or illumination. It is a subtle and very slight tone of illumination that makes the beauty of "In South Tyrol," by Mr. Adrian Stokes, as it lies, just perceptible, on the shoulders of snow. But this distinguished painter has this year somewhat withdrawn from the reach of our criticism. We hasten to confess that in the rocks and snow slopes he has studied his search has been for rather secret beauties of tone and colour that we too should have sought in order to know the whole of his success.

Mr. Arthur Tomson's "Summit" is a beautiful little landscape with trees finely drawn. Signor Costa has two of his most delicate works, which are certainly none the less welcome for being like so many from his hand in the past. "The First Dawn of 1897 on the Shore of the Tyrrhene Sea" has a wintry sweetness and purity as well as the classic elegance of all the shapes and lines he traces. There is a slender silver-work about some of the landscape of the South—distant mountains with the long journey of the fine outline of a range, calm waters and slight vegetation—that is made for the clear chasing of such a hand. "An Autumn Moonrise on the Pisan Mountains" is no less characteristic. Mr. Arnold Priestman has, as usual with him, a noble and grave view of nature in his "Evening"; the wind-flattened and serried trees and the scud flying soft and low have the touches of lovely art and feeling. Mr. Alfred Withers, too, has done well in the green shadow of the wood beyond his "Poppy Field." Mrs. M. R. Corbet imitates Signor Costa closely and with no small success in her "Blossoms and Dead Leaves"—a charming mingling of sere pale brown and the freshness of flowering trees. Mr. Arnesby Brown has painted his calves in "Above the Bay" with a full and most accomplished touch. From Mr. Wetherbee we expect something that shall charm us in glimpses, corners, little remote lights, and whites illumined in the distance; and it is far to the right and

in a fleeting passage of hill-tops that we find the greatest beauty of "With Pipe and Tabor." In "An Idyll of Spring" Mr. Alfred East has aimed at an almost indescribable delicacy of blossom and branch; he has painted the sprinkled spring, so studied in reference to the light that the sprinklings are pale against pallor—not scattered in minute darks against brightness; the huge but dainty task has been achieved with extraordinary skill, but not perhaps with perfect charm. With a word of warm admiration for Mr. Allan, Mr. Hale, Mr. Arthur Lemon, for Lord Carlisle (the light in his walls has splendour), for Mr. Hartley, and for Mr. Alfred Parsons we must leave the landscapes.

Whether Sir Edward Burne Jones has already exhibited his "Pilgrim of Love" we know not, but it is as long familiar as though it had been the one, only, and sufficient Burne Jones of twenty years. With an inflexible resolution to know nothing of the painter's symbolism, we are free to question at any rate the brambles and the birds. The figures are full of grace; but the brambles grow strangely in arches and wheels, and the flock of birds are somewhat in a mob. Birds that are not symbolic have, as may be seen against any sky, a perfect order in their flight, a common direction of all their winking wings; they curve together upon such an impulse as a quill pen writes a double-curving line with.

Mr. Watts exhibits "Paris on Ida," which shows the shepherd awaiting the goddesses, each about to alight on the mountain, wrapped in an upright cloud. The idea is perhaps due to Tennyson, who makes Here "withdraw into her golden cloud," and it is peculiarly lovely—lovelier in Mr. Watts's vision of their arrival. The clouds are soft columns of gentle scud; one of them is opening, and, from just beyond the picture, sheds golden lights on the figure of Paris on his knees. Mr. Watts has also a very tenderly and delicately painted portrait. And one of the portraits of the year is the brilliant picture of Miss Kitson by Mr. H. S. Tuke. Mr. La Thangue does not forsake the dappled sun and shadow of his often painted orchard; in "An Autumn Morning" his work is as solid as ever, and as full of nature. Mr. Waterhouse also does beautifully what he has very often done before. The fine plum-colour of "Mariana in the South" is in delicate contrast with the blues of the marble pavement that leads away to a narrow glimpse of sunshine. The great length of the leg to the knee and the shortness from the knee to the heel seem to need explaining. Mr. Collier Smithers has painted an exceedingly good picture in "A la Petite Chinoise"; Mr. Arthur Melville a clever, but rather grotesque portrait; and finally (the Balcony must be left out altogether) Mrs. Swynnerton more than one vigorous work full of life and spirit; and Mrs. Alma Tadema a little picture worthy of a fine Dutch master of the past.

A. M.

DRAMA.

WITH the exception of the opening of Her Majesty's Theatre, which happened too late for discussion in this article, there is nothing of any particular importance to record of the theatre. But a few pieces have been produced in which a remark or so of interest may be made, and I am becoming a little fearful lest a habit of silence may grow upon me, and the readers of the ACADEMY may think that I neglect to scout, as it were, for their amusement.

So I will begin with "Dr. Johnson, an Episode in One Act," by Mr. Leo Trevor, which is being played in front of "The Queen's Proctor," at the Strand. It is a pretty little play, the scheme of it being that Mrs. Boswell, enraged by her husband's devotion to the Doctor and neglect of herself, flirts with her cousin, Captain Alan McKenzie, of the Royal Regiment of Foot, and is on the point of eloping with him when the Doctor intervenes, and by assuring Mrs. Boswell of her husband's real affection for her, and by appealing to the better instincts of the Captain, carries the day in favour of morals and happiness ever after. The Johnsonian diction is cleverly and consistently used, and the whole thing, except for an occasional exaggeration, is plausible and sympathetic. One can imagine that the Doctor, with his good heart and his enthusiasm for morals, would have enjoyed himself immensely in the part assigned to him. He is very fairly represented. But "poor Bozzy" is not: he is represented traditionally. Now the view that Boswell—one of the greatest artists in biography who ever lived, a man of culture and knowledge of the world—was a combination of ass and toady is extremely silly, even for a popular view. It is known (he said it himself) that he often deliberately played the part of a butt to draw the Doctor out, thinking that nobody would be so foolish as to count him a fool therefore, in the face of his work: an opinion in which he was mistaken, as we know. But I do not blame Mr. Trevor for his Boswell: the true Boswell would be incredible to his audience.

Mr. Bouchier played Dr. Johnson very creditably indeed. He was cleverly made up, carried himself appropriately, and spoke his ponderous sentences naturally. I think he made a mistake in adopting a childishly eager manner in his quarrel with the Captain, but that was his only slip. Mr. Fred Thorne played the traditional Boswell with amazing skill, and Mr. Weir and Miss Crowe did what was necessary with the wife and the Captain.

I was agreeably surprised in "The French Maid," produced on Saturday at Terry's Theatre. As I listened to the expected, but nevertheless trying, flow of customary inanity, suddenly a couple of lines (in a song), which were distinctly witty, fell upon my ears. I referred to the book of lyrics and found that my ears were not mistaken. Mr. Basil Hood, the writer of the book, has a very pretty gift of imitation. The song in

question, a duet between two twins, might have been written by Tom Hood. Another song, "It's ever my endeavour," for a comic admiral, was Mr. Gilbert, by no means at his worst. A third song, for an amorous sailor, in which a fresh name for his beloved comes in every verse, was very funny. If Mr. Basil Hood would turn out a book of lyrics all of this quality, it would be one of the best of recent years. That is poor praise, let me say it would be a very good book. But he must invent a better plot than that of "My French Maid," which was almost unusually feeble. The music was not good, I thought, but it did not destroy the songs, and the piece was capably played by a capable and hard-working company. Therefore, if you care for this kind of thing at all, "The French Maid" is a thing to see.

BUT more use might be made of the acting talent in it. Mr. Eric Lewis's humour always appeals to me, and there should be more of it. Miss Kate Cutler is a very exceptionally delightful exponent of musical comedy—having grace and finish as well as archness and good looks and a pretty voice—and there was not nearly enough of her. Mr. Herbert Standing might be given more to do. Of the others, I must mention Mr. Clancy and Mr. Murray King, who were funny, and Mr. Joseph Wilson, who was very funny, and Mr. Richard Green, whose patriotism and manly emotion generally you could have cut with a knife.

I INTENDED to write about another piece I went to see, but I cannot praise it honestly, and no useful lesson, on the other hand, is taught by its defects. So of the Drama let so much have been said.

G. S. S.

MUSIC.

MR. MANNS'S BENEFIT CONCERT.

ANOTHER Palace season is over and gone, and Mr. Manns has shown that he has still plenty of energy and enthusiasm to continue the concerts, if only the public will properly support him. So much orchestral music, and of the best, is now to be heard in London proper that the journey to Sydenham becomes less and less of a necessity; but Sydenham itself and the immediate neighbourhood ought surely to take increasing interest in the undertaking. Messrs. Richter and Mottl may be special interpreters of Wagner, yet one can scarcely hear finer renderings of the Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and other modern symphonies than those given under the direction of Mr. Manns.

The programme last Saturday afternoon was a long one—too long indeed, but allowance must be made for a "benefit." It opened with a novelty, a dramatic overture, entitled "Mistral," by Mr. Herbert Bunting. There is some clever writing in it, though the subject-matter is of unequal merit. As

a whole the music may not make a strong impression, and yet it gives promise of better things in the future.

Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto was played by Maud MacCarthy, a young violinist who has already given two or three concerts in London. She is not yet in her teens, and, of course, does not play on a full-sized instrument. So far, therefore, as tone was concerned, there was something lacking; but her intonation was faultless, her technique splendid, and her reading of the work free from all affectation. The Finale was given with extraordinary dash and brilliancy. She is altogether a wonderful child, and, health and strength permitting, will become an artist of the very first rank. She was received, as was natural, with great enthusiasm. Prodiges, however clever, are, as a rule, unsatisfactory, but Maud MacCarthy is an exception; she is not a made, but a born artist. Someone in the audience was heard to say that it was a pity she should have chosen a work so familiar, and one which has so often been performed by great violinists. With that remark I can by no means agree. The little lady is already a great, if not fully developed, violinist, and there was no feeling of effort about her pure playing.

Mme. Burmeister-Peterson gave a clever and spirited rendering of Liszt's Fantasia on Hungarian Melodies with orchestra, dedicated to Dr. Hans von Bülow. The opening theme has character and breadth, afterwards spoilt by tinselly treatment; and in like manner the "Vivace" theme, after its first delivery, is not improved. The showy piece, however, is effective in its way.

Mme. Albani sang "Ardon Gl' Incensi" from Donizetti's "Lucia," and, later on, the "Liebestod" from Wagner's "Tristan." It would be difficult to imagine two pieces offering greater contrast, and it says much for the vocalist that she distinguished herself in both; in the former, the Flute obligato part was well played by Mr. Fransella. The general public goes to concerts for enjoyment rather than for instruction; yet some of the audience must have reflected on the extraordinary change which has come over dramatic music during the present century; and they may probably have felt thankful that they did not live in the so-called palmy days of Italian opera. In this year, by the way, occurs the centenary of Donizetti's birth; popular, however, as the Italian composer once was, I doubt whether, apart from the City of Bergamo, in which he was born, much notice will be taken of the event.

The other vocalist was Mr. Andrew Black, who sang songs by Wagner, Lassen, and Raff, though scarcely in his best form. The programme included Brahms's "Song of Destiny," one of the master's most inspired works. The music is wonderfully tender and earnest; though small in compass, it is a great composition. Brahms was here and there dry: intellect sometimes outweighed inspiration; in the "Song of Destiny" the skilful hand of the composer was throughout guided by strong emotion. A Viennese critic has justly described the work as an echo of the "German Requiem"; the idea which is there presented in a Christian form being

here given in a classical one. The Crystal Palace Choir sang with care and intelligence.

I have still to speak of Schumann's Symphony in D minor and Beethoven's "Leonora," No. 3, which were given by Mr. Manns in his best manner. The Symphony may not, indeed, be Schumann's greatest, and yet it is full of interesting music. In the analysis "G" speaks of an "obstinate monotony of iteration" in the first movement, and to a certain extent the same may be said of the Finale. When, however, the Symphony receives a magnificent interpretation, as on the present occasion, it is always welcome. Schumann intended the whole work to be played without break; he described it on the original score as "in one piece" ("in einem Satze"). Mr. Manns, after the last chord of the Allegro, found some of the audience unwilling to conform to, or possibly ignorant of, the composer's excellent intentions—for there was an attempt at applause—but he went straight on. The "Leonora" came at the end of the programme, and it was admirably performed. To this overture Wagner's "Meistersinger," perhaps, comes nearest, if the two be considered as absolute music. As introduction to the work which follows, Wagner's is superior, for it is an epitome, as it were, of the opera; Beethoven's "Leonora" dwarfs "Fidelio," however great the latter may be.

J. S. S.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"THE LITERATURE OF SPORT."

London, April 22.

I have only just returned from abroad and seen Mr. Baillie Grohman's letter on the above subject, in which he has devoted some of his valuable time to criticising *The Poetry of Sport* and my articles on "Old Sporting Prints." As to Mr. Grohman's qualifications to deal with these subjects I know nothing, but if he treats other works as carefully as he has treated mine he must certainly be a very painstaking critic.

To avoid taking up more of your space than is necessary, I will deal with his statements as briefly as possible. He mentions that I have evidently no idea that Turberville's hunting book was taken from the French, although in *Sporting Prints*, No. 2, September, 1895, pp. 221-3, I devoted over two pages to the subject. Not only had I the French work before me at the time of writing, but I was also aware of the fact, which probably he does not know, that many of the French wood-cuts were bought by Turberville's publishers and, after being defaced and altered, were used for the English edition. At the same time, though Turberville did copy from *La Venerie de Jacques du Fouilloux*, 1560-61, and other foreign writers, much of what he wrote was taken from his own experience, and it was with this part of his writing I have invariably dealt. Mr. Grohman then goes on to say that if I had been acquainted with these facts I should not have spoken of hunting the wolf and the bear in England during this period. I certainly should not, and I never did; the only time I mentioned these animals is in a quotation from Turberville: "Together," he says, speaking of beasts of chase, "with three not in use with us in England—the wolf, the bear and the rein-

deer." I am next accused of saying that the huntsmen of old did not trouble about their hounds changing scent, though more than ten pages of my work is devoted to showing how careful they were to avoid a change. I simply stated that if game was plentiful in those very early days, when nets and cross-bows were used, it is doubtful if the huntsman troubled much about a change; and I still think it is very doubtful.

We next come to my article on battue hunting, which "sport" he says never existed. As this is a bare statement, for which he gives not the slightest authority, and as anyone who chooses can verify the facts for themselves, I will save your space and not give a column of references. But it is quite another thing when he goes on to speak of the "famous German artist Ridinger" (who, by the by, was not a German). He says that the engravings chosen by me were picked quite at random. He may know, but I was under the impression that I spent days of work in selecting these prints, that not one was chosen without careful thought, and I feel certain I am as well acquainted as he is with the full list of about thirteen hundred works said, probably in many instances quite erroneously, to have been executed by Ridinger.

Now we come to the statement that seventeen writers, whom Mr. Grohman could name, have written about Ridinger. I fancy I could name twenty, all but two of whom (who give very little detail of his life) were copyists. If, however, everything is known, and always has been known, about Ridinger, how comes it that Thienemann, whose work was published in 1856, had to dispute about the very important fact as to whether this great artist was ever a huntsman or not? My belief is, and has been for some time, that Thienemann was wrong and that Blumenbach and other contemporary writers were more likely to be correct. But Mr. Baillie Grohman seems to prefer to accept the opinion of modern writers without taking the trouble to test their accuracy; perhaps that is why he finds the German so easy. If he will consult the earlier works he may discover the reason for the difficulties in the German text. It would almost seem that though he can name seventeen writers who have written about Ridinger he has only read one—namely, Thienemann. He certainly quotes from no other.

It would also interest me to know where I have ever mentioned my knowledge or want of knowledge of German. I had, however, better let this pass, as my critic has certainly got the better of me here. He has discovered a most obvious printer's error (he calls it three mistakes, although if he knows anything of printing he must see in a moment how they occurred). This error, together, I am sorry to say, with a few others, was found out about six months ago, too late to alter in the first edition.

By why should Mr. Grohman give me this cruel stab in his last paragraph? "Mr. Peek, from beginning to end, never tires of calling himself a student." I believe I have mentioned the word once, and only once; and this is the sentence in which it occurs: "This work (the technical part) I must hand over to others, specialists and various schools of art, or students of some particular subject. My work is but that of a diggor up and collector of buried or scattered riches connected with sport." I had always intended to leave such students as Mr. Grohman to accomplish the more difficult task of writing on this subject from a student's point of view; that is to say, if they felt disposed to give the time and trouble required for such an undertaking.

HEDLEY PEEK.

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REVIEWS.

THE REBELLION IN RHODESIA.

The Matabele Campaign, 1896; being a Narrative of the Campaign in Suppressing the Native Rising in Matabeleland and Mashonaland. By Colonel R. S. S. Baden-Powell. (Methuen & Co.)

THIS roughly written narrative, made up from jottings from diaries and letters to friends at home, presents a singularly vivid picture of the campaign which broke the back of the rebellion in Rhodesia. The difficulties of the campaign almost give it a place apart in military history. Imagine a country equal in size to Italy, France, and Spain put together, a land without railways, without roads, and robbed of its usual means of transport by the ravages of the rinderpest, and held by 30,000 warlike natives. The distances alone were enough to strike despair into the hearts of the rescuing forces. Supplies sent to Bulawayo from Cape Town had to travel 1,487 miles, of which the last 587 were through the deep sand of the bullock tracks; while the distance to Salisbury from Cape Town was no less than 2,050 miles. When the first massacres were committed in Matabeleland, the nearest places from which relief could come were Salisbury, in Mashonaland, three hundred miles to the north; and Mafeking, nearly six hundred miles to the south. Both places did their duty nobly; and it will give the reader some idea of the transport difficulties which had to be overcome if we mention that it takes a month for a mule-waggon to get from Mafeking to Bulawayo. The enormous distances over which troops had to be marched and supplies hurried would have mattered comparatively little if the country had not been deprived at the same stroke of its ordinary means of locomotion and its main food supply. Such entries as these tell the completeness of the calamity:

"Every mile now began to show the grisly, stinking signs of rinderpest. Dead oxen varied

occasionally with dead mules—the variety did not affect the smell—that remained the same. Occasionally we passed a waggon abandoned owing to the loss of animals. . . . Reached Pala at midnight. Here were collected some two hundred waggons, stopped by loss of all their oxen from rinderpest. Three thousand two hundred beasts dead at this one place. . . . Rinderpest is very much in evidence round the fort, and oxen lie dead literally in troops, long regular lines of carcasses lying together."

The presence of much putrefying animal matter in the immediate neighbourhood of human habitations was another source of danger, and so the unfortunate settlers found themselves threatened, not only with famine and war, but with plague as well. One of a party of scouts riding out from Bulawayo upon horses worn out with the constant work, writes thus:

"On passing dead horses and cattle we used to draw in a long breath, and endeavour to spur up a trot that would carry us out of range before we were again compelled to breathe or 'bust'; but our horses used, generally, to land us in the middle of the stink, and then pull up. You would see a man get black in the face trying to hold his breath, and at last have to burst out and refill his lungs with the very richest of the odour."

Happily the splendid climate of Matabeleland—the air is likened to "draughts of fresh spring water"—prevented the worst consequences, and, in fact, the troops were troubled with very little disease.

The rinderpest, besides making the movements of the troops extremely slow, effectually prevented reinforcements being sent to the tiny force of 5,000 men which successfully held, and reconquered, a country 750,000 miles in extent. More troops were at the Cape and might have been sent to the front, but the authorities at Bulawayo, even in their distress for want of men, soon had to protest against any more being sent, for the simple reason that it would have been impossible to feed them. There was no reserve of food in the country, its live stock had perished, and there was that fatal stretch of nearly six hundred miles of sandy road to Mafeking. Owing to this difficulty of transport, prices, specially at Salisbury, became almost prohibitive. Eggs touched 47s. a dozen; ducks were £3 a couple; flour was £7 10s. per 100 lbs.; fresh mutton was 4s. 6d. per lb.; even liquor became a luxury, and Colonel Baden-Powell pathetically relates that a whisky and soda cost three shillings.

At the time when our author reached the scene of action the worst of the massacres in Matabeleland were over, and those in Mashonaland had not yet taken place. Around Bulawayo some 200 settlers—men, women, and children—had been killed in cold blood; but it is probable that these murders at isolated homesteads were the means of averting a far wider calamity. If the Matabele had been less impatient to get to work, and Bulawayo had not been thoroughly aroused to the danger of the news of these attacks upon lonely farms, it is probable that the savages would have "rushed" the town, and that the English would have been exterminated. As it was, fugitives from the outlying districts reached Bulawayo, and in a very little while the place was ready to hold its own. In view

of what has been said about the ferocity with which the subsequent operations were carried out, it is of interest to have the opinion of an officer in the Imperial service. In one entry he says: "They expect no quarter, because, as they admit themselves, they have gone beyond their own etiquette of war, and have killed our women and children." This passage would lead us to suppose that no quarter was given, but prisoners were certainly taken frequently, and treated with the utmost humanity; and the terms of surrender ultimately arranged caused a great outcry on account of their clemency. Still it is probable that much of the fighting was to the death, and that resistance on either side ceased only with life. Our author says:

"I did not at the time fully realise the extraordinary bloodthirsty rage of some of our men when they got hand to hand with the Kafirs, but I not only understood it, but felt it to the full myself later on, when I, too, saw those English girls lying horribly mutilated, and the little white children with the life smashed and beaten out of them by laughing black fiends, who knew no mercy."

Another time, after speaking of the butchering of the little children of a certain missionary living in the neighbourhood of Salisbury, Colonel Baden-Powell says:

"It is a far cry from Mashonaland to England, and distance lessens the sharpness of the sympathy, but to the men on the spot—men with an especially strong, manly, and chivalrous spirit in them, as is the case in this land of pioneers—to them such cases as these appeal in a manner which cannot be realised in dear, drowsy, after-lunch Old England. A man here does not mind carrying his own life in his hand—he likes it, and takes an attack upon himself as a good bit of sport; but touch a woman or a child, and he is in a blind fury in a moment; and then he is gently advised to be mild and offer clemency to the poor benighted heathen, who is a brother after all. Yes! And though Woman is his first care, and can command his last drop of blood in her defence, Woman is the first to assail him on his return with venom-pointed pen, for his brutality."

With which parting reference to Mrs. Schreiner's book our author leaves his defence of the manhood of South Africa to the judgment of the reader.

While the picture here presented of the general features and conditions of the campaign are singularly graphic, the accounts of the successive forays into which it was broken are, perhaps necessarily, a little confused. In the later stages of the war, which alone are here recorded, the operations were mainly directed against the mountain strongholds into which the enemy had gradually been driven. There was little room in such fighting for strategy or tactics. Much depended upon efficient scouting, and our author himself played many an adventurous part in going out alone to spy the land and to determine the exact position of the hostile impis. A special feature of the struggle was its danger to those who led. To attack an enemy hidden in caves and sheltered behind stockades constantly meant a murderous fire aimed at the foremost man of the storming party. Thus, after the successful assault in the Matopos on the

Fourth of August, in which Major Kershaw lost his life, out of a total of twenty killed and wounded fifteen were officers or non-commissioned officers. The book abounds in picturesque incidents illustrating the chances of battle. On one occasion Colonel Baden-Powell saw a Kaffir in the open with a Martini-Henri drop on his knee and then take steady aim at him. The Colonel rode hard at his assailant, who fired at the distance of ten paces and missed;

"then he jumped up and turned to run, but he had not gone two paces when he cringed as if someone had slapped him on the back, then his head dropped and his heels flew up, and he fell smack upon his face, shot by one of our men behind me."

Occasionally, also, we get glimpses that throw curious sidelights upon certain phases of South African life. Thus in the little township of Massi Kessi, on the Portuguese frontier, we read that out of fifteen houses twelve are drinking bars. It should be added that while in the Portuguese territory no restrictions are placed upon the sale of liquor, in Rhodesia it is not allowed to be sold to coloured men.

Of Mr. Cecil Rhodes we learn comparatively little, as our author was on the sick list at the time of the famous negotiations in the Matopo Hills. The two travelled home, however, together from Beira, and Colonel Baden-Powell had abundant opportunities for judging of the significance of the receptions which were tendered to the ex-Premier wherever the steamer touched. Of the great demonstration at Port Elizabeth we read "the genuineness of the feeling towards Rhodes was unmistakable and impressive. It was not a gust of got-up welcome, but a spontaneous burst of enthusiasm, in a place that formerly was distinctly hostile to him." And upon the endurance of that feeling depends a long chapter in the future story of South Africa.

SOME ANTHOLOGIES.

English Sonnets. Edited by A. T. Quiller Couch. (Chapman & Hall.)

A Book of Scottish Poetry. Selected and Arranged by M. B. Synge. (Edward Arnold.)

The Silver Cross. By Helen Douglas. (George Bell & Sons.)

ANTHOLOGIES like most other things, have not escaped a certain scorn at the hands of modern men of letters. But that scorn betrays in its possessor a lack of sympathy, or a lack of understanding, or a lack of both. Not all people—no, and not many people—have "the holy poets" at their elbow, or time to turn to them. The anthologist comes with his samples; for some readers they must suffice, and others they will lead on to a larger commerce; in either case profitably enough. And of all anthologies of poetry a sonnet anthology seems the most legitimate, since each sonnet is a finished and separate entity. Mr. Quiller Couch, therefore, had one of the easiest, as well as one of the pleasantest,

tasks incident to the Diamond Library editorships when he took in hand this task of selection. Within the limits of about two hundred pages he has brought together the most familiar examples of the art that England borrowed from Italy, and then made her very own. Tobacco and the sonnet came companions to our shores, and whether Raleigh or Wyatt was the greater importer we need not inquire; both imports have come to stay, though under varying conditions. While tobacco, for instance, will grow in Ireland (the Saxon permitting) you shall seek in vain for a single great sonnet by an Irishman. In England, on the other hand, where no tobacco grows, the sonnet has taken root and become a native. Not exotic flowers, therefore, go to make up this anthology. It is all English of the English from Shakespeare, by way of Wordsworth, to Mrs. Browning. What the sonnet did and does for individual poets has been greatly recorded; "with this key Shakespeare unlocked his heart," "a glow-worm lamp it cheered mild Spenser," in Milton's hand "the Thing became a trumpet"—and you know what it was to Wordsworth by the capital T he put to "Thing." From the masters Mr. Couch quotes the masterpieces; and, if we add that we could have done with more from their anointed hands, and with fewer from the mere midnight-oil mechanists, we are but saying the obvious thing that occurs to readers of nearly all anthologies; for readers have never had to face the editorial difficulty of reconciling the claims of what may be called historical and biographical literature with those of literature nakedly regarded for its own sake. Men like William Mason and Thomas Warton were constitutionally unfitted to write sonnets; but the anthologist may very well say that he quotes them as makers of literary history—that they are interesting as failures even. From Leigh Hunt, from Felicia Hemans, from William Stanley Roscoe, we could consent to part and meet no more on this "scanty plot of ground"; even from Joseph Blanco White, "the one-sonnet man," seeing that the fine idea of his "Night and Death" is a twice-derived one, and that the workmanship of his re-expression of it is not in any way memorable. Who would not wish for a meeting with Charles Lamb anywhere? Still, it had better have been anywhere but here. The Chillon sonnet of Byron (the date of whose death is set down as 1859) is redeemed by its last line, in which "the noble poet" makes one of his few approaches to nobility of feeling and style. Preferences start to light in the reader's mind as he turns the pages—he has meetings with the superfluous, and he sighs for the absent. That is inevitable; and the foreknowledge of it is the difficulty of even the sonnet anthologist. But that very clash and stirring and exchange of appreciations makes us the anthologist's debtors; while from numbers of readers he will have the gratitude due to an introducer of hitherto hidden treasure. "Scanty" the sonnet's "plot of ground" may be; but it is on the very height of Parnassus, and has common property in all the mountain's spiced and heavenly airs.

THE *Book of Scottish Poetry* is an attempt to do very popularly what other anthologies have done with more limitations for Scottish verse. It is by no means so coherent in purpose as Mr. Lang's collection of Scottish ballads; but, then, on the other hand, it is a book which can be left about. "These poems," says M. B. Synge, "are arranged very carefully for children from the best Scottish poets," and there is no doubt that the "great care" is clamoured for in the case of a minstrelsy that has license other than poetical as one of its notes. A line or two below this allusion to "the best Scottish poets" acknowledgment is made "for leave to republish several of the late Mr. Charles Mackay's poems." Not thus, indeed, do we spell "the best Scottish poets." Equally remarkable in another way is the inclusion, in that Scottish galley, of Wordsworth, Whittier, and Mrs. Hemans. We see, too, that the compiler assigns unknown authorship to "Annie Laurie." That fecund verse-bearer, "Anonymous," has already too provokingly large a literary family to tolerate any gratuitous additions to the list.

THERE are now enough hymns that are poems too to make an anthology; but it is not in search of these that the editor of *The Silver Cross* has set out. She has brought together some two hundred hymns of the ordinary type, expressing with such advantage as is given by metre and rhyme, but with the unilluminated vocabulary of prose, and rather common prose at that, the truths which, strange to say, never stale, and are never destroyed, in the telling. The compiler's choice has in this case gone to "poems and hymns," to quote her own words, specially applicable to "the sick and suffering." Mrs. Browning, "half angel and half bird," and Miss Rossetti, the modern priestess who has celebrated in song the nuptials of immortal longing and of mortal pain, are the two poets supremely fit for such a collection; but they are here scantily quoted. When we do come on them, after the unlighted darkness of their neighbours' territory, we think of Mr. Stevenson emerging from arid shadow to sunny landscape in his journey "across the plains." "It was like meeting your wife"—oh, memorable line! Cardinal Newman is quoted by Helen Douglas, but not as we should insist on quoting him in such a collection, by those verses, for instance, written after the death of Hurrell Froude, in which occur lines with an impulse quite unusual with him—

"Dearest, he longs to speak and I to know;
And yet we both refrain."

The compiler has perhaps chosen some of her specimens in deference to the men who furnish them—their personal excellence, their ecclesiastical weight, and so forth. But poetry is no respecter of persons. Were it otherwise, we might expect much to follow from the punctilious acknowledgments of the preface to "their Graces the Archbishops of York and Armagh: The (the capital T is all her own) Right Revs. the Bishops of Exeter and Salisbury: Charles Lawrence Ford, Esq."—and all the rest. "The Right Rev. the Bishop of St. Andrews" contributes an Introduction to

the collection of Helen Douglas, who, by the way, does not allow us a titular precision we should prefer in our allusions to herself; for we are left in tantalising ignorance as to whether she is Mrs. or Miss.

"SOUS L'AIGLE."

Memoirs of Baron Lejeune. Translated by Mrs. Arthur Bell. With an Introduction by Major-General Maurice, C.B. (Longmans.)

As in life the shadow of the great Emperor fell across more than half of Europe, so after his death does his memory dominate our literature, drama, and art. Poet and painter, novelist and chronicler, alike fall under the spell of his powerful personality. Whether we look upon him as a hero, titan-*esque* and irresistible, the scourge of God and the man of Destiny, or whether we regard him as the half-masked charlatan and the fool of Fortune, the fascination of the life story of the first Napoleon remains. *Nil erat, Nil erit*, as a savage anagram in the letters of his name quaintly maintains; but between the alpha and omega of his life lay years of struggle, of conquest, and of empire. Whether we judge him from the soldierly narrative of a Ségur or the blatant libels of a Barras, the man himself remains an enigma, sphinx-like, unriddled. With all the mass of histories, memoirs, and reminiscences already published that cast their flickering light on the figure of the great Emperor, it seems at first sight almost supererogatory to translate yet another volume of memoirs on the Napoleonic era. Yet the narrative of Lejeune has a distinctive quality which the records of no other chroniclers possess. Others have given us the portrait of Napoleon as a politician, as a strategist, as a social power; but Lejeune gives us his picture as an artist limned it. Brilliant and dashing soldier as Lejeune undoubtedly was, he was in the first place an artist, though, for all we know, he may never have drawn brush across canvas. The business of an artist, so Ruskin tells us, is "to see, to think, perhaps, sometimes when he has nothing better to do." Lejeune was usually too busy to think, but he never failed "to see," and he saw with the eye of an artist. Amid all the adventures and dangers of a soldier's career he never lost this wonderful gift. Whether sent to lead a brigade into the heart of a doubtful struggle, or despatched alone on some delicate diplomatic mission, his faculty for seeing never deserted him. While leading a charge the moonlight mirrored of a cuirassier's breast-plate might strike his eye, or the fantastic pose of the limbs of some fallen grenadier. These impressions remained indelible, and his Memoirs are, therefore, a panorama of vivid personal impression, drawn from life and developed with care.

Lejeune had rare opportunities for the exercise of his talents. Attached for the greater part of his active service to the staff of Prince Berthier, who was never far from the Emperor's side, Lejeune, though he afterwards acted as *aide-de-camp* to Marshals

Oudinot and Davout, bore his part in almost every great battle from Valmy to Leipzig. Napoleon often made use of him. His unerring eye discerned the talent of the young *aide-de-camp*. "Faites-moi voir" was the Emperor's behest; and the order sent his staff flying from Corunna to Moscow, from Naples to Stralsund. They had to see for the Emperor, to give him every detail of things as they were in Spain, Italy, Germany, or Russia as though he had seen it himself. Lejeune with his artistic instinct educated his military training into the proper groove and was invaluable. On many occasions he was bidden to serve as the Emperor's eye in almost every country of Europe. To keep his chief in touch with his vast empire he was bidden to watch the course of the awful siege of Saragossa; to view the gorgeous ceremonial of the proxy marriage at Vienna; to hoodwink the gallant nobles of Poland. An accomplished linguist and a brilliant courtier, quick-witted and scrupulous only in his obedience to the Emperor, Lejeune was eminently fitted for missions which required nerve and brain. Nor was he less useful on the field of battle, when, to execute the Emperor's orders, his *aides-de-camp* spent days in the saddle and held their lives in their hand. Chivalrous and daring, rejoicing with all the enthusiasm of his keen artistic temperament in all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, gifted with a cool brain and a ready hand, Lejeune was the *beau idéal* of the gallant soldier who carried the Napoleonic eagles round the Western world. Not even Brigadier Gerard himself could tell more moving tales of hair-breadth escapes, and of perils on field and flood. Death or captivity often seemed the only issue. On one occasion he fell into the hands of the savage Spanish guerillas. The rope was already fitted round his neck, and only a chance alarm, at which the ruffians took fright, saved him from swinging as another of those ghastly French acorns on a Spanish oak. Escaping this fate, he was dragged half naked over hill and dale until he was delivered into the safe keeping of an English officer. Shipped to England as a prisoner of war, he soon won his way into the good graces of his guards, and eluded them. Hiding on the coast, he all but fell a victim to the knife of a ghoulish smuggler, who made a profession of cutting the throats of French prisoners whose escape he was bribed to assist. But in time, a few months after his first mishap, our friend the enemy turned up again at the Court of St. Cloud, not a whit the worse for his adventures, to libel us for the Emperor's edification. Sent, on another occasion, with a handful of cavalry to reconnoitre the enemy's position round Pesth, he was able to boast that he was the only French officer who, sword in hand, had seen the Hungarian capital. In almost all the great battles of the Napoleonic wars, when the Emperor commanded in person, Lejeune was in the thick of the struggle. He saw the sun rise over Austerlitz, and the merciful night close in over the shambles at the bridge over the Beresina. And these great scenes, described with the breath of perspective and the glowing colours of a true artist, have an

indiscribable charm. Others have narrated them with greater accuracy and more historical truth, but no picture is more impressive and more instinct with life and movement than these wonderful word-paintings by Lejeune. His view, indeed, is, often enough, distorted, historically, by the enthusiasm which inspired all who fell under the spell of Napoleon's personality. Until the disasters and horrors of the retreat from Moscow startled him into looking ugly facts in the face, the Emperor's star was always in the ascendant. Until he felt the prick of the Cossack lances goading the headlong flight of the Grand Army, Lejeune had never acknowledged defeat. He talks bravely enough at Corunna of sweeping the "miserable remnant of the English army into the sea"; but he forgets to mention how often Sir John Moore's little force had defeated the army of Marshal Soult. No one reading his magnificent account of the battle of Aspern—where, sent to order the retreat of Lannes' corps, he found the Marshal standing with a pitiful handful of officers and men amid the piled-up dead of his army—would realise that Archduke Charles had defeated the French army, and had been within an ace of annihilating it. There is something almost pathetic in the haste with which Lejeune slurs over his mention of the battle of the nations at Leipzig, although he dwells on every little successful skirmish which marked the retreat of his corps to Mainz. Unfortunately our chronicler was not present at Waterloo. It would have been interesting to hear how Napoleon had thrashed Wellington and wiped out Blücher.

It is not, however, for their history that we read these Memoirs: their value and their charm lie in the vivacity and force of their author's style. Of all the magnificent scenes he gives us, perhaps his description of the second siege of Saragossa is the finest. Patriotism and rage animated the besieged, devotion to their Emperor inspired the assailants. It was war to the knife; and it was fought out to the bitter end. Every house was a fortress and every room had to be taken at the cost of a murderous hand-to-hand struggle. There was "death at the glimpse of a finger from over the breadth of a street." The Poles fought on the roofs of the churches; the engineers, mining and counter-mined, groped for their foes in the bowels of the earth. Lejeune's account of the storming of the nunneries and the convent of St. Francis, where men fought in the dim light, streaming in from the storied windows, round the high altar, and amid the coffins of the dead, or barricaded behind piles of priceless books, while the very gargoyles of the roof ran blood, is a passage which the reader will never be able to forget. For though a soldier and injured to war's alarms, Lejeune had the eye of Verestchagin for its horrors. Even in the hour of victory he, ever and again, stays to count the price of "glory." The memory of the sight of the narrow street at Ebersdorf, when the artillery dashed through the village over the bodies of their wounded comrades; of the writhing mass of humanity crowding the bridges of Lobau—the sole means of retreat from the victorious enemy

—which the rising waters of the Danube were slowly carrying away; of the ice on the lakes of Austerlitz breaking under the weight of the fugitives, haunts him as he describes these scenes. The hardships and terrors of the retreat from Moscow have been depicted often enough, but never do they strike the reader with the same vivid force as they do when reading the graphic and pitiful narrative of Lejeune's experiences. To him the saddest blow of all was the glimpse he caught of a sleigh galloping *contre d terre* out of Wilna. The Emperor had deserted the army; it was the beginning of the end. Disheartened and worn out by the horrors of the retreat, the *aide-de-camp*, too, left his post and rode in hot haste for Paris. The stern rebuke with which the chief received him seemed to him undeserved. After all, he pleads, he had only followed the Emperor's example. He could not, apparently, see that important as the presence of its little Caporal was to the morale of the army, the situation in Paris demanded the presence of the Emperor. Napoleon had a divided duty; his subordinates had not. As the storm which within a few months was to crush the eagles, under which he had served so well and faithfully for many a long and eventful year, is gathering round the Emperor he idolised, we take leave of our hero. And we part company with regret. It remains only to be said that Mrs. Bell's excellent translation and General Maurice's judicious introduction are worthy of all praise.

HORACE IN ENGLISH.

Horace. A new Literal Prose Translation by A. Hamilton Bryce, LL.D. (G. Bell & Sons.)

MESSRS. GEORGE BELL & SONS have for some few years been addressing themselves to the task of substituting renderings by competent scholars for the translations which made the name of Bohn something of a reproach. Mr. Coleridge's *Apollonius Rhodius* set, we think, the fashion for the new series, and it would be difficult to find a more excellent prose rendering of Sophocles than that furnished by the same translator. We may say at once that the volume before us, a translation of *Horace* by Dr. Bryce, formerly headmaster of the Edinburgh Collegiate School, is a careful and scholarly work, which, though useful enough as a crib, and full of suggestion to the candidate for "Moderations," may be read with some satisfaction by the general reader whose Latin is decrepit enough to require a crutch. It may, however, be doubted whether a thoroughly satisfactory translation of *Horace* ever has been or ever will be made. Certainly the perfume of the Odes at least evaporates when they are decanted into English prose. We would not roundly assert that English prose can never express classical poetry, especially when we have so admirable an example as the *Odyssey* of Butcher and Lang ready to our hands. But then Messrs. Butcher and Lang were fortunate in having before them in the English Bible a ready-made prose style which could correspond in

large measure with the Greek epic. The translator who attempts to do *Horace* into English prose has no such model, and consequently the rendering even of so skilled a scholar as Dr. Bryce is simply the examination exercise of the first-class man at his best. Moreover, the Odes, turned into prose, stand self-convicted as the most commonplace stuff in the world of literature. As Prof. Conington points out in the preface to his verse translation, they

"strike a reader who comes back to them after reading other books as distinguished by a simplicity, monotony, and almost poverty of sentiment, and as depending for the charm of their external form, not so much on novel and ingenious images as on musical words aptly chosen and aptly combined."

Take, for example, half a dozen words almost at random:

"Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume
Labuntur anni!"

Words which generations have regarded as the supreme expression of regret for passing youth. We do not know that anyone could put them into better prose than Dr. Bryce has done: "Alas! alas! dear Postumus, the fleeting years are speeding quickly by." But what a disillusion is there! Nothing remains but that tritest of commonplaces, that time flies! And we find that the whole pathos of the passage lies in the repetition of "Postume." Still it would be unfair to Dr. Bryce to complain that he has failed to do what we hold to be impossible, and we hasten to add that his translation abounds in happy turns of expression and in well-chosen equivalents—as, for example, in the Ode just quoted: "winsome wife" for "placens uxor." Turning, too, to one well-known crux after another, we find that the translator has surmounted the difficulty with grace. In one case, however, Dr. Bryce has, in our opinion, followed evil counsel. The stanza is a famous one; it has given headaches to generations of schoolboys, and much pedantic ink has been shed in its cause by contending scholars—

"Immunis aram si tetigit manus
Non sumptuosa blandior hostia
Mollivit aversos Penates
Farre pio et saliente mica."

Dr. Bryce translates thus: "If your hand without a gift has touched the altar, it has appeased th' offended gods with pious offering of meal and crackling salt, and could not please them more by costly victim." With the latter portion of this sentence, which is Mr. Long's rendering, we have no quarrel. But to translate *immunis* "without a gift"—a meaning which has authority—makes sad nonsense of the passage; for the hand that gives meal and salt is certainly not "without a gift." Though *immunis* seems to be used nowhere else in the sense of "innocent" without a genitive of explanation, we think it is quite likely that Horace—who is economical of words—used it here in that sense. Translate "if the hand be pure which touches the altar," and the passage has an excellent meaning and moral.

We have left ourselves no space in which to point out the many excellences in Dr.

Bryce's rendering of the *Satires*, the *Epistles*, and the *Ars Poetica*. Here he has material which can, unlike the Odes, be turned into prose without losing all its charm, and he has acquitted himself well. The usual designation of "Bohn's Classical Series" is the desk of the schoolboy or the undergraduate, and to these Dr. Bryce's *Horace* may be commended as supplying a model to which their translations should approximate.

A ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

The Flight of the King: being a Full, True, and Particular Account of the Miraculous Escape of His Most Sacred Majesty King Charles II. after the Battle of Worcester.
By Allan Fea. (John Lane.)

FORTUNE has favoured Mr. Fea with an admirable subject and, within certain limitations, he has made good use of it. No writer in search of a romantic theme can ever hope to better the thrilling story of Charles II.'s wanderings in the forty days which elapsed between the "crowning mercy" of Worcester, on September 3, 1651, and his arrival at Fécamp, a fugitive all tattered and torn, almost destitute of money and sadly in need of a clean shirt. The tale is of the very essence of romance, and it is strange indeed that, amid the crowd of "historical novelists" of the new school, not one, so far as we know, has attempted to make anything of it. Harrison Ainsworth, it is true, in his elderly and more jejune days, worked these adventures into a tolerable if stilted tale; but the new school, who have bettered all their masters save Sir Walter, have not been attracted to this fascinating Odyssey. Perhaps Mr. Fea's handsome and lavishly illustrated volume may help to repair this curious neglect. This is the more desirable in that Mr. Fea, while lucid and interesting, is distinctly lacking in literary feeling. We have no quarrel with his style; but it is somewhat unduly "pedestrian," as Southey used to say, and he fails to throw any glamour over his subject. This is, to some extent, because the limitations of his scheme have robbed him of the space which he needed for the proper development of his narrative. Nearly one-half of his book is taken up by reprints of Restoration tracts, describing, necessarily with a good many inaccuracies and omissions, the perils of the King's escapes. He has consequently been compelled to compress a connected story of Charles's adventures, accounts of visits to the houses in which he was concealed, and much interesting matter regarding the persons and families who concealed him, into a space utterly inadequate to so extensive a plan. Add to this that there are some hundred and twenty illustrations, most of them very satisfactory, and it will be seen that Mr. Fea handicapped himself from the start.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, he has unquestionably produced an attractive and, indeed, a charming book, which forms an excellent supplement to and continuation of *The Boscobel Tracts*, which were compiled nearly seventy years ago by the father

of the author of *Tom Brown*. He appears to have gone over the whole of the ground traversed by the King, and to have visited all the roof-trees under which he was hidden by loyal people like the Penderels of Boscobel and the Whitgreaves of Moseley, none of whom seem to have hesitated a moment about accepting the terrific risks of the position. These places and incidents are described carefully and, in the main, correctly, although it is clear that here and there Mr. Fea has tripped through depending too closely upon printed statements of no authority. As an account of the present condition of the houses and families which contributed to Charles's safety the book is likely to be a useful volume of reference; and although the reprinted tracts to which we have referred occupy a great deal of room, we can hardly wish them away, since each one illustrates in very vivid fashion, and with a delicious archaism of language, successive stages of the journey which, beginning by rousing Richard Baxter from his bed at Kidderminster, ended safely with Charles's embarkation upon Capt. Tattersall's brig at Shoreham. Vast quantities of fugitive matter have been printed upon this subject, and Mr. Fea deserves thanks for having focussed them in his book, where they can be readily referred to.

Attractive, however, as the volume is to the general reader, we fear it will not commend itself so extensively to the genealogist. Mr. Fea is not strong in matters of pedigree, as he exemplifies in his treatment of Dame Joan Penderel of Boscobel. If there be one genealogical fact better ascertained than another, it is that this stout old lady was the mother of the five brothers who had more to do than anybody else with securing the King's safety. Yet Mr. Fea, in the teeth of all the evidence, and on the strength of an inaccurate and roughly compiled Restoration pamphlet, makes her the wife of her own son, William. The truth is, that her husband, as well as her son, was a William Penderel; and, indeed, Mr. Fea gives away his whole case when he points out that the portrait which he reproduces of "Jane Penderel" (an entirely mythical personage) is that of the mother of the brothers. Now, the artist painted upon that portrait the words "Dame Penderel, 1662," and it is therefore clear that she and the Dame Penderel, who was buried seven years later, are the same person—unless Mr. Fea is prepared to argue that Charles II. dignified two ladies, living at the same time and within half a mile of each other, with the title of "Dame." The confusion seems to have arisen from the similarity of the names Jane and Joan, added to there being a father and son with identical Christian names. Mr. Fea is mistaken in saying that Edmund Penderel, the son of the historic miller of Whiteladies, was the godson of Catherine of Braganza. It was Edmund's son Richard upon whom that mark of royal favour was conferred. In his account of the present representation of the line of Humphrey Penderel he confuses another son with his father, and there never was any such person as "the late Humphrey Penderel, Esq.," to whom he refers on p. 59. Errors

of this kind may not affect the enjoyment of the book by the general reader; but they sensibly diminish its value as a serious contribution to family history.

FOUR SHAKESPEARE BOOKS.

The Tempest. Edited by F. S. Boas. "Warwick Shakespeare." (Blackie.)

Cymbeline. Edited by A. J. Wyatt. "Warwick Shakespeare." (Blackie.)

King Richard II. Edited by C. H. Gibson. ("Arnold's School Shakespeare.")

The Noble Kinsmen. Edited by C. H. Herford, Ph.D. "Temple Dramatists." (Dent.)

THE "Warwick" Shakespeare is one of the most desirable of annotated editions for advanced students. It is also excellently adapted for the general reader who, though emancipated from the burden of examinations, still desires to be kept in touch with the latest results of scholarship upon the plays. Mr. Boas's "Tempest" is one of the most satisfactory numbers of the series. The editor has recently made his mark with a volume of larger scope upon Shakespeare, and here, as there, he shows considerable powers of delicate analysis and helpful criticism. His introduction to the "Tempest" is a very subtle and sympathetic piece of work, and admirably written to boot. The notes and similar apparatus are very accurate and sufficiently full. Mr. Boas keeps a judicious balance throughout between the respective claims of scholarship and of literary criticism proper. In most of his conclusions as to matter of fact he carries us with him. We think, however, that he speaks too favourably of Dr. Garnett's theory that the play was written for the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth and the Elector Palatine in 1613. The parallel between the supposed drowning of Ferdinand and the death, not by drowning, of Prince Henry is too far-fetched. "Cymbeline," in the same series, is also an elaborate and careful edition; but Mr. Wyatt has not the same unerring instinct in dealing with doubtful points as Mr. Boas. His conceptions of the nature of evidence make us open our eyes from time to time. It is true, for instance, that the plot of "Cymbeline" is partly taken from a novel in Boccaccio's *Decamerone*, and that a passage in the "Winter's Tale" is taken from the same source; but to infer from this that "Cymbeline" preceded the "Winter's Tale" by no long interval is, to say the least of it, hazardous. Mr. Wyatt's literary touch is rather heavy, and, although a set of questions may be a useful appendage to such an edition as this, they should be placed by themselves and not interspersed among the notes. They are particularly irritating to those who are not "getting-up" the play.

Mr. Gibson's "Richard II." aims at younger readers; but it also is excellent of its kind. The introductory matter is a good deal fuller than that of many other volumes of the series, and the historical section deserves especial praise. Mr. Gibson does not seem

to have quite appreciated the evidence by which Prof. Hales and others have shown that Shakespeare's play was probably the *exolata tragedia* acted before the Essex insurrection in 1601; or the argument as to the date of the play to be drawn from the fact that the borrowings from it in Daniel's *Civil Wars* only appear in the second of two editions of that poem, both printed in 1595. The first note given is unfortunate enough to refer to a stage-direction which is not to be found in the text; and it cannot be correct to say that Shakespeare was a member of the Lord Chamberlain's Company in 1593, for that company only began to be in 1594.

Prof. Herford's excellent edition of "The Noble Kinsmen" is a welcome item in the interesting series of which it forms a part; and the more so because the play is not, like "Pericles," found in most of the ordinary Shakespeares. Yet the verdict of most competent readers would surely be to the effect that it is not only the better piece of the two, but also incomparably the more Shakespearean. On this vexed question of authorship Prof. Herford has something to say in his brief—all too brief—introduction. In our opinion he shows himself unduly sceptical. It is the design and motive of the play rather than the verbal style which make him hesitate to ascribe the non-Fletcher scenes to Shakespeare. But his scruples have not really much foundation. Shakespeare never, he says, "exploits the love relations of the gentle and the lowly born." "Exploits" is a question-begging word: but surely the love relations of the gentle and the comparatively or apparently lowly born form important motives both in "Hamlet" and in the "Winter's Tale." And this were a strained reason at best for rejecting the very plain evidence, not only of the style of many of the scenes, but also of the title-page of the quarto of 1634:

"The more proclaiming
Our suit shall be neglected: when her arms,
Able to lock Jove from a synod, shall
By warranting moonlight corset thee. O, when
Her twinning cherries shall their sweetness fall
Upon thy tasteful lips, what wilt thou think
Of rotten kings or blubber'd queens? what care
For what thou feel'st not, what thou feel'st
being able
To make Mars spurn his drum? O, if thou
couch
But one night with her, every hour in't will
Take hostage of thee for a hundred, and
Thou shalt remember nothing more than what
That banquet bids thee to."

Who, if not Shakespeare, wrote like this? "Massinger, perhaps," suggests Prof. Herford—"the classical allusions are in his vein." Massinger, quotha!

FLETCHER OF SALTOUN.

Fletcher of Saltoun. By G. W. T. Omond. "Famous Scots" Series. (Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier.)

FLETCHER OF SALTOUN is one of those men who have had the fortune to be saved from the wreckage of time by an epigram. A good epigram, indeed, is your best of balsams

to preserve and mellow the perfume of a reputation. As Shirley has it—

"Only the sayings of the witty
Grow sweet and blossom in the city."

But in sober earnest one would rather be inclined to claim for Fletcher of Saltoun that a chance phrase thrown out in a pamphlet has obscured the memory of many notable and strenuous deeds on behalf of liberty and civic virtue. It is in the *Dialogue on the Right Regulation of Government* that he says:

"I knew a very wise man so much of Sir Christopher's sentiment that he believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads he need not care who should make the laws of a nation."

Fletcher's lifetime was passed in the making, or perhaps more strictly in resisting the making, of laws; yet one fears that the popular imagination, helped by the associations of the name, adumbrates him as an unknown poet who sometime and somewhere devoted himself to the making of ballads now forgotten. To dispel such ignorance, and to restore to his proper place in history a most original and stimulating personality, is the object of Mr. Omond's volume. Nor can it be considered superfluous, for no set biography of the ingenious writer and fervid patriot has appeared since the publication of the Earl of Buchan's *Essays on Fletcher of Saltoun and the Poet Thomson*, in 1792. It is curious, however, to observe that a Life of Fletcher was at one time planned, but never executed, by no less a writer than Rousseau.

Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun was a laird of Haddingtonshire. He received his early training in history and political philosophy from the future historian Burnet. After a period of travel he returned to Scotland a confirmed Whig, with Republican tendencies. He vigorously opposed the governments of Lauderdale and of the Duke of York in the Estates of 1678 and 1681, and found it expedient to live abroad. He was outlawed for participation in the Whig plot and alleged participation in the Rye House plot. Then he joined the ill-fated expedition of Monmouth, but left the force at Lyme Regis, owing to a quarrel with another leader, in which he pistolled his man. For some time he travelled in Spain, and fought the Turks in Hungary. The accession of William III. brought him back to Scotland. He plunged into politics, and played a prominent part in the first and last free Scottish Parliament of 1690 to 1707. The question with which that Parliament had to deal closely resembled the Irish question of Home Rule in our day. Fletcher led a party which was vehemently opposed alike to the English domination and to the Royal prerogative. The refusal of England to assist the Scottish settlers on the Isthmus of Darien exasperated the country, and gave strength to Fletcher's elbow. He fought with passion and genius—first, for Scotland's right to disregard the English nomination of a successor to Queen Anne; secondly, against the Union; and, thirdly, against the abolition of the separate Scottish parliament. Fortunately, or unfortunately, for his country he failed in every case. Holyrood was closed, and

Fletcher shook off the dust of an ungrateful land, and lived in England or abroad until his death in 1716. He was a man of fine parts, but unstable, and what would nowadays be called a political faddist.

"His schemes," says a shrewd observer, "had but very little credit, because he himself was often for changing them; though in other respects a very worthy man. It used to be said of him that it would be easy to hang him by his own schemes of government; for if they had taken place he would have been the first man that would have attempted an alteration."

And he laboured under a chronic inability to keep his temper. The brawl which deprived Monmouth of his two ablest lieutenants has been referred to. There is a lurid story of his drowning the skipper of a night-scoot for whiffing tobacco in his face. During the Union debates his hand was always on his sword, and the House had frequently to suspend its grave deliberations in order to swear Fletcher and some equally impetuous adversary to keep the peace. Oldmixon calls him "hot, positive, obstinate, opinionative," and Swift "a most arrogant, conceited pedant"; a more unbiassed criticism may well recognise an accomplished gentleman and a true, if visionary, patriot. In person he is described as "a little man, and had a brown periwig, of a lean face, pock-marked," and again as a "low, thin man of brown complexion, full of fire, with a stern, sour look." His reputation for oratory in "the most elegant Scots" was considerable, but of this posterity has not the materials to judge. As a writer, he stands out in a period during which Scottish letters had sunk to a low ebb. He was a master of the political pamphlet, simple, lucid, pointed. Eloquence and irony were at his command. His earlier *Discourses on Militias* and on *The Offices of Scotland* are full of enlightened, but Utopian, proposals, paradoxically conceived and ingeniously maintained. But it is in the imaginary dialogue on the *Right Regulation of Government* that his humour and his shrewd insight are at their best. As Mr. Omond very well points out, this admirable piece of writing, composed long before Addison appeared on the scene, has all the distinction, the polish, and the gaiety of a *Tatler* or a *Spectator*. Mr. Omond deserves to be congratulated on a book which throws light not only upon a most remarkable personality, but also upon the inner workings of politics during an interesting and critical period of Scottish history.

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

The Confessions of St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo. Edited by Alexander Smellie, M.A. "Books for the Heart" Series. (Andrew Melrose.)

WE rejoice to see this famous book in a convenient and accessible form, and in an English dress which loses little by comparison with the fifth-century Latin of the original. It is a human document from the value of which a millennium and a half is unable to detract; rather there are few ascetical works, ancient or modern, more

proper to correct the spirit of an age only half conscious of the progress it has made towards materialism. It is "a letter written to God," full of self-upbraiding, of humble tenderness, of a sweet unction. The Saint writhes in self-contempt, is overwhelmed with wonder, flashes with exultation, weeps with desire. He had pursued learning and attained to excellence in rhetoric, but it was vanity; he had mourned over the fabled sorrows of Dido, had rejoiced in the charm of the noblest literature, had studied Aristotle and Plato and had understood them unaided, but this also was vanity and vexation of spirit. "O Truth, Truth, thou knowest how the inmost marrow of my soul longeth after thee!" But "I had my back to the Light and my face to the things enlightened; whence my face itself was not enlightened." After a tempestuous, baffled search in the troubled seas of heresies and false philosophies, he won to the light itself. "I was tossed about by every wind," he writes, "but yet I was steered by Thee, though very secretly." With knowledge he put on strength for the great renunciation which they must make who aspire to the ecclesiastical state. One by one even the lawful joys of the senses are laid aside too. Yet to the end, while his heart pours out its treasures at the feet of the "Mighty Lover," the theme of self-accusal recurs and recurs again.

"Too late loved I Thee, O Thou Beauty of ancient days, yet ever new! too late I loved Thee! And, behold, Thou wert within, and I abroad; and there I sought for Thee, deformed as I was, running after those beauties which Thou hadst made. Thou wast with me, but I was not with Thee. Things held me far from Thee which, unless they were in Thee, were not at all. Thou calledst and didst cry aloud, and didst pierce my deafness. Thou didst flash and shine forth, and didst dispel my blindness. Thou didst send forth Thy fragrance, and I drew in my breath and panted for Thee. I tasted, and still I hunger and thirst. Thou touchedst me and I burned for Thy peace."

It is by introspection, by heart-searching, that God is found; not in phials or in fossils: they all tell us this, and none with a sweeter voice of sure conviction than the Saint of Hippo.

* * *
Flowering Plants and Ferns. By J. C. Willis, M.A. (Cambridge University Press.)

THIS book consists of two distinct parts, each constituting a separate volume. The two parts are of very different merit. The second is the valuable portion of the work. It is an alphabetical guide to botany, giving in a brief and thoroughly practical way the chief facts about the plants of the whole world. All the natural orders are included, and to each British genus, as well as to all the most noteworthy foreign genera, a separate article is given. Not only the scientific features, but also the commercial and practical attributes of the plants are well treated. To do this in a book comfortably fitting into the pocket was not easy, and Mr. Willis has carried out his plan with skill and judgment. The book will be useful to many classes of persons who require the greatest quantity of in

formation compressed into the smallest possible form. The traveller, for example, who has space in his luggage for only one book on botany will probably find no work so well suited to his purpose as Mr. Willis's vol. ii. The book is also intended to serve as a guide-book to Kew Gardens and to the other chief botanic gardens of Great Britain, thus fulfilling a useful object. But since, to a person knowing no botany, the concise descriptions in vol. ii. need explanation, an introductory volume was added. Here Mr. Willis is not so fortunate. In order to illustrate principles and to stimulate his reader by showing him how interesting the philosophical study of plants can be, he has been led to introduce a great deal of theoretical and, indeed, speculative matter. Throughout these earlier pages we feel that Mr. Willis's treatment is inadequate, and that he has as yet neither the precision of thought nor the width of experience which the task required. Mr. Willis has lately been very properly chosen to direct the Royal Botanic Gardens, Ceylon. When he has seen ten years' service in that important post he will probably be surprised to find how easily he answered most of the hard questions of biology in 1896.

The Order of the Coif. By Alexander Pulling. Cheap Edition. (William Clowes & Son.)

THE hope expressed by the publishers that this new and cheaper edition of Mr. Alexander Pulling's learned work may attract the general reader seems rather a bold one. Still, general readers, seeing the title of the book, will ask, What on earth is the Order of the Coif? and the curiosity of some will perhaps be satisfied only with Serjeant Pulling's exhaustive answer to the question. The coif, or head-covering of the Serjeant of the Law, is still traceable. Visitors to the Law Courts must have noticed that the wigs of some of the judges and a few leading members of the Bar are surmounted by a small disc of black silk edged with white. The man who thinks he knows things will point this disc out as "the coif." It is not the coif; but it is an interesting survival of the coif. The real coif was a close-fitting head covering, rather like a Knight Templar's cap, and was the distinctive and honourable badge of Serjeants of the Law from the moment of their "creation." The exact appearance of the coif may often be seen on the tombs of departed judges and serjeants, who are often represented kneeling in their robes and wearing this white, close-fitting covering. Later, it became customary to wear a small black cap over the coif. This is seen in portraits of Lord Coke. A black and white effect thus became associated with this head-dress; and when in the eighteenth century the fashion of wearing powdered wigs was adopted in the courts, the perquiers preserved the memory both of coif and cap by fixing a little black and white disc on the top of the wig. The wearers of the coif have formed a distinct and honourable Order from the earliest days of English history.

"The Brothers of the Coif," says Mr. Pulling—

"devoted to the profession of the law, bound by a solemn oath to give counsel and legal aid to the King's people—were for ages to be found at their ancient rendezvous in St. Paul's Cathedral, the *Parvis*, or their allotted pillars there, wearing their distinctive costume, the robe and the coif, ever ready to receive those who sought their assistance, to give counsel *pur son donant* to the rich, gratis to the poor suitor, and to aid when called on in the judicial business of the King's courts."

It is needless to say that Mr. Pulling quotes Chaucer's gracious description of a man of this type. Mr. Pulling traces the history of the Order, its privileges, badges, and costumes, down to the present day. The virtue and strength of the Order seem to have passed gradually into other institutions. But it is a mistake to suppose that the Order of the Coif is dead—it is only moribund. The Serjeants of the Law are no longer a society; and they do not increase in number. "As matters now stand," says Mr. Pulling, "there is small inducement to apply for the coif." Mr. Pulling would like to see the glories of the Order revived—not a likely event. But if Mr. Pulling's book fails as a plea for resuscitation, it is a worthy epitaph.

Gods and their Makers. By Laurence Housman. (John Lane.)

THE kernel of Mr. Housman's charming fable is contained in these stanzas from the poem which he prints by way of epilogue. The poet conceives of man, at the end of the world, arraigning God:

"Why hast Thou plagued us so long,
And bent us with bridle and bit?
We were the doers of wrong,
But Thou wast the shaper of it.
Our graves were dumb mouths set asunder,
Our dead were dumb mouths shut fast:
O, Thou, whose yoke we were under,
Give answer at last!"

"Laughed the usurper and said:
'Though ye were ignorant of me,
Gotten of the quick and the dead,
Doubtless my fathers were ye.
A blight from the night of your morrow
Through each new heaven and new earth,
I stand in the gates of your sorrow
At the door of your birth.'"

Peeti, the fascinating little savage who acts as the central figure of Mr. Housman's allegory, expresses the same thought more simply when he says of the very fractious and exorbitant deities which were furnished to him and his fellows by the Priest's College: "Our gods are but the evil that is in us." An allegory is always capable of bearing more than one construction, and mayhap we have not read Mr. Housman aright; but if we have, this book is a very whole-hearted attack upon every system of theology. Other readers may, however, find a different meaning, and certainly no one whose sympathies are at all alert can fail to be attracted by the story, so tenderly told, of Peeti and Aystah and their remote pagan community—remote, and yet, as the satirist sees us, so near! Mr. Housman follows the example of Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Kipling in supplying his own chapter-headings. Some of them are so good as to lead us to hope he is projecting a volume of grotesque verse.

FICTION.

Under Love's Rule. By M. E. Braddon. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

WE do not grudge Miss Braddon her vogue, for we think that on the whole she deserves it. Her plots are of the most commonplace kind, but she works them out with much vigour and skill. The ordinary devourer of circulating-library fiction demands one thing alone—the quality of orderly narrative—and unless the more recondite literary virtues are seasoned with this, he is apt to reject the whole in disgust. But Miss Braddon has other claims on the affection of her readers. Her work is inspired with an amiable moral sentiment, and her tragedies are, in general, pleasantly rounded off with a happy ending. Above all, she writes of fine society with an assured air, and delights her admirers with feminine talk on the details of luxury. To the serious side of a great art—the adequate conception of character, the profound and moving tale of human feeling, even the minor accomplishment of an English style—she has never given much thought. But she knows her own business, and makes no claims to unmarketable virtues. In this book we have the story of the three small children of a fashionable mother, who, from extraordinary unpleasantness, are educated into decency by the ministrations of an aunt; so that when the inevitable crash comes, and the father shoots himself, they are able to take up the burden with the requisite patience. The boys are mere caricatures, the brusqueness and slang of the eldest being as crudely exaggerated as the solemn precocity of the second. But the details of smart life are satisfactory for those who like them, and the story moves with spirit to its close.

Captain Shannon. By Coulson Kernahan. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

OF all forms of fiction none is so dependent for its success upon the seriousness of the author as is the detective story. If the reader for one instant suspects that the author is not in earnest, he may as well pitch the book into the fire forthwith for all the satisfaction it will give him. A detective story should be approached by its author with hardly less solemnity than marriage. It is Mr. Kernahan's ignorance or contempt of this fact that makes *Captain Shannon* a failure. He writes admirably; he has a swinging narrative style; his invention is fecund; his belief in himself is persistent; but none the less the book is futile. It is incorrigibly jaunty, and we are never permitted to lose sight of the fact that Mr. Kernahan likes writing it. In frequent discursions (discursions in a detective story!) he gives us opinions of his own on all kinds of irrelevant matters, and once he even goes so far as to stop the story to tell us that it has no woman in it! Art, especially the art of Gaboriau, is a most serious affair than this. Pruned of impetuous growths, the tale would be a fairly good one, for Captain Shannon is a dynamitard of unusual imagination and daring. As it is, it can convince no one.

The Happy Hypocrite. By Max Beerbohm. (John Lane.)

THE material of Mr. Beerbohm's "Fairy tale for tired men," as he calls it, is better than the execution. He has hit upon a charming idea. He takes a *roué*, a man-about-town of the flexible Georgian period, Lord George Hell by name (who is "thirty-five, and a great grief to his parents"), and shows him through the influence of the girl he loves and marries led back to simplicity and virtue. This, the reader will say, is old enough. True; but Mr. Beerbohm does more. His Lordship, when first he asks little Jenny to be his wife, is told that she can marry no man that has not the face of a saint. Lord George Hell's features being quite the reverse, he seeks a mask-maker, and procures the mask of a saint in which to court his lady. In this mask he wins her, and sunned upon by her pure rays he grows hourly less and less remote from the character whom he is impersonating. And then, one day, when the mask is torn from him, his face is found to have become like unto it. A prettier idea one could not wish. According to his lights Mr. Beerbohm has worked it out well, but we are often doubtful as to the propriety of his treatment. He alternates extreme sophistication with extreme artlessness almost too pointedly, and he seems never quite to have made up his mind as to what kind of audience he is addressing. When the professional Laugher becomes Sentimentalist, we must be pardoned if we are mystified. Even so witty a writer as Mr. Beerbohm can be too bizarre: to make Jenny, the wife, only sixteen is monstrous. None the less we are grateful for *The Happy Hypocrite*, and hope that the rest of the Bodley Booklets, a series which it inaugurates, will be as amusing.

Scarlet and Steel. By E. Livingstone Prescott. (Hutchinson & Co.)

IT is a far cry from the Tommy Atkins of Mr. Rudyard Kipling to the dejected Cuirassier of Mr. Livingstone Prescott. This is a story half of barrack life and half of prison life, and it is written with a purpose. Sholto Mauleverer, who has been brought up as a gentleman, is dispossessed of his inheritance by a hated cousin, and, in his extremity, enlists. He suffers many hardships, and the climax arrives when the cousin becomes his captain. Goaded beyond endurance, he assaults an officer and is sent to prison. There the treatment is continued by another old enemy, who is now a warder, and by whose machinations he is brought into disgrace, flogged, and subjected to other humiliations which are not usually mentioned in novels. Mr. Prescott's object in presenting what is, of course, an extreme case is no doubt the same as Charles Reade's was, and he makes the same mistake of going too far. A captain may be harsh, or a warder may be unsympathetic, or a prisoner may be susceptible; but that a soldier should be pursued from first to last by the malignity of his two bitterest personal enemies, in whose power fortune has placed him, is as nearly a mathematical impossibility as the holding of a

hand of trumps. Mr. Prescott assures us that he has been at pains to make sure of his facts; but in drawing up a system it is necessary to consider the nine hundred and ninety-nine cases in preference to the thousandth. There is no harm in writing novels about the odd case, but it is unsafe to argue from it.

A Dozen Ways of Love. By L. Dougall. (A. & C. Black.)

THESE tales are unequal, as a collection of short stories is apt to be. Perhaps Miss Dougall's reputation would not have suffered if she had not insisted on making up the "dozen" for the purposes of a pretty title. The best of the stories is certainly the first, "Young Love," a pathetic little sketch of an old lady whose memory has gone, save for one unrecorded incident of her youth. If Miss Dougall had been able to maintain the high level of sentiment which she reaches in this effort, the book would merit unreserved praise. Reservation is perhaps least needed in the case of "Hath not a Jew Eyes?" a brief tragedy of a barber and his customer. Miss Dougall's liking for the mysterious has full play in a weird fantasy entitled "The Soul of a Man." Other items in the volume are slight: some trivial, some extravagant. The story of the woman who murdered her husband as a measure of domestic economy, and who maintained to her dying day that "I've sins on my soul, but the drowning of O'Brien, as far as I know right from wrong, isn't one of them," is curious as an exercise of the imagination. "A Freak of Cupid," which is the longest of the tales, leaves the impression that Miss Dougall understands pathos better than humour.

The Knight's Tale. By F. Emily Phillips. (W. Blackwood & Sons.)

THE author of *The Knight's Tale* has either copied or chanced on some of the faults which we are willing to forgive Mr. George Meredith. She gives us a book in which much has to be guessed that most other ladies would have set down plainly; which takes much for granted that the easy-going reader may not be willing to grant. It is, nevertheless, a picturesque and vivacious story; and the somewhat vague and scrappy plot gathers itself together now and then into powerful situations. Paris behind barricades, as it displays itself to the betrothed of "Lindsay, the Communist," is the theme. But the book is far removed from the historical novel. It is mainly a study of feminine character in extremity. The heroine is introduced concisely. "Louis was conscious of the idea that she was proud. What he did say to himself was, 'Her name is Veronica.'" They became engaged in due course, and some years later they were married—in presence of the general, the bridegroom bound and under sentence of immediate execution. It is not necessary to tell the rest of the story. Nor would it be fair, for the terse and vivid style is a very essential quality of *The Knight's Tale*.

Did He Deserve It? By Mrs. J. H. Riddell. (Downey & Co.)

DID he deserve it? Well, we should rather doubt it, for Mr. John Moucell in the story is an unlovely example of the unsuccessful journalist. The victim of an early and foolish marriage, he supports a family of nine in South Lambeth by miscellaneous Press work. Out of jealousy he writes a bitter review of a friend's book, which kills the friend and shakes for ever his own daughter's faith in her father. But in spite of such devious courses his affairs take a turn for the better, his daughter marries happily, his family do him credit, and he becomes partner in a publishing business, and husband of a rich widow. The book attracts by its quality of straightforward narrative and its superabundance of "shop." Mrs. Riddell gives us the "shop" of the literary trade: but it matters little whether the stuff be religious, fashionable, political, or journalistic, it will always have its admirers. Yet in spite of this the book is in parts almost good. The small "Apostle" with his marvellous language is farcical, but amusing; and such minor people as Mr. Clinton Jones and Mr. Blackshaw are drawn with a faint touch of epigram. The character of Mr. Moucell, too, is conceived with an attempt at subtlety and completeness somewhat rare in this class of fiction. The plot, to be sure, and most of the people have the wearily familiar flavour of ineptitude; but there is just this hint of better things to deserve chronicle.

Essentially Human. By Annie Thomas. (F. V. White & Co.)

Essentially Human is none of your new-fangled problem novels. Its characters are from the pigeon-holes of a veteran caterer for the bookstalls, and their ungrammatical language has also made its appearance before. The plot is slight to thinness; it runs, not smoothly, to an uninteresting marriage. You meet the heroine, Helen Charmouth, at a presentation tea—fancy a modern heroine being presented!—and learn that she is the new society beauty. Her father, Sir Robert Charmouth, would marry her to the purchaser of his family estate in Norfolk; but Helen has fallen in love with a young, but successful, playwright. The playwright is also not modern enough to enjoy revealing the fact that he is the son of a well-to-do and retired tradesman in a neighbouring county town. Consequently, the revelation is deferred, and when it is made becomes a barrier. Helen is banished to the abode of an aunt, who does beadwork and harries her servants; although it need hardly be said that in the end love triumphs once more over prejudice. Comic relief is supplied by a painted and incredible widow of forty, who tries to cut out Miss Charmouth in her playwright's affections, and by a greedy and equally incredible *enfant terrible*. Of the other characters it is, perhaps, enough to say that there must have been a good deal of water in the ink with which they were drawn.

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1897.

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All business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., should be addressed to the PUBLISHER.

Offices: 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.

THE WEEK.

CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

[This article is a chronicle of books published during the week. Reviews will follow in due course.]

MR. S. R. GARDINER'S historical writings are not, as a whole, made up in easily purchasable quantities, but this cannot be said of *Cromwell's Place in History*, which is a slim volume founded on six lectures delivered in the University of Oxford. An interesting circumstance is that Mr. Gardiner had delivered the lectures without notes and without thought of their publication. For their reproduction as a book he had to rely mainly on the notes of two students of Lady Margaret Hall, Miss L. Verney and Miss Gunter. The object of the lectures was, says Mr. Gardiner, "not to deal with the biography of Cromwell, but to estimate his relation to the political and ecclesiastical movements of his time—to show how he was influenced by them and influenced them in turn."

THE ENGLISH STAGE. We have now the promised translation in book form of M. Augustin Filon's articles on the Victorian drama which appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The translation has been done by Mr. Frederic Whyte, and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones supplies a lengthy Introduction. Mr. Jones takes a less optimistic view of the present state of the English drama than his author, a circumstance explained, perhaps, by the fact that he surveys it at a later date. Thus M. Filon writes unhesitatingly:

"There is an English drama. The demand for it has been felt and the supply is forthcoming. Or, rather, it has come. It is a strenuous youngster, determined to keep alive,

bearing up pluckily, if with trouble, against all the maladies of childhood, against the dangers of evil influences—the brutal roughness of some, and the undue tenderness of others.

So it seemed to Mr. Jones himself a few years ago, but he now writes:

"After considerable advances . . . the movement became obscured and burlesqued, and finally the British public fell into what Macaulay calls one of its periodical panics of morality. In that panic the English drama disappeared for the time, and at the moment of writing it does not exist. There are many excellent entertainments at our different theatres, and most of them are deservedly successful. But in the very height of this theatrical season there is not a single London theatre that is giving a play which so much as pretends to picture our modern English life—I might almost say that pretends to picture human life at all."

TWELVE BAD WOMEN.

THE *Twelve Bad Men* of Mr. Thomas Seccombe is followed by *Twelve Bad Women*, edited by Mr. Arthur Vincent, who thinks "it was fitting that the one book should be followed by the second." The *Lives* in this volume, which are written by eight writers, are those of Alice Perrers, the favourite of Edward III.; Alice Arden, the sixteenth century murderess; Moll Cutpurse, "thief and receiver"; Frances Howard, Countess of Somerset; Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland; Jenny Diver, "pickpocket"; Teresia Constantia Phillips, adventuress and blackmailer; Elizabeth Brownrigg, "cruelty personified"; Elizabeth Canning, impostor; Elizabeth Chudleigh, Duchess of Kingston; Mary Bateman, "the Yorkshire witch"; and Mary Anne Clarke, "courtesan."

OTHER BOOKS.

IN *The Old Dramatists: Conjectural Readings*, Mr. K. Deighton supplies a series of guesses at textual truth in passages taken from the plays of Marston, Beaumont and Fletcher, Peele, Marlowe, Dekker, and other Elizabethan dramatists, Shakespeare excepted. Most of these readings have already been printed for private circulation, and in giving them greater publicity Mr. Deighton expresses the hope that they will at least be "recognised as the outcome of patient industry, and of considerable familiarity with the language and thought of the old dramatists." . . . In *Praise of Music* is a music-lover's enchiridion and in method it avowedly follows the *Book-lover's Enchiridion* of Mr. Alexander Ireland. The book, which is charmingly printed and bound, is, we believe, the first collection of its particular kind. . . . *Lectures in the Lyceum* is an edition of Aristotle's *Ethics* for English readers. Mr. St. George Stock, the editor, explains that its aim is to appeal "beyond a merely academic audience to the wider circle of English and American readers who may care to know something of the philosophy of Aristotle." . . . Messrs. William Blackwood & Sons' series of *County Histories of Scotland* is continued in *A History of Moray and Nairn*. Mr. Charles Rampini, who has written this volume, explains that he has treated the Province, the Bishopric, the Earldom, &c., as separate subjects in order to secure "a more sharply

defined picture of their nature, progress, and influence than if he had employed the more ordinary narrative form." . . . The elegant series of shilling books on English Cathedrals which Messrs. Isbister & Co. are publishing makes rapid progress. Canterbury, Norwich, Salisbury, and Gloucester are now added. . . . *The Life and Times of Thomas Wakley* is an extended record of the lifework of the founder of the *Lancet*, written by his eldest son and grandson. It was a happy idea to print on the title-page a part of the conversation between Mr. Chichely and Mr. Sprague concerning Wakley in *Middlemarch*: "But Wakley is right, sometimes," the doctor added judiciously; "I could mention one or two points in which Wakley is right." Two portraits of Thomas Wakley are given.

FICTION.

False Gods, by Mrs. Albert S. Bradshaw, was originally entitled "A House of Cards," but, as has happened in many other cases, the author was apprised at the last moment that the title had been used; hence the present title. . . . This is the year for which Mr. William Le Queux foretold the invasion of England in his *The Great War in England in 1897*, published five years ago. A third of the year has gone, and so far nothing more fearsome has befallen us than a new warlike romance by Mr. Le Queux himself—warlike, Arabian, and passionate. . . . *Jinny Blake* is Miss Hannah Lynch's latest essay in fiction; its prevailing mood is to be inferred from the verse of Browning which the author places on her title-page:

"I must bury sorrow
Out of sight,
Must a little weep, love
(Foolish me),
And so fall asleep, love,
Loved by thee."

Browning also furnishes a fly-leaf quotation for *Paul's Stepmother*, and *One other Story*, by Lady Troubridge:

"On earth the broken arcs
In heaven the perfect round."

. . . *Ill-gotten Gold*, a novel by W. G. Tarbet, is "a story of a great wrong and a great revenge"; but the table of contents is not enlightening, being after this pattern: Chapter I., page 1; and so on for twenty-one chapters. . . . *As we Sow*, by Christopher Hare, is a "West Country Drama" beginning: "'Do'ee look, Jem! Who be that a - goin' down leane? Caant 'ee see un droo the hedge?' 'Ay, sure 'nough, I beant no fool. 'Tis Varmer Yeatman on's grey mare.'" . . . *Ripple and Flood*, by James Prior, gives us Nottinghamshire dialect: "A can swim raight across the Trent an' back. An' a can dive, an' a can float. If yer was drownin' a could save yer to land like fun." . . . In *Craketrees*, by Watson Dyke, we achieve the breadth and harshness of the North Country: "Oh, ay; thar'd be a rare to-do if Rob was absent frae the Fair. Ye doesn't ken his power, lassie; but, then, thou's lived awa down in the flatter parts o' the world, in that place o' yourn at the Bell's; and it taks all t' knowledge and t' spirit out of a girl when she gangs to place down the dale."

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

[In the following list prices are given where they have been supplied by Publishers.]

THEOLOGICAL.

THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS. By Rev. S. Baring-Gould, M.A. Vol. II. John O. Nimmo. 5s.

THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES IN GREEK AND ENGLISH. With Notes by Rev. Frederic Rendall, M.A. Macmillan & Co.

HISTORY.

ROBERT THE WISE AND HIS HEIRS, 1272-1352. By St. Clair Baddeley. William Heinemann.

THE QUEEN'S REIGN FOR CHILDREN. By W. Clarke Hall. T. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d.

CROMWELL'S PLACE IN HISTORY. By Samuel Rawson Gardiner. Longmans, Green & Co. 3s. 6d.

GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL. By the Very Rev. H. D. M. Spence, D.D. SALISBURY CATHEDRAL. By the Very Rev. G. D. Boyle, M.A. NORWICH CATHEDRAL. By the Very Rev. Dean Lefroy. CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL. By the Very Rev. W. H. Fremantle. Iabister & Co.

THE COUNTY HISTORIES OF SCOTLAND: A HISTORY OF MORAY AND NAIEN. By Charles Rampini, LL.D. William Blackwood & Sons. 7s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIVES OF TWELVE BAD WOMEN. Edited by Arthur Vincent. T. Fisher Unwin. 16s.

THE STORY OF THE CHEVALIER BAYARD. By Edith Walford. Sampson Low. 1s. 6d.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THOMAS WAKLEY. By S. Squire Sprigge. Longmans, Green & Co. 18s.

POETRY.

APHRODISA: A LEGEND OF ARGOLIS, AND OTHER POEMS. By George Horton. T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d.

SAUL, AND OTHER POEMS. Vol. II. By Paul John. Mowbray & Co.

DRAMA AND BELLES LETTRES.

LETTERS, SENTENCES, AND MAXIMS. By Lord Chesterfield. With St. Beuve's Critical Essay. Sampson Low.

THE ENGLISH STAGE. By Augustin Filon. Translated by Frederic Whyte. With an Introduction by Henry A. Jones.

READINGS ON THE PURGATORIO OF DANTE. Chiefly based on the Commentary of Benvenuto da Imola. By the Hon. W. Warren Vernon, M.A. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. Macmillan & Co. 24s.

IN PRAISE OF MUSIC: AN ANTHOLOGY. Prepared by Charles Saylor. Elliot Stock.

THE CONSOLATION OF BONTIUS Translated into English Prose and Verse by H. R. James, M.A. Elliot Stock.

THE OLD DRAMATISTS: CONJECTURAL READINGS. By K. Deighton. Archibald Constable & Co. 3s. 6d.

ETHICS.

LECTURES IN THE LYCEUM; OR, ARISTOTLE'S ETHICS FOR ENGLISH READERS. Edited by St. George Stock. Longmans, Green & Co.

FICTION.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE. By J. H. Swingle. Digby, Long & Co. 3s. 6d.

ONLY A FLIRT. By Mrs. Robert Jocelyn. F. V. White & Co. 6s.

THE CHRONICLES OF MICHAEL DANEVITCH. By Dick Donovan. Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.

CASTLE MEADOW: A STORY OF NORWICH A HUNDRED YEARS AGO. By Emma Marshall. Seeley & Co.

FALSE GODS. By Mrs. Albert S. Bradshaw. Henry & Co. 6s.

CRACKETTES. By Watson Dyke. T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.

ILL-GOTTEN GOLD. By W. G. Tarbet. Cassell & Co.

HIS EXCELLENCY. By Emile Zola. Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.

PAUL'S STEPMOTHER. By Lady Troubridge. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.

OUR WILLS AND FATES. By Katherine Wild. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. 6s.

RIPPLE AND FLOOD. By James Prior. Hutchinson & Co. 6s.

A FULL CONFESSION. By F. C. Phillips. Archibald Constable. 1s.

THE EYE OF ISRAEL. By William Le Queux. F. V. White & Co. 6s.

THE PRIME MINISTER OF WÜRTTEMBERG. By Eller. William Andrews & Co. 3s. 6d.

THE FAULT OF ONE. By Effie Adelaide Rowlands. Kegan Paul. 6s.

AS WE SOW. By Christopher Hare. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. 3s. 6d.

THE PLATTEAU STORY, AND OTHERS. By H. G. Wells. Methuen & Co. 6s.

FATE AND A HEART. By Faber Vance. Ward & Downey. 1s. 6d.

JIMMY BLAKE. By Hannah Lynch. J. M. Dent & Co. 6s.

NOTES AND NEWS.

IN proposing the toast of "The Army, Navy, and the Reserve Forces," at the Royal Academy banquet, the President, Sir E. J. Poynter, indulged incidentally in a little piece of family log-rolling. In the course of his speech he remarked that Tommy Atkins had now found his chronicler and poet. This allusion to Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who was present, and is, as everyone knows, Sir Edward Poynter's nephew by marriage, was received with cheers.

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN, who replied for Literature, began less felicitously than he ended. The beginning of his speech was a plea for "poor, houseless, unorganised, unincorporated, unrecognised literature, literature with no roof, no table of its own"—representing an attitude which an official Laureate is not the best person to take up, and being also somewhat inappropriate at an entertainment where literature has regularly occupied an honoured place for many years. Had Mr. Austin's remarks been made at the first Academy banquet at which the toast of Literature was proposed they would have been fitting enough.

CONTINUING, the Poet Laureate made some excellent remarks concerning the connexion of literature and art. After touching upon the sonnets of Michael Angelo, the speculations of Leonardo da Vinci, and the lectures of Sir Joshua Reynolds, he said: "Painters were the first to feel the magic of the poetry of Keats, the first to discover and proclaim the interpenetrating charm and finished felicity of Tennyson. And were any one to assert that, thanks to a certain keen but disinterested sympathy, artists are the soundest and surest judges of the higher literature of their time, I should not be tempted to contradict him. There is thus a tie, there subsists a bond of kinship, between literature and art, compared with which this, your annual communion with principalities and powers, however natural and pleasing, seems fortuitous and transitory. That is why I beg of you never to leave literature uninvited or undistinguished at your hospitable board."

MR. STEPHEN CRANE's first war letter to the *Westminster Gazette* was not particularly good, not noticeably better than much anonymous descriptive work, but included in it was a sketch of a British midshipmite which is very well worth remembering:

"Down in the launch, however, there was a middy who was a joy. He was smaller than a sparrow, but—my soul—how bright and Napoleonic and forcible he was! He was as busy as a hive of bees. He had no time for poses and genuflections and other amusements. Once, indeed, he looked up from his business to the deck of the ship, and this infant had a stern, quick glance, a man's eye. It was like hearing a canary bird swear, to watch this tot put a speaking-tube to his mouth. He was so small that a life-sized portrait of him could be painted on a sovereign, this warrior. She would be a fool of a mother who would trust him in a pantry where there were tarts, and his

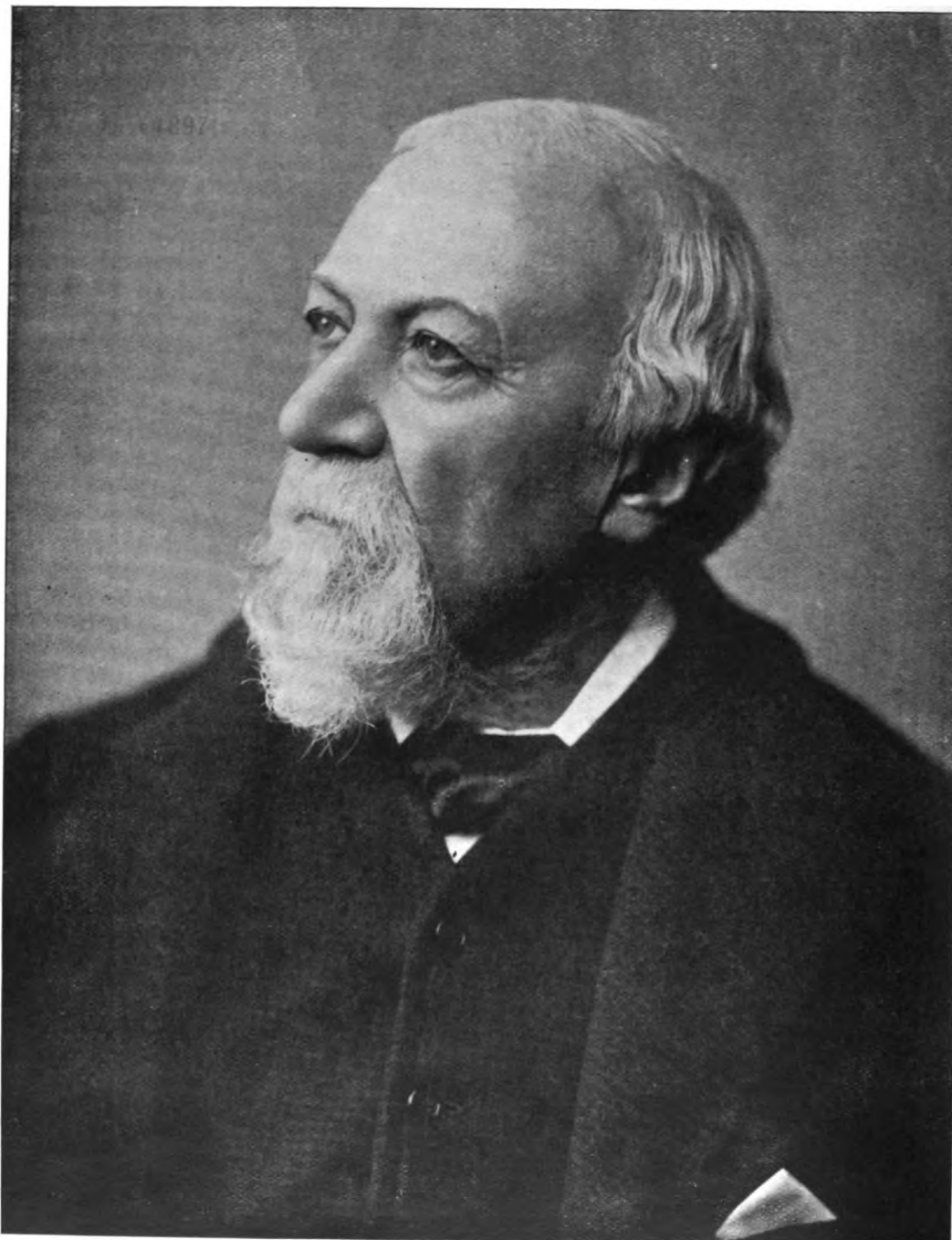
big sister can box his ears for some years to come; but of course there is no more fiery-hearted scoundrel in the fleet of the Powers than this babe. . . . If another child of the *Cumperdown* should steal this child's knife he might go to a corner and perhaps almost shed tears, but no hoary admiral can dream of the wild slaughter and Hades on the bosom of the sea that agitate this babe's breast. He is a damned villain. And yet may the God of Battle that sits above the smoke watch over this damned villain and all bright, bold, little damned villains like him!"

This is good work and good sentiment.

It is carrying the intimacy even of that form of journalism known as a Literary Letter too far when the personal appearance of a new author can be brought before the reader only by comparison with that of an older craftsman. The personal appearance of an author is, to begin with, of the highest unimportance, and, in the second place, to extol one man's face (and hair) at the expense of another's is not good manners. The London correspondent of the *New York Critic* usually shows so much taste, that it is surprising to find him despatching across three thousand miles of Atlantic the intelligence that a certain young novelist, whose second book has been well reviewed, is of "striking appearance—a sort of manly edition of Mr. —." The hiatus is ours. America can hardly desire to know this, and Mr. — is in no need of sneers.

THE annual meeting of the members of the Royal Institution of Great Britain was held on Saturday afternoon at the house of the Institution in Albemarle-street, Sir James Crichton-Browne, treasurer and vice-president, presiding. The annual report of the Committee of Visitors for the year 1896, testifying to the continued prosperity and efficient management of the Institution, was read and adopted. Fifty-eight new members were elected in 1896. Sixty-four lectures and nineteen evening discourses were delivered. The books and pamphlets presented in 1896 amounted to about 274 volumes, making, with 621 volumes (including periodicals bound) purchased by the managers, a total of 895 volumes added to the library in the year.

To Miss Clementina Black's recent novel, *An Agitator*, was prefixed a statement setting forth that no character in the book was drawn from life or intended to be a portrait. All authors who deal with modern life would do well to imitate such caution: a piece of counsel which an American novelist, Mrs. Edith Tupper Sessions, would readily endorse. Mrs. Sessions wrote a story called *The Artist's Christmas*, in which an artist figured who had painted a picture of General Lee's surrender at Appomattox. This picture was described by the authoress as "a mere daub," and the artist was said to have had a lean and hungry look. Soon after the story appeared a Col. Battersby arose, affirming that it was he whom Mrs. Sessions maliciously described, and claiming damages. The case was tried, Mrs. Sessions denied the charge, and Col. Battersby won 1,882 dollars 16 cents by way of redress.



ROBERT BROWNING

From a Photograph by H. H. Hay Cameron

By the death of Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks the older school of novelists loses a member who in her day won a large measure of popularity. Among her novels *The Manchester Man*—published first in 1876, and recently in an *édition de luxe*—*Woovers and Winners*, and *Bondslaves*—which appeared as lately as 1893—are perhaps the best known. The late John Bright was a strong admirer of Mrs. Banks's writings. She died at the age of seventy-six.

MR. JOHN LANE's readiness to turn the laugh on himself (and his authors) is very cheering. First he gives the book and then the parody of it, with charming impartiality. Mr. Grant Allen's *British Barbarians*, for example, was followed by Mr. Traill's travesty; the *Yellow Book* bards were merrily chaffed in *The Battle of the Bays*; and now, we learn, Mr. Le Gallienne's *Quest of the Golden Girl* is to be clinched by a *Quest of the Gilt-edged Girl*, also proceeding from the Bodley Head.

In the course of an agreeable essay on the Theory and Practice of Local Colour in *Macmillan's Magazine*, Mr. W. P. James mentions the extreme case of an ingenious novelist who deducted from his income-tax assessment the travelling expenses incurred in procuring the local colour for his new novel.

MR. JAMES's opinion is that local colour crammed for the occasion is worth very little. His conclusion is contained in these words: "Given genius and the poetic imagination the true school, and, so far as I can see, the only true school for that intimate and accurate local colour which the times demand is the instinctive observation of youth and adolescence, the unconscious or half unconscious absorption of impression during the early formative years. Compare, for example, the Scotch novels with *Ivanhoe* or *The Talisman*; compare George Eliot's English Midlands with the Florence of her *Romola*; compare Hawthorne's New England with the Rome of his *Transformation*; compare Mr. Kipling's India with his London."

THE near approach of the Jubilee is having its effect on the publishing season, authors and publishers being unwilling to launch books until the celebration and its distractions are over. The postponements that are being made will therefore extend to the autumn season, which, in consequence, is likely to be an exceptionally busy one. At the same time it must not be supposed that there is any noticeable falling off in the arrivals of new books. Our own table declares the contrary to be the case. On it, in the last few days, more than twenty new novels have accumulated, while the supply of other literature is in no way slackening, although the bulk is not of a very interesting character.

MR. JOHN MURRAY has been provoked by the *Pall Mall Gazette* into writing a statement concerning the inception and authorship of the Handbooks which bear his name, and this he has published in the form

of a tiny pamphlet, entitled *The Origin and History of Murray's Handbook for Travellers*. The writer in the *Pall Mall* gave to Mr. Baedeker the credit of inventing this class of work; hence Mr. Murray's unanswerable claim to have originated it himself. "Having," he says, "from my early youth been possessed by an ardent desire to travel, my very indulgent father acceded to my request, on condition that I should prepare myself by mastering the language of the country I was to travel in. Accordingly in 1829, having brushed up my German, I first set foot on the Continent at Rotterdam. At that time such a thing as a Guide-book for Germany, France, or Spain did not exist. The only Guides deserving the name were: Ebel, for Switzerland; Boyce, for Belgium; and Mrs. Starke for Italy."

A few notes supplied by a friend helped Mr. Murray through Holland, but in Hamburg he was lost for want of them: it was this that started him in his career as a Guide-book compiler. His father invented the term Handbook. The scheme being thus begun with Holland, Murray's handbooks have been appearing steadily until this day. Mr. Murray was the sole author of several, "but, as the series proceeded," he says, "I was fortunate enough to secure such able colleagues as Richard Ford for Spain, Sir Gardner Wilkinson for Egypt, Sir Francis Palgrave for North Italy, Dr. Porter for Palestine, Sir George Bowen for Greece, Sir Lambert Playfair for Algiers and the Mediterranean, Mr. George Dennis for Sicily, &c."

BAEDEKER's series of Guides began in 1839, and Mr. Murray winds up his statement with the clinching remark that "although Messrs. Baedeker have brought out some eighteen different guide-books, every one of them has been preceded and anticipated by a Murray's Handbook for that particular country."

THE statement we published last week to the effect that "the Queen had not caused a memoir of Prince Henry of Battenberg to be written for private circulation" was incorrect. Such a memoir has not only been written but printed, and Her Majesty has presented copies to certain favoured recipients.

MR. JEROME K. JEROME's new book, *Sketches in Lavender: Blue and Green*, a collection of short stories, will be published early this month by Messrs. Longmans.

A SPECIAL edition of the Oxford Press Diamond Jubilee Bible, to be known as the Queen's Commemoration Bible, will contain the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund Shilling Stamp. A corresponding edition of the Prayer-book—the Queen's Commemoration Prayer-book—is also promised, including the stamp, various illustrations, and the form of prayer and thanksgiving to be used on Accession Sunday. Mr. Henry Frowde and Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co. will jointly issue the two volumes, the prices of which will cover the cost of the stamp.

ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

XXVI.—ROBERT BROWNING.

BROWNING is the most hotly disputed of all indisputable poets. Such a critic as Mr. Henley will not hear of his being a poet at all; neither would such a critic as Mr. Coventry Patmore. The reason of both was the same: Browning's extreme disregard of recognised poetic form and conventions. He would, even in the midst of his most poetical poems, introduce passages of unquestionable rhymed prose; he could never proceed for long without exhibiting flagrant roughness and unmetricalness in metre. Consequently, such critics said that he lacked the most primary requisite of a singer—he could not sing. In our opinion, there are two distinct things to be separated in metre—ruggedness and roughness. Metre may be rugged and yet musical. Metre, in fact, may aim at two different things—melody and harmony. In this it corresponds to music. There is the Italian school of music, characterised by melody; there is the German school of music, characterised by harmony. Melody must be smooth, harmony admits of ruggedness. The same is the case with poetry. Swinburne is a conspicuous melodist, and is always smooth. Milton is a conspicuous harmonist, and is often rugged in detail. Coleridge stands between the two, being a harmonist whose harmonies are always melodious. So, too, are Milton's on the whole, in spite of their ruggedness in detail. But Shakespeare, in his greatest blank verse, that of his latest period, is rugged in the very nature of his harmonies. They roll with the grandeur of mountain boulders, only to be understood by a large and masculine ear. It is not so with Browning. There are in him no harmonies moving on so colossal a scale, that the individual frictions play only the part of the frictions in a male, as compared with a female voice. It is not ruggedness; it is veritable roughness, like the roughness of a harsh male voice. We must allow, therefore, that he lacks something of the quality of a singer. Yet it sometimes happens that a singer with a rough voice commands attention in despite of its roughness. And so, we think, it is with Browning. Donne is another example. Criticism has come round to the recognition of Donne, in spite of the roughest utterance ever employed by a poet of like gifts. Upon this precedent we rest our recognition of Browning as a poet. He went out of his way to be rough, apparently for roughness' sake, and without any large scale of harmonies to justify it. But his intrinsic qualities, far more than in the case of Donne, make him a poet in the teeth of this defect of execution: such is our opinion. Fineness of manner has often carried off smallness of matter. And, though to a rarer extent, we think that fineness of matter may sometimes carry off defect of manner.

Of the fineness of matter in Browning we can see no doubt. It is true that it is not invariably strictly poetical: there are whole pieces, like the famous monologue of Bishop Blougram, which can no more be called poetry than a soliloquy of Iago

or Richard III. His was, in fact, a dramatic mind, though a dramatic mind of peculiar character. His special invention was the dramatic lyric. Even in his lyrics he was Robert Browning the "maker of plays," and he felt it and virtually said it. He has given us plays, and they are plays of a unique kind, coming under no previous precedent. His concern is not with action, but with the motives which lead to action, and the way in which those motives are unconsciously influenced by the varying play of circumstance. He is a verse-Meredith, indeed, so far as there can be affinity between two separate individualities. His plays turn virtually upon a single situation, which puts all the characters in a position of doubt. Their minds veer and shift under the intricate side-winds of circumstance; and at last they work out to a decision which is only half their own. With that solving of the situation the drama ends; and it is the exhibition of these intricate inward processes, conditioned by outward events and the interaction of the characters on each other, which constitutes the play. Naturally Browning has to adopt a new convention for an object so new and characteristically modern. He finds it in a daring extension of the principle of the soliloquy. The soliloquy is itself a convention, by which the characters are permitted to think aloud in solitude, after a fashion very rare in real life. But Browning's characters think aloud under all circumstances. A dialogue between two lovers, in a given difficult situation, is with him a matter in which both not only think, but feel aloud to each other, as never two lovers did or could. Yet their language is so skilfully managed, it is given so much of the form of colloquy, that we are deceived while we read into overlooking the intrinsic impossibility of the thing. Having once won from us that involuntary concession, he is able to do what he pleases, and to keep our interest on the stretch throughout a play in which nothing happens till the very last; in which we are throughout interested in the problem of what is going to happen. Needless to say such a drama is for the closet, not the stage. We can hardly conceive a Browning play being a stage success with any ordinary audience.

The dramatic lyrics, which seem to us Browning's finest contributions to poetry, are really such plays treated in brief, through the mouth of one of the people concerned. Always there is a similar problem involved, and always it is upon the working out of that problem that Browning fixes his interest. Consequently, in them, as in the dramas, pure poetry is left to come as an accident; it is not the object of the lyric. Yet there are few qualities of pure poetry which Browning is not capable of displaying as occasion arises. Music even comes, when the course of the feeling leads him into a train of pure beauty. Imagination is his at command. Take, for example, the passage in *Colombe's Birthday*, where he illustrates the thesis that lost confidence is never renewed in noble natures.

"Twist off the crab's claw, wait a smarting-while,

And something grows and grows and gets to be
A mimic of the lost joint, just so like
As keeps in mind, it never, never will
Replace its predecessor! Crabs do that:
But lop the lion's foot, and——"

It is perfect, and the work of a poet undeniable. Then, for an example of emotion fused with imagination, look at such a thing as the passage where a lover hears his Spanish mistress name to him the flowers in her garden:

"Flower, you Spaniard, look that you grow not,
Stay as you are, and be loved for ever!"

His power of word-painting (abhorred but unreplaceable epithet!) partakes of his characteristic roughness, yet it is all his own and vivid:

"The rose-flesh mushroom, undivulged
Last evening—nay, in to-day's first dew
Yon sudden coral nipple bulged,
While a freaked, fawn-coloured, flaky crew
Of toad-stools peep indulged."

Then consider his occasional, but (when he exerts it) Elizabethan power of ardent fancy. This, for instance:

"Most like the centre-spike of gold
Which burns deep in the blue-bell's womb,
What time, with ardours manifold,
The bee goes singing to her groom,
Drunken and overbold."

The *Dramatic Lyrics*, and *Men and Women*, seem to our mind the most characteristically valuable of this virile poet's contributions to English literature. Though his whole occupation is with problems of the inner nature, and problems, moreover (as a previous critic has noted), less deep than devious, yet his sane and impartial voice, sometimes, in them, trembles with a pathos all the more effective because it is so sudden, restrained, and brief. For instance, that most deeply tender conclusion of *Two in the Campagna*:

"Only I discern
Infinite pathos, and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn."

He has a strange power, indeed, of distilling the moral of a coolly argued poem into a single poignant drop at the last. Sometimes, too, he accomplishes that imaginative feat of the greatest poets—the animating of external objects with human passion. So it is in *A Serenade at the Villa*:

"Earth turned in her sleep with pain,
Sultrily suspired for proof.

Oh, how dusk your villa was,
Windows fast and obdurate!
How the garden grudged me grass
Where I stood—the iron gate
Ground its teeth to let me pass!"

This is of the very breath of the elder poets. Then, too, the forbearing, regretful, most masculine tenderness which he can express towards women—the tenderness which can alone find utterance from supreme strength pitifully considerate of weakness, pardoning the wrong towards itself, through wise and sweet insight into the weakness and incapacity of the wronger:

"But for loving—why, you would not, sweet,
Though we prayed you,
Paid you, brayed you
In a mortar—for you could not, sweet!"

As to Browning's "message" much has been written, and many blasphemies. There are some who will have nothing of "messages" in poetry; who ask with Tennyson:

"Oh, to what uses shall we put
The wild-weed flower that simply blows.
And is there any moral shut
Within the bosom of the rose?"

Others answer that the dandelion makes excellent salad, and that the poets of the world have found morals shut within the bosom of the rose. It is a deep controversy which is not for decision here; but, setting it aside, we are unable to find that Browning had, or thought himself to have, any message. There are incidental utterances of wisdom in him, as in all but the slenderest poets; but, for the most part, he was essentially a questioner, who speculated upon things, and was content to answer: "That men do; what it all means, and what is the issue of the play, I shall find out when my part in it is played." It is very strange that modern criticism should have fathered sermons upon the man, next to Shakespeare, who was most disinterested in his outlook upon life, and most remote from preaching them. To summarise Browning would tax any critic. Some of his points we have indicated; many we have had necessarily to leave unconsidered. He was insufficiently an artist; but he was a strong, sane, cheerful, curious poetic onlooker upon life: great we unhesitatingly think, lacking few qualities of the greatest poets but the instinct to be orderly in his greatness.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

IN one of his delightful critical essays M. Jules Lemaitre greets Mme. Alphonse Daudet as the sole impressionist artist among women writers. From so delicate and charming a pen as hers something more agreeably original and personal than her extremely commonplace *Notes sur Londres* might have been expected. Prettily written, yes; but slighter than travelling impressions ought to be. True, it is a difficult task to write freely or justly of a people whose hospitality you have partaken of, and in this case those behind the scenes are perfectly aware that the Daudets were anything but satisfied with their visit to London, so that these notes are relatively insignificant as an imperfect statement; and between the lines we read Mme. Daudet's amiable desire to suppress all hint of discontent. There is a certain half-evaporated fragrance about the style suitably set in a pretty affectation of binding and dainty print, which completes the feminine attractiveness of the little volume, quaintly suggestive of *boudoir* rather than library. One never loses the impression that these elegantly trivial pages have been written by a superlatively well-dressed Parisian, and through the charmed smile one feels the suppressed irony, and wishes it had penetrated to the surface, and lent vigour or wit to this somewhat tame criticism of an alien nation. The touch is

too light, too fugitive. When we find Mr. Meredith introduced to French readers as an English Mallarmé it is time to protest, however charming the critic may be. Mr. Meredith's English may be difficult, but it is English; while Mallarmé's tongue is a Chinese of his own invention, which even he may be defied to translate into French.

One remark of Mme. Daudet's deserves quotation for its veracity:

"I do not see here what we call the blue-stocking woman using an art as a deliberate originality, making of it a means of effect or seduction or the satisfaction of vanity. These women [authors] have the air of action, of workers, and nearly all maintain their own interests in newspapers and reviews with remarkable good sense and practical view. I do not see amongst them those *protégées* of directors—those half-actresses, half-authors—who bring feminine letters into disrepute with us. All remain women, and very feminine, and, after an hour spent with them [writing of their club], as in a big class at recreation—yes, the same gaiety, the same cordial grace—I return to my hotel edified by the English-woman."

It is not often a French writer condescends to compose an austere and Puritan novel on the old-fashioned English lines; yet this is what M. René Bazin, a very pleasant contributor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, has just done. His story, *Du Tout son Âme*, might have been written for the Young Person. It is a grave and touching tale, in which the art of dressmaking and the river Loire play important and profoundly studied parts. M. Bazin manages his scenery with consummate art, and is an obvious student of George Eliot. It is rare to find a provincial French town painted in fiction with such scrupulous fidelity as he paints the town of Nantes. The method is entirely English: a little prolonged, somewhat excessive in detail and dialogue, but sincere, honest, and noble work, with a high appreciation of humble virtue and an unwavering sympathy for the poor and weak. It is a realistic novel of the sober and elevated order, French homage to George Eliot, who, indeed, is even quoted in the dressmakers' room by one of the stitchers, and may be warmly recommended to English readers.

Of quite another order is the eternally adorable Gyp's new book, *Joies d'Amour*. Not that *Joies d'Amour* is a book to adore or even to give particular thanks for; but we read it, and remember past favours in the dull hours of life. Sad to whisper even, but Gyp, from excessive repetition, is beginning to lose her sparkle. Just as perverse and facile as ever, but less witty, less unconsciously immoral, less delightfully wicked. It is a Gyp growing old, but not perhaps noticeably wise: a Gyp who is getting tired of repeating herself and is conscious of doing it less well, and consequently begins to yawn in our disappointed faces. All the same, a bright and pleasant, an audacious Gyp, who is ever welcome if not ever fresh and new.

It is fitting that France should contribute to modern literature an exhaustive study of the poetry of Heine, since his own land, in resentment of France's claim, refuses him immortality in stone or bronze. M. Jules Legros, of the University of Bordeaux, has

published a weighty volume on the life and work of the unfortunate poet. It is a sympathetic and a learned study—somewhat over-learned perhaps. Criticism of work so subtle and elusive, so penetrative and profound, of such exquisite fragrance and melody, would gain enormously by more spontaneity and less pedantry. The ordinary reader prefers to dwell on the wave and rhythm of Heine's verse, on its significance and beauty, and does not want to be forced to consider the number of *w's* that may be contained in a given number of lines. But pedantry is the mainstay of criticism. If the learned professor did not dwell upon these little matters that call for strong spectacles, how, in the name of science, could he convince the frivolous student of the unfathomableness of his knowledge? Still, this book of Prof. Legros is important, and one that a Frenchman should have written.

H. L.

NEW BOOKS.

Du Tout son Âme. René Bazin.

Joies d'Amour. Gyp.

Henri Heine. Jules Legros.

THE BOOK MARKET.

BOOKSELLING IN SUBURBIA.

LAST Saturday evening the Electric-avenue in Brixton was a pleasant sight. The sunshine poured down between the glazed roofs which cover the pavements; it reddened the red house walls that towered above the glass; and you were conscious of an ampler sky and a wider gaiety out there on the broad asphalt. The Avenue was packed with shoppers, the shops gleamed and beckoned, money had been earned and was now being spent; it was all very human and happy. A bookshop was half hidden by its own tressles and outside shelves, piled as these were with books and periodicals. Hundreds of cheap cloth-bound books lay prone before me or rose in front of me, gilt-lettered and decent to the eye, all priced 5d. I edged my way into the fingering crowd, and took up a book here and there. The gloved hands of the daughters of Brixton travelled with mine along the shelves as I selected volumes for a momentary inspection. People nudged and hustled, others kept filing into the shop, and somewhere in the heat and crush coins were clinking almost continuously as they fell from the hand. Taking up Fenimore Cooper's *Pathfinder* I mused, "Can Cooper sell?" and a woman almost took it out of my hand and used it as a pointer as she ran her eyes along the shelves. Then she passed into the shop clutching the *Pathfinder*. I picked up a novel—it was Dumas's *Louise de la Vallière*—and followed her. To the youth I said: "You seem to be doing rather well with these books; how many can you sell here in a week?"

"About four thousand, six."

"No, no; in a week?"

"Yes, sir, four thousand."

"I will see the proprietor," I said, and I did.

"Is it true that you are selling four thousand 5d. novels a week in this shop?"

"That is about the figure. We shall sell eight or nine hundred to-day alone."

"How many different novels are you supplying at this price?"

"About two hundred and sixty, and fresh ones are, of course, being added to the series."

"Tell me, will you, where these novels come from, and how it is possible to sell them in cloth covers at 5d.?"

"Well, they are turned out by a publisher in the East End who has for a long time been supplying drapers with cheap books to sell at 9d. a volume. This 5d. line is a new thing. I was only offered it six weeks ago, and I have already sold, or ordered, about seventeen thousand copies. Of course, the books are printed from stereotypes bought up from publishers. As for the binding, it is certainly wonderful, and would be impossible but for a new machine, which is capable of binding 1,200 volumes in an hour. I may tell you that thirty thousand of these novels are turned out weekly."

"But, as a bookseller and a bookman, you will admit that the type and paper leave a great deal to be desired."

"That is so. Still they are not so bad, and the moral of the thing is that people want inexpensive books and, if supplied with them, will buy them in amazing quantities."

"Your customers prefer a 5d. cloth-bound book printed from stereotypes to a 4d. paper-covered book turned out in first-rate style?"

"Yes; you see a cloth-bound book looks better on shelf and table. They think it well worth the extra penny. Understand me; I am with you in deploring the small print and indifferent paper. But here the books are. They are all popular; and they go like water."

"You say they are all popular. But do you mean to say that Jane Austen is popular? I see you have three of her novels."

"She sells well."

"And is the *Book of Snobs* popular?"

"Well, we sell that because we sell Thackeray's other books."

"And what kind of books are *Boulah*, by Evans Wilson, and *The Mills of the Gods*, by Mrs. Twells, and *Barbara's Warning*, by Mrs. Houston, and *The Vale of Cedars*, by Grace Aguilar?"

"Oh, they are rather goody-goody; but they are excellent stories, and sell all day and every day."

"Along with *The Heart of Midlothian* and *Pelham*, and *Barry Lyndon* and *Wuthering Heights*, and the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and Burns's and Byron's *Poems*, and Shakespeare's *Plays*?"

"Yes, they all sell."

"But Shakespeare at 5d. is execrable."

"Yes; but the 5d. edition sells better editions—Bliss's new two and eightpenny edition for instance."

"Do you sell many six-shilling novels?"

"Not many. But I can safely give a first order for fifty copies of every new story by Marie Corelli; and the books of Crockett, Barrie, Ian Maclaren, and Hall Caine go well as presents."

"As presents?"

"Yes, they seem to be always bought as presents."

"And your belief is that for their own reading people want cheaper books?"

"I am sure of it; and cheaper books would pay publishers and authors much better. The demand for cheap novels, of which the copyright has expired, is extraordinary; and why should not new books command a vastly larger public? I would like to see ordinary six-shilling novels by good authors published at two shillings, to sell net at eightpence. The sales would be enormous, and I believe most profitable to all concerned."

"I see that you do a large trade in weekly papers and the magazines. Can you give me any figures?"

"Well, we sell immense quantities of domestic papers. For instance, we sell 250 copies of *Home Chat* a week; 175 copies of *Our Home*; 125 copies each of *The Happy Home*, *Home Notes*, and *The Woman's Life*; and of Weldon's dressmaking papers we sell 1,200 copies a week. We often sell 300 of these on Saturday night."

"And the magazines?"

"The *Strand* tops the list; we get through fifty dozen of each number, and twenty dozen of the *Windsor*."

"And the novelettes?"

"The *Family Herald Supplement* is by far the most popular; we take two hundred copies weekly, and sell out."

"And the people who buy these papers are the people who buy these books?"

"That is so."

"Now, what about serious, 'improving' literature?"

"We don't keep it. The Free Library supplies that. People come in here with solid literature from the Library under their arms and buy the *Sketch* and *The Three Musketeers*. The Library, by the way, does not cut into us. I consider it does us good by maintaining the appetite for reading."

"And what is the secret of your own success?"

"I know what my customers want, and I provide them with that."

Emerging from the Avenue I stood watching that wonderful crowd. 'Buses and trams passed continually up and down the road, bicycle bells tinkled, colour and gilt lettering flashed in the sun, and the crowds of shoppers massed differently every moment. To the left, Brixton-hill began to climb through its own greenery to Streatham. I could fancy myself in a pleasant sea-side town, and thought that Acre-lane would be the way to the pier. Here and there a spire caught the golden light, and I knew that the caretakers were at work preparing for big congregations on the morrow. An immense suburban life revealed itself to me; and in the long ride back to Inner London I felt I knew more about life and less about literature than I had supposed.

A R T.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

LORD LEIGHTON was wont to say that he had no more power than a constitutional monarch; but he certainly had persuasion, influence, and purpose enough to cause the welcoming of young work with some young authority about it, and to bring some mitigation into the inevitable mismanagement of "the line." The same Academicians use their rights now as they used them then, the same obscure impulses prompt the Selecting Committee and the hangers. But when Lord Leighton lived the work of Mr. Furse was on the line, and it is now half way or more up the wall; Mr. Olsson's, Mr. Leslie Thomson's, and Miss Anna Nordgren's works were treated with respect; it is only this year and last year that we hear of the rejection of Mr. Tuke's. There has been, in short, no year within memory that has shown so much chance-medley injustice as we have to protest against in almost every room this year. And yet some confusion there must be; nor is the New Gallery (which has no membership) free of it. The Academy is an annual market, and our way, in London as in Paris, is to provoke the painting of many thousands of pictures year by year for such a market. We all know that a market is a medley. It would, moreover, be a waste of experience to expect a beautiful wall. Surely the last thing that a reasonable artist would wish to paint is a wall hung close with pictures. Yet to hear current complaints as to the ugliness of the views to be had at the Royal Academy you might suppose that the critics had never before this year recollected themselves within these many coloured rooms and rendered to themselves an account of their own impressions. Why should 1897 have to answer for all the years gone by? Those yet to come will not be without their own share of offences.

It is not so much the critical mind as the public mind and the popular that has some cause of disappointment this season. There is no picture of the year—nothing like "The Doctor," and "The Doctor" continues to be remembered with longing and regret—nothing to make an idol of. But the student of art and the lover of art should hardly complain of a year that has given them the two portraits of Mr. Sargent. They are, both of them, the work of a great master. In the "Mrs. Carl Meyer and her Children" the faces are painted with a somewhat less sudden simplicity than is usual with him, but no tampering with freshness, and no wavering of power follow the softer touches; for never was construction stronger, light purer, life keener, unity more absolute, or execution franker than in this astonishing work. There is not an inch of sameness in the whole surface of that pink dress, but neither is there an inch of detail; light plays on it everywhere with a literally indescribable variety, and especially there are hollows where the colour warms with reflection, but unity and simplicity reign and triumph. The child's portrait, "The Hon. Laura Lister," is

surely one of the most beautiful portraits of children ever painted. To the tender colours of the face Mr. Sargent has given every fresh charm, and the painting of the black frock and of the brilliant white cap and sleeves is masterly. At another summit of success stands Mr. Adrian Stokes's work "Mountain Mist." The beauties of this picture are of so quiet a quality as to escape careless eyes, but they are altogether noble and distinguished. When has distant snow softly shone upon by the sun, ever before been painted with such loveliness of surface and light? The tenderness and severity of the work, the distance, the radiance, place this among the finest of mountain pictures: the sky is all atmosphere. It is difficult by the way, to place the little space of valley in the lower right corner; all else is simple, but this looks blank.

The admirers of Mr. Abbey's work last year have their faith at once stimulated and shocked by his "Hamlet." The colour is a splendour; of some of the figures it may be said that they stand; but if you took up Hamlet by his head, his legs would not stand but hang; he has no body; his eyes are not "riveted" on the King's face, for they impotently do not reach so high nor so far back. Mr. Abbey protests too much, and too intemperately against the tiresome convention of eyes dark with colour and bright with a sparkle by giving his faces white eyes and then effacing them. The loathly Ophelia has a cataract in each, but there is something not less than superb in the massing and the shining of the various white wherewith she is clad. It is a most uncourtly thing to place Hamlet with his back to the King and Queen.

Mr. Waterhouse has for two or three years—with his "St. Cecilia," his "Lady of Shalott," his "Pandora," and others—given the Academy its chief beauty. This year "Hylas and the Nymphs" is much spoiled by the sameness of the faces. This peculiarly modern lack of the variety of nature was observable also in the "St. Cecilia," and artists who are inclined to it should look at Filippino Lippi and the Flemings. A picture that marks the year (with Mr. Sargent's and Mr. Stokes's) is "The Mother," by Mr. Clausen, an interior lighted with a blue morning light in which the mother's candle goes out. Under the dim morning window is a child's bed. Not only for light and colour, but for action is this little picture admirable. Mr. H. S. Tuke is always distinguished; and his large canvas, "Beside Green Waters," has all his wonted beauties of design, tone, and colour. It is a most genuine "open-air," invested with day, brilliant in tone, though brilliance will hardly be attributed to it at the first glance; it is enough, however, to look away at the majority of paintings in the room to get a perception of the height of daylight in Mr. Tuke's; then the figures are beautifully drawn and poised; they have hold of the ground. In the rocky background, studied in flat and simple light, some intended effect seems to have escaped the painter. In Mr. Stanhope Forbes's "Christmas Eve" it is very late daylight that shines against an early moon, misty with flying scud, and still half effaced

the lamps of a village street—the bluish last daylight of a soft west-wind winter day. Mr. Forbes has painted the profile of the street houses, the light side of a village house, the brass of the big instruments of the “waits,” a barrow of golden oranges, and the dimly dressed figures of the people, in all the truth of this daylight, and with a real beauty of values and of surface. Nothing more absolutely and artistically natural has been produced by this most able hand.

There are some interesting seas. Mr. Somerscales, in “The Last Fight of the *Revenge*,” seems somewhat to have exaggerated his own manner, his own colour, his own surface, and the massiness of his own waters (though Byron’s coined words were seldom fine, “massy” is good for waters heavy with depth). But his picture is full of talent. Mr. Herbert Draper, in “Calypso’s Isle,” is also massy; he admits no sky, and to his deep sea he gives at once illumination and a dark colour, and achieves much beauty. Mr. Olsson (badly hung and too near Mr. Draper) gives to all his water a too insistent blue, and the very foam is blue; his sea is opaque, yet there is magnificence of effect, and the little figures of syrens shine where they sit in the light of sunset—“singing as they shine,” as Addison would say. As Mr. Olsson has made his foam as blue as the wave, so he has made his flesh as red as his hair. Mr. Brangwyn’s “Venice” seems—one can say no more—to be worthy of a better place than the hangers have given it. One is just aware of most unusual colour, emphasis, and fire. In search of airy skies (a number of good landscapes must be kept for next week) one comes with pleasure upon Mr. Frank Dean’s, in “The Calm of a Summer Evening”; here are depths and distances of air, clouds that kindle softly and have sky beyond, and great unity and sweetness of atmosphere. Mr. La Thangue is at his best in “Travelling Harvesters,” in which the sunset light gives charm to what is all but too emphatic and rude in his admirable work. Elsewhere this year he is even dull, for all his enterprise. Mr. Arnesby Brown has a charming picture, “Herald of Night.” The drawing and movement of his cattle are as fine as is the beautiful painting of their surface; they move with the impulse and weight at once, that may be studied in their kind.

A. M.

DRAMA.

IT is a very salient quality of Dr. Ibsen’s plays that they never mean the same thing to two people. In “John Gabriel Borkman,” for example, Mr. Walkley has found another “King Lear,” a tragedy of deserted old age, while M. Emile Faguet thinks it a play of opposing egoisms simply, and the critics of certain papers see nothing in it but depression and gloom. For my share, it seems to me to be two tragedies in one, and two tragedies which do not harmonise dramatically with one another. Mrs. Borkman and her sister Ella and

Erhart her son are not exceptional people. The two women are normal enough, following a normal instinct of monopoly in their desire for the boy’s love, which each, on different grounds, thinks due to her alone; and the boy himself, so far as the play takes him, is an ordinary boy with an ordinary thirst for life. And then these ordinary people contrive between them a tragedy of common life—a tragedy simple, natural, inevitable, commonplace, and withal unspeakably profound. But then there is John Gabriel Borkman, not an ordinary man: an exceptional man with an exceptional history. It is true that in a sense he is a type of self-deceivers. But there is more in him than this. M. Faguet sees in him just a self-deceiver with a greed of wealth. With deference, I think he is a great deal more. He is a veritable Napoleon in his way, a man who is lust of power made flesh, and who will sacrifice for it all else under heaven. This concentrated passion of power has many examples in history, but as society is levelled up and levelled down you find the examples growing fewer. Napoleon was a monster, John Gabriel Borkman is a monster, not less portentous because he dealt in vulgar stocks and shares and not in armies. I am convinced that Dr. Ibsen did not intend a figure of comedy merely, in the sense that *Tartuffe* is one. He is accustomed to work out his issues on (materially) a small scale; I think he meant Borkman to be as dignified a figure of greatness missed as if he had made him the potential lord of an unrealised empire. Be that as it may, Borkman is not of common life; men of that concentrated ambition are not found everywhere, and of those that exist but few, happily, spend five years in prison. So Borkman’s tragedy of wasted gifts and purpose is exceptional, and being that I do not think it harmonises with the other tragedy of the play. To have made so much of this point may be a confession of weakness: I am conscious that I have little else to say. I may give my opinion for what it is worth, that “John Gabriel Borkman” is one of the greatest—of the most humanly interesting and most dramatic—of Dr. Ibsen’s plays, and my experience, that from beginning to end I was held by it; and that is all of the play as a whole, except that Mr. Archer’s translation of it is admirable.

But I may mention a minor point or so. The idea of Foldal, the humble and ruined retainer of the ruined great man, and of the friendship between him and Borkman, which rests on their pretending to believe in one another, is a vein of pure comedy. But to my mind it is almost spoiled by the bareness with which they recognise it, and especially by the recognition being put into the mouth of the fool Foldal. In another matter I champion Dr. Ibsen against the world. He has been accused of gratuitous and offensive “cynicism” in Mrs. Wilton’s explanation of taking the girl Frida with her and Erhart to the South. In the teeth of Mr. Bernard Shaw, who sees in this merely the remark which any experienced woman of the world would make, I maintain that Mrs. Wilton jests: she accepted ironically and exaggerated the

bad opinion Mrs. Borkman had of her morals.

The acting was extremely good. I have seen Miss Robins, indeed, in parts I thought more agreeable to her style, but in her great scene with Borkman she was excellent. Miss Genéviève Ward may have exaggerated a point here and there, but then she never slurred one. Mr. Vernon’s Borkman was almost perfect; he was dignified (as I contend he was right in being) even when Borkman’s vanity was absurd. Both he and Miss Ward impressed me throughout by their quiet possession of the stage and their clear and telling articulation. Since I saw Mrs. Tree in “A Woman of No Importance” I have always expected much of her in a part of comedy: she plays Mrs. Wilton, the human and possibly reprehensible lady, with a very skilful pointedness and a most delightful gaiety. Mr. Welch was the foolish Foldal to the life, and Miss Barton as Frida and Miss Caldwell as the Maid were natural and adequate. Mr. Martin Harvey had in Erhart the hardest part, in one respect, in the piece: its comedy of bathos was so pronounced. He was a trifle too robust and boisterous, but came out of the ordeal as very few young actors would have contrived.

THE opening night of Her Majesty’s Theatre was a great affair. The applause as this or that distinguished person came in gave one a pleasant feeling of being in popular company. The Post-Laureate’s lines, if not exactly poetry, were well intended, and were spoken very gracefully by Mrs. Tree. Then came the National Anthem, and my loyalty was pointed and glorified by the fact that a critic near me kept his seat. But I confess that Mr. Parker’s play, “The Seats of the Mighty,” failed to sustain my emotions. I enjoyed reading the novel: it combined the interest of romance with the interest of extremely clever and successful characterisation. But because I admire Mr. Parker’s work in fiction, I must be all the more on my guard against unduly praising his play. It seemed to me that the romance was resolved into something like melodrama, and, except in the “curtains” of the second and third acts, not good melodrama, and that the character of Doltaire, which in the book was brilliantly, and withal naturally, complicated, was merely wobbly in the play. Alixe, again, a great success of maidenly courage and grit in the book, was much of a lay figure. Mr. Tree made the most of Doltaire: he is good at delivering a speech, and good at little turns of humour, but neither quality had a proper chance in Doltaire. Mrs. Tree’s part of Mme. Cournal, though a slighter, had really better opportunities, and she made the very most of them. Of the rest of the cast, which included such excellent players as Mr. Lewis Waller, Mr. Murray Carson, Mr. Lionel Brough, and Miss Kate Rorke, I can say only that they filled unexacting parts very well; but I must single out Mr. Brookfield for his Louis XV., which was a rarity in stage kings in that it suggested a king. On the whole, I think Mr. Tree would have been

better advised in starting his new theatre either with a distinctively modern play or with Shakespeare, and I hope to see Mr. Parker to better advantage as a dramatist. The theatre itself is an excellent achievement, imposing and in very pleasant taste, and the curtain, imitating the Gobelin Dido tapestry, is (apart from associations one has with some others) the "best in London."

G. S. S.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

LAST Saturday afternoon the programme of the orchestral concert at the Queen's Hall was devoted in large measure to the music of Grieg. Mr. Wood has, indeed, drawn up a series of programmes in which one composer is almost exclusively represented. The previous week, for instance, Brahms was selected; his recent death naturally explained, if it did not altogether justify, such a course. As a rule, it is undeniably better to aim at variety. Bach and Beethoven are exceptions; they do not produce monotony. And yet either of these masters, if he be listened to with becoming attention, may easily prove exhausting. Grieg in large quantities is, to my mind, eminently unsatisfactory. As with Chopin, so with him, daintiness of conception, delicacy of treatment, and dexterity in the art of colouring are the prevailing characteristics. There is much to please the fancy, to attract the ear, yet not enough to engage the intellect for any length of time. The interesting overture "In Autumn" was well given, and so, too, were the Norwegian Dances (Op. 35), cleverly transcribed for orchestra by Herr Hans Sitt. This, I presume, was done with the composer's sanction. Some passages sounded well; nevertheless, I much prefer these delicate, characteristic pieces in their original duet form. Miss Adela Verne gave a vigorous and intelligent rendering of Grieg's Piano-forte Concerto in A minor; but the music for its due effect demands a freer, more romantic reading.

The novelty of the afternoon was a Symphony, No. 1, in B minor (Op. 4), by Anton S. Arensky, named by Mr. E. F. Jacques in the programme-book, and justly too, as "one of the most gifted of the younger generation of Russian musicians." This work was not only written fourteen years ago, but at the time the composer was only twenty-one years of age. The music is of great promise; it is full of life, vigour, and colour. The thematic material may not be all of equal merit; some of it—as, for instance, the slow introduction and the second theme of the first, also of the second movement—has much charm and character; the rest, although never absolutely commonplace, is less attractive. The workmanship throughout is decidedly clever, and the orchestration effective, though at times noisy. Of the four movements I prefer—at any rate after a first hearing—the melodious Andante, and the quaint Scherzo in 5-4 time with its dainty little Trio. The work as a whole is somewhat

long, and it certainly was not well placed in the programme. This Arensky first Symphony is in B minor; Tchaikowsky's last was in the same key. Moreover, Arensky's first movement is entitled *Allegro patetico*; the other work is named *Pathetic Symphony*. These facts are curious; the earlier work must have been known to Tchaikowsky. The performance under Mr. Wood was excellent.

MR. FRED. LAMONT gave the first of two pianoforte recitals at St. James's Hall on Tuesday afternoon. The audience was not a large one, and yet the pianist is really one of high rank. He has brains as well as fingers, and he not only understands, but feels the music he is interpreting. Some pianists magnetise, as it were, their audience: such was Liszt or Rubinstein, such is now Paderewski. Mr. Lamont is rather of the Bülow school, one in which feeling, if not killed, is kept under strict supervision. The effect which he produces is not, therefore, exciting or overpowering; his genuine playing, however, commands respect and deserves admiration. The first piece on the programme was Brahms' Sonata in F minor (Op. 5), performed with rare insight into the music, both as regards its formal and also its spiritual aspect. The Sonata was indeed welcome, not so much as a tribute to the composer (whose name is in no danger of being forgotten), as from the fact that it is not hackneyed—for that, fortunately, it is too difficult. Mr. Lamont might, by the way, have announced the fine one in C (Op. 1) for his second recital, in place of the "Waldstein," which has almost been worn to pieces by pianists both great and small, good and bad. The other item of importance was Schumann's "Carneval." I spoke lately about a traditional reading of this composer's music—one which should be kept up as long as possible. Mr. Lamont's reading—excepting, occasionally, in hurrying of the tempo—was thoroughly sound, and for the most part effective. *Eusebius* and *Reconnaissance* were a trifle cold, and *Promenade* not quite as romantic as one could have desired, but the rest deserves high praise. Chopin was not very forcibly represented. The *Nocturne* in C sharp minor (Op. 27, No. 1), is fine enough, but the *Valse* in G flat is a commonplace trifle quite unworthy of the composer. Schubert's characteristic four-handed March in B minor was served up *à la Liszt*. It was brilliantly played, yet—Well, I am tired of writing, and reading what others have written, against transcriptions. Protesting seems in vain. Some day, perhaps, when the public is better educated, they will express disapproval of such adulterated music. I particularly regret to find Mr. Lamont playing such a piece. If great pianists will not set a good example, what can one expect from the rest?

MR. AUGUSTUS HYLLESTED, a Danish composer and pianist, gave an orchestral concert at St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening. The programme was a severe one, for it included two Pianoforte Concertos and a Symphonic Poem, the last named, for orchestra, ending with double chorus, being

a work written by the concert giver. The first concerto was Beethoven's in E flat. Mr. Hyllested has fair technique, but his reading of the work lacked breadth and nobility. He has a delicate touch, which for such music as that of Chopin or Grieg would no doubt prove of advantage. The slow movement was the most satisfactory, though even here the playing was too tricky. How the second concerto—Liszt in E flat—was interpreted, I cannot say. After the Symphonic Poem I felt that I had heard more than enough. To attempt anything like an analysis of this work would be impossible. The Scherzo and part of the slow movement, though commonplace, were fairly intelligible. The long opening movement, *Quasi Fantasia*, was sound for the most part without sense—some passages indeed seemed as if the notes had been flung on to paper regardless of the effect they would produce. The Finale was long, loud, and tedious, while in the closing chorus—one choir singing the 150th Psalm, the other the Lord's Prayer—one could not hear the music for the noise. This Symphonic Poem was greater than Beethoven's Choral Symphony in one, and only in one, respect—that of length! The composer conducted his work. The applause at the close must surely have been an expression of thankfulness that the end had at length arrived.

J. S. S.

SCIENCE.

THE American journal *Science* prints a posthumous note by the late Prof. E. D. Cope, containing a summary of some arguments advanced by him at a meeting of the Society of Naturalists. It forms an interesting appendix to the discussion on "acquired characteristics," and deserves partial quotation as coming from a man whose views, if not generally accepted, are invariably treated with the greatest respect, and whose knowledge of palæontology was second to none, either on this or the other side of the Atlantic.

PROF. COPE referred to the "history of the moulding of the articulations of the vertebrate, and especially of the mammalian skeleton, of which such complete series have been furnished by palæontology. The forms of the articulations he believed to be the result of their movements, for the reason that they could be formed artificially, as the result of experiments, or in consequence of luxations. He believed that the resulting forms have been inherited, because they are found in embryo before the animal has had a chance of developing the structure for itself by interaction with the environment." Prof. Cope being a strong Lamarckian, has a natural *penchant* for the influence of environment.

In attempting to explain the foregoing phenomena, Prof. Cope points out first that the adherents of preformation have never offered any explanation of it. From the point of view of epigenesis, the phenomena of memory furnish a plausible parallel.

Stimuli from within and from without the organism leave a record on the brain-cells "which give the form to consciousness, when the latter invades them, along the guiding lines of association." Why, he asks, should not the germ-plasma be capable of a similar record of stimuli which is expressed in the recapitulatory growth of the embryo? He thought that the evidence pointed to such a process. Those who studied the long discussion between Prof. Weismann and Mr. Herbert Spencer will recollect that the question of inheritance or non-inheritance of mutilations came up more than once, and the late Mr. Romanes made a series of (not very successful) experiments with a view to determine this point. Prof. Cope also deals with it briefly. He says:

"The certainty of the record (on the germ-plasm) would depend on the frequency and strength of the impression, as is known to be the case with the memory of the mental organism. Hence mutilations or single impressions are rarely recorded, while those due to the constant and habitual movements are recorded, and form the physical basis of growth and of evolution of type."

WHAT a beautiful change has come over the spirit of scientific and theological controversy. The Duke of Argyll, in combating Mr. Spencer's theory of evolution in the *Nineteenth Century*, discusses with entire respect, even while misunderstanding, the views of his redoubtable antagonist. And Mr. Spencer, in replying briefly to certain points on which his attitude had been misrepresented, acknowledges gracefully the courtesy with which he had been treated. Things were very different in the early days of evolution, when bishops went upon the warpath and blasted their opponents (Tyndall, Huxley, and Darwin) with all the damnation and anathema of which they were capable. Now the same bishops preach evolution as a part of Genesis, and the Duke of Argyll and Mr. Spencer exchange politeness in print. The millennium must be nearer than some people imagine.

LAST week, owing to considerations of space, an appeal which I had framed on behalf of the University of Cambridge was unavoidably crowded out. It is, I think, a reflection upon the age of gold that the Universities should be compelled to beg for funds to carry on the work they have been doing for so many centuries. I say the Universities, because although Cambridge only has so far revealed the bareness of its cupboard, Oxford is known to be in pretty nearly the same predicament. It is impossible, unfortunately, to recapitulate all the arguments by which I sought to induce the tardy benefactor to step forward and emulate the splendid munificence of his ancestors. The Duke of Devonshire's appeal will, I hope, have the desired effect without my well-meant assistance; and certainly no one has a better right to appeal than the generous Chancellor who has so nobly endowed and fitted up the Cavendish laboratories, one of the leading features of modern Cambridge. Surely there are

millionaires about with a sufficient appreciation for the value of pure culture to save the Universities from abandoning any of their high ideals on that most vulgar of all accounts, the want of money.

H. C. M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"CENONE."

London.

In the essay on Tennyson's poetry which appeared in a recent issue, with its keen appreciation of the poet's earlier efforts, the above poem is deservedly noticed for "its glorious descriptive opening." What adds to the value of that opening is the fact that it is strictly in accordance with what Homer says of the locality—

"To Ida's spring-abounding hill he came,
And to the crest of Gargarus, wild nurse
Of mountain beasts."
(Earl of Derby: *Iliad*, bk. viii. 51-53.)

The English poet's landscape is simply an amplification of the Homeric lines. That Tennyson had this passage in his mind is further evidenced by the first line in *Cenone's* soliloquy:

"Oh, mother Ida, many fountain'd Ida."

In that soliloquy *Cenone* is made to say:

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
For now the noonday quiet holds the hill:
The grasshopper is silent in the grass:
The lizard, with his shadow on the stone,
Rests like a shadow, and the cicada sleeps."

A curious mistake this, for it is precisely during those hours when the sun burns fiercest, and the parched hills are being deserted by man and beast, that the sturdy little trumpeter breaks out into his most shrill tunes. He revels in that atmosphere of fire, and the noise he makes is positively deafening. No noonday siesta for the Ionic cicada, as I know from experience.

THOMAS DELTA.

THE ORIGINS OF CIVILISATION.

Haslemere.

Permit me, in answer to the half-dozen questions put to me by your reviewer of *Greek Folk Poesy*, to say that, having been for the last seventeen years working out in personal exploration and research my theory of the origins of civilisation, I do happen to be "aware" of the opinions he quotes, and also of what is alone important for my theory, namely, the results of the most recent researches of professed and authoritative ethnologists, Egyptologists and Assyriologists, no one of which titles can be claimed for any of the writers he quotes. Permit me also to say that these volumes, dedicated as they are to Mr. Gladstone, do not contain "attacks on Christianity," and that such an assertion, calculated as it is to excite mere unreasoning prejudice, is a somewhat ignoble way of endeavouring to strengthen a weak case. Finally, permit me to remind your readers that while in these two volumes some tens of pages only are given to scientific discussion, they contain hundreds of pages of such translations of Greek folk poesy, both in verse and prose, as reveal the very heart of the people now struggling for life and for liberty.

J. S. STUART-GLENNIE.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

Archbishop Benson's "Cyprian." (Macmillan.) THAT which is, perhaps, the most interesting notice of the late Primate's book appeared in the columns of the *Chronicle*, from the pen of "an extremely learned Roman theologian." "In scholarship," writes this critic, "as one might anticipate, it leaves little to be desired. It is the work of a painstaking if somewhat peremptory, and, almost we had said, pedantic student. . . . Its acquaintance with that tumultuous and fateful third Christian century is such as becomes the disciple and imitator of Bishop Lightfoot. . . . Its style is much too quaint, obscure, and abrupt ever to make it popular. . . . From the whole there seems to rise up before us the figure of a strong and resolute character, who is delighted to observe in the great Carthaginian bishop and martyr a combination of learning with practical wisdom, of freedom with refinement, of piety and good sense with unflinching resistance to what he deemed unwarrantable usurpations, such as this brave Englishman would fain emulate in his modern person. . . . To [Dr. Benson] . . . Carthage was a sort of ante-Nicene Canterbury. . . . But . . . this far from ungenial volume might, as regards the scientific handling of its topics, have been dated in the seventeenth century. It is . . . simply a *Rettung* or 'Rectification' of Cyprian from the moderate Anglican point of view." The *Saturday* describes the book as "an exhaustive monograph on the martyr, carried to such an extremity of perseverance that it seems unlikely that a single fact or a single aspect has been omitted." The style "reminds us of that of the best English divines who wrote before the Restoration"; "effective," says the *Spectator*, "though somewhat laborious in its ornament"; Thucydides and Meredith are named by the *Chronicle* critic. The book "is full of recondite learning," says the *Pall Mall*, "and is written in a concise and engaging style." "Dr. Benson," pronounces the *Westminster*, "knew everything that could be known about Cyprian; it is not probable that all his conclusions will be accepted—some of them have to do with great controversies that are not likely ever to be settled—but the thoroughness of his knowledge and . . . his intelligence, and the integrity of his judgment will be conceded on all hands." In the matter of style, the Archbishop was "too careful not to be obvious," which "sometimes tends to obscurity." The *Athenaeum*, which devotes two pages to the book, acknowledges that in the earlier portion the author is "singularly straightforward in preventing the ideas of the present from affecting his exposition of the past," but laments that, when he comes to those questions in which he feels a deep personal interest, "he . . . is no longer the scholar or historian . . . but the polemical prelate. . . ." The scholarship is pronounced "quite first-rate"; the style is described as "rugged and picturesque . . . always impressive and intense."

"The Spoils of Poynton."
By Henry James.
(Heinsmann.)

"MR. HENRY JAMES," says the *Chronicle*, has written nothing more characteristic of his exquisite talent than this book, which is an appreciable contribution to the very small stock of genuine literature represented by modern English fiction." Having described "the elements of the comedy which Mr. Henry James has woven with a perfect mastery of his delicate art," the critic adds: "Fleda ought to be welcomed by women who complain that masculine novelists never believe that woman can appreciate the point of honour." The *Westminster Review* is "strongly of opinion that *The Spoils of Poynton* is the best novel that Mr. Henry James has given us for several years. To say that the writing is subtle, exquisite, and abounding in delicate shades of meaning is only to say what is true of nearly all his writings. . . . But in *The Spoils of Poynton* we have an excellent idea running through the book, and holding it together with a single motive . . . of that fruitful kind which lends itself to the development of a variety of characters, and acts as a sort of touchstone of their real dispositions. The conclusion may seem to some people a little perverse and tangled, for Mr. Henry James would not be himself if he did not achieve some deep involutions of motive which evaded the ordinary reader. His skill in that respect is positive virtuosity, and when he is at it we seem to be watching some amazing display of figure-skating. The *Standard* suggests that if the author has been encouraged by the safeguard against the commonplace afforded by the furniture theme "to throw himself more fully into his situations, we can have no objection: for that is just what he has done. In this respect a change is visible in the writer's workmanship, which we cannot but think a change for the better. In his last novel . . . he gave us a situation which with a less refined writer would have been melodramatic, but which in his hands was treated with exquisite skill. And here again we have genuine love scenes, not only hinted at, but given boldly and unflinchingly." "That there is a fund of rich humour in the situation is undeniable," writes the *Manchester Guardian*. ". . . At times, however, he is inclined to take it too seriously, and then it is that a sense of unreality creeps in. But the old felicity of phrase and epithet, the quick, subtle flashes of insight, the fastidious liking for the best in character and art, which have given Mr. James his peculiar place in modern literature, are as marked as ever, and can give one an intellectual pleasure for which one cannot be too grateful."

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REVIEWS.

A MAKER OF AUSTRALIA.

Life of Sir Henry Parkes, G.C.M.G., Australian Statesman. By Charles E. Lyne. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

SIR HENRY PARKES is described on the title-page as "Australian Statesman." A statesman we understand, but the "Australian statesman" is a new brand, like other Australian brands, and we have not yet quite established our standards of judgment. Sir Henry Parkes was, of course, called, at the end of a long life, "the grand old man of Australia"; and one cannot imagine Mr. Gladstone grudging the epithet to him as a gift, whole and complete—an epithet which fits him well, and which belongs to Colonial and to Provincial life as apart from Imperial and Metropolitan. Indeed, one imagines there are friends and followers of Mr. Gladstone who never heard the phrase without something of the shudder that was Evan Harrington's when his father was alluded to as "the great Mel." The son of a Warwickshire peasant, and obliged to work for his living from the age of eight, Sir Henry Parkes himself drew a contrast between his own career and Mr. Gladstone's which is all to the point:

"When Mr. Gladstone was at Eton preparing himself for Oxford, enjoying all the advantages of a good education, with plenty of money, and being trained in every way for his future position as a statesman, I was working in a rope-walk at fourpence a day, and suffered such cruel treatment that I was knocked down by a crowbar, and did not recover my senses for half-an-hour. From the rope-walk I went to labour in a brick-yard, where I was again brutally used; and when Mr. Gladstone was at Oxford, I was breaking stones on the Queen's highway, with hardly enough clothing to protect me from the cold."

There were the makings of "a grand old man," if you want them! To have outlived these trials gives "old" age an earned

value; and the "grandeur" of the future Prime Minister's lot was one that such an apprenticeship made obvious to everybody in the Colony, including himself.

Parkes landed in Sydney as "a bounty immigrant" in 1839. He was then twenty-five, and was already married. The state of his purse may be surmised from the fact that it was an event when he found sixpence on one of the pavements. He had been working as an ivory and bone turner in Birmingham, and to that occupation he reverted, after a few experiences as agricultural labourer, as sheep-washer, and with an ironmonger. He took a little shop, in which he made and sold his "fancy goods," his billiard balls, his paper knives, and the rest, until the call to journalism—which has hummed so loudly in the ears of modern young men whose station seemed to them too lowly for their destiny—made music for him also, and he rose obedient to the summons. The *Empire* newspaper came into being in December, 1849—a pleasing, anxious being it was, and one which it resigned after a period of struggle. Its death left Parkes a bankrupt, but it had served its purpose in one respect—it had introduced him to public life, and he had taken his seat in the Legislature as member for the city of Sydney. Himself a man of the people, he did not go back on his antecedents in his political life. He knew what he had himself suffered; and it was his wish to be on the side of Labour and Poverty. To write a history of Australian politics has not been the aim of Mr. Lyne, though his volume runs to nearly six hundred pages; and certainly it is not ours. Suffice it to say that when responsible government was accorded the Colony in 1856 Parkes was returned to the Legislative Assembly, and henceforth, with rare intervals, was an active "Australian statesman," holding the office of Prime Minister in New South Wales over a series of tenures. Money difficulties dogged his steps; and debt to most men is anything but the incentive it was to one of Disraeli's heroes—it is, what Burke declared it to be, degrading. In 1870 he was trading as the firm of Parkes & Co., general merchants, when he was declared insolvent, his debts being £20,000. He had to resign his seat for Kiama in consequence; but in a fortnight's time he was re-elected. Attacked in the Assembly, he resigned his seat, but in a year was back again, stronger than ever, and beginning his long career as Prime Minister. Even then, his embarrassments were many. What he bought, in the way of new books, for instance, he had to sell again; and at the end of his life he was hard pressed for the bare means of living. "How strange it is," he wrote, "that I should occupy the high position I do and be so poor as to be compelled to receive presents from my friends!" The passages of letters relating to his willingness to accept a grant from Government, if one were offered to him, are sorry reading—they are enough, one would suppose, to reconcile even the English democrat to our own automatic pensions for ex-Ministers who require them. Other worries were his. The lady who was his wife in 1889

"did not secure the goodwill of society." He ceased to be a figure at social festivals. She was not invited, and therefore he did not go. Replying to an invitation from Government House in the May of that year, he wrote to Lord Carrington:

"Sir Henry Parkes regrets that he cannot accept the invitation of His Excellency the Governor to dinner. He owes it to his wife, whatever may be the occasion, not to enter the door which is closed against her; but he desires at the same time to be understood as not seeking a reversal of her exclusion, while he insists upon sharing any indignity to which she is subjected."

That lady died. Sir Henry was married again within six months; and this time his wife was received. But he had then only a few months left him to live; and the worry of household poverty was his to the last. "When I left office," he said one day to a friend, "I had scarcely £10 to my credit." The Government bore the expenses of the illness, which resulted in his lamented death in the April of 1896. He was one of the makers of Australia, which has made so many fortunes for others; and, perhaps, he was great and brotherly enough to feel that if he contributed to their success he himself could not be called a failure.

The strangest thing remains to be told. For this self-made man, whose life, from the age of infancy, had been passed in struggle, had another success in its way, where you would least expect it. He wrote books—and books of verse. We do not pretend to have read them all, and Sir Charles Dilke, whose judgment in such a matter we are ready to make our own, in his *Problems of Greater Britain* describes the early poems as "trashy." True, when Sir Henry Parkes sent Sir Charles Dilke his collected volume of *Fragmentary Thoughts* in 1895, Sir Charles for once showed himself the courtier:

"I am touched and charmed," he wrote, "by your sending me the volume of poems. I have no doubt that you saw the impertinent adjective I applied to your earlier poems; but you must excuse me if I repeat that even pretty poems seem to me trashy if weighed along with your services to what we hope will soon be the Australian State."

That volume, by the way, was dedicated to Tennyson, and Tennyson as the friend of Parkes is an unfamiliar figure, on which it is a pleasure to pause:

"Permit me," Sir Henry wrote, "to dedicate this volume to you, in remembrance of golden hours of life spent with you in various ways. Our happy walks together, in the groves and over the downs in the neighbourhood of Farringford, and through the bowery lanes and across the green fields around Aldworth; the hours of rare enjoyment vouchsafed to me when, under your honoured roof, I have listened to your reading of your immortal poems; the delicate kindnesses extended to me by the gracious lady who, for so many years, has made the spiritual sunshine of your illustrious life—all remain to me as memories whose beauties can never die."

To which Tennyson replied:

"MY DEAR SIR HENRY,—I send you from over the convex of our little world, which you are doing your best to make better, my choicest thanks for your volume of poems and your kind

and affectionate dedication, and, moreover, congratulate you that you have, not unsuccessfully, interwoven the laurel of the Muses with the civic wreath which you wear as a statesman.—Always yours,
"TENNYSON."

The old Australian statesman was cheered and delighted—to him the letter of the Laureate was supreme success. Nor were they idle words from Farringford. There are many worse sonnets from the hands of professed poets than is this, for instance, by the Australian artisan turned statesman:

"UNFIT FOR FREEDOM."

"Inscrutable and Omnipresent God!

Who dost behold, as Thou sustainest, all;
With Thee it will not weigh, or great or small,
Or rich or poor. Thy creatures plan and plod
In building temples, while the labourer's hod
Hard grinds the shoulder's flesh. On Thee
they call

When terrors in their worldly path appal,
But few devoutly miss Thy chastening rod!
A people poor in heart, O God of Truth!
Not fashioned like our fathers for great deeds,
We know not how, nobly to live and die:
Of different clay were men in the world's
youth;

Too much of knowledge and too many creeds
Have we, unawed by Freedom's majesty."

That is a sonnet full of tradition, and even great tradition. The man who wrote it must have had his Milton and his Wordsworth in his heart: and that is one of the happiest thoughts on which we can pass away from this strange yet typical, this masterful yet beaten, man—Sir Henry Parkes.

ANCIENT VOLCANOES.

The Ancient Volcanoes of Great Britain. By Sir Archibald Geikie, F.R.S., D.C.L., &c. With Seven Maps and Numerous Illustrations. (Macmillan & Co.)

THIS monumental work is the outcome of a long and busy life spent in the service of geology, and intrinsically, as well as from the fact that it is the crowning work of the chief of the English Survey, it earns a right to be regarded as a stepping-stone in the science which no subsequent discoveries can displace. It is intended, says the author, "to offer a summary of all that has been ascertained regarding the former volcanoes of the British Isles," a record which involves practically the volcanic history of the globe, for

"situated as they are on the margin of a great ocean basin, and extending along the edge of a continent, these islands have lain on a critical borderland of the terrestrial surface, where volcanic action is apt to be most vigorous and continuous."

Britain, in fact, from the remotest ages of the past down to a point in the Tertiary period which is clearly defined, has, though superficial observers could not guess it, been the theatre of almost perpetual volcanic disturbance. A break in the record was made during the long and placid age when the Mesozoic strata were deposited, but this was made up for by the increased violence of the Tertiary outbreaks, which crumpled and plicated the Mesozoic beds into hopeless

confusion, and flooded the land with sheets of lava of a portentous depth and extent. Every well-marked type of volcanic vent is found among the remains of the vast Palaeozoic periods represented in our island geology. There are craters like Etna and Vesuvius, scattered groups of small cones like the famous Puys of Auvergne, and fissure or dyke eruptions like those of recent times in Iceland. Nor is this the only fact which gives to Sir Archibald Geikie's work its world-wide significance and importance.

"The geological revolutions of successive ages have made this long volcanic chronicle fully accessible to observation. Had the lavas and ashes of one geological period remained buried under the sedimentary accumulations of the next, their story would have been lost to us. Fortunately, the endless vicissitudes of a continental border have brought up the older rocks once more to the surface. All the latter formations of the earth's crust have been likewise upraised and exposed to denudation during long cycles of time. In this manner the rocky framework of the country has been broken up and raised once more to view. The active vents of former periods have been dissected, submarine streams of lava have been uncovered, sheets of ashes that fell over the sea-bottom have been laid bare. The process of denudation is specially favoured in a climate like that of Britain, and thus by the co-operation of underground and meteoric causes the marvellous volcanic records of this country have been laid open in minutest detail."

Curiously enough, in spite of this, the volcanic nature of our geological record is concealed from all but expert eyes. Features that appear volcanic are often quite illusory. Not a single crater remains, except where it has been buried under lava, nor, save in a few dubious instances, have any original cones been preserved. The chief remains, apart from the Tertiary basalt plateaux which are so prominent, consist of solid columns of lava, tuff or agglomerate filling up the necks of ancient vents which once broke through the overlying crust. The hardness of these has caused them to wear less than the surrounding sedimentary rocks.

In his earlier chapters Sir Archibald Geikie gives a brief but clear outline of the faith that is in him respecting volcanoes. The famous struggle which took place in the beginning of the century between the "Neptunists," or followers of Werner, and the "Volcanists," as to their extent and importance as a geological factor, is relegated to a few paragraphs in the preface, being now ancient history and forgotten. The study of volcanic action since the days of Murchison, and, indeed, of Hutton, has become one of the prime labours of a geologist, and nothing shows more plainly how much may be accomplished by concerted and well-directed effort than the astounding array of facts and properly sifted evidence contained in these two volumes.

It is comforting to find that Sir Archibald Geikie has no novel or revolutionary theory to propound concerning the origin of volcanic outbreaks, but leaves the problem where it stands. Everything points to an enormously high temperature in the interior of the earth. Yet the nucleus remains solid owing to the enormous pressure to which it is subjected. If the pressure is reduced the

intensely hot material will pass into the liquid state, and there is one known cause capable of producing this effect. The outer crust being comparatively cool, and its temperature not being increased by the uprising of heat from within, the hot nucleus must cool, and therefore shrink, faster than the crust is doing. This causes the shell to subside, a thing which it can do only by plication or rupture. Here Sir Archibald Geikie has a passage showing how from earliest times the "lines of relief" have followed certain definite directions, coinciding, as a whole, with the axis of the continents. The great mountain chains are crests of waves into which the earth's surface has been thrown. The ridging up of a portion of the crust will afford relief from pressure to the part immediately beneath, and from what has gone before it is likely that along the lines of terrestrial uplift there would be outbursts of material suddenly allowed to pass into the molten state. It is along those lines that active volcanoes are chiefly found. In the chapters that follow a general description is given of the leading traits by which volcanic rocks are recognised, and rules are laid down for determining their date in the geological sequence. Where, as is often the case, volcanic layers are sandwiched between fossil-bearing strata, this becomes a matter of comparative ease.

From such a basis of general introduction Sir Archibald Geikie starts his masterly catalogue of British volcanic remains, beginning with the earliest of all, those scattered over the vast undatable period classed as "Pre-Cambrian." For rocks of this incalculably early age there are few richer hunting-grounds than the north and west of Scotland. Sir Archibald takes his readers all over the field of the Lewisian gneiss, with excursions into the younger schists, the almost Scottish rocks of Anglesey, the Wrekin and Charnwood forest. One would like to linger over the poetic feeling instilled into some of these learned summaries, but space forbids. Each subsequent period is handled with the same minuteness and wide range of instance, the Cambrian, the Silurian, and Devonian or Old Red Sandstone, the Carboniferous, the Permian, and the Tertiary, when the last volcanoes that disturbed our island peace broke out and were silenced. Twelve million years, Sir Archibald reckons, must have passed over the land since then, making a second break in the almost continuous record, the other period of quiescence being that during the long ages of the Mesozoic already referred to.

At the conclusion of his second volume, Sir Archibald Geikie sums up the knowledge to be learned from this exhaustive survey. These relate to the situation and persistence of lines of volcanic activity, the determining causes of outbreaks in particular spots, the relationship of volcanic phenomena with other concurrent disturbances, their connexion with periods of gigantic subsidence following local uplift, the uniformity of the volcanic record throughout all time, and the signs of gradual diminution of activity in successive ages. In addition, we have luminous chapters devoted to the

character of volcanic rocks in general, their metamorphism, and geological arrangement. Science never stands still; the mass of this information has been acquired during Sir Archibald Geikie's lifetime, and much of it under his own supervision. It is but natural to suppose that his successors will amass no less. But this is a work of which it is safe to say that future discoveries can only add to, and will never detract from it. It marks an epoch in the world's knowledge, and as such it can never become obsolete.

A CHRONICLE OF SENTIMENT.

Limbo, and Other Essays. By Vernon Lee. (Grant Richards.)

VERNON LEE is one of the large body of modern writers who proclaim themselves connoisseurs in the rarer sentiments. Her knowledge of Italian life and art made her previous work on the Renaissance scholar-like and valuable. In this book she returns to the occasional essay—the record of a fleeting thought or mood, the meditation in little. Her point of view is always that of the art critic, and even on alien subjects she falls into technicalities and studio-talk. Roughly, the book may be divided into essays in which landscape is the chief feature, and essays where it is less in evidence. "Limbo," "In Praise of Old Houses," and "About Leisure" come under the second head; "The Lie of the Land," "Tuscan Midsummer Magic," "Of Modern Travelling," and "Old Italian Gardens" under the first.

"Limbo" is an attempt at a natural history of the "Kingdom of Lost Possibilities," the pleasure which we miss from sheer ineptitude and mental bluntness. On such a subject one demands clear, compact thought, definite phrasing, some endeavour at least to crystallise ordinary indefinite feeling; but this the author seems just to fall short of. Somewhere a delicate thought is struggling for utterance, but it never comes, and we get only vague repetitions and illustrations. Still more is this true of the next essay, "In Praise of Old Houses," in spite of the prettiness of much of the writing. The "sentiment for the past" is hard to elucidate, but it does not help matters to call it "ineffable, indescribable," "a kind of rapture not easy to define," and then illustrate by recollections which from their purely personal nature convey no fresh meaning to the reader. Many of the sayings are good, such as "The action of time makes man's works into natural objects," and "To be symmetrical means, after all, to repeat the same thing twice over," though we dimly remember having heard both before. Good, too, are the closing sentences on Browning's *Toccata of Galuppi's*:

"Was a lady such a lady? They will say that of our ladies also. And, in recognising this, we will recognise how trumpery, flat, stale, and unprofitable were those ladies of the past. It is not they who make the past charming, but the past that makes them. Time has wonderful cosmetics for its favoured ones; and if it brings white hairs and wrinkles to the

realities, how much does it not heighten the bloom, brighten the eyes and hair of those who survive in our imagination."

The essay "About Leisure" is a plea against a cheaply utilitarian spirit in the cultivation of "life's pauses"—a curious little meditation quaintly linked with the name of St. Jerome.

"Being at leisure," says the author truly, "is but a name for being active from an inner impulse instead of a necessity; moving like a dancer or skater for the sake of one's inner rhythm, instead of moving, like a ploughman or an errand-boy, for the sake of the wages you get for it."

"Tuscan Midsummer Magic" and "Old Italian Gardens" are clever expositions of the charm of summer weather in a certain Italian landscape and the lingering old-world grace of Italian gardens. In such work it is easy to attain a facile and vague picturesqueness, but to produce the exact characteristic impression of a scene or weather is the most difficult triumph of art. We cannot think that Vernon Lee achieves the whole, but she goes far towards it. Of the old sentiment for Italy she writes thus:

"Nowadays Italy means mainly certain familiar effects of light and cloud, certain exquisitenesses of sunset under against ultramarine hills, of winter mists among misty olives, of folds and folds of pale blue mountains; it is a country which belongs to no time, which will always exist, superior to picturesqueness and romance. But that is but a vague, half-indifferent habit of enjoyment. And every now and then, when the Midsummer magic is rife, there comes to me that very different, old, childish meaning of the word; as on that day among the roses of those Benedictine cloisters, the cool shadow of the fig-trees in the yards, with the whiff of that queer smell, heavy with romance, of wine-saturated oak and crumbling plaster; and I know, with a little stab of joy, that this is Italy."

The most notable paper in the book is "The Lie of the Land." The modern impressionists, says the author, are right in insisting on colour, atmosphere, and the qualities in a scene which appeal rudely to the eye, as against the mere configuration—the dry-bones of landscape. Yet in the bald configuration there is something which they miss. It is the unvarying items of a landscape which live in memory, in which we walk in fancy; and to take no account of them is to give no picture of landscape which shall completely satisfy. Here we have a sure truth clearly thought out, and we are grateful for a new fact. But we are not perfectly sure if we can follow the author when she continues her analysis. Is the magic of the "Lie of the Land" a quality inherent in a landscape and appealing to all men alike, or does it, like the charm of colour, depend upon a particular attitude of the observer's mind, differing from it only in being more capable of fanciful associations? It is not clear from these pages, and the author seems to halt between two opinions. But the essay is to be recommended as full of wise, if somewhat disconnected, notes on the relations of nature and art.

To conclude, Vernon Lee, as an occasional essayist, attempts to unite two radically different methods. She wishes to put a

sentiment under the microscope, and explain it by nice analysis, and at the same time to reproduce it by the cadence and rhythm of words, the use of imagery and visualised description—the means, in short, which we are accustomed to associate with what we call creative art. She has some acuteness, a graceful, if somewhat careless, style, and much honest enthusiasm. She has not the gift of exact and incisive words, the power of sustaining thought and perfecting arrangement till the essay is a rounded whole, which are the peculiar virtues of this literary form. As compared with, say, Mrs. Meynell, her matter is less valuable and the form several degrees further from perfection. But within limits her work has power to charm and interest. The book, in a way, is typical of a class. Sentiments and memories are in themselves pleasant, and a desire to collect them under headlines and fix them by analysis is common to many. Hence the genesis of this type of essayist, and if the writer have some insight, a high sense of order, and a compact style, some measure of success follows his efforts. But the essay is scarcely the proper mode for the attempt, for what is really sought in most cases is not analysis, but reproduction; and the fitting form for the latter is some variety of fiction, as for the former a semi-scientific treatise. Only when embodied in creative work can such niceties of sentiment meet with a proper response from the reader; and they to whom this gift has been denied are compelled to strain and refine, and at the last find their reward only in cold intellectual acquiescence.

CICERO AND HIS FRIENDS.

Cicero and his Friends. By Gaston Boissier. Translated by Adnah David Jones. (Innes & Co.)

MR. JONES has done good service by this rendering of a delightful book. His style, though not always without fault, is natural and pleasing; and the few press-errors will mislead no one. We have here one of those charming studies in which French scholars excel, where learning, wide and accurate, is presented to the world of letters, no less than to professed students, in its most engaging form. To M. Boissier it has evidently been a labour of love to search through Cicero's wide and varied correspondence, his speeches, and philosophic writings, supplemented from Sallust, Plutarch, Cæsar, and Suetonius; and the result is a vivid picture of Rome in the splendid, but horrible, last half-century of the Republic, where her greatest sons, most virtuous citizens, and most daring criminals seem to live again. What a great and moving spectacle it is! There are Cicero and Cæsar; Atticus, Brutus, and Cato of Utica; Verres, Clodius, and Catiline; grim, ruthless Sulla stalks in the background when the drama opens, and cold, un pitying Octavius rules its closing scenes.

The book contains six brilliant studies in biography. First there is the story of Cicero's public, and then of his private, life: his political struggles and triumphs; the joys

and sorrows of his home; his great achievements at the bar and in the senate; his wide literary and philosophic work, and especially his wonderful letters—all these are traced and described with insight and sympathy; and with tender indulgence for those "folies of the wise" which we know chiefly from Cicero's own self-revealings. Then we have the great Roman displayed in the life-story of his friends—of Atticus, Cælius, Cæsar, Brutus, and Octavius. Born in 106 B.C., the same year as Pompey, with whose fortunes his own were afterwards so entangled, of well-to-do parents at Volscian Arpinum, the birthplace of Caius Marius, whose fame then filled the world, Marcus Tullius Cicero was (accepting Mommsen's date) but four years older than Julius Cæsar. Taken by his father to Rome for education, he early bent his great powers to legal study, diligently attending those famous orators, Scævola and Cræsus; and so, resolved to win himself a name, he "scorned delights and lived laborious days." The city was at this time reeking with blood, steeped in vice; religion had ceased to be a power; honour seemed lost among men, and modesty banished from among women; and over all brooded the gloomy tyranny of Sulla and his satellites. The dark picture may be seen in the pages of Sallust and Catullus, and is sketched also in a few terrible lines of Matthew Arnold. That spell of fear Cicero dared to break, and from the day he braved Chrysogonus and saved Roscius, he was marked out for honour. Favoured by the people, he triumphed over the silly contempt and opposition of the nobles; filling with dignity the higher magistracies in succession, marking each year with fresh oratorical achievements, smiting Verres in defence of hapless Sicily—he reached at length (*suo anno*, as with just pride he tells us) that highest goal of Roman ambition, the Consulship. His year, 63 B.C., was famous for the defeat of Catiline's foul plot and the death of the conspirators. Cicero loved to dwell on it, and gloried in the deed. To our thinking he was justified. He rose to the height of a great crisis, and though his heroic act failed to save Rome, it was that Rome could no longer be saved. Mortification of the whole body politic had set in, and the surgeon's knife was useless. Cicero's public life thereafter is well known. Doubtless he was no match for Cæsar, and Pompey—unstable and vain—was no leader for the time. But Cicero was throughout a true patriot, hating tyranny and wickedness; and he died nobly, sacrificed by Octavius's policy to Antony's hate, murdered by one whose life he had saved.

In his home Cicero was not happy: his wife Terentia was somewhat greedy and shrewish, and jealous of her own daughter; and, after thirty years of marriage, he divorced her, at a time when misfortunes crowded thick about him. Quintus, his brother, was a brave, rough, coarse soldier, yet sincerely attached to him; and to Quintus, Cæsar's trusted lieutenant, Marcus often owed much. Tullia, his darling daughter, Dolabella's unhappy wife, Cicero lost not long after he divorced her mother; and his only son, whom also he dearly loved, was not worthy. His fortune was

easy, if he had used it with economy; and M. Boissier gives a clear and interesting account of how he made it. And Cicero was happy in his friends. Atticus, the wise, cultivated, wealthy banker, true as steel and secret as the grave, helped and counselled him from student-days at Athens. It is to him we owe those matchless letters, where Cicero's brilliant and receptive mind mirrors the life of contemporary Rome; and we feel a thrill of peculiar pleasure in knowing him also as manufacturer of pedigrees for the nobility! One fourth of the book is given to the story of Cicero and Cæsar, their times of mutual attraction and repulsion. Each perforce admired the other, both were men of high literary genius and cultivated taste, and we are of those who hold that Cicero acted wisely (not basely) in submitting to Cæsar after Pharsalia. The description of Cæsar's court and camp in Gaul is most fascinating; modern history yields no parallel to it, save perhaps the state of a Governor-General in India. Wellesley or Dalhousie might compare even with Cæsar, and the 60,000 British troops with the famous legions of Rome.

On two points we cannot quite agree with M. Boissier. We doubt whether Cæsar foresaw and planned his career from the first; and the Roman law-books, with the witness of (among others) Sallust, Juvenal, and Tacitus, forbid us to think that even domestic slavery was much influenced by philosophic teaching. A Roman was pitiless, and Cicero's *humanitas* was personal to himself and a few more. Remembering this, and remembering, too, how he championed the provincials against others and ruled them mildly himself, we may well apply to him the canon of human kindness:

"What's done we partly may compute,
But we know not what's resisted."

We are glad to find that Mr. Strachan-Davidson, in his recent study of Cicero as the Hero of Rome, agrees generally with Boissier. In the same favourable verdict concur our own Middleton and Merivale, and the German scholar Abeken, in his learned, but dry, volume. Nevertheless, for Englishmen throughout all time, judgment has already been pronounced on Cæsar and Cicero, Brutus, Antony, and Octavius, and from Shakespeare's tribunal there is no appeal.

THE WHIRLPOOL.

The Whirlpool. By George Gissing. (Lawrence & Bullen.)

A SALUTARY and valuable investigation of grime and grayness in social life: a mournful, mocking, strong book. Penitents, from time to time, go through an "examination of conscience": what most profoundly saddens most of them is no monstrous magnificence of sin, some exceptional audacity in wrong-doing, but the sordid average of petty faults, the mean level of ignobility, the general prevalence of littleness and insignificance, the dreary mass of cowardly concessions and drifting compromises. That

is much the burden of Mr. Gissing's dreadful and admirable story: we are all in "the whirlpool" of modern life, society, culture; we give in, as Stevenson has it, to "this stuffy business of living in houses," with what it involves; we are polished and urbane Frankensteins, creating heartily the silliest and most oppressive monsters. And somewhere—there are free sky and air, the feeling of a joyous activity, a sense of rational existence, a possibility of "plain living and high thinking"; but we are caught in "the whirlpool," and we suffer grotesque miseries all our lives. "Appearances," and the imperious duty of "keeping them up," are our chief realities; we struggle on in a perpetual gray sickness; we are dazed and dizzied round the whirlpool. Money, and the part it plays in modern life, are to Mr. Gissing themes of fascination; he states his tragedies in terms of money. All London speaks to him in the language of money; streets, clubs, theatres, lodgings, restaurants, suggest to him the human fight and fret and fume over money, its conventional tyranny and exigence. In this book he does not treat of the poverty of the penniless, of anxiety about pence; not the brave penury of Johnson and Goldsmith, or the miseries of "the sweated" and of "casuals" and of "submerged." It is the harassing, haunting preoccupations of those who seem forced to make one thousand do the work of two, or to abstain from marriage, because marriage is "out of the question" upon five hundred pounds; those who are coerced by social opinion in matters of service and establishment. He dwells upon the demoralising influence of the supposed need for costly superfluities of civilisation, upon the wretched and dishonouring crime that comes of it, the squalid frauds and ugly intrigues and paltry ambitions. All this, told with a curious, simple sincerity, with no forced or violent emphasis, leaves the reader with a kind of aching admiration or jaded enjoyment of Mr. Gissing's very notable art. You have had a good walk; but you are splashed with mud, you are rather fagged, the day has been depressing: you want a warm bath, clean things, a cheering dinner, and then to lose yourself in *Elia* or the *Odyssey*. But the walk was a good walk, no doubt of it.

The story turns upon money, and upon money in main connexion with marriage and its problems. Harvey Rolfe and his wife Alma, Hugh Carnaby and his wife Sibyl, with all the minor characters, their relatives and acquaintances, illustrate the action of the "whirlpool," in which society, the middle classes, the rank and file of the professions and arts, the people of comparative leisure, the men of business, are engulfed. There is definite, straightforward tragedy in the book; suicide and homicide are among its important incidents. But the dominant tragic note is not struck in scenes of passionate action; it is heard in the obscurer colloquies and debates of the will, in the timorous hesitations of decision and choice, in the sense of life as a thing tangled, involved, perplexed. It seems dangerous to take any step in any direction;

there is nowhere any simplicity; it is as though a rational human existence were no longer possible. Or, if possible it be, it is away from the whirl and clash of city life and interests: in some peaceful, ancient town, the home of your forefathers, where you have lived from childhood, where you pursue a life of decent business, keep your mind open and alert, and have wife and children as rational as yourself. That was the happy lot of Basil Morton, corn dealer and old-fashioned scholar; and, grimly enough, he and his are the only successful and contented folk in Mr. Gissing's book. It had been more satisfactory had he planted them in Bloomsbury or West Kensington, and shown that, to alter a word of Arnold's sonnet, "even in London life may be led well." We cannot all, in Turgeneff's favourite phrase, "simplify" ourselves by electing to live and prosper in Arcadia. But Mr. Gissing has no relenting mercies: his other folk, with scarce an exception, succumb to the miasmatic influences of London and its ideals: most of them are well-meaning, but the fatality is heavy upon them all, and they drift or drive into unhappiness or dishonour. And the worst of it is, that Mr. Gissing's method is terribly and disastrously strong unto conviction: subtly, quietly, imperceptibly he persuades us that these ghastly, marred, soiled, broken lives are nothing uncommon. We have met so many of them: the futile weaklings, the just tolerable cads, the maddening toadies and artistic pretenders, the riff-raff of gentility and culture, the people of sinister success, and the people of pitiable failure, with the crowds of the entirely uninteresting, who do not enjoy the lives they lead, yet persist in living them. No one is to blame, nothing can be done: "the whirlpool" or, in Aristophanes' phrase, "whirligig is king." Harvey Rolfe and Hugh Carnaby, each after his kind, were excellent fellows; but they and theirs are caught in the bewilderments of modern life, as it were by some pathetic necessity, some inevitable taint and infection in the air. One may seek peace and simpleness in Welsh valleys, the other chase adventure and prosperity at the Antipodes; but fatality, *plus* their wives, bring them back to malarious London, its rottenness and stifling ways. We are left with the consolation, of doubtful efficacy, that perhaps the robustious and shouting genius of Mr. Kipling heralds an age of blood and iron, with the British Empire on the warpath—or the raid. The soliloquist of *Maud* spoke in that spirit; and he was mad. This may not be Mr. Gissing's masterpiece; but certainly no other of his books can show more brilliant characterisation. His creatures are marvellously living; here is realism of a real kind. Those men and women grip the memory; we have a perfect faith in every one of them. Yet the story, the plot, is not of itself arresting; it would lose all its excellence in a summary. But the play of forces, the collision of motives, the inner springs of action and passion, the spiritual pathology, these are felt and realised with rare strength and sureness. Mr. Gissing is in love with ideas, and can illustrate them through flesh and blood: his work lives.

AN ANONYMOUS POET.

The Desolate Soul. By Maria Monica.
(Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.)

THE Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge published for Miss Christina Rossetti, which is, perhaps, why to them also has gone the lady who writes under the seemingly inadequate name of Maria Monica. One who has so grave a poetical mission should come to us, we say at first sight, with full credentials; yet, on second thoughts, it may be held more fitting that "the desolate soul" should have the outward and visible immolation of what is practically anonymity. Certain it is that the hymn-writer in this case is a rare poet. In "The Hours of the Passion," in "Easter Eve," and in "Night Watches," she shows herself the possessor of the gift of intimacy in religion and of a capacity, even a magic, to express moods of the mind that come with conviction even to those beyond whose experience they are. We take as example some of the "Easter Eve" verses:

"It was early in the day—
I awoke, I awoke; I came.
Thou did'st not call me by my name;
I had no light but the Eastern flame,
And none to show the way.

"I heard of One who died,
And my heart went out from me.
Though it be far over land and sea,
Let me come too, to die with Thee,
Where Thou wast crucified!

"The name of the Mount I knew;
It stands so plain, and so high.
The shadowing of Mount Calvary
Is always written against the sky,
Which ever way we view."

The beautiful things of nature call to her, but do not detain her quest, and the night comes

"Sweet and cold
Under the stars, out on the wold,
Where the sheep are lying in the fold,
And the woods stand listening."

She reaches the three crosses in the dark, but fails to distinguish the form of the Crucified:

"I have found Thy Cross—not Thee:
Thy Cross is mighty and dread;
I am held and hammered there fast instead;
And the thorns pierce deep in my wounded head,
And my life is going from me."

The same symbolism pervades other poems; but in "The Hours of the Passion" the pleading of the soul is all for escape from Calvary, an escape her master, guardian, and lover will not allow. At eventide she sings:

"O Master, let me go!
The air is fair and still,
The dews of sunset steep
The flowers upon the hill;
All the wild skies are pale,
All the wide earth lies free;
Let me now wander forth
To dream of love and Thee;
To linger at my will
Along the purple vales:
There will I find a secret flower,
That all its heart exhales—
Its heart to Thee exhales,
Let me go!"

At twilight the pleading is renewed:

"O Shepherd, let me go!
Under the evening stars
Within my breast there swells
Music in lines and bars;
I hear a song that calls,
A song of heaven and Thee;
Its words are echoes blown
From where the winds sweep free;
Oh, let me out one hour—
One hour of liberty—
And I will bring Thee back my song,
And sing my song to Thee;
My song of heaven and Thee.
Let me go!"

At midnight the suit gathers in intensity:

"O Lover, let me go!
This is the hour for sleep;
All tender things of earth
Lie folded soft and deep
Worn out am I and spent,
My heavy eyelids close;
Worse is this weariness
Than slave or captive knows;
Let me lie down and sleep,
And dream of things Divine,
And in the morning wake and lift
A face refreshed to Thine;
My face, Beloved, to Thine.
Let me go!"

And so it proceeds through all the watches, until at last the agony is reached, and then the soul knows her place; and

"O Lord, let me not go"

becomes her cry at the close of the poem. In such poetry as this the religious world has a possession of which it cannot long be unaware.

SIX OLD NOVELS MADE NEW.

Harold. By Lord Lytton. With Introduction and Notes by G. Laurence Gomme. (Constable & Co.)

Shirley. By Charlotte Brontë. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. (Service & Paton.)

The Scarlet Letter. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. (Service & Paton.)

Poor Jack. By Captain Marryat. Illustrated by F. Pegram. (Macmillan & Co.)

The Parents' Assistant. By Maria Edgeworth. Illustrated by Chris. Hammond. (Macmillan & Co.)

Charles O'Malley. By Charles Lever. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. (Service & Paton.)

Harold, the best of Lord Lytton's historical novels, comes to us from Messrs. Constable embellished, as the last century publishers would say, with reproductions of portions of the Bayeux tapestry bearing upon the subject. It has also a long introduction and notes by Mr. G. L. Gomme. Lytton having written his romance merely to entertain, gaining, as he says, "the greatest amount of dramatic effect at the least expense of historic truth," one cannot help deeming the editor of such a work somewhat of a superfluity. There is too much editing nowadays. None the less those who obtain

their history only *vid* romance may not be sorry to have Mr. Gomme's facts side by side with Lord Lytton's fiction. It is late to speak of *Harold* itself. It is one of those books which when read at school are magnificent, and when read afterwards are disenchanting. He who misses the joy of them when he is a boy will never find it in later life. The present edition of *Harold* is, we think, less good than it might be by reason of the minuteness of its type. The editor's introduction, being leaded, is to be read far more easily than the story itself—which is a rather humorous circumstance!

In somewhat similar form comes from Messrs. Service and Paton, a comparatively new publishing firm, a pleasing edition of Charlotte Brontë's *Shirley*. Mr. F. H. Townsend, whose pencil has been so worthily employed in recent reprints of old fiction, supplies sixteen illustrations, but nothing quite in his best manner. Most of his subjects from *Shirley* are well chosen; the drawing, however, of Mr. Malone slipping on the stairs is not a sound choice. A transitory action of this kind is not to be perpetuated in black and white. The picture representing Shirley bidding Donne begone is an excellent piece of work. Mr. Townsend's illustrations deserve more care from the printer than they have received in this volume.

In *The Scarlet Letter*, the first of the new edition of the romance of Nathaniel Hawthorne, which the same firm is preparing, Mr. Townsend has been treated with more kindness by the printer. Here he is admirable. The frontispiece, showing Hester branded with the damning A, has both strength and delicacy, and there is the added grace of charm in certain of the other pictures. To this edition Mr. Moncure D. Conway, who was a personal friend of Hawthorne, is contributing introductions. Incidentally in his account of *The Scarlet Letter* he speaks of its author as "the most original imagination which America has produced"—a decision with which no one is likely to quarrel.

Mr. Fred. Pegram's illustrations to Captain Marryat's *Poor Jack*, in Messrs. Macmillan's excellent "Peacock" series, are extremely good. Both for sympathy with the text and masterly technique they are admirable. We have a kindness for Captain Marryat that we must extend also to an illustrator of such appreciativeness and intelligence as Mr. Pegram. Mr. David Hannay's introduction to the present reprint is a piece of sound criticism. As he points out, *Poor Jack* is essentially a book for boys. It is likely to continue popular with them for many years yet to come.

For the children of a generation or so earlier than those for whom Captain Marryat wrote *Poor Jack* Miss Edgeworth was the most distinguished author, and her *Parents' Assistant* contains some of her best work in this kind. That book Messrs. Macmillan have just added to their "Peacock" series, with illustrations of some merit by Miss Chris. Hammond. Those who like an old-fashioned flavour in stories will eagerly acquire *The Parents' Assistant*, while it should very pleasantly recall the past to readers of mature age. It has, for example, re-

mined Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, who writes an introduction, of her father's reading aloud to her the story of the "Little Merchants" when his own invention flagged. "The Purple Jar," probably the favourite among Miss Edgeworth's juvenile stories, has here its sequel, "The Birthday Present." Mrs. Ritchie considers "Lazy Lawrence" the prettiest of the tales, but is inclined to esteem most highly "Simple Susan." In the course of her introductory remarks she is very severe upon certain "revolting" tendencies of modern fiction; and in contrasting the old and the new complains that the books of to-day are "indecent on principle." But surely a change has lately set in which is worthy of notice! Mrs. Ritchie is referring to the novels of two or three years ago. We are far healthier now.

If all of Mr. Arthur Rackham's illustrations to *Charles O'Malley*, another volume of Messrs. Service and Paton's "Illustrated English Library," were as good as his frontispiece, representing an accident to a post-chaise, they would be a valuable addition to Lever's delightfully genial and garrulous pages. But nowhere else is this height reached. The book is almost too long to have been attempted in a single volume of this series: the type has to be so packed. However, for those who want Lever's novel, and do not care to subscribe to the complete set of his works which another firm is issuing, Messrs. Service and Paton's edition will be useful.

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

The House of Dreams. Anonymous. (James Bowden.)

WHEN earnestness and sincerity are qualities which go to the making of a book, generosity demands that shortcomings shall not be treated too severely; it is, however, needful to remember that in themselves earnestness and sincerity do not suffice to ensure artistic excellence. The impression left by a perusal of *The House of Dreams* is that the account of that Easter-eve vision has been written, not for effect, but in order to give expression to a profound spiritual conviction. To the narrator life presented itself in ashen-grey hues, destitute of hope, until, led by the soul of his dead child, the spirit-world was revealed to him, where reign perfect justice and perfect love. The keynote of the book is to be found in Browning's lines:

"All I could never be,
All, men ignored in me,

This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the
pitcher shaped."

The aim of the author is lofty, his methods faulty. His appeal would be infinitely stronger if the volume were expressed in half its present length. In particular, the disquisitions on "The Unuttered" and on "The Throne of the Highest" are too long; and the attempt to find a scientific basis for hope is out of place here, especially when it leads to a description of the sixth sense as that which "sees where no vision

is" and "is also the perception of the imperceptible"—mystical words which, to be effective, require a simple austere setting. The anonymous author, again—whose command of the allegorical method of expression is imperfect—might with advantage have omitted the epilogue in verse.

* * *

Problems of Modern Democracy. By Edwin Lawrence Godkin. (Constable & Co. and Charles Scribner's Sons.)

THIS is an admirable collection of essays by a writer better known, perhaps, in America than in England, reprinted from the *North American Review*, the *Forum*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and other periodicals. The first, and in some respects the most interesting, appeared originally towards the close of the Civil War.

It cannot be said that in the thirty years which have passed since this essay was written the American democracy has entirely lost the defects of which the aristocratic critic complained; but it is confronted by other and more serious difficulties. In the paper on "The Real Problems of Democracy" Mr. Godkin points to one very serious defect in the practical working of democratic government. In theory the citizens decide who shall represent them at the seat of government; in practice they do nothing of the kind. The vastness of the electorate precludes such a course, and calls into existence the wirepuller. Such a contingency was never contemplated by the theorists, or even by the framers of the American Constitution. "They did not anticipate," writes Mr. Godkin, "the necessity of organising and directing the suffrage, nor of the intervention of the boss and his assistants." This essay is a very striking presentment of one of the principal defects of American democracy, which has obviously outgrown its constitutional breeches. One is, however, a little surprised to find scarcely any mention of another pressing peril to democratic institutions—the immense power of capital when it is concentrated in the hands of trusts and syndicates.

Space forbids us to do more than mention one or two of the most suggestive essays in this excellent little volume, such as the paper on the currency question, on the cost of Socialism, and on the sorrows of the millionaire in America. Mr. Godkin is no political pessimist. He has faith in the principles of democracy, but his faith does not blind him to the faults which democracy—like all human institutions—develops. He is a clear thinker, and his style is a faithful mirror of his thought.

* * *

The Edge of the Orient. By R. H. Russell. (Kegan Paul.)

ALTHOUGH Mr. R. H. Russell's route did not lead him to any of the countries which are now the seat of war, the account of his travels on the edge of the Orient is of much interest, for he touches in a light and chatty style on those points of the Turkish empire which lie nearest to us in Europe. He began his journey at Trieste and visited Zara and the other quaint half-dead old

cities of the Dalmatian coast as far down as Cattaro. Just as a matter of protest it may be noted that others before Mr. Russell have visited and have been struck with the fascination of Ragusa, Spalato, and their sister cities; but still the Eastern shores of the Adriatic are so little known to the average Englishman that Mr. Russell, and more especially the results of Mr. Russell's camera, are heartily welcome. Montenegro is better known, thanks to recent royal marriages, and Mr. Russell has nothing new to say of the little Principality. From the Black Mountain the author takes us to Constantinople, Smyrna and Salonica, Beyrout, Damascus, Alexandria, Cairo, Luxor, and Assouan, and about each place he writes pleasantly and freshly, as is possible only to an American from the States to whom the East is absolutely new and unexplored. To those who know the places written of, Mr. Russell's book will bring many pleasant reminiscences, while those who have never known the near East will find his descriptions sufficiently lively to invite perusal. The opening chapters, dealing with the Dalmatian coast, will be the freshest to most people, and their value is greatly increased by the excellent photographs which illustrate their pages. We may perhaps be allowed to congratulate ourselves that it was a citizen of the U.S.A., and not an Englishman, who had the interview—in thick boots and knickerbockers—with the Governor of Damascus; and also to protest against the Yankee spelling and provincialisms which disfigure the book.

* * *

A Man's Value to Society: Studies in Self-Culture. By Newell Dwight Hillis. (Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier.)

THIS volume contains fourteen essays in the American tongue. Such subjects as "Character," "Imagination as the Architect of Manhood," "The Enthusiasm of Friendship," "Visions that Disturb Contentment," "The Revelators [*sic*] of Character," are volubly treated. The size of the book is moderate, but the style is torrential. Mr. Hillis is a man full of words; and his choice of them would seem to be directed rather by the aptness of their sound than by the propriety of their signification. At any time he will sacrifice exactness to antithesis, and antithesis to alliteration. Here is a typical excerpt from "The Moral Uses of Memory":

"From the chill of arctic enmity, it is given to the soul through memory to rise above the storm and cold, and in a moment to enter the tropic atmosphere of noble friendship, where are fragrance and beauty, perpetual warmth and wealth."

There is plenty of good sense under the pretentious phrasing, and a wealth of familiar allusions that should fascinate the college-girl; but the spelling is aggressive, and there should certainly have been a clause in the International Copyright arrangement to exclude such atrocities as the dismemberment of process into 'proc-ess.'

Biblia Innocentium. Being the Story of God's Chosen People before the Coming of Our Lord Jesus Christ upon Earth. Written anew for Children by J. W. Mackail, sometime Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. (Longmans & Co.)

FROM the books of the Old Testament Mr. Mackail has extracted two hundred incidents, and, at a length of one to three pages, has told them in a condensed style that is permeated by the phraseology of the Authorised Version from which he has made his excerpts. With the exception of the first chapter, in which the rebellion of angels is described and the end of man's creation is declared to be that the sons of men should fill the seats left vacant by them that fell, and of the penultimate chapter, in which the "Pax Romana" is made to bear upon the Desire of the nations, no hint is given from which the author's attitude towards the Sacred Books may be determined: there is no such attempt to extract any moral lesson from the incidents as used to make bitter the Sundays of our childhood; there is no mystic transference forward to a future dispensation, nor any critical appreciation of the historical value of the sources. The advantage of this colourless method is that the volume will be equally serviceable to the orthodox parent and to one who desires to introduce an adolescent mind to a literature of folklore.

* * *

Quiet Hours. By John Pulsford, D.D. "Books for the Heart" Series. (Andrew Melrose.)

WE learn from the preface to this volume that Dr. John Pulsford is "by God's goodness happily spared to us still." We confess that, though he would appear to have borne his name a very long time, it was until the other day unknown to us. We gather that he is a Dissenting preacher, and that the present "cardiphonia"—a word which would seem to be peculiar to Nonconformist circles—do not constitute his first book. The loss, we are free to confess, is ours: we are convinced that he must be a very charming and saintly old man, and there are passages in the book before us which not only are written in an exact and graceful style, but are instinct with such a sweet and lightsome spirit as we do not always associate with the soul of the Conventicle.

FICTION.

Love in Old Clothes, and Other Stories. By H. C. Bunner. (Downey & Co.)

THIS is a pleasingly illustrated collection of stories, chiefly in the light comedy vein, full of the little sentimentalities and prettinesses which characterise one kind of Transatlantic fiction. The late Mr. Bunner was always a deviser of quaint expedients, and the tale which gives its title to the book is a piece of modern love-making done in the style of Pepys. It says much for the author's skill that the result is successful, for we have

found the archaic rendering of slang infinitely amusing. In "French for a Fortnight" a Sabbatarian clergyman is betrayed into joining a Sunday *fête* of French New Yorkers, and there and then repents of his narrowness. "The Chromatic Uncle" is a pleasant sketch of an older New England; and the uncle himself, who was no uncle after all, but only a certain Tommy Biggs, is a character worth knowing. On the whole we prefer Mr. Bunner in his lighter moods; but one at least of his graver stories has high merit. "Crazy Wife's Ship" is the tale of a prim old woman, who deliberately cuts herself off from her neighbours and the little fashions of the place for the purpose of preventing her daughter-in-law from hearing of her husband's death. She is compelled to forego the wearing of mourning, in which her soul delighted, and take upon herself a reputation for imbecility; but, when at last the girl dies, the old woman crosses to the mainland, and returns with sufficient mourning clothes to last her to the end of life. The story is admirably told, the village idiom is racy and expressive, and the pathos is all the stronger from the studious reticence. "The Red Silk Handkerchief" is a variation on the old theme of the lover who for long dreams of his mistress, and then is rudely awakened by meeting her on her wedding tour. The thing is well enough done in its way, but the final scene is so old and stale that it fails to touch our jaded emotions. Better is "A Letter and a Paragraph," a curious forecast of a happy future, which a poor and unknown man writes to a friend on the eve of his death. Last of the seven comes a story of revivalism in the backwoods—the country of Theron Ware and his "illumination"—where an aged bishop stills the nervous excitement by the repetition of parts of the Prayer Book. Somehow the story seems just to miss its due effect, and the final picture has awkward suggestions of the comic which spoil its dignity. The truth is, that Bishop Waldegrave is too histrionic a figure to convince, and his speech savours of the religious novel of our forefathers. We like the author best when he indulges in pure comedy, but the whole book is readable and entertaining.

In the Name of Liberty. By Florence Marryat. (Digby, Long & Co.)

THIS is another version of the painful story of the lost heir who at last returns to gladden the eyes of the mourning Earl. Maurice Farrell is a wicked anarchist; Jane, his wife, a private detective; and the Earl of Innisfale, a benevolent Irish nobleman. Maurice and his friends try to blow up the Earl, the detective frustrates him, and, finally, he awakes to the wickedness of his life, and is rescued from anarchy by the efforts of his father. "If you bring any news," says the Earl, "concerning him [Viscount Ballantyne, as his right name is] you shall be liberally rewarded." But for its obvious air of good faith, the book reads like a parody. There is a certain young Aileen O'Brien who is revealed to our astonished gaze sitting "with her beauty unpaled, but her spirits sunk to zero." There is the usual betrayal, without which such books seem unable to get along,

and the Earl in his younger days has most orthodoxly married "the daughter of his bed-maker at Oxford." We rather wonder how he managed it. The description of the Anarchist brotherhood is funnily amateurish, and altogether the book, though it has not a shred of merit, makes amusing reading.

Rose of Dutcher's Coolly. By Hamlin Garland. (Neville Beeman.)

THE name of Mr. Hamlin Garland is already known in England as a young American poet of an aggressively Western type. He is a writer of considerable power, and in *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly* he has produced a good novel. The theme is the development of a country girl of more than ordinary intelligence, from childhood to womanhood; the treatment is truthful, and at the same time restrained. Rose Dutcher is a farmer's only child. She runs wild with the freedom of a boy, grows straight and strong and brown, and thus builds up that splendid physique which is truly the best start in life that can be given to a woman. Nature grows, mates, dies and is born before her simple eyes, and questioning, thinking, and instinctively comprehending, she absorbs the fundamental lessons of her environment. The growth of ideals in her mind as she ceases to be a child is told with remarkable knowledge, and full of truth and insight is the account of the sudden crystallisation of these ideals round the figure of an athlete whom she sees in a travelling circus. She realises the world beyond the Coolly, and sees herself untaught and uncouth. By her own desire she enters college at Madison. Her beauty and strength of mind, as well as strength of body, make her path a smooth one. The ideal which, half-unconsciously, she has formed round the figure of the athlete saves her, at one or two crucial moments, from plunging into marriage, and her course goes on uninterrupted. After graduating she moves to Chicago, to seek some definite work in the world, and there gains an introduction to a group of intellectual people. Among others she meets Warren Mason and Elbert Harvey, divergent types of manhood, and with them comes again the stress of the marriage question. In Harvey culminates all that is fine in manly youth; in Mason she finds her intellectual mate. But she is beginning to feel her way to her work; she has written some good verse, and is on the threshold of a career. Is she to be drawn under by marriage? As her history thus far may be taken as a scheme of education for women, so may the plan on which Mason and she seek to arrange their married life be taken as a workable compromise for an intellectual and ambitious woman. This is a book to be read, and we commend it to the attention of the English reader.

The Flight of the Eagle. By Standish O'Grady. (Lawrence & Bullen.)

THIS book is not so much a historical romance as a romantic history; but whatever it may be called, it is a good book.

The story it tells is the youth of Red Hugh O'Donnell from the time when Sir John Perrott, Viceroy of Ireland, had him treacherously kidnapped on board a pretended merchantman in Lough Swilly, the year before the Armada, till the day when he made his second escape from Dublin into Wicklow. From Wicklow he rode north into Ulster, baffling Fitzwilliam's guard by taking the only ford of the Liffey that lay unguarded—for no one thought that an escaping party would ride under the very walls of the castle and through the heart of the garrison. Altogether it is a stirring narrative told with fire and energy, in spite of appalling lapses of style which occur from time to time. Mr. O'Grady has the life of Ireland under Elizabeth clear before him, and he makes it clear to his readers. On the one hand are the Gaelic speaking chieftains, whose way of living resembled closely enough that of Lobengula or Cetewayo, yet who themselves were often civilised and well-educated gentlemen; on the other, Elizabethan statesmen, like Sir John Perrott, bastard of Henry VIII., and Fitzwilliam, men of a more modern world, yet who did not scruple to employ the poisoner, but actually took credit for their success. And for the mere quality of narrative it would not be easy to find anything more vivid than the tale of Hugh Roe's first escape and his wanderings in the dark over Three Rock Mountain. Why, however, does Mr. O'Grady talk of Irish fjords? Loughs is the name for them, except in railway advertisements.

In a Country Town. By Honor Perceval. (Bentley & Son.)

WE imagine that the author of this book has not previously published a novel. We judge this not only from the fact that no other works from her pen are mentioned on the title-page of *In a Country Town*, but also from internal evidence. For her story, though it bears signs of care and thought in the writing, is exceedingly amateurish, while her plot, such as it is, is handled feebly and without grip. The fact is, Honor Perceval has been too ambitious. She has set herself to write a psychological novel, without any real grasp of human character or knowledge of its workings. The result is a story that is essentially unconvincing and, if the truth must be told, occasionally maudlin. The ending is not merely unsatisfactory but also absurd.

The Dreams of Dania. By Frederick Langbridge. (James Bowden.)

MR. LANGBRIDGE is favourably known to us as the author of a volume of poems which, though intended mainly for recitation, yet contained some rather pretty verse of a sentimental order. But as a novelist he strikes us as out of his element. He is painfully didactic, and he sentimentalises too much. Moreover, his conception of humorous dialogue is appalling. *The Dreams of Dania* is the story of a young lady with a taste for writing, who neglects

her father in order to indulge that taste. Her lover, who disapproves of this, hints that merely as literature her work is bad, while a wholly impossible Irish editor on the contrary praises it and prints it. Whereupon she throws over the lover for the editor. Those who feel tempted to pursue this very tearful story further must read the book for themselves. The moral is, "Do your household duties and you will become a distinguished writer." It is an excellent moral; but will you?

"Daughters of Thespis." By John Bickerdyke. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

MR. BICKERDYKE, in a would-be humorous prefatory note, addressed to his brother journalists and others, printed in a strange mixture of italics and capitals, urges in extenuation of his subject and its treatment that "it may serve a useful end to hold up the *LOOKING-GLASS OF TRUTH* in which the *DAUGHTERS OF THESPI*s and, may I add, *SONS OF BELIAL* may see *HUMAN NATURE* as it still is," &c. We are inclined to differ from Mr. Bickerdyke in spite of his rather overwhelming display of capital letters, and to maintain that *Daughters of Thespis* will serve no useful end whatever. It is a lurid melodrama, dealing with one of that class which the author calls "the soiled doves of the stage," in her relations with all sorts and conditions of scoundrels, and it is not even amusing. That it is particularly immoral we do not say, but it strikes us at once as tedious, and the nature of the subject is not redeemed by any remarkable display of skill or good taste in the treatment.

Tales from the Isles of Greece. Translated from the Greek of Argyris Ephtaliotis by W. H. D. Rouse. (J. M. Dent & Co.)

MR. ROUSE tells us that the book from which these stories and sketches are taken has excited much interest in Greece. They are principally studies of peasant life in the islands: a life apart, and only here and there faintly touched—corrupted, the author appears to think—by Western civilisation. They have, therefore, an interest, as preserving the memory of evanescent manners and fading picturesqueness. As literature they are nothing very remarkable. The grip of incident in them is peculiarly slight, and the primitive emotions are somewhat primitively observed. Such Hellenic affinities as they have are with Theocritus rather than with Euripides: they miss the Attic distinction, but catch something of the Doric delicacy and happy touch of idyllic landscape. The stories called "Angelica" and "Marinos Kontaras" have perhaps rather more substance than the rest; and it is fair to say that certain qualities of simplicity and naïveté which may have had their charm in the original seem to have evaporated in the process of translation. In view of recent events, two or three episodes from the Greek War of Independence have been included in the English edition.

SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1897.
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All business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., should be addressed to the PUBLISHER.
Offices: 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.

THE WEEK.
CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

[This article is a chronicle of books published during the week. Reviews will follow in due course.]
THE books published in the past week indicate the subdued, Jubilee-shadowed state of the publishing world. Few of them are challenges to a large public. Several scholarly works are published. The most bulky is *Historic Studies in Vaud, Berne and Savoy* by the late General Meredith Read. General Read stumbled in 1879 on Gibbon's old mansion, La Grotte, at Lausanne, and there found interesting people, documents and what not—the materials for a big book. *The Evolution of the Aryan, Customs of Augustinian Canons, and Prehistoric Problems* are books to which Jubilees are as nothing. But they are not so dull as they sound. The fifth volume of Mr. W. A. Ellis's translations of the prose works of Wagner is an arrival of the week. Also, Prof. Dowden's welcome critical hand is again shown. Then there is a small rush of technical and educational books. Captain Hayes's *Veterinary Notes for Horse Owners* pops up again, careless of motor-cars. A huge treatise on electricity and magnetism, and a treatise on the nature and qualities of dairy milk, and a text-book on the vertebrate skeleton also swim into our ken. Political books are arriving freely. By the way, how many books have been published lately with the words *Imperial Defence* in their titles? A new book on Rhodesia reminds us that a bibliography of South African books will soon be necessary. Nearly a score of novels sprinkle our table; and a week which brings us a story by Dr. Conan Doyle, two short stories by Mrs. Oliphant, and another by Mr. Stephen Crane has a Jubilee gladness after all. Altogether, not a bad week.

“THE FRENCH REVOLUTION AND ENGLISH LITERATURE.” UNDER this title Mr. Edward Dowden publishes what in substance is a series of lectures delivered in Trinity College, Cambridge. The same lectures, revised and expanded, were delivered later at Princeton University on the occasion of its Sesqui-centennial Celebration. Mr. Dowden limits the scope of the book to the following:
“I do not attempt to prove a thesis. I have tried to enter, in a disinterested way, into the spirit of each writer who comes within the scope of my subject, and to let the meanings of the French Revolution, as they entered into English literature, expound themselves. To present some important figures on a background of history—history of ideas rather than of events—has been my aim.”
THREE books come to hand OTHER BOOKS. which are inspired by the events and interests of the present time. *Imperial Defence*, by Lieut.-Col. Sir George S. Clarke, is dedicated by permission “To the Queen-Empress.” The author has striven
“to show what the Empire is, and how it has been built up; to point out alike its immense potential strength and its points of weakness; to lay down definite principles of defence, based on the experience of great wars, and to plead for an organisation in harmony with such principles.”
The book is divided into five chapters, entitled respectively: “The Empire,” “Trade,” “The Navy,” “The Army,” and “Imperial Organisation.” The naval chapter is illustrated, and an interesting map is given showing our principal trade routes and fortified ports. . . . *Rhodesia, Past and Present*, by S. J. Du Toit, is an easy-going narrative of travel in Rhodesia penned, or pencilled, in the wagon by the glare of a camp fire, or wherever possible. “Let the reader take it for what it is worth,” says Mr. Du Toit in his breezy way. The book is furnished with photographic illustrations. . . . *Pioneer Women in Victoria's Reign*, by Edwin A. Pratt, is an attempt to give some account of the pioneers of women's work; and we have biographical sketches of notable women under such heads as “Emigration,” “The Higher Education of Women,” “Pioneer Women Doctors,” “Nursing,” “Organised Philanthropy,” &c. . . . *Ibsen on His Merits*, by Sir Edward Russell, editor of the *Liverpool Post*, and Mr. Percy Cross Standing, is a timely appreciation of Ibsen, and, as the authors plead, is but the second that has been published in book-form in England. The characteristics of Ibsen's drama and of individual plays are discussed, and the final chapter deals with “John Gabriel Borkman.”
THREE novels of the week are sure to be good. *Uncle Bernac*, by A. Conan Doyle, is described as “A Memory of the Empire,” and the author explains that it has been rewritten and lengthened by one-third since its appearance in serial form. Napoleon, Josephine, and Talleyrand are introduced as characters, the empire being the First Empire. *The Ways of Life*, by Mrs. Oliphant, consists of two stories, preceded by a Pre-

face. From the latter we learn that the stories are more or less studies of that phase of human experience, which may be called the ebb “in contradistinction to that tide in the affairs of men which we all know is, to those who can identify and seize it, the great turning-point of life, and leads on to fortune.” It is the moment when men realise that “such successes as they may have achieved are over, and that henceforth they must accustom themselves to the thought of going out with the tide.” The stories are entitled respectively, “Mr. Sandford” and “The Wonderful History of Mr. Robert Dalyell.” . . . Mr. Stephen Crane's story, *The Third Violet*, is not of the battle field: it will be found that Mr. Crane has brought his gifts of insight and expression to the making of a love-story.
MR. GEORGE M'CALL THEAL'S NEW EDITIONS. *South Africa*, one of the most successful volumes of the “Story of the Nation” Series, has just been re-issued in a fourth edition. Mr. Theal has re-written the last five chapters of his book, bringing the narrative down to February of this year. . . . It is not likely that the second edition of Mrs. Brightwen's *Inmates of My House and Garden* will be the last. No alteration is made from the first edition, and, indeed, none was needed. . . . Mr. Stopford A. Brooke has found a new application for Wordsworth's *Poems Dedicated to National Independence and Liberty*. He has published these in separate form as
“a remonstrance and encouragement to the English people—a remonstrance to those whose policy it is to check the national independence and liberty of the Cretans, and an encouragement to those who, following the long traditions of the English people, have looked on that policy with dismay, and have endured it, for a time with patient, but indignant difficulty.”
The cheaper issue of Messrs. Blackwood and Sons' “Ancient Classics for English Readers” is continued, *Virgil* and *Horace* being now published.
NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.
[In the following list prices are given where they have been supplied by Publishers.]
BIBLICAL AND THEOLOGICAL.
OUTLINES OF THE HISTORY OF THE THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND. By John Dowden, D.D. S.P.C.K.
BIOGRAPHY.
“FAMOUS SCOTS” SERIES: THE “BLACKWOOD” GROUP. By Sir George Douglas. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 1s. 6d.
THE ROMANCE OF ISABEL, LADY BURTON. Told in part by herself and in part by W. H. Wilkins. 2 vols. Hutchinson & Co.
PIONEER WOMEN IN VICTORIA'S REIGN. By Edwin A. Pratt. George Newnes, Ltd. 5s.
HISTORY.
HISTORIC STUDIES IN VAUD, BERNE, AND SAVOY. By General Meredith Read. Chatto & Windus. 28s.
CUSTOMS OF AUGUSTINIAN CANONS. By J. Willis Clark. Macmillan & Bowes (Cambridge).
A SHORT POPULAR HISTORY OF CRETE. By J. H. Freese, M.A. Jarrold & Sons. 1s. 6d.
THE “STORY OF THE NATIONS” SERIES: SOUTH AFRICA. By George M'Call Theal, LL.D. Fourth edition. T. Fisher Unwin. 5s.
POETRY.
THE OPENING OF THE GATES: A MOSAIC OF SONG. By James MacBeth. Kegan Paul. 5s.

DRAMA, BELLES LETTRES.

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH POETRY. By W. J. Courthope. Vol. II. Macmillan & Co. 10s.
THE WHITEHALL SHAKESPEARES: Vol. VIII. Archibald Constable & Co. 6s.
THE FRENCH REVOLUTION AND ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Edward Dowden. Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d.

FICTION.

THE TRACK OF MIDNIGHT. By G. Firth Scott. Sampson Low.
HAROLD EFFERNBERG. By Michael Costello. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.
MISS TUDOR. By John Le Breton. John Macqueen.
THE MISTRESS OF THE RANCH. By Frederick Thicksun Clark. Sampson Low.
DEAR FAUSTINA. By Rhoda Broughton. Richard Bentley & Son.
THE LADY GRANGE. By Alexander Innes Shand. Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.
THE WAYS OF LIFE: TWO STORIES. By Mrs. Oliphant. Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.
A LADY OF WALES. By Rev. Vincent J. Leatherdale, M.A. Horace Cox.
A GREAT LIE. By Wilfrid Hugh Chesson. T. Fisher Unwin.
FORDHAM'S FEUD. By Bertram Mitford. Ward, Lock & Co.
A PRINCESS OF ISLAM. By J. W. Sherer, C.S.I. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 6s.
A FLAME OF FIRE. By Mrs. Haweis. Hurst & Blackett.
SYBIL FOSTER'S LOVE STORY; OR, THE COUNTRY COUSIN. By Lady Watkin Williams. Chapman & Hall. 6s.
CAPTAIN KID'S MILLIONS. By Alan Oscar. Chapman & Hall.
A DAUGHTER OF THE ELEPHS. By Isabella Fyrie Mayo. W. & R. Chambers. 8s. 6d.
NULMA. By Mrs. Campbell Praed. Chatto & Windus.
THE SECRET OF SAINT FLORENCE. By John Berwick. Macmillan & Co. 6s.

SCIENCE, NATURAL HISTORY, ETC.

THE VERTEBRATE SKELETON. By Sidney H. Reynolds, M.A. Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d.
THE YOUNG BEETLE-COLLECTOR'S HANDBOOK. By Dr. E. Hofmann. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 4s. 6s.
PREHISTORIC PROBLEMS. By Robert Munro, M.A. William Blackwood & Sons.
THE THEORY OF ELECTRICITY AND MAGNETISM, BEING LECTURES ON MATHEMATICAL PHYSICS. By Arthur Gordon Webster. Macmillan & Co. 14s.

TRAVEL AND GEOGRAPHY.

A HISTORY OF ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY. By H. F. Toner, M.A. Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d.
RHODESIA PAST AND PRESENT. By S. J. Du Toit. William Heinemann.

PSYCHOLOGY.

PSYCHOLOGY OF THE MORAL SELF. By B. Bosanquet. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.

EDUCATIONAL.

DEMOSTHENES: THE FIRST PHILIPPIC AND THE OLYMPIAC. With Critical Notes by John Edwin Sandys. Macmillan & Co. 5s.
THE TROADES OF EURIPIDES. With Revised Text and Notes by Robert Yelverton Tyrrell, Litt.D. 3s. 6d.
ANCIENT CLASSICS FOR ENGLISH READERS. Cheap Re-issue.
HORACE. By Sir Theodore Martin. VIRGIL. By Rev. Lucas Collins, M.A.
THE ELEMENTS OF PHYSICS: A COLLEGE TEXT-BOOK. Vol. III.: LIGHT AND SOUND. By Edward L. Nichols and William S. Franklin. Macmillan & Co. 6s.
LIVY: BOOK VI. Edited by W. F. Mason, M.A. W. B. Clive.
AN ELEMENTARY OLD ENGLISH GRAMMAR (Early West Saxon). By A. J. Wyatt. Cambridge University Press. 4s. 6d.
THE KINDERGARTEN SYSTEM: ITS ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT. By Fanny Franks. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ISSUE OF HIS MERITS. By Sir Edward R. Russel and Percy Cross Standing. Chapman & Hall. 5s.
TALES FROM CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL. By Mrs. Frewen Lord. Sampson Low. 1s.
RICHARD WAGNER'S PROSE WORKS. Translated by William Ashton Ellis. Vol. V.: ACTORS AND SINGERS. Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d.
THE EVOLUTION OF THE ARTAN. By Rudolph von Ihering. Translated by A. Drucker, M.P. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.
IMPERIAL DEFENCE. By Lieut.-Col. Sir George S. Clarke, K.C.M.G. The Imperial Press, Ltd.
INMATES OF MY HOUSE AND GARDEN. By Mrs. Brightwen. Second edition. T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.
MILK AND ITS PRODUCTS. By Henry H. Wing. The Macmillan Co.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE publication of Mr. Francis Thompson's new volume of poems, entitled simply *New Poems*, is likely to be one of the most considerable literary events of the year. The book is varied in character, consisting of five divisions, called respectively: "Sight and Insight," "A Narrow Vessel" ("being a little dramatic sequence on the aspect of primitive girl-nature towards a love beyond its capacities"), "Miscellaneous Odes," "Miscellaneous Poems," and "Ultima." The first of the miscellaneous Odes is an "Ode to the Setting Sun," which is at once the second longest and the earliest poem in the collection. We believe we are right in stating that this Ode was Mr. Thompson's first poem, anterior to anything in *Poems* or *Sister Songs*. Mr. Thompson, who until lately was resident in Wales, has now established himself in London.

THE speeches at the Booksellers' dinner became more entertaining as the evening drew towards an end, when Mr. Anthony Hope spoke, and Mr. L. F. Austin replied for the guests wittily and with wisdom. His serio-comic appeal to Archdeacon Sinclair, asking that he would lend him Agag for use in an allusion was excellent. Mr. Lecky's sing-song manner of utterance did not agree very well with the acoustic properties of the hall; but he made a bland and genial chairman, his only lapse into solemnity being when one of the speakers recalled his *History of Rationalism* and confessed to the great influence of that work upon his life. The most effective speech of the evening was that delivered by the operator of the flash-light photograph. He stood upon a pair of tall steps, in that great silence, the cynosure of every eye. "Thank you. It is finished," he said.

LIKE Mr. Austin, Mr. Anthony Hope can always be counted upon for an amusing speech. He had often read, he remarked, that such and such a book was "readable, but not literature." What that meant he did not know, but it had stirred his ambition to write some day a volume that should not be readable, but should be literature. Possibly Mr. Anthony Hope had this ambition in his mind when he composed the paper on "Romance," which he delivered last Friday at the Royal Institution. At the conclusion a lady was heard to remark to a friend who awaited her in the vestibule: "Oh, I've been so interested. It was real literature. Just the sort of thing you read in the *Pall Mall Magazine*."

AN attempt to interest London seriously in Chicago-made fiction is to be made by Messrs. John and Horace Cowley, an Edinburgh firm of publishers who have taken an office in Arundel-street. Among their first books will be novels by Mr. Stanley Waterloo, Mr. Opie Read, and Mr. Percival Pollard, whom they describe as members of the Chicago School of Novelists. In June they will also issue the first number of a periodical entitled *The Philistine*, modelled upon the Chicago *Chap Book*, which is to

chronicle literary affairs in this country in the American manner. Signed articles will be a feature of *The Philistine*.

MEANWHILE, opportunely to Messrs. Cowley's announcement, we read in the *Chap Book*, a Chicago publication, the following authoritative remarks upon Chicago as a city of culture: "Chicago supports Chicago authors. It buys the books largely. It sets thousands of women, banded together in clubs, to studying their work. It believes in Chicago as a literary centre. And meanwhile almost every writer who stays here does so by force of circumstance, rather than from inclination. Every year there are more writers and more who cannot go away, and in time the atmosphere may excite artists to their best endeavour." It may be, if Messrs. Cowley are successful in inculcating a taste for Chicago-made literature in British readers, that the Chicago writers will regard London as a home.

THE list of the fifty best English books published during the past year, which, with the assistance of all the librarians of New York State, has just been published by the Central Library, is headed by Mr. Barrie's *Sentimental Tommy*. The English sale of this book reaches 43,000 copies.

THE tablet erected in Llanstiffnod Church in memory and honour of Henry Vaughan, on the 202nd anniversary of his death, bears the following inscription from the pen of the Dean of Llandaff:—

"In late but reverent remembrance of a sweet Psalmist of Israel,

HENRY VAUGHAN, M.D.

(known as the "Silurist"),

Of Newton-by-Uk, in this Parish,

Who died April 23, 1695,

Aged 73 years,

And was buried in this Churchyard.

'He that hath left life's vain joys and vain care
Hath got an house where many mansions are.'
1896. SILEX SCINTILLAS."

APROPOS of the recent inquiry made by a magazine into the amount of words produced per diem by popular authors, the *Critic* is reminded of an American author whose method is to work until he comes to the end of his ink. He uses a fountain pen which holds ink enough for 10,000 words. His supply of invention is coterminous with the supply of fluid. Makers of fountain pens might advertise the number of words which their pens are guaranteed to contain.

ARTHUR PENDENYS, the engaging commentator on current literature and events in Messrs. Hatchard's *Books of To-Day* and *Books of To-Morrow* has compiled a short but damning list of the errors into which certain journalists and authors have, with the assistance of the printer, recently fallen.

"In one evening's reading," he writes, "I noticed among others that the *Daily News* referred to Du Maurier's last story as 'Martial.' In *Patience Sparhawk*, that new story by Gertrude Atherton, one of the characters is 'the manor born,' a rather curious travesty of Shakespeare. The *Spectator* reviewed Miss

Warden's story as *The Sun by the Sea*, whereas a moment's reflection would have aroused suspicion that something was wrong. The book is called *The Inn by the Sea*. Sir Algernon West in the *Nineteenth Century* for April speaks of Lucas 'Mallett,' and the current *Edinburgh Review* spells Mr. Walter Morison's name with two r's in the name. In Ouida's new novel, *The Massarenes*, Lady Kenilworth is observed in a strange atmosphere—she is at Hamburg, walking with the King of Greece."

The weapon with which people are attacked for misprints and misquotations is so often a boomerang. In Mr. Pendenys' entertaining periodical we find one of the ballads of the American Ambassador mentioned as "Banty Jim." It should be Banty Tim."

MR. ELKIN MATHEWS has in preparation a little book by Mr. Jacobi, the manager of the Chiswick Press, who is probably the first living authority on printing. It is called *Gesta Typographica*, and is a collection of printers' sayings and doings, facetious and otherwise. In his preface Mr. Jacobi remarks: "The printer in his own sphere is usually a humorous person, and a collection of his wit and wisdom has been thought not uninteresting." *Gesta Typographica* is certain to be entertaining. There is an American book on the same subject, called *Secrets of the Sanctum*, which is a delight.

THE new intermittent magazine, *The Comet*, which is to appear fitfully now and again when it deems itself needed, is not likely to kindle the Thames in the course of its fiery orbit. It calls itself a magazine of Free Opinion, and seems to be mainly the work of young men in a bad temper. Her Majesty the Queen, Fregoli, the President of the Royal Academy, women generally, and, indeed, most persons and things, are out of favour with the Opinionated Free. The only novel feature of *The Comet* is the invitation offered by the editor to all reviewers whose talents have been neglected, asking them to contribute reviews to his pages at the rate usually paid for high class fiction. By this means he hopes to found a "new school of criticism." We imagine that he will, but the new is not necessarily the true.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Rather a curious little coincidence occurred in the British Museum Reading-room the other day. I wished to consult an old philosophical book, which there is good reason to believe Shakespeare studied, and my interest in the book depended on this fact. When the folio was brought to me, and I opened it, I was startled to read on the fly-leaf: 'William Shakespeare, His Booke, 1597.' Did I hold Shakespeare's own copy in my hands? Dismissing this as impossible, yet being puzzled by the apparently old and correct autograph, I consulted the librarian, in whom, however, I failed to awaken any emotion of surprise. Indeed, he knew all about the inscription and the book before I could tell him, and he very courteously showed me that the

inscription was one of the minor forgeries of Ireland. Before Ireland became the past-master of forgery which *Vortigern* declared him to be, he used to present his credulous father, who was a bookseller, with early printed books in which he had forged Shakespeare's signature. It was on one of these books that I had alighted. The incident gave me a new idea of the wickedness of literary forgery."

A NEW paper for Londoners has been projected under the title *The London Argus*. The journal—an illustrated weekly—will be devoted to the record and criticism of the local proceedings of the metropolis: the deeds of the Vestries, Boards of Guardians, and all municipal bodies. A signed article by a public man on a subject of current interest will be a feature of *The London Argus*, which is to be published by Messrs. Virtue.

HAVING essayed the stage impersonation of Dr. Johnson, Mr. Arthur Bouchier now proposes to appear as Lord Byron. This is versatility indeed.

DEAN FARRAR asks us to announce for the information of the numerous strangers now in London, and of all interested in such matters, that on May 31 Sir Henry Irving will read Tennyson's *Becket* in the restored Chapter House of Canterbury Cathedral, for the benefit of the Thirteenth Centenary Fund. St. Thomas Becket entered the Chapter House on the evening of December 29, 1170, only a few minutes before his murder. The restored Chapter House will be re-opened by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales on Saturday, May 29, and will be first publicly used for the reading which Sir Henry Irving is to give.

THE Duke of Buccleuch will perform the duty of unveiling the Scott Memorial in Westminster Abbey at a quarter to two on Friday, May 21. Previous to that ceremony speeches will be delivered in the Chapter House by Mr. A. J. Balfour and the United States Ambassador. Admission to the Chapter House will be by tickets only, to be obtained by subscribers from Mr. Richard Lees, Town Clerk, Galashiels.

THE private view of the Society of Miniature Painters' second exhibition takes place to-day (Saturday), at Messrs. Graves & Co.'s Gallery, and the exhibition will be open to the public from the 17th inst. to the end of June. All exhibits will consist of works by contemporary artists.

AN exhibition of engravings by Mr. Frank Short of those drawings made for the *Liber Studiorum* which Turner did not himself reproduce with the needle is now open at Mr. Dunthorne's, in Vigo-street.

THE Second International Library Conference, of which Sir John Lubbock is the president, will take place in London on July 13, 14, 15, and 16, in the Corporation's Council Chamber.

MR. STEPHEN CRANE's adventures in the escaping from the *Commodore* last winter, when that vessel was wrecked off the coast of Florida, will be found described in a paper entitled "The Open Boat," which he contributes to the June *Scribner's*.

MRS. F. A. STEEL has signed a contract to write another long Indian story, to appear in the *Pall Mall Magazine*.

MR. KIPLING has authorised a German translation of *The Jungle Book*, made by Mr. Abel-Musgrave, who is Senior Modern Languages Master at Mr. Kipling's old school at Westward Ho.

MR. F. E. ROBINSON, M.A., who has started as a publisher at 20, Great Russell-street, is preparing for publication, under the title of *The Counsels of William de Britaine*, an edition of an aphoristic book of the seventeenth century, with preface and notes by Mr. Herbert Sturmer.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHN & Co. will shortly publish a work entitled *The Eastern Question*, by Karl Marx. It is a reprint of letters written for the *New York Tribune*, Ernest Jones's *People's Paper*, and the *Free Press*, dealing with the events leading up to the Crimean War and with the war itself. These letters, written over forty years ago, throw light not only upon the events of the fifties, but upon what is taking place in Europe at the present moment.

A COLLECTION of early writings of Thomas Carlyle, under the title of *Montaigne and Other Essays, chiefly Biographical*, will be published shortly by Messrs. J. Cowans & Son. They were contributed to Brewster's *Edinburgh Encyclopædia* between 1820 and 1823, and have never been issued in book form. The volume extends to about 300 pages, and will contain an Introduction by Mr. S. R. Crockett.

MR. WILLIAM CANTON is gathering together in one volume the papers upon his child "W. V." which have already appeared in *The Invisible Playmate* and *W. V., His Book*. He intends to take out of the latter the miscellaneous verses and add a new prose chapter.

On Thursday next, May 20, Mr. Churton Collins, M.A., will begin a course of four lectures at the Royal Institution on "The French Revolution and English Literature—Burke, William Godwin, Mary Wollstonecraft, Wordsworth and Coleridge." On Saturday, May 22, Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland will deliver the first of a course of four lectures on "Music in England during the Reign of Queen Victoria" (with musical illustrations), and on Tuesday, May 25, Dr. Ernest H. Starling will begin a course of three lectures on "The Heart and its Work." The Friday evening discourse on May 21 will be delivered by Lord Kelvin, his subject being "Contact Electricity of Metals."

ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

XXVII.—THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE biographers of Carlyle have, without exception, missed the historical clue. His own method in setting forth the life of a man was to spare no trouble to obtain the atmosphere and surroundings. Carlyle fits in to his environment as naturally as a white sail to the sea. He was of his own time as essentially as Tennyson himself; he was the nursling of peculiar conditions, the expression of a national mood, the off-spring of a phase of thought, the spokesman of a toiling age. Understand that, and no more will it be a mystery either that he wielded an enormous influence in his day, or that this influence, as far as it is direct, is fast waning. In a word, his story runs parallel to that of Byron, with a difference. England gathered to Byron's feet because, he expressed, as no other did, the rebellion of the moment; but the mood has passed; the thoughts it engendered are forgotten. He, too, was of his own time only, and in his own time he had his reward.

When Carlyle came to maturity England was emerging from revolt and preparing for work. He was born in 1795, before the battles of the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar, before Vittoria, Salamanca, or Waterloo; and when, warfare ended, the nation settled down to that career of industrial triumph that has distinguished the Victorian era, he was coming to his strength. But, to adopt one of his similes, figure his mind as an "echoing cavern," and try to realise the sounds reverberating therein as he studied at Edinburgh University, schoolmastered at Kirkcaldy, tutored with the Bullers. England, free at last from foreign war, turned to the arts of peace with an energy unsurpassed in history. Byron's time had been pre-eminently one of revolt, Carlyle's is one of labour. Now began the Lancashire cotton mills to whizz as they had not whizzed before, now did engines snort on land and sea. While, first at Craigenputtock and afterwards at Cheyne-row, he was toiling at *Sartor* and the *French Revolution*, engineers were mapping out the railways, shipbuilders were laying down the first ocean-going steamers, Cook was working at the telegraph, Hill planning postal reform. Theirs it was to labour, his to preach the nobility of toil. And thus, as it were, you get one term of the equation.

But, besides being a day of toil, it was also the day of strife—the contest not being one of swords and bludgeons, but a battle of classes, of industrialism against agriculture, of the trader against the noble, of commerce against the last remnant of feudality. When the *French Revolution* appeared in 1837, there was good reason for dreading a repetition here of the scenes it ardently describes. And in the succeeding volumes, in *Past and Present* and *Chartism* and the *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, the unrest and dissatisfaction seethe and bubble. The clamour of the time resounds in the "echoing cavern" of the author's mind. You see there more clearly than anywhere else how fully Carlyle lived the life of his own generation, and, indeed, he could never get

away from it. If he were attracted by the figures of an older time, it was always and only to gain a lesson from them, to bring their valour or their vices home to his contemporaries. He was a born moralist, not an artist, and his limitation is touched when one discerns that his mind, overcharged with book-lore, reads into contemporaneous events meanings they did not possess. After all, he gave no very luminous interpretation of the phenomena that came before his eyes. Time has not justified his prophecy.

His philosophy also belongs exclusively to his era. He had arrived at middle life before Darwin came home from his voyage with the *Beagle*—it was a quarter of a century after that ere he published his great work—and so Carlyle did not come under the influence of that doctrine which has revolutionised our way of looking at things. But, nevertheless, the ideas that Darwin, Spencer, and others reduced to definite expression were then floating in the air, impalpable, yet influencing susceptible minds. Their presence is apparent enough in the vague beliefs and hopes of "doubting Thomas." Here, too, his writings reflect the mind of his age, and give you one more term in the equation.

In this brief notice of an interesting personality it would be impossible to elaborate and work out this argument. All I pretend to offer is a clue, and in doing so it has been necessary to omit the usual gossip into which latter-day biography tends to degenerate. Carlyle's dyspepsia, his sharp temper, the Jane Welsh gossip, the indiscretions of Mr. Froude, the persons whose fine feelings were hurt by references to them in the *Diary* and the *Reminiscences*—why, we may leave matters like these to those who are interested in chatter about Harriet or in the morality of Mary Campbell. One does not like, however, to omit all mention of that typical Scottish household at Mainhill—the father and mother and sisters and brothers who played so important a part in his development.

Only a sentence has to be added. From what has been said it might be inferred that we number Carlyle and Byron among authors whose vogue is past. In a sense this is true. They had their standpoint, and the country ever since has been swimming away from it. No young man born and educated in the atmosphere of the last five and twenty years can possibly read Carlyle with relish. But, on the other hand, all that was good in him has passed into the very blood and fibre of the nation and is therefore in a sense immortal. And there is much to be grateful for. Life, after all, is not wholly fiddling and comic opera; nor is literature mental acrobatics and grinning through a horse collar. Who feels the mystery and austere beauty as well as the animalism and great gross passions in the one, will also recognise that earnestness and strength in writing are qualities to be prized even if it be but a question of entertainment. And we have reason to be as proud of Carlyle as of his giant contemporaries—Tennyson and Darwin and the heroes who ushered in "the steamship and the railway and the thoughts that shake mankind."

P. ANDERSON GRAHAM.

SHAKESPEARE'S NATURAL HISTORY.

ONE is apt to think that nothing is dead as an exploded theory. A recent exploded theory is very dead. But Van Winkles of truth creep back into the world and are welcomed. Theories return to toys, and books which Time had made foolish are reprinted when Time, in his diligence, has made them funny. This is the case with certain gleanings from the works of Elizabethan naturalists which Mr. Elliot Stock has published under the title of *Natural History in Shakespeare's Time*. We shall presently demur to the use of Shakespeare's name. But indifferent naturalists who do not distinguish at a glance between a hawk and a handsaw, or who like Jacques, might take "this lark for a bunting," will thank Mr. H. W. Seager, the editor, for enabling them to commiserate the naturalists of the sixteenth century for the rest of their lives. They can resign themselves to be envious of the field lore of a Jefferies, or a Buckland, and they can efface themselves in the presence of botanising female cousins or the new schoolboy. But they will feel benevolently at ease among naturalists who proclaim that Crabs take no food, that the Goshawk breathes through his ears, that Honey is "a certain sweat of the sky or some unctuous jelly proceeding from the stars," and that Serpents are engendered by heavy rains and by "men's blood in war." All the woe which cockney pride has taken in the last yard, or the songful woods, must heal on these pages are studied; for here is natural history which puts ignorance on a pedestal.

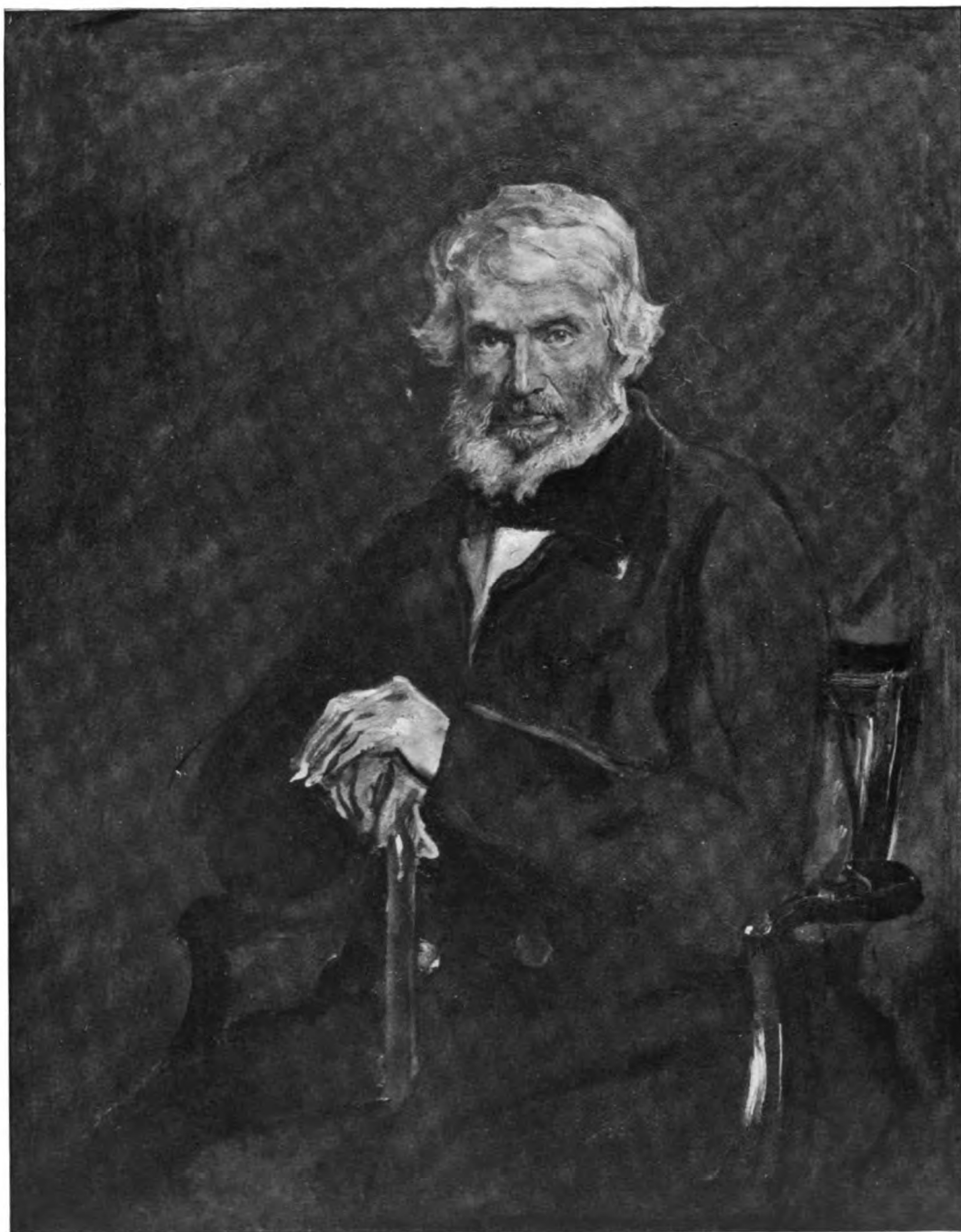
And yet the reverence of these Elizabethans for nature begets reverence in themselves. Their language is a joy to them; they write with a diligent search for words that help a marvellous narrative. Bartholomew, whose *De Proprietatibus Rerum* was probably read by Shakespeare in John Trevisa's translation, strives with Topsell to depict the horrific character of the hyæna. The hyæna, says the former,

"is a cruel beast like to the wolf in devouring and gluttony. It is his kind to change sexes, for he is now male and now female, and is therefore an unclean beast. And cometh to houses by night, and feigneth man's voice as he may, for men should trow that it is a man, and herds tell that among stables, he feigneth speech of mankind, and calleth some man by his own name, and rendeth him when he hath him without. And he feigneth oft the name of some man for to make hounds run out, that he may take and eat them."

To which Topsell adds:

"The skilful lapidarists affirm that the beast hath a stone in his eyes (or rather in his head) called hyæna or Hyænius; but the ancients say that the apple or pupil of his eye is turned into such a stone, and that if a man lay it under his tongue, he shall be able to fortell and prophesy of things to come. . . . There is also great hatred between a pardel and this beast, for if, after death, their skins be mingled together the hair falleth off from the pardel's skin, but not from the hyæna's."

For relief we turn to a gentler and a smaller animal. Bartholomew tells us that "Ghires (i.e., dormice) be little beasts, as it



THOMAS CARLYLE

From the Picture by Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery

great mice, and have that name for sleep as them fat. They love their fellows that know, and strive and fight against other. they love their father and mother with mildness and pity, and feed and serve in their age."

Topsell says the dormouse is "a biting an angry beast."

f the elephant we read :

These beasts void and flee the mouse. n they be sick they gather good herbs, and hey use the herbs they heave up the head, look up toward heaven, and pray for help tod in a certain religion."

According to the *Hortus Sanitatis* the hant has no joints in his legs. But Topwiser, says: "It is false." Thirty rs after Shakespeare's death it was worth Thomas Browne's while to argue against belief in this jointlessness of the elephant. Shakespeare hit the mark in *Troilus and Cressida*: "The elephant hath joints, but ue for courtesy—his legs are legs for neces- not for flexure."

The flea, we read, again in Bartholomew, "a little worm"

I wonder lightness; and scapeth and voideth il with leaping, and not with running, and keth slow and faileth in cold time, and in amer time it waxeth quiver and swift."

must be confessed that later naturalists ve added little of moment to this account the insect.

The goat is still a quaint animal, but nmonplace, it would seem, compared with : mediæval forbears.

"The Goat breathes at the ears, and not at e nose and is sold without fever. . . . And a man draw one out of the flock by the beard, e others be astonished and behold. And also e same happeth when one of them biteth a rtain herb. And if the Goat conceive afore e northern wind, she yeareth males, and if e conceive afore the southern wind she aneth females. And if a man take a Goat, d rear him suddenly, then the other rear em also, and behold him sadly. . . . And oats die if they lick honey. If they lick rpents after these have cast their skin, they ill not grow old, though they become white, . . . Their hoofs burnt and pounded with quid pitch cure baldness."

Bartholomew's account of the bear may e an instance of Shakespeare's indebtedness to him. Decius says, in *Julius Caesar*, hat

"Unicorns may be betray'd with trees
And bears with glasses."

Bartholomew writes :

"And the Bear . . . will be avenged on all hose that him toucheth. If another touch im, anon he leaveth the first, and reseth on he second, and reseth on the third; and when e is taken, he is made blind with a bright asin, and is bound with chains and compelled to play."

But it is time to consider what Shakepeare's indebtedness to these library naturalists really amounted to. Mr. Seager writes of their natural history as being "accepted by Shakespeare and his contemporaries." Indeed, the plan of his compilation is closely Shakesperean. He takes the birds, beasts, fishes, and plants named by Shakespeare, and tacks upon each passages from Bartholomew, Topsell, Holland's *Pliny*, and Lupton, the author of *A*

Thousand Notable Things. The inference is that Mr. Seager wishes to present their books to us as the sources of Shakespeare's knowledge of natural history. Nor is this impression much weakened by Mr. Seager's brief admission that "Shakespeare's knowledge of natural history (in so far as his own observation went) was far greater than that of his contemporaries as here illustrated." Verily it was; but, that being so, why should Mr. Seager print the words "Shakespeare's Natural History" above every page of his extracts. Shakespeare's "own observation" was the basis not of an insignificant portion of his "natural history," as Mr. Seager seems to imply, but of nine-tenths of it. A dozen, a score, a hundred of his lines leap to the memory to protest against the assumption that Shakespeare derived his knowledge of the lower creation from these books. Assuredly it was not from Friar Bartholomew that he learned to write of Cressida:

"She fetches her breath so short as a new ta'en sparrow."

Or of the mole :

"Well said, old mole, canst work i' the earth so fast."

Or of the wounded duck :

"Alas, poor fowl, now will he creep into sedges!"

Or of the daffodils :

"That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty."

Or of the rabbits :

"They will out of their burrows, like conies
after rain."

Or of the fowler's gun :

"When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly."

Or of the fly that Marcus kills on his dish :

"But how, if that fly had a father and mother?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting doings in the air?
Poor harmless fly!
That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry; and thou hast
killed him."

The truth is, that Shakespeare's natural history is modern in its vividness, its good sense, its sympathy. It is more profitable to compare his bird-lore with Gilbert White's, than with anything in Bartholomew; more just to set his animals against Buffon's than the grotesque "four-footed beasts" of Topsell; more useful to verify his botany by Sowerby than by Gerarde or John Parkinson. Modern naturalists and nature-lovers have not been slow to claim Shakespeare as their brother. Mr. James Edmund Harting has answered for the truth of much of his ornithology; and we remember a capital article in the *Gentleman's Magazine* some six years ago in which justice was done to Shakespeare's nice observation of all created things. It would be astonishing if in the years when Bacon was elaborating his *Novum Organum* Shakespeare was taking his Natural History from men whose whole system of inquiry was tottering to the abyss.

FIONA MACLEOD.

THE reissue of the shorter stories of Fiona Macleod has once more drawn the attention of the reading public to an interesting personality. In these days it is not easy to conceal the identity of a writer; but the author of *The Sin Eater* has succeeded to a remarkable degree in shrouding herself in the dim mystery of the wild Celtic nature. She prohibits any reproduction of her photograph; she declines any interview the object of which is to obtain personal details; and those who know her personally feel bound to observe her wishes with respect to the non-obtrusion of the details of her private life. This strange reticence has naturally led to a number of somewhat wild guesses at her identity. It has been stated at various times that Fiona MacLeod is Mr. or Mrs. William Sharp, Mr. W. B. Yeats, and Miss Maud Hopper in conjunction, and one of the latest *canards* is to the effect that there is no such person as Fiona Macleod at all, but simply a syndicate of young Celtic authors who write under that name. In course of time all these conjectures will be found to be without any foundation, for, although Fiona MacLeod dreads publicity of all kinds, she is by no means a hermit, and is already well known personally to several men and women of letters. It does not seem to have occurred to the paragraphists that Fiona Macleod might be a young married woman writing under her maiden name.

Miss Macleod is by birth and conviction a Celt of the Celts. She is a member of an old Highland family, and, contrary to general belief, the name is no pseudonym, but a genuine one, Fiona being the diminutive of Fionaghal, the Gaelic of Flora.

Miss Macleod spent most of her childhood in the Outer and Inner Hebrides and the Western Highlands, particularly in the islands of Iona and Arran. She is passionately fond of Iona, which represents to her the birthplace of her imaginative life. Eight years ago, on account of delicate health, she spent some time in Italy, on the Riviera, and in Southern France. She knows Brittany well, and resided for a considerable period in Paris. Sometimes a faint echo from the most modern of cities seems to find its way into one of her *Barbaric Tales*, and the effect of this strange blending of the old with the new is fantastic in the extreme. Before she went abroad for the first time Miss Macleod lost her father—her mother died when she was still a child—but fortunately she was not left dependent on her pen, which, indeed, at that time she had not begun to use. But Miss Macleod is essentially a child of nature and the open air, having no sympathy with the hurried life of the great cities, which she seldom visits. Her chief pleasure consists in cruising among the isles in a small yacht or even half-decked wherry, in going out with the herring-fishers, and in visiting the remote "bothies" of the shepherds high up on the bleak and lonely mountains.

Miss Macleod's first literary experiment was a short story which she sent, in the autumn of 1893, to the *National Observer* (at that time *The Scots' Observer*). This story,

"The Last Fantasy of James Achanna," was declined by Mr. Henley, who, however, wrote to the author a word of genuine encouragement. This story has never been republished. Miss Fiona Macleod's first book, *Pharais*, which, by the way, is a slightly Anglicised spelling of the genitive of the Gaelic word for Paradise, was begun in the summer of 1893 and finished before the close of that year. *Pharais* is one of the most personal of all Miss Macleod's writings. It is generally understood that the island of Irmisron which is depicted in this romance is the remote island where the author spent many summers of her early childhood, and there are certain incidental autobiographical touches in the portraiture and environment of the heroine, Lora. *Pharais* was published through Mr. Frank Murray, of Derby, simultaneously with the volume of dramatic studies entitled *Vistas* by the author's relative, Mr. William Sharp, who was her intermediary in the publication of this volume, and also of *The Mountain Lovers*, which was issued by Mr. John Lane in the spring of 1895. It was doubtless through this connexion that the rumour first got abroad that Fiona Macleod was either Mr. or Mrs. Sharp. For some time after the publication of her first two romances Miss Macleod worked at a volume which has since been published under the title of *Green Fire*, and which was projected about the same time as *Pharais*. She, however, felt convinced that her subjects were most suited to the short story, and in the intervals of work at the longer romances she had written a number of short tales which were published under the titles: *The Sin Eater and Other Tales*; and *The Washer and Other Legendary Moralities*. Miss Macleod's reputation rests largely on these two collections, which have now been reissued in three distinct groups with several additions. The *Sin Eater* was published in the autumn of 1895 by a new firm, Messrs. Patrick Geddes & Colleagues, who have shown themselves eager in every way to identify themselves with the work of Miss Macleod, and have issued her books in a particularly appropriate and artistic format. Last autumn Miss Macleod published her earlier romance, *Green Fires*, through Messrs. Constable & Co. The many critics who have warned the author of this book against an over-elaborateness and artificiality will be glad to hear that it is the work she likes least. Miss Macleod is now concentrating all her energies on an historical romance, and she has consequently put aside a number of short stories and one or two longer books. It is not likely, therefore, that much from her pen will see the light before this romance is completed. The only book by her that may positively appear this year is a story for children, which Messrs. Constable & Co. wish to issue at Christmas. The publication of a short romance, *The Lily Leven*, which has been again and again announced, is indefinitely postponed, though the story is practically finished. In this book it will be found that Miss Macleod has worked from a new standpoint, and has dwelt on the humour, gaiety, and grotesque contrasts of Celtic life.

In spite of the success that has attended the publication of her poems, "From the

Hill of Dreams," which is by far the most personal and intimate book Miss Macleod has given to the world, she has determined to publish no more verses.

THE BOOK MARKET.

THE NEW EDITION OF "MODERN PAINTERS."

A TALK WITH MR. GEORGE ALLEN.

WHAT took me to the Charing Cross-road yesterday was this. I wanted to get from Mr. Allen a few particulars about the cheaper edition of *Modern Painters*, which he has just announced as in preparation. *Modern Painters* is one of the books of the reign. Its own reign has been long.

"And are you going to produce it at a third of its present price?" I said to Mr. George Allen.

"Yes; at less than that. The present price of the work, including the Index volume—six volumes in all—is seven pounds. The new edition will cost the public two guineas."

"And it will be complete?"

"Quite complete, and with all the illustrations. These, of course, will be smaller than those in the present editions, the new edition being in crown octavo. We are having the new plates made by various processes from proof impressions of the old ones. Some will be in photogravure, others in half tone; and, in some cases, I am having lithographs redrawn on the stone. My object is to make the illustrations to this new edition absolutely worthy of the book. I may tell you that Mr. Ruskin has already seen many of the new plates, and has expressed his satisfaction with them."

"Then, Mr. Allen, will the six volumes be for sale separately? Hitherto, I believe, single volumes have not been purchasable."

"No, they have not hitherto. But the new edition will be issued in single volumes after the first two. The first two will be issued together, at eleven shillings. These volumes contain no plate. The third, fourth, and fifth volumes, each containing plates, will be sold separately at eight, nine, and nine shillings respectively. The sixth volume, in which the splendid Index will be printed in full, will be five shillings."

"And when do you expect to begin issuing the work?"

"In July; and if all be well the last volume will be out before Christmas."

"May I take it that this step is part of a policy, and that you will continue to issue cheaper editions of Mr. Ruskin's more expensive works?"

"Oh, yes. Our next undertaking will probably be a cheap edition of *The Stones of Venice*. This work is already issued in two five-shilling volumes, but these are abridged, and lack the illustrations. I shall take the complete work, now published in three volumes at four guineas, and issue it in three octavo volumes, with all the plates reduced in size, like those of *Modern Painters*. The work will then be available to the public at the price of about thirty shillings."

"I have often heard it suggested, Mr. Allen, that what is now wanted is a shilling or half-crown library of Mr. Ruskin's more popular works. Does that—ask—commend itself to you?"

"It does; and such a scheme has been discussed; but there are naturally difficulties in its way. Undoubtedly the prices will come, but not yet."

"Can you give me a little idea of the present extent of Mr. Ruskin's hold on the public?"

"Well, I can give you a few figures from memory. We sell between 4,000 and 5,000 copies of *Sesame and Lilies* every year. *This Last* is very little behind it in sales. *The Crown of Wild Olive* has a steady sale of nearly 3,000 copies a year. *The Queen of the Air* and *The Two Paths* are also very popular and have large sales. I may say that the sales of certain of Mr. Ruskin's moral and economical writings are actually increasing."

"Then you are busy at Orpington?"

"Busy, yes; but not at Orpington. You share the popular mistake of supposing that Mr. Ruskin's works are produced there."

"But, Mr. Allen, that is the cherished belief of thousands!"

"It is a myth."

"But I have caught colds in the last looking out of the railway carriage window at Orpington to see some sign of the beautiful factory where Mr. Ruskin's thoughts were minted!"

"Other people have done more; they have got out of the train. Parties of American travellers have repeatedly arrived at Orpington to see what never existed there. . . . Truly, Mr. Ruskin's books were warehoused at Orpington, and issued from Orpington, but the 'beautiful factory,' as you call it, and as others have imagined it, is a superstition. Mr. Ruskin's books, said Mr. Allen, with a convincing smile, 'have always been printed and bound in London.'"

A R T.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

II.

WITH a curious show of ceremony the two landscape-portraits of Mr. C. W. Furse are hoisted to either exact side of a large canvas—itsself barely visible—making punctual pendants to one another up aloft where it is hardly possible to see more than a suggestion of their quality. You may be aware of a kind of rich and generous manner that does not look modern, of a landscape decked in bright and rather profound colours, of vivid accents, of life in men, horses and hounds, of a canvas altogether filled with explicit but easily contained work, and of a triumphant composition; but all this is rather guessed at than seen. To Mr. Arthur Lemon better justice has been done, and his very beautiful picture is on the line, but in, or near, a corner; it is certainly not treated with all the honour owed to work so fine and so original.

the play is useless. The development of an unthinking woman, a doll-wife, into a woman who realises what manner of man her husband is and what is her relation to him: that is an interesting phase of life. But it cannot take place in "three consecutive days" without ideas suggested from without, in reading, or by friends. Now, Nora Helmer starts as the doll-child-wife absolutely: we learn that she has a character, that she is capable of self-sacrifice, and has shown courage when her husband's health was at stake; for all that, in so far as the connubial relation is concerned, she is a child, accepting the husband's dicta without question and gratifying an innocent taste for sweets in secret, for fear of his displeasure. Yet in three days we find her an awakened woman, armed with reasons. "This morning I was a girl, to-night I am a woman"—it is merely a variant of the dear old *cliché*. You see, Dr. Ibsen wanted a dramatic contrast between the doll and the individual woman, and to that he sacrificed the psychology of Nora Helmer. Again, the wide problem in sociology—wider than the individual psychology—is interesting, and a fresh example is not amiss. But Dr. Ibsen wanted a story—I dare not say to interest the groundlings—to assist the dramatic effect; he introduces accordingly a story about Nora's forging his father's name and being afraid to tell her husband, although she thought it innocent, and had done it to save his life, and the money was paid: a story as bald and improbable as anything in an Adelphi melodrama. It snuffs out completely any light there was on a problem in sociology. All this tends to show that Dr. Ibsen is a dramatist first and a philosopher afterwards. I rejoice in the fact: philosophers are many and dramatists are few. Without the improbable story about the forgery we might not have had the delightful scene where Helmer forgives his wife at the moment she is seeing for the first time his selfishness and shallowness—one of the finest pieces of ironical comedy known to me. "A Doll's House" is a very fine play: it is not a profound study of contemporary life.

The performance by the Independent Theatre at the Globe was unequal. That, certainly, was inevitable with Miss Achurch as Nora, since she is one of the very few intellectual actresses who can act, and has brought her study of this part to a point of subtle perfection. It must be a terribly exacting part. In one unimportant detail, indeed, Dr. Ibsen has been positively wanton in his demands; how can he expect an actress, a Northern actress at least, to be able to play Nora and also to dance a lively tarantella? Of Miss Achurch I can but say that this unimportant detail was the only point where I thought she failed in the least degree. But she was ill supported. I thought Mr. Fulton the best of her companions, but Nils Knogstad is not a difficult part to an actor with any range and with a strong manner, which Mr. Fulton has. (By the way, Norway is really a strange country; I have known several money-lenders in my time, but never a one like this.) Mr. Charrington was a passable, but an in-

effective, Dr. Rank. Mr. Courtenay Thorpe's Helmer was extremely intelligent and well-intentioned: it was not good acting. His manner throughout was intensely artificial, whereas it is an essential part of Helmer that he should be an ordinary, respectable man. In the last act, however, he achieved some vigorous effects, which, if not of the highest order, were tolerably good.

I HOPE that Mr. Wilson Barrett will have a success with "Virginius" at the Lyric. It is a good, honest play of its sort, several times better than, for example, "The Daughters of Babylon." What has interested me most in the subject, however, has been not Sheridan Knowles's play but Hazlitt's essay on it. Here you have a stirring, bold, bombastic melodrama, and there you have an acute and intellectual critic charging for it horse and foot. To make out his case, to be sure, he had to go rather far. He quotes you—"Let the forum wait for us!" and remarks that "this is the true language of nature and passion, and all that we can wish for, or require, in dramatic writing." It is a curious essay to read—*The London Magazine*, July, 1820. Hazlitt said that Virginius was the best of Macready's performances: it is perhaps Mr. Wilson Barrett's also. It is a part after his own heart, full of manly tenderness and manly pathos and courage and righteous indignation. I thought the stabbing scene ineffectively done, but otherwise Mr. Barrett was excellent; he made every point firmly, and if he sometimes seemed to exaggerate that was all in the way of Sheridan Knowles. There were several well done parts, notably the Dentatus of Mr. McLeay and the Caius Claudius of Mr. Percyval. Mr. Irwin's Icilius and Mr. Brydone's Appius were fairly good. Miss Maud Jeffries was a little too sweet and clinging, perhaps, but did what the part required, and was an admirable picture of Virginia. Miss Ivor spoke Servia's speech in the forum with effect. The mounting of the play suggested Rome of the Empire more or less, and Rome of the Decemvirate not at all; but Macready mounted it after a like fashion.

THE Olympic has commenced a Shakespearean series, under Mr. Ben Greet's auspices, with "Hamlet." Mr. Nutcombe Gould played Hamlet in a capable, honest, unambitious manner, and the rest took their cue from him. It was a pleasant performance altogether, undistinguished, but sound, so far as it went, and there should be enough people in London who like Shakespeare for his own sake, and not for trappings and curiosities of acting, to make it a success. Miss Lily Hanbury did not try to do too much with Ophelia, and what she did was well done; she looked, perhaps, a little too strong and stately for the part, but her manner was good. Mr. Ben Greet's Polonius was pleasantly clear.

I DID not see "Chand d'Habits" in Paris, and Mr. Tree has written to the papers to say that all was not well on its

first performance at his theatre. I say nothing about the little part that I have heard, and can well believe that certain alterations to suit the public did not improve it. Mr. S. is extremely clever and interesting, and Zanfretta charming to see.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

THE setting of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's ballad by Dr. J. F. Bridge, performed last week at the Albert Hall, is a fine example of the sister art, and yet the poem itself may not exactly suit the music, and yet the sister art may, in some instances, serve to colour and enliven the words; and this is what the poet seems to have felt. The music keeps within reasonable bounds: it always follows the lead; it lacks neither breadth nor intensity; it has, as it were, a flavour of the poem, with its four "wind" sections, and reiterated "Go forth, for it is time," the close of each one, determines to a great extent the form of the musical structure. The work is easy to grasp, even at first hearing. It is written for soprano, chorus, and orchestra. For the solo part, Dr. Bridge had Mme. Albani, a special view, for she sang at the Albert Hall "Flag of England" is respectfully dedicated to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and together with the Jubilee excitement, say nothing of its intrinsic merit—no doubt render it popular.

MR. DAVID BISPHAM, who has just returned from America, gave a Brahms Recital at St. James's Hall on Monday afternoon. In memory of the composer he sang the four Serious Songs (Op. 12). They are the last things which Brahms wrote, and—as if he felt that his end was nigh at hand—their theme is death. In his last moments he is said to have wept bitterly for to him death was no welcome guest. The solemn, mournful music was, apparently, the true expression of his feelings, and hence its power. The songs certainly seem out of place in the concert-room; as part of a funeral service they would prove deeply impressive. They were interpreted by Mr. Bispham with dignity and pathos; the applause at the close was, in the way, singularly inappropriate. Mr. Bispham is too excellent an artist to have mistaken silence for indifference.

They were followed by the "Magelone" cycle of songs (Op. 33), given for the first time here in its entirety. The poems are all taken from Tieck's *Liebesgeschichten* in *schönen Magelone*, which tells of the love of Peter for the beautiful daughter of the King of Naples. The story is quaint; and Mr. Bispham gave a résumé of it so that the audience might understand and follow the various moods of the music. He told the little tale well, and yet—in this condensed form, at any rate—it was scarcely worth the telling. A brief summary in the programme-book would have been quite sufficient. The

"Magelone" songs contain many admirable specimens of the composer's lyric art; in some numbers inspiration is not, however, at fever heat. It was, of course, interesting to hear them all; but, as a rule, a selection would prove more attractive. Mr. Bispham, who had the lion's share, was assisted by Miss Rosa Olitzka, Miss Marie Engle, and Mr. Reginald Groome. Miss Olitzka sang her songs with feeling and intelligence, although the quality of tone of her voice was not altogether pleasant; Miss Engle gave a dainty rendering of "Sulima's Song." Mr. Bispham was in fine form. Mr. Leonard Borwick was at the pianoforte, and his task was no light one. His playing was admirable; yet in one or two of the earlier numbers he did not study the vocalist quite as much as he might have done.

On Tuesday evening Mr. Felix Mottl gave his fourth concert at the Queen's Hall. The programme contained two important selections from "Parsifal." Excerpts from ordinary operas are bad enough; still worse are those from Wagner's music-dramas, especially the later ones. This must be the verdict of all intelligent admirers of the master, and yet no doubt many such were present at this concert, and enjoyed the performances. To some they no doubt proved pleasant echoes of Bayreuth; to others, a profitable preparation for an intended pilgrimage thither. So far, then, as they serve such purposes it would be unreasonable to complain. In the case of "Parsifal," which cannot be heard out of Bayreuth, one is almost disposed to welcome them. The music is wonderfully impressive even shorn of the surroundings which give it such point and meaning. My great objection to excerpts is a very practical one. In London stage performances of Wagner's works are few and far between, while excerpts in the concert-room are becoming more and more numerous. I fear, therefore, that many of the public, especially among the rising generation, are becoming acquainted with Wagner by means truly un-Wagnerian. If "Wagner" concerts induce musicians to go to the theatre, and for "Parsifal" especially, to Bayreuth, they are doing good; if not, then the result, however showy, is unsatisfactory.

On Tuesday evening Herr Heinrich Vogl, of Munich fame, gave a fine rendering of the *Lenz-Lied* from "Die Walküre." But he was heard to still greater advantage in the scene with the Flower Maidens and the scene with Kundry. His voice shows the effect of long and earnest work; but his artistic rendering of the music and fine declamation were beyond all praise. Frau Mottl as Kundry was most impressive. There was immense power, and restrained power too, in her wonderful impersonation—I use that term purposely, for she almost persuaded me that I was listening to a stage performance—of the weird woman. The solo Flower Maidens, of which the chief was Miss Esther Palliser, and the chorus from the Royal College of Music, greatly distinguished themselves. At the close the applause was not only enthusiastic, but prolonged. Frau Mottl must have been more

than satisfied at her reception. The playing of the orchestra under Herr Mottl was exceedingly fine.

The programme included a not very interesting Symphonic Poem by Smetana, also Weber's Overture to Oberon. The programme-book, by the way, spoke of Weber's remains having been removed from St. Paul's to Dresden. That was a strange slip of the pen. Weber was a Roman Catholic, and on his death, in 1826, was buried at Moorfields Chapel. J. S. S.

SCIENCE.

THERE are days in the lives of most of us when we ask ourselves what is the use of anything. On other days we are told, and we believe, that art has an ennobling mission, that the higher drama is good for our souls, and that honest work is a kind of philanthropy. But on days of dejection these truisms cease to act. Among other things I have believed, and have preached, that museums have a lofty educational value; but occasionally this belief, too, has gone the way of other illusions, and I have failed to see in museums more than an endless collection of labelled specimens, interesting chiefly as curiosities. I am pleased, therefore, to come across a Paper by one of our most advanced curators, Mr. F. A. Bather, of the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, entitled "How may Museums best Retard the Progress of Science?"

This is "writ sarcastic," of course (as there would have been no need to point out if one had been able to quote at length), and is addressed to the author's colleagues of the Museum Association. In it Mr. Bather satirises rather handsomely the methods in vogue in most museums even at the present day, treating them as worthy of fuller cultivation.

"We know," he says, "how to strike dulness through the hearts of thousands by our funereal rows of stuffed birds, with their melancholy lines of Latin names. We know how to chill the enthusiasm of the young and to disgust the susceptibilities of tender souls by the display of entrails and abortions stewing in some brown decoction in the depths of antiquated pickle-jars. To suggest such well-known methods (of retarding science) to the experienced audience of practical curators before me would be ridiculous and a waste of time."

Mr. Bather then goes on to show how a museum, by jealously guarding its specimens, and not permitting them to be examined, can prevent the spread of knowledge. He quotes as an instance the history of the genus *Spirula*, of which an account was published in the *Challenger* records. Naturalists for long had desired to obtain for dissection a complete specimen, and at last one was taken near Port Jackson. "But," adds the report, "it was deposited in the Sydney Museum and consequently could not be made the subject of anatomical research."

MR. BATHER's third point deals with the classification of specimens in museums, and

it should be premised that he is speaking throughout of natural history museums. By mere force of circumstances, lack of time, undermanning, and so forth, he says the arrangement of specimens in the show cases of a museum remains the same throughout many years. Classifications come and classifications go, but the classification adopted when the museum was built goes on for ever. In the spirit of his paper he defends this system as introducing, like the text-book, an element of stability among the changeful vagaries of ephemeral publication.

"If we cannot" he says, "like the text-book writers, foist upon the public senile illustrations that are no better than caricatures, we can always excuse an effete arrangement or an obsolete nomenclature on the plea that time and money are wanting to re-name the specimens. We can, with much show of justice, refuse to give concrete form to the philosophic ideas of our greatest thinkers."

In this connexion also Mr. Bather tells a pretty story of one of our great zoologists in the days when species were regarded as separate creations, who, being asked by a sceptic what he did with the connecting links, whispered in reply, "My dear sir, I throw them out of the window." It is these window specimens that form the basis of our theory of evolution. It is by their means alone that all the most pressing problems of geographical distribution, heredity, growth and origin can be solved. But as, unlike curios or type-specimens, they are difficult to classify, no museum curator has ever done justice to them. Prof. Herrera, of the National Museum of Mexico, has a scheme for founding a museum of the future to represent ideas, in which collections will not exist, and specimens will be purely subordinate. Mr. Bather treats this proposal with mock contumely, but quotes a little from it to show what it involves. Thus a specimen, he says, is not to be exhibited because it is rare; we are to show the utmost contempt for specimens that are anyway rare, curious, or pretty. Here we have in a nutshell the revolt from our present museum system.

AFTER suggesting some of the ideas which may be exemplified in museums, Prof. Herrera adds:

"But instead of studying these ideas and exhibiting them, man from time immemorial has tried to imprison the things of nature in a fixed classification, which is not the whole of science, and which cannot be the nest of the whole of philosophy. Nature in her vastness protests against the classifiers; she revolts against routine."

"What rubbish!" replies Mr. Bather. "How can a curator at £70 a year be expected to have ideas of this kind? And what would our Boards of Governors, Trustees, &c., say if they went into a museum and found a curator calmly reading the *Origin of Species* when he ought to be mounting specimens by the hundred and making as large a display as possible?"

I HAVE not space to follow this amusing and instructive paper any further. It con-

tains the germs of a system of museum reform which must come some day, but will take many years to accomplish. Mr. Bather perhaps fails to recognise a necessity for two kinds of museums—the preservative as well as the educational—and in his indignation at the absence of the latter kind condemns the former blindly. With the bias of a specialist he ignores the fact that all men are not devoted to the problems of natural selection, heredity, and organic development. There are some people for whom a gallery of humming birds has an æsthetic charm. There are others to whom it opens possibly the only vista of faunas and distant lands different from their own. There are many reasons why such exhibits should be preserved. There are none why they should not be supplemented for the use of students and experts in the way that Mr. Bather, and I doubt not many of his be-rated colleagues also, are desirous to see brought about.

H. C. M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"THE EDINBURGH STEVENSON."

Dundee: May 6.

The new volume (xxiii.) will be a disappointment to many subscribers. The prospectus of the supplementary volumes promised a volume of five plays, the fifth being the hitherto unpublished "The Hanging Judge." The volume just issued contains only the four Stevenson-Henley plays, which have all seen the light before. Doubtless there are others besides myself who were looking forward to the pleasure of reading a pure Stevenson play. Perhaps the editor of the edition will explain?

The bibliographical note prefixed to "Macaire" is not quite correct. "Macaire" did not appear in Nutt's edition, 1892, but it did appear in the *New Review* for June, 1895.

C. M. FALCONER.

"THE FLIGHT OF THE KING."

I have just read your review upon my book and (I conclude) Mr. Penderel Brodhurst's old grievance respecting my statements relating to his particular branch of the loyal peasants of Boscobel and Whiteladies. [See the *Standard*, March 19, 20, 22, 23, 26, and 29.] May I be allowed to say that as his is the solitary instance of disapproval, where genealogical matters are written upon, the work can scarcely be condemned throughout?

With regard to the Jane and Joan controversy, might I be allowed to tell Mr. Brodhurst that by my pointing out the portrait of "Jane Penderel as the mother of the brothers" I fail to see how I "give away" my case, as no Christian name appears upon the original painting? In addition to my authority that "Jane" was the name of the mother, "Tract I."—no mean authority either, as acknowledged by all who have studied the subject—Blount's Boscobel of 1660 speaks of William Penderel's wife (the daughter-in-law of Jane Penderel) as the "good wife whom his Majesty was pleased to call *My Dame Joan*," the King at that time being at Boscobel, where William was caretaker. The mother, who lived at Hobbal, could hardly be referred to as "the good wife" when her husband (whose name Mr. Brodhurst informs us, upon what authority I should very much like to know, was William also) was certainly not living at the time of

the King's visit, for he is mentioned in no contemporary record extant.

With regard to my other statements about Mr. Brodhurst's connecting links with the miller of Whiteladies, my authorities are given—viz., *Notes and Queries* and the *National Biographical Dictionary*, and if he looks these up I think he will find the information about the father and the son and of Edmund Penderel was provided originally by himself. With all humility also to Mr. Brodhurst's superior knowledge, I beg to say there was a "late Humphry Penderel, Esq.," referred to on page 59. In conclusion, may I be permitted to say that I probably should have gone to Mr. Brodhurst direct had not his glaring errors in an article in the *Art Journal* for 1889 come to my notice. If I have made blunders in my work, surely none can vie with that where Charles' gallant companion, Lord Wilnot, is confused with his son, the notorious libertine of the Restoration!

ALLAN FEA.

The writer of the review on Mr. Allan Fea's book, *The Flight of the King*, assumes that the aged widow of the head of the Penderel family was the actual person who was called "My Dame Joan" by King Charles II., and says this stout old lady was the mother of the five brothers Penderel. It occurs to most people to wonder how this stout old lady, the mother of grown-up sons, and an aged woman at the time, could have managed to attend to the many wants of the distressed King from her house, which was some distance from Boscobel.

From the context the wife of William Penderel is evidently the person on whom his Majesty bestowed the title of Dame, both from sentiment and real gratitude. With regard to the portrait mentioned by the reviewer, he says the artist has painted on it the words "Dame Penderel, 1662." I am credibly informed that the original portrait has no name on it, but only the word "Dame." With the great advantage of his own researches, and those of others, it is scarcely likely that Mr. Fea, who is a very careful writer, will have made a mistake in his genealogy.

CHARLES PENRUDDOCKE.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"Amoris Victima." By Arthur Symons. (Leonard Smithers.)

"We are afraid," writes the *Saturday Review*, "that to those who are not actually suffering from the acute stage of amatory disease which Mr. Symons so ably diagnoses his *Amoris Victima* will seem a little dull. . . . But if he would not so entirely ignore the spiritual part of man . . . his gifts, native and acquired, are such as should secure for him an audience better worth having than a little circle of self-contemplating youths with inflamed brains and atrophied consciences. If he could but be persuaded that 'the emotions and sensations of a typical modern man' are essentially uninteresting unless they include some unselfish relations towards other persons, what an agreeable poet he would be! In technical respects this volume shows an advance on Mr. Symons's previous writings." "We had hoped," writes the *National Observer and British Review* "that Mr. Symons might have risen to a conception of 'romance' which . . . would have been at all events

more dignified and interesting; and are not sure that his present work does not represent an attempt in this direction. If it does, we fear the attempt failed. As his former volumes celebrate the loves of the music-halls, so does this represent the satiety which even music-halls will at last produce. . . . It is to be regretted that a writer who uses language so skilfully should have nothing to say that can be listened to with interest or even patience." "Taking a poem as he wishes it read, as a whole," the *Chronicle* writes, "one must reckon it a tribute to science rather than the product of passion. . . . The great loves that the great poems were something more than nympholepsy, a state of mind of which Mr. Symons, curiously enough, has given all the *ennui* and despair, while suggesting hardly any of the fascination. He can do anything but interest us. . . . And somehow, he is a poet for all that—poet without a charm." Says the *News*: "It is Petrarch in a medium nineteenth century unrest."

Mr. Goldwin Smith's "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence." (Macmillan.)

"He says what he has to say," writes the *Athenæum*, "not in a spirit of agnosticism, if agnosticism means despair of spiritual truth, but in a spirit of free and hopeful inquiry." While acknowledging that the book deserves to be widely read, the *Athenæum* takes leave to suggest that "an excess of zeal in the way of destruction is apt to frustrate the work of rebuilding." Having epitomised the contents of the volume, the reviewer concludes:

"Like everything he writes, it is level, vigorous all through; and if not very original it is at least manly, outspoken, and stimulating. Perhaps its chief weakness is that it reveals a certain narrowness of reading and a certain reliance on old-fashioned authors of an exclusively English type. Toronto, we have not an intellectually bracing atmosphere, and there are some books on religious philosophy which Mr. Smith ought to have read. It apparently has not. The result is a certain all-pervading impression of what may be called Anglican common sense, which is not the best frame of mind in which to approach transcendental problems."

The *Pall Mall*, in the course of a free and buoyant notice, observes:

"The pessimistic strain that has always marked his attitude towards the politics of his own time is evident in his utterances on their religious opinions. With none of them can he be satisfied. The views which he expressed when in the penumbra of orthodoxy he now recants, and he finds the Church's new view of Scripture—if it be new—nearly as 'geocentric' as the old. Nor does he see any safer path pointed out to him by newer guides. The defence of theism lately put forward by Mr. Arthur Balfour, Mr. Henry Drummond, and Mr. Mill pass before him in turn, and he finds no support in any of them. Positivism he cannot avow with, and even Agnosticism is too dogmatic for him 'if it imports despair of spiritual truth.' The fact is," concludes this gay critic, "that the pessimism of people like Dr. Goldwin Smith is a great deal more due to the eyes with which they look upon things in general than to any inherent badness in the things themselves."

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REVIEWS.

MR. THOMPSON'S NEW POEMS.

New Poems. By Francis Thompson. (Archibald Constable & Co.)

FUSELI, much more considerable as an aphorist than as a painter, once said that the reader who does not fancy himself the part-author of the beauties he recites is not the least of men; and Rossetti, in his copy of Fuseli, scored with a pencil of approval this counsel of humility. Yet even with Rossetti's poetry how much must the reader himself bring to the task of appreciation if he would carry nothing away! No good seed will grow save in ground prepared for it. Even temptation, as Thomas à Kempis says, does not transform a man, but only shows him what he is. In that sense the reader, with no arrogance at all, may feel himself to be the partner of the poet, and no sleeping partner either, if the poet's own account of poets be true:

"We speak a lesson taught we know not how,
And what it is that from us flows
The hearer better than the utterer knows."

That is Mr. Francis Thompson's rendering of the relations between poets and readers; and in his own case it is particularly true. Mr. Thompson's readers are in a sense his colleagues in creation.

The greater a poet's message, the more profound his thought, the larger his range, and the more exquisite his note, the deeper and more incessant will be his demand upon his reader. That is why the great poets have had to wait for their recognition. Only the few will or can co-operate at the beginning; but they are the leaven; and now whole masses can see the poetic purport of Shelley, Coleridge, Keats, and Wordsworth, of whom the contemporary criticism was a thing over which you laugh or cry, as the mood has you. Those who see in Mr. Francis Thompson an authentic poet

have at any rate the profound interest of watching the various stages in the making of their Immortal. How have the portents followed the precedent afforded by the poets just named? In general, very accurately, we think. The common attitude of critics towards them and him has been very similar—in the case of Shelley it is so near in its very wording as to be sometimes startling. Extravagances and novelties of diction, a toppling-over of images, and "obscurity"—of course that—were dwelt upon by objectors—very just objectors, no doubt—who, busied and troubled about details, lost all sense of proportion, and had no ear for the great and ultimate meaning of the poet's message. To be able to make merry over Peter Bell was easy to men who had no prescience of Wordsworth as the supreme reconciler of Nature and God among modern men—

"By grace divine,
Not otherwise, O Nature, are we thine."

Strange is it now to read pages of puerilities written of a great poet by men who had not the ear within the ear to hear the only things by which he gives and draws life now in the hearts of men. So it is with Mr. Thompson; you may read columns about his poetry in which his poetry never once appears; and to critics who have not caught the matter you must deny even the faculty to judge the utterance, since form and substance are indivisible and one. If, then, we do not dwell on verbal defects, which are easily discoverable in Mr. Thompson's verses, but which are never without a certain illustrious lineage; if we waste no time in enumerating the offences against the conventions—which, in his case, are never, we think, offences against positive canons of literary morality; if we ignore his occasional contortions of epithet, the result of too much hammering rather than the sign of carelessness of execution; it is because we are warned by the failure of yesterday's criticism. Who would not weep for Adonais that he had no critic to assure him that his name was not writ in water? Not that Mr. Thompson can pass away, as Keats or Shelley passed, without a call of recognition. Contemporaries such as Mr. Coventry Patmore—to whom as a poet and philosopher Mr. Thompson is under double obligations in his new volume—at once knew him as brother; and the *Edinburgh Review*, hitherto a sort of shambles for young poets, has done an absolutely new thing in quarterly reviewing—it has hailed as "a great poet" a writer of only three years' reputation, and of only two thin volumes—the *Poems* and the *Sister Songs*. We are not disturbed on Mr. Thompson's account, but very much flattered on account of contemporary taste and courage, by this departure from the old formula of the neglect of a new poet. From this time henceforward we believe that great poetry will meet with some measure of immediate reward; and those who are able to comprehend Mr. Thompson at all will not have waited for his third volume to appoint to him his place.

These *New Poems* will not, therefore, show Mr. Thompson essentially in any new light. They take him further as a teacher,

it is true. What were hints before are now full disclosures. They vary, they embellish, they bring to ultimate completion, they perfect, once or twice they frankly repeat. If this old mastery has a new manner, it is new in the direction of asceticism. There is less obvious beauty than before, and that, of course, is intentional; but there is no stay in the abundance of the imagery, no pause in the procession of thoughts. There is greater actual range of subject; and though great poetry is independent of that kind of variety, being all inclusive, there may easily be readers to whom one section of the book will appeal more than the rest—indeed, some to whom this section may appeal and another not at all. The mystical poems, twelve in number, come under the heading of "Sight and Insight"; there are four "Miscellaneous Odes" and twenty-one "Miscellaneous Poems"; in "A Narrow Vessel" we have eight poems, forming a "dramatic sequence on the aspect of primitive girl nature towards a love beyond its capacities"; and the book closes with the section called "Ultima," in which, through some half-dozen poems, "Love's almsman plaineth his fare":

"Sweet Lady, how
Little a linking of the hand to you!
Though I should touch yours careless for a
year,
Not one blue vein would lie divinelier blue
Upon your fragile temple, to unsphere
The seraphim for kisses! . . .

That you might
Be lover for one space, and make essay
What 'tis to pass unsuppered to your couch,
Keep fast from love all day; and so be taught
The famine which these craving lines avouch!
Ah! miser of good things that cost thee naught,
How know'st thou poor men's hunger?—Misery!
When I go doleless and unfed by thee!

"A Holocaust" sings the rending of the poet's heart from the lady of his song, likening that heart to fresh fruit torn "bleeding from the peel," and producing another simile that is not read without a shock. But no undue violence is done in the rendings in another poem of this series:

"UNTO THIS LAST.

"Yet had I torn (man knoweth not,
Nor scarce the unweeping angels wot
Of such dread task the lightest part)
Her fingers from about my heart.

Pangs fore-tempted, which in vain
I, faithless, have denied, now bud
To untented fragrance and the mood
Of contrite heavenliness; all days
Joy affrights me in my ways;
Extremities of old delight
Afflict me with new exquisite
Virgin piercings of surprise—
Stung by those wild brown bees, her eyes!"

"Contrite heavenliness" is the note, too, of another poem of the series:

"AFTER HER GOING.

"The after-even! Ah, did I walk,
Indeed, in her or even?
For nothing of me or around
But absent She did leaven,
Felt in my body as its soul,
And in my soul its heaven.

"Ah me! my very flesh turns soul,
'Essenced,' I sighed, 'with bliss!'
And the blackbird held his lutany,
All fragrant-through with bliss;
And all things stilled were as a maid
Sweet with a single kiss."

That last image shows us Mr. Thompson in his radiant mood, from which he is not far withdrawn in "My Lady, the Tyranness," when he tells her:

"God for His heaven will not forego
Her whom I found such heaven below,
And she will train Him to her lures.
Nought, lady, I love
In you but more is loved above;
What made me, makes Him yours."

The poet keeps his philosophy for the last of this set of poems, that called "Ultimum":

"Now in these last spent drops, slow, slower
shed,
Love dies, Love dies, Love dies—ah, Love is
dead!
Sad Love in life, sore Love in agony,
Pale Love in death; while all his offspring
songs,
Like children, versed not in death's chilly
wrongs,
About him flit, frightened to see him lie
So still, who did not know that Love could
die."

I slew, that moan for him: he lifted me
Above myself, and that I might not be
Less than myself, need was that he should
die;
Since Love that first did wing, now clogged
me from the sky."

And, Lady, thus I dare to say,
Not all with you is passed away! . . .
Beyond your star, still, still the stars are
bright;
Beyond your highness, still I follow height. . .
This wisdom sings my song with last firm
breath,
Caught from the twisted lore of Love and
Death. . .

'On him the unpetitioned heavens descend,
Who heaven on earth proposes not for end;
The perilous and celestial excess
Taking with peace, lacking with thankfulness.
Bliss in extreme befits thee not, until
Thou'rt not extreme in bliss; be equal still:
Sweets to be granted think thyself unmeet
Till thou have learned to hold sweet not too
sweet.'

This thing not far is he from wise in art
Who teacheth; nor who doth, from wise in
heart."

The doctrine of Denial, to which these love-passages are turned, is the underlying principle of the "Sight and Insight" series, which deals with the hidden things of the spirit. "The Mistress of Vision," in her secret garden—

"Thrice three times it was enwalled
With an emerald"—

declares to the seeker after "the Land of Luthany," and "the Tract of Elenore":

"Pierce thy heart to find the key;
With thee take
Only what none else would keep;
Learn to dream when thou dost wake,
Learn to wake when thou dost sleep."

Plough thou the rock until it bear;
Know, for thou else could'st not believe;
Lose, that the lost thou may'st receive;
Die, for none other way canst live."

Then, being further pressed for tidings of the way, the Mistress of Vision says:

"When to the new eyes of thee
All things by immortal power,
Near or far,
Hiddenly
To each other linked are,
That thou canst not stir a flower
Without troubling of a star;

O seek no more!
Pass the gates of Luthany, tread the region
Elenore."

Mr. Thompson gives in this same poem one of his favourite correspondences between all things in heaven and on the earth. He connects, by a vine-stem, the Flood with the Crucifixion, Adam with Christ:

"On Ararat there grew a vine,
When Asia from her bathing rose;
Our first sailor made a twine
Thereof for his prefiguring brows.
Canst divine

Where, upon our dusty earth, of that vine a
cluster grows?"

The reply is, of course, that of the ascetic:

"On Golgotha there grew a thorn
Round the long-prefigured Brows"—

and from that thorn, pressed into the heart, "the tendrils start." That is the burden of the greater part of Mr. Thompson's spiritual singing, the withdrawal, the renunciation, the dread of a height from which he may fall

"To broken writhings in the shameful slime—
Lower than man, for I dreamed higher,
Thrust down by how much I aspire."

But the note that comes most majestically from Mr. Thompson is that of the reconciliation of the two natures and destinies of man. To that literal oneness Wordsworth groped in his merely "kindred points of heaven and home." Of that oneness Rossetti had the hint, and Coventry Patmore the full vision. Mr. Thompson is the heir of the poets, and he has entered fully into his inheritance. He has not picked their flowers and worn them fading; their seed has passed into his life, and they have blossomed anew. He does not imitate them, rather have they moulded him. No mere echo is he of any of them, although their voices are heard in his. This, of course, we say, of style and method mostly. In vision and judgment he is himself, even when he is most Coventry Patmore's chosen disciple, as in "The Way of a Maid":

"And while she feels the heavens lie bare,
She only talks about her hair";

in snatches of the "Orient Ode":

"Yea, thy gazes, blissful lover,
Make the beauties they discover";

in "The After Woman," and elsewhere.

Mr. Thompson's is the essential poetry of essential Christianity, and he has recaptured for his creed many a too lightly ceded citadel. If the poetry of Keats is "the wail of a dispossessed Paganism," Mr. Thompson's is, among richer things, the psalm of Paganism repossessed. He knows the evolution of

things, and, as in poetry, so in religion, he is heir of ages and proud of his inheritance:

"Happiness is the shadow of things past,
Which fools still take for that which is to be!
And not all foolishly:
For all the past, read true, is prophecy,
And all the firsts are hauntings of some Last,
And all the springs are flash-lights of one
Spring."

Then leaf, and flower, and fallous fruit
Shall hang together on the unyellowing bough;
And silence shall be Music mute
For her surcharged heart. Hush thou!
These things are far too sure that thou should'st
dream

Thereof, lest they appear as things that seem."

So it is that in his "Orient Ode" the spiritual imagination, over which he holds uncontested mastery, finds expression in a series of amazing images, and closes with the invocation:

"Not unto thee, great Image, not to thee
Did the wise heathen bend an idle knee;
And in an age of faith grown frore
If I too shall adore,
Be it accounted unto me
A bright scintill idolatry!"

Again, in the "Ode to the Setting Sun," the poet asks after the sundown:

"Where is the throne o' the sea?
And why not dirges thee
The wind, that sings to himself as he makes
stride
Lonely and terrible, on the Andréan height?
Where is the Naiad 'mid her sworded sedge?
The Nymph wan glimmering by her wan
fount's verge?"

"Why withers their lament?
Their tresses tear-besprent,
Have they sighed hence with trailing garment-
hem?
O sweet, O sad, O fair!
I catch your flying hair,
Draw your eyes down to me, and dream on
them!"

A space and they fleet from me. Must ye fade—
O old, essential candours, ye who made
The earth a living and a radiant thing?"

The lament moves on with majesty till the end is reached—the divinising of the sun at his setting as a "type memorial" of the Crucifixion. To the sun his "constant magian" says:

"If with exultant tread
Thou foot the Eastern sea,
Or like a golden bee
Sting the West to angry red,
Thou dost image, thou dost follow
That King-Maker of Creation,
Who, ere Hellas hailed Apollo,
Gave thee, angel-god, thy station;
Thou art of Him a type memorial.
Like Him, thou hang'st in dreadful pomp
of blood
Upon thy Western rood;
And His stained brow did veil like thine
to night,
Yet lift once more Its light,
And, risen, again departed from our ball,
And when It set on earth arose in Heaven."

Among other spiritual poems, the "Assumpta Maria" stands at Mr. Thompson's high-water mark. So does "Any Saint," and the two together will rank with the author's "Hound of Heaven," which has taken its place among the world's most "heart-remembered verse."

"GENERAL" INSPIRATION.

The Bible; its Meaning and Supremacy. By F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S., Dean of Canterbury. (Longmans.)

THE day has gone by when Dr. Farrar was looked upon as a daring innovator. He is recognised now as a staunch Bible Christian, although, probably from habit, he clings to the pose of one who greatly dares to say what another will hardly venture to think. He is free from the taint of Popery that clings to the more modern school of Liberalism sprung from the embers of the Oxford Movement; he furnishes in each volume his due credentials of Protestantism, and makes his expected protest against "Romish" error and priestcraft; he has a facile style of popular exposition. His very limitations are a passport to the hearing of a certain wide public, and his positive qualities of scholarship and culture qualify him to be in a measure its apostle of sweetness and light.

The volume before us is interesting, not as marking any fresh advance on the part of its author, nor as the product of original research or reflection, but as a book perfectly apt to attain the end in view, produced, with the unflinching instinct of the popular theologian, at the fitting moment.

"No one," writes Dr. Farrar, "can take up a book or newspaper which contains the arguments of sceptics without seeing that nine-tenths of their case is made up of attacks upon the Bible. . . . I would fain take this quiver out of their hands and show how its broken arrows, so far from piercing the shield of Christianity, do but tinkle harmlessly on its rim. . . . What such assailants demolish so entirely to their satisfaction is not Christianity, but a mummy elaborately painted in its semblance. . . ."

Somewhat diffusely the author explains that the Bible is not so much a book as the remains of a wider literature, and that this variety is not inconsistent with an essential unity, of which the true centre is Christ. "The Bible contains an ever-advancing revelation," of which the earlier stages are "transitory and imperfect as compared with its latest developments." From the failure to recognise this fact, to us in the days of the Higher Criticism so obvious, and from the adoption of a theory of inspiration that annihilated the activity of the human faculties, arose the need of such a system of allegoric interpretation as, by the Stoics, had been applied to the Homeric poems. Thus, according to Philo, the words, "God did not rain upon the earth," signify that God did not shed the perceptions of things upon the senses; "with my staff I passed over this Jordan" means, "by discipline I have overcome baseness." From the Jewish Church the method was transmitted as a legacy to the Christian Fathers, and as time went on it received some extraordinary developments. Thus Origen elaborated a system of three-fold interpretation which reduced the exposition of Scripture to a kind of divination; and this method he pretended to justify by the text, "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life"—of which the true sense is a contrast between the Mosaic law, which threatened death to such as disobeyed it,

and the spirit of the Gospel, which offers life to such as accept it.

The Manichees proved that Christ did not retain His mortal body in heaven, but left it in the sun, from Psalm xix. 4: "He hath placed His tabernacle in the sun" [Old Latin version]. Now "tabernacle" means "body," as in John i. 14: "The Word tabernacled amongst us." Nor have examples of a like extravagance been wanting in modern times. Here is a specimen of Swedenborg's exegesis:

"And Rebecca arose,—hereby is signified an elevation of the affection of truth—'and her damsels,'—hereby are signified subservient affections—'and they rode upon camels,'—hereby is signified the intellectual principle elevated above natural scientific."

It is a just comment on such a method that it "reduces large sections of the Bible to a mere abracadabra."

The Dean of Canterbury, therefore, rejecting the "organic or dictation" theory of inspiration—rejecting also those modifications of it known as the theories of "dynamic" and "illuminative" inspiration—maintains a "general" inspiration, which he thus rather vaguely describes:

"Those who hold it do not regard the inspiration of the sacred writers throughout the whole extent of Scripture as more extraordinary, transcendent, and supernatural in kind, nor even in degree, than that which is vouchsafed to other noble and holy souls. This view . . . looks upon Biblical inspiration as a thing entirely subordinate to the Divine economy. It regards the New Testament as simply the truthful record of the life and doctrine of Christ, and does not consider the action of the Holy Spirit on the heart of its writers as specifically distinct from the analogous influence which (as all admit) He exercises on the heart and intellect of all true Christian men."

Erasmus, Grotius, Perrone, Dollinger, Paley, Laud, Whately, and Alford are cited, with many others, as "more or less" supporting this view, from which it would follow that "the maintenance of the opinion that the Bible is, in every text and utterance, inerrant is no part of the Christian faith." And if it be objected that in that case it rests with the reader to sift the Divine from the human elements, the reply is that just such a necessity has been imposed, and just such a task has been accomplished, in the selection from a large number of *soi-disant* sacred books of such as should be accounted canonical.

A temperate chapter is devoted to the explanation of that bugbear of the Nonconformist conscience, the Higher Criticism; and another to a comparison of various Protestant documents bearing on the character of the Holy Scriptures, from which it is shown that, "whether by providential superintendency or by reasonable knowledge" on the part of those who framed them, members of the great dogmatic post-Reformation communities are not pledged to maintain that every word of Scripture is infallible and inerrant, as though it came immediately from God Himself. A protest against the use of detached fragments, "texts," is not yet out of date, and is illuminated by the agreeable narrative of a spirited old lady who, upon her deathbed, entirely declined to repent, in

accordance with the advice of her spiritual adviser, alleging that "the gifts and calling of God are without repentance." A chapter is devoted to "Scripture difficulties," in which (not, however, without occasional recourse to the reprobated system of allegorising) the stories of the Fall, of the Tower of Babel, of Balaam's ass, of Jonah, are treated with more or less success. The explanation of the miracle narrated in the tenth chapter of Joshua is no doubt the true one:

"In the poem [lifted from the Book of Jasher] Joshua is represented as standing on the heights of Beth-horon, uplifting his victorious spear and uttering the fine poetic apostrophe:

"Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon,
And thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon!
Till the nation have avenged themselves
upon their enemies";

which in plain prose was equivalent to a prayer that ere sunset the rout and massacre might be complete. The daylight lasted long enough for the purpose of decisive triumph. This was represented in the antistrophe of the ode by the words:

"And the Sun stood still
And the Moon stayed
Till the nation had avenged themselves upon
their enemies."

To this poetic quotation the prose chronicler adds his comment (being, it would seem, of imaginative temperament): "So the sun stood still in the midst of heaven, and hasted not to go down about a whole day." Among the hypotheses by which commentators have sought to give *vraisemblance* to the supposed miracle are that there was a parhelion, or some form of refraction and semblance, and that the earth's orbit was affected by a shower of meteorites.

Dr. Farrar has collected from people so diverse as Newman and Huxley, Goethe and John Wesley, Browning and Blackstone, Mr. Gladstone and Alfred de Musset, quite a treasury of literary appreciations. Many of them are touching and eloquent, but there is one utterance so quaintly bathetic that we cannot refrain from quoting it:

"I have carefully and regularly perused these Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion that the volume, independently of its Divine origin, contains more sublimity, purer morality, more important history, and finer strains of eloquence than can be collected from all other books, in whatever language they may have been written."

No need to ask the profession of this good gentleman! Mr. Ruskin, with characteristic vehemence, has written:

"All that I have taught of Art, everything that I have written, whatever greatness there has been in any thought of mine, whatever I have done in my life, has simply been due to the fact that when I was a child my mother daily read with me a part of the Bible, and daily made me learn a part of it by heart."

The book is somewhat disorderly in its arrangement, and the din of frequent repetition obscures rather than serves to strengthen the argument; but few competent students (now that poor Dean Burgon has gone) will be found to criticise it on the score of extravagant innovation, and there is a multitude to whom it will bring strength and consolation.

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AMATEUR naturalists and triflers with science are now so numerous, and their literary products are usually so wearisome, that a reviewer may be pardoned for regarding a book of this kind with suspicion and impatience. A glance through the pages is sufficient in most cases to furnish evidence to justify that position; for your ordinary man with a mission lets his zeal run away with his sense, the strength of his convictions being in inverse proportion to the depth of his knowledge of the subject with which he plays. He mistakes aspiration for inspiration, as Huxley once put it; therefore, if it were worth while, he could be confounded by his own words; but it is not worth while. Once a man has publicly enunciated a theory, he is unable to weigh fairly the facts which bear upon it, and, acting in the spirit of "What I sez I sticks to," he spends the remainder of his life in magnifying the importance of things which give gravity to his conception and in belittling the mass of knowledge which tilts the beam in the opposite direction.

So much in general depreciation of well-meaning but futile efforts to illuminate the world of science. We now hasten to add that this book is in some respects an exception to the common run of literature of its class. The authors know what they are writing about, and they contribute to their subject the results of a number of experiments personally conducted by them. They are thus not mere compilers or pickers of other men's brains, but deserve rather to be classed as working students of science whose conclusions merit careful attention.

The book is "an inquiry into the causes of physical phenomena, with special reference to the law of gravitation," which asserts that all bodies attract one another with a force proportional to the quantities of matter in them. According to the theory worked out by Newton, the strength of the earth's pull upon the body of each of us depends upon the amount of substance in the earth and the quantity of material in ourselves. If the earth were made of lead, says the law of gravitation, we should be attracted to its surface with double the present intensity, and should weigh twice as much, because the mass of the attracting body would have been doubled. This statement may seem simple enough, but it is based upon fallacious argument. Because lead weighs twice as much as the average rocks which make up the earth, we conclude that it has twice the mass or quantity of matter, and that it is therefore capable of exerting twice the attracting force. The reasoning is weak throughout. It ought not to be assumed that, under all conditions, weight is proportional to mass or that the attraction of gravity is proportional to mass, while no means exist for exactly measuring mass. This apparently erroneous statement needs a few words of explanation.

If a piece of iron is hung from one

spring balance and a piece of lead of equal mass from another, equal weights are, of course, indicated by the balances, and from this equality the conclusion is reached that the iron and the lead contain equal quantities of matter, or that their masses are the same. By bringing a strong magnet under the suspended metals, the apparent weight of the iron is increased, though not a particle has been added to the quantity of matter it contains. And if the magnet is held above instead of below, the iron is thereby caused to appear lighter, though nothing has been taken from it. It is not difficult to imagine a planet which contains so large a quantity of iron that a piece of iron weighs more there than it does upon the earth, even when all other causes which influence the result are taken into consideration. In short, we can conceive a planet where iron seems to be by far the heaviest metal on account of the magnetic attraction being added to the attraction due to gravity; and a planet may exist in which iron seems to be the lightest metal, on account of the upward attraction of a strongly magnetised atmosphere acting in opposition to the downward pull of gravitation.

The fact is that we have no real knowledge of what constitutes equality of mass in respect of different substances. In weighing out a pound of butter, the dairyman places a brass weight in one pan of the balance and counterpoises it with butter in the other pan; and, according to the Newtonian doctrine, both contain an equal quantity of matter. Of course, the operation proves nothing of the kind; it only proves that the butter is equivalent, not equal, to the brass weight as regards the attraction of the earth, but in no other respect can one logically be said even to be equivalent to the other. Upon another planet it is conceivable that the two substances would not equipoise each other.

How, then, can absolute mass be determined? "Any two bodies are of equal mass," says Clerk Maxwell, "if equal forces applied to these bodies produce, in equal times, equal changes of velocity." The difficulty now is to define equal forces without bringing in the idea of mass. Dynamics teaches that two forces are equal when they produce equal changes of velocity in bodies of equal mass, hence the definitions of mass and force seem to be excellent examples of reasoning in a circle, force being referred to mass while mass is calculated from force. Astronomy, which is believed to give so much support to the law of gravitation, fails at this very point. From observations of the orbits of satellites, and the perturbations occasioned by a planet, the mass of the planet is calculated.

A force of attraction does certainly exist between the various bodies in the solar system, and the strength of the force differs inversely as the square of the distance separating the bodies, but the determination of a force does not afford grounds upon which to base conclusions as to the quantity of matter. For instance, the planet Jupiter is said to have a mass about three hundred times greater than the mass of the earth; but what is actually known is that Jupiter exerts an attractive force about three hundred

times stronger than the earth does. It is only by assuming that mass is in direct proportion to this attractive force that anything at all can be concluded with regard to the masses of the different members of the solar system.

The whole point of the foregoing is that one of the cardinal doctrines of gravitation—that attraction is proportional to mass—remains unproven. This leads to the very remarkable inference that mass, or what is generally known as weight, is not an invariable property of matter; for a substance has weight merely on account of the downward pull of gravity, and it may be possible to bring the particles into such a condition that the gravitational attraction upon them is lessened or altogether annulled. Wild as such a speculation will seem to the orthodox man of science, support can be found for it. Chemists know that the discovery of argon in the atmosphere, and the isolation of helium from certain minerals, have raised difficulties as to the weights of the atoms of these elements. No place can be found for argon in the table in which other elements are systematically arranged according to the weights of their atoms.

However, as a tentative method of explaining the anomalous character of argon in regard to this periodic arrangement of elements, Prof. Ramsay recently suggested that temperature or peculiar electrical condition may make atoms lighter or heavier than they would otherwise be. By a strange coincidence, this is precisely the position taken up by the authors of the present work, and to substantiate it they describe a number of experiments of their own which seem to show that temperature really has an influence upon gravitational attraction. If this is established, there is no knowing to what wonderful applications it will lead. It may be possible to transform a heavy body into a light one by making it hot, or by altering its electric potential; so that, without undue exercise of the imagination, we can look forward to the epoch when everyone will be able to rise into the air by sitting on a square of metal or in a car which can be given levity by turning on the force which counteracts gravitational attraction.

Our notice must now be brought to a conclusion. In reading the work we frequently became impatient with the authors because of their diffuse style of writing, and in many cases imperfect knowledge. They labour to destroy the two-fluid theory of electricity, though scarcely a physicist now believes in it; and much of their work is devoted to combating similar obsolete ideas. We have scored dozens of statements which are open to severe criticism, and it was more with the intention to curse than to bless that we sat down to write this notice.

But as we wrote, the conclusion was borne in upon us that the authors have probed a weak point in physical theory. At first sight their opinions appear not to deserve an hour's consideration, but we leave the book with less faith in the law of gravitation than we had when we began to read it.

MR. STEPHEN CRANE'S NEW BOOK.

The Third Violet. By Stephen Crane. (Heinemann.)

A PRECIPITATE outpouring of lively pictures, a spontaneous dazzle of colour, a frequent success in the quest of the right word and phrase, were among the qualities which won for *The Red Badge of Courage* immediate recognition as the product of genius. It was felt to be the work of one who had sought deep down in his inner consciousness for the thought and for the image, and had been rigorous in rejecting inadequate expression. These qualities, with less of their excess, are manifest in the *The Third Violet*; and the sincere psychology, the scientific analysis, which in the earlier work lay at the root of the treatment of its subject-matter, are no less sure in the author's portrayal of more daily emotions—the hackneyed, yet never to be outworn, themes of a man's love, a woman's modesty, and the snobbery which is very near to us all. Of the hundreds who strive after this inward vision, and this power of just expression, once in a decade of years, or in a score, one attains to them; and the result is literature.

The artist, Billie Hawker, the son of a poor farmer, fell in love with Grace Fanhall, a rich heiress, when she paid a visit to the village where his parents lived. It was in the "stage" that he met her. With his artist's equipment, he was to pay a summer visit to his father's farm; and she, with her sister-in-law and her brother's children, was to spend some months of summer weather at the Hemlock Inn. As his eyes lighted on her, "a wave of astonishment whirled into his hair." No sooner was he seated than his humiliation began. The driver, whose "tone to his passengers was always a yell," identified him. "He glanced furtively down the stage. She was apparently deep in talk with the mother of the children." When he reached home, the door of the lighted kitchen was opened, and Hawker "saw his two sisters shading their eyes and peering down the yellow stream." "The girls clamoured sentences at him." "Saw your illustrations in the May number of *Perkinson's*," said his father, "and then added, quite weakly, 'Pretty good.'" When he opened his bedroom window, "on the black brow of the mountain, he could see two long rows of twinkling dots, which marked the position of Hemlock Inn." At this hostelry was a writing man, Hollenden by name. "Say, Hawker," he said suddenly, "why don't you marry Miss Fanhall?" And in an experimental spirit of Puckish amity he devoted himself to inflaming and irritating the passion of his friend.

"Hollenden saw a dramatic situation in the distance, and with a bright smile he studied it. "Say," he exclaimed, "suppose she should not go to the picnic to-morrow? She said this morning she did not know if she could go. Somebody was expected from New York, I think. Wouldn't it break you up though—eh?"

"And rivals too! The woods must be crowded with them. A girl like that, you know! And then all that money! Say, your rivals must number enough to make a brigade of militia."

"Hawker seemed overcome with a deep dislike of himself. . . .

"Confound you for a meddling, gabbling idiot!" cried Hawker suddenly.

"Hollenden replied:

"What did you do with that violet she dropped at the side of the tennis-court yesterday?"

That was the first violet. The second was a free gift.

"Hawker turned to the girl:

"I—I—I shall miss you dreadfully."

"She turned to look at him, and smiled.

"Shall you?" she said, in a low voice.

"Yes," he said.

"Thereafter he stood before her awkwardly, and in silence. She scrutinised the boards of the floor. Suddenly she drew a violet from a cluster of them upon her gown, and thrust it out to him."

Here is another colloquy between this quaint couple:

"You are very unreasonable. If I were you—an heiress—

"The girl flushed, and turned upon him angrily.

"Well!" he glowered back at her. "You are, you know. You can't deny it."

"She looked at the red-stained crags. At last she said:

"You seemed really contemptuous."

"Well, I assure you that I do not feel contemptuous. On the contrary, I am filled with admiration. Thank Heaven, I am a man of the world! Whenever I meet heiresses I always have the deepest admiration."

"As he said this, he wore a brave hang-dog expression."

This was the rock upon which he split. He followed her back to New York, hoping nothing; for, in spite of the pains the girl had taken to disabuse his mind—she had even accepted a lift in his father's ox-wagon—he was entirely possessed with the notion that "general poverty" was a fatal disqualification. Then follows a series of episodes, representing the Latin Quarter life of New York, the organic connexion of which with the story at large is slight. But Mr. Crane has a method of his own, and his work is to be judged by the effectiveness of his results. Also—and for this the author cannot fairly be held responsible—they unpleasantly remind one of a far too immortal work: for there is in the group of Billie Hawker's chums—besides his brother artists, Wrinkless, Grief, and Penny—an engaging model, Florinda by name (by nickname Splutter), who is extremely attached to him. These friends and this adoring damsel watch Billie's out-goings and in-comings; and their grotesque comments and sham reticence are a novel and piquant medium of information.

Even the gift of the third violet—so strongly is his prejudice against himself entrenched—he interprets into an insolent triumphing over the hopelessness of his passion. Very delicately the inarticulate crisis of mutual intelligence arrives, and "later she told him that he was perfectly ridiculous."

Mr. Crane's dialogue, so far at least as it has sentiment for an element, depends for its charm upon the absolute assurance of its fitness for the purpose and the people. In the same way the brilliant rays he throws from moment to moment upon the insensible en-

vironment of his characters are a joy, not as bearing any mystic or symbolical relation to the narrative in which they occur; the sky is not clouded when his hero's prospects are overcast, nor do the clouds pour out water when his heroine weeps: they are effective because inanimate nature is pictured with just such flashes of observation as the senses will still busily register while the intellect, so far as it is the servant of the will, is concentrated wholly upon a different matter. Human fates and passions thus are shown in their due proportion, in their right relation—none the less all-important to their patients because, to all appearance, nugatory in the general process.

By this latest product of his genius our impression of Mr. Crane is confirmed: that for psychological insight, for dramatic intensity, and for potency of phrase he is already in the front rank of English and American writers of fiction; and that he possesses a certain separate quality which places him apart. It is a short story and a slender; but taking it in conjunction with what he has previously given us, there remains, in our judgment, no room for doubt.

MALAY AND NEGRITO CHARACTERISTICS.

In Court and Kampong, being Tales and Sketches of Native Life in the Malay Peninsula. By Hugh Clifford. (Grant Richards.)

HITHERTO Mr. Hugh Clifford has been chiefly known in the official world as an efficient political agent in the Native States lying within the British section of the Malay Peninsula, and to a small circle of students as the author of several valuable papers on the anthropology of the same region contributed to the *Journal of the Straits Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society*. But with the present work he at once takes a high place, both as an English prose writer and as a trustworthy exponent of the social life of the rude Negrito aborigines and later Malay intruders in the Peninsula. The tales, incidents, and personal reminiscences here brought together are set forth in language which, for dramatic effect and splendour of diction, may compare with the vivid scenes depicted in Mr. W. H. Hudson's *Idle Days in Patagonia*. But their scientific value, for they present a series of life-like pictures drawn from nature in illustration of social relations which, under the irresistible advance of European influences, are rapidly disappearing, at least from the settled districts.

"My stories," says the writer, "deal with natives of all classes; dwellers in the courts of kings; peasants in their *kampungs*, or villages, by the rivers and the rice-fields; and with the fisher-folk on the seashore. I have tried to describe these things as they appear when viewed from the inside, as I have myself seen them during the many dreary years that I have spent in the wilder parts of the Malay Peninsula. . . . The conditions of life of which I write, more especially in those sketches and tales which deal with native society in an

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The whole point of the foregoing is that one of the cardinal doctrines of gravitation—that attraction is proportional to mass—remains unproven. This leads to the very remarkable inference that mass, or what is generally known as weight, is not an invariable property of matter; for a substance has weight merely on account of the downward pull of gravity, and it may be possible to bring the particles into such a condition that the gravitational attraction upon them is lessened or altogether annulled. Wild as such a speculation will seem to the orthodox man of science, support can be found for it. Chemists know that the discovery of argon in the atmosphere, and the isolation of helium from certain minerals, have raised difficulties as to the weights of the atoms of these elements. No place can be found for argon in the table in which other elements are systematically arranged according to the weights of their atoms.

However, as a tentative method of explaining the anomalous character of argon in regard to this periodic arrangement of elements, Prof. Ramsay recently suggested that temperature or peculiar electrical condition may make atoms lighter or heavier than they would otherwise be. By a strange coincidence, this is precisely the position taken up by the authors of the present work, and to substantiate it they describe a number of experiments of their own which seem to show that temperature really has an influence upon gravitational attraction. If this is established, there is no knowing to what wonderful applications it will lead. It may be possible to transform a heavy body into a light one by making it hot, or by altering its electric potential; so that, without undue exercise of the imagination, we can look forward to the epoch when every one will be able to rise into the air by sitting on a square of metal or in a car which can be given levity by turning on the force which counteracts gravitational attraction.

Our notice must now be brought to a conclusion. In reading the work we frequently became impatient with the authors because of their diffuse style of writing, and in many cases imperfect knowledge. They labour to destroy the two-fluid theory of electricity, though scarcely a physicist now believes in it; and much of their work is devoted to combating similar obsolete ideas. We have scored dozens of statements which are open to severe criticism, and it was more with the intention to curse than to bless that we sat down to write this notice.

But as we wrote, the conclusion was borne in upon us that the authors have probed a weak point in physical theory. At first sight their opinions appear not to deserve an hour's consideration, but we leave the book with less faith in the law of gravitation than we had when we began to read it.

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Our notice must now be brought
to a close. In reading the work we

the treatment of its subject-matter, are
no less sure in the author's portrayal of more
daily emotions—of the hackneyed, yet never
to be outworn, themes of a man's love, a
woman's modesty, and the snobbery which
is very near to us all. Of the hundreds who
strive after this inward vision, and this
power of just expression, once in a decade of
years, or in a score, one attains to them;
and the result is literature.

The artist, Billie Hawker, the son of a
poor farmer, fell in love with Grace Fanhall,
a rich heiress, when she paid a visit to the
village where his parents lived. It was in
the "stage" that he met her. With his
artist's equipment, he was to pay a summer
visit to his father's farm; and she, with her
sister-in-law and her brother's children, was
to spend some months of summer weather
at the Hemlock Inn. As his eyes lighted
on her, "a wave of astonishment whirled
into his hair." No sooner was he seated
than his humiliation began. The driver,
whose "tone to his passengers was always
a yell," identified him. "He glanced
furtively down the stage. She was ap-
parently deep in talk with the mother of
the children." When he reached home, the
door of the lighted kitchen was opened, and
Hawker "saw his two sisters shading their
eyes and peering down the yellow stream."
"The girls clamoured sentences at him."
"Saw your illustrations in the May
number of *Perkinson's*," said his father,
"and then added, quite weakly, 'Pretty
good.'" When he opened his bedroom
window, "on the black brow of the moun-

Here is another colloquy between this quaint
couple:

"You are very unreasonable. If I were
you—an heiress—"

"The girl flushed, and turned upon him
angrily."

"Well!" he glowered back at her. "You
are, you know. You can't deny it."

"She looked at the red-stained crags. At
last she said:

"You seemed really contemptuous."

"Well, I assure you that I do not feel con-
temptuous. On the contrary, I am filled with
admiration. Thank Heaven, I am a man of
the world! Whenever I meet heiresses I
always have the deepest admiration."

"As he said this, he wore a brave hang-dog
expression."

This was the rock upon which he split.
He followed her back to New York, hoping
nothing; for, in spite of the pains the girl
had taken to disabuse his mind—she had
even accepted a lift in his father's ox-
waggon—he was entirely possessed with the
notion that "general poverty" was a fatal
disqualification. Then follows a series of
episodes, representing the Latin Quarter life
of New York, the organic connexion of which
with the story at large is slight. But Mr.
Crane has a method of his own, and his work
is to be judged by the effectiveness of his
results. Also—and for this the author cannot
fairly be held responsible—they unpleasantly
remind one of a far too immortal work: for
there is in the group of Billie Hawker's
chums—besides his brother artists, Wrink-
less, Grief, and Penny—an engaging model.

For psychological insight, for dramatic in-
tensity, and for potency of phrase he is
already in the front rank of English and
American writers of fiction; and that he
possesses a certain separate quality which
places him apart. It is a short story and a
slender; but taking it in conjunction with
what he has previously given us, there
remains, in our judgment, no room for
doubt.

MALAY AND NEGRITO CHARACTERISTICS.

*In Court and Kampong, being Tales and
Sketches of Native Life in the Malay
Peninsula.* By Hugh Clifford. (Grant
Richards.)

HITHERTO Mr. Hugh Clifford has been
chiefly known in the official world as an
efficient political agent in the Native States
lying within the British section of the
Malay Peninsula, and to a small circle of
students as the author of several valuable
papers on the anthropology of the same
region contributed to the *Journal of the
Straits Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society*.
But with the present work he at once takes
a high place, both as an English prose
writer and as a trustworthy exponent of the
social life of the rude Negrito aborigines
and later Malay intruders in the Peninsula.
The tales, incidents, and personal remi-
niscences here brought together are set forth
in language which, for dramatic effect and

independent Malay state, are rapidly passing away."

The work not being a formal treatise on the intricate ethnical relations of the Peninsula, the general reader will be puzzled by many allusions and incidental references to such tribal names as Sémang, Sákai, Se-noi, and others, with which even professed students are not over-familiar. Hence it may perhaps add to their enjoyment of the book if we here briefly explain that the inhabitants of the Peninsula form two absolutely distinct groups, the dwarfish, black, woolly-haired Negrito aborigines, and the taller, brown, lank-haired Malays, and that owing to secular interminglings almost every shade of transition is met with between these two stocks, and between their respective planes of culture. The full-blood Negritos, who are noted for a degree of prognathism exceeding that of any other race, are known in the different districts by a multiplicity of tribal names, regarding which much confusion prevails in ethnological writings. Here it must suffice to state that north of the Plus and Pérak rivers they take the collective name of Sémang, and farther south, that of Sákai, these latter forming in the Pahang district the two somewhat distinct groups, Se-noi and Tembe. In general the Sémangs are the most primitive, and hence are often raided and plundered, especially by those Sákai groups which have become most assimilated in speech and usages to their relatively civilised Malay neighbours. Otherwise there is little to choose between them, and equally to both applies the instructive account given by Mr. Abraham Hale of the primitive spirit-worship prevalent among the Sákai of the Pérak river:

"The Hautues [spirits] of the forest, of the mountains, of the rivers, of the winds, also the Hautues of Malay and Sákai chiefs who had died, also the Hautues of head-ache, of stomach-ache, the Hautues that caused his people to gamble, to make opium, and who sent all sorts of disputes, and who sent mosquitoes. He prayed to these Hautues to be kind to him and his people—to send plenty of food to eat, and not to send any evil things" (*Jour. Anthropol. Inst.*, 1885, p. 300).

All these jungle-dwellers have an instinctive foreboding of their approaching doom—a sentiment which is embodied in the subjoined lines here quoted from *The Song of the Last Sémangs*, elsewhere published by Mr. Clifford:

"The paths are rough, the trails are blind,
The Jungle People tread;
The yams are scarce and hard to find
With which our folk are fed.
We suffer yet a little space,
Until we pass away—
The relics of an ancient race
That ne'er has had its day."

A visit paid by the author to a camp of the Upper Pérak Sémangs has inspired more than one vivid picture, such as the night-scene, when

"around us the forest rose black and impenetrable, the shadows deepened by the firelight of the camp. In the clear sky overhead the glorious Eastern stars were shining steadfastly, and at our feet a tiny stream pattered busily on the pebbles of its bed. Around the fire, and

reddened by its light, sat or lay my three Malays, bare to the waist, but clothed in their bright *sarongs* and loose short trousers. The Sémangs, of both sexes and all ages, coal black, save where the gleams of the fire painted them a dull red, and nude, save for a narrow strip of coarse bark cloth twisted round their loins, lay on their stomachs with their chins propped upon their elbows, or squatted on their hams, smoking placidly. . . . A race which, though it first possessed the East, with all its possibilities and riches, could utilise none of them, and whose members carry in their eyes the melancholy look of dumb animals, which, when seen on the human countenance, denotes a people who are doomed to speedy extinction, and who, never since time began, have had their day or have played a part in human history" (p. 176).

But most attention is naturally claimed by the East Coast Malays, those especially of Trénggánu, Kélan, and Pahang, who have been hitherto least affected by Western influences, and among whom Mr. Clifford has for years lived in the closest intimacy as British Resident in Pahang. As a mere specimen of word-painting it would not be easy to quote anything much finer than the passage in which he describes his first approach from Singapore to these secluded shores of the China Sea:

"Sailing up the coast in a native craft, you may almost fancy yourself one of the early explorers skirting the lovely shores of some undiscovered country. As you sprawl on the bamboo decking under the shadow of the immense palm-leaf sail—which is so ingeniously rigged that, if taken aback, the boat must turn turtle, unless, by the blessing of the gods, the mast parts asunder—you look out through half-closed eyelids at a very beautiful coast. The waves dance, and glimmer, and shine in the sunlight, the long stretch of sand is yellow as a buttercup, and the fringes of graceful *casuarina* trees quiver like aspens in the breeze, and shimmer in the heat haze. The wash of the waves against the boat's side, and the ripple of the bow make music in your drowsy ears, and as you glide through cluster after cluster of thickly-wooded islands, you lie in that delightful comatose state in which you have all the pleasure of existence with none of the labour of living" (p. 8).

A specially delightful chapter is that devoted to the simple fisher-folk of these Eastern waters: but yesterday dreaded corsairs, to-day peaceful "toilers on the deep." And here again a snatch from another of the author's rhymes, *The Song of the Fisher Folk*:

"A palm-leaf sail that stretches wide,
A sea that's running strong,
A boat that dips its laving side,
The forefoot's rippling song.
A flaming sky, a crimson flood,
Here's joy for body and mind,
As in our canting crafts we scud
With a spanking breeze behind."

In the sharpest contrast to these pleasant scenes of quiet industry are the thrilling tales of blood and lawlessness, of treachery, abductions, intrigues, of princely oppression and ruthless vengeance, with which the better part of this fascinating book is crowded, and which are intended to illustrate the true national temperament of the free-born Malay as yet unmodified by contact with European culture. These tales, however, would be more valuable

from the ethnological standpoint were not some of them obviously, and even confessedly, coloured by a rich imagination, which has evidently here and there refused to be confined to sober fact. Hence folklorists and students of racial characters will read with a feeling akin to regret that "all are more or less founded on fact," while for the accuracy of several "others are responsible, and I can only be held responsible for the framing of the picture." In future editions, which must surely be called for, these "others" should certainly be named, or at least a clear line should be drawn between fact and fiction. It would really be a relief to learn, for instance, that the horrors of those native prisons have been somewhat accentuated, although we are well aware that enough will remain to point the finger of scorn at the apathetic British administration, which still tolerates such unspeakable abominations. Occasion might also be taken to supply an index, and to correct a few misprints, such as *Pérak* for "*Pérak*," *práhu* for "*práhu*," *Gahang* for "*Pahang*," *doubles ententes*. In general, the orthography is that of a scholar thoroughly acquainted with the Malay language. But if it is necessary to accent *Sultán*, why not also *Celébes*? And on what principle are *raiyat* and *ádat* substituted for the usual and strictly correct *ra'iyat* and '*ádat*, although, however written, no Malay will ever be got to pronounce such Arabic words properly.

LITERATURE AND MUSIC.

In Praise of Music: an Anthology. Prepared by Charles Sayle. (Eliot Stock.)

It was a happy idea to collect some of the compliments which literature has paid to music. Nor could Mr. Sayle have done better than follow, as he does with due acknowledgment, the plan on which Mr. Alexander Ireland constructed his charming *Book Lover's Enchiridion*. We have only one complaint to make against Mr. Sayle's execution of his task. It was surely unnecessary to print the original texts of Greek and Latin authors as well as translations. If the latter are good—and we have not critically examined them—they might well have stood alone in a book of this kind; and then Mr. Sayle need not have told us that considerations of space prevented the inclusion of Browning's "Abt Vogler," "Charles Avison," and other pieces. The twenty pages or so which would have been gained by this economy might also have saved Dryden's "Alexander's Feast" from omission. Mr. Sayle does not even mention it. We are privately grieved, too, that the passage in Charles Lamb's "Chapter on Ears" beginning—"When my friend commences upon one of those solemn anthems" is either crowded out or contemned. However, Mr. Sayle inserts the confession, very like Elia's, of one T. Twining, who, in a book called *A Country Clergyman of the Eighteenth Century*, which Lamb may well have read, says:

"All entertainments—plays, concerts, operas, oratorios—are too long for me. Music has

been, and is, one of the greatest charms of my life, and nothing has fatigued me oftener."

That was Elia's confession in the mouth of an avowed lover of music.

De Quincey could discover only two passages in all literature in which music had been adequately treated; the well-known passage in the first scene of *Twelfth Night* and one in Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Laici*. Mr. Sayle's familiarity with this judgment (which he quotes) has not discouraged him from filling nearly three hundred pages with passages of prose and verse in praise of music. He begins with the Bible, and gives us, besides several noble passages from the canonical books, this admirable piece of advice from *Ecclesiasticus*:

"If thou be made the master [of a feast] lift not thyself up, but be among them as one of the rest; take diligent care for them and so sit down. . . . Speak, thou that art the elder, for it becometh thee—but with sound judgment; and hinder not musick. Pour not out words where there is a musician, and show not forth wisdom out of time. A concert of musick in a banquet of wine is as a signet of carbuncle set in gold. As a signet of an emerald set in a work of gold, so is the melody of musick, with pleasant wine."

From the Bible Mr. Sayle proceeds through the Greek and Latin classics and the mediæval writers to the high road of English literature—Musæus to Mr. Watson! It must be confessed that while there is everything to justify Mr. Sayle's collection there is much to excuse De Quincey's exaggerated view of the failure of literature to render an account of the feelings excited by music. If it is significant that of De Quincey's two chosen passages one is in prose, it is not less significant that Mr. Sayle's industry has resulted in a volume in which, as nearly as we can judge, the proportion of prose to poetry is as two to one. It would seem that Literature has paid its homage to Music with a prose humility. "Music," said Lamartine, "is the literature of the heart; it commences where speech ends." Among Mr. Sayle's poetical gleanings shines the following beautiful transfusion, by the late M. Du Maurier, of a little poem by Sully Prudhomme:

"Kindly watcher by my bed, lift no voice in prayer,
Waste not any words on me when the hour is nigh,
Let a stream of melody but flow from some sweet player,
And meekly will I lay my head and fold my hands to die.

"Sick am I of idle words, past all reconciling,
Words that weary and perplex and pander and conceal,
Wake the sounds that cannot lie, for all their sweet beguiling;
The language one need fathom not, but only hear and feel.

"Let them roll once more to me, and ripple in my hearing,
Like waves upon some lonely beach where no craft anchoreth:
That I may steep my soul therein, and craving nought, nor fearing,
Drift on through slumber to a dream, and through a dream to death."

This poem should be known to every lover of music.

AN AMERICAN'S WIFE.

A Woman's Part in a Revolution. By Mrs. John Hays Hammond. (Longmans.)

SINCE Mrs. Grimwood's story of the dreadful Manipur business no such poignantly dramatic "human document" has been published as Mrs. Hays Hammond's narrative of the abortive Johannesburg revolution, and the part she and her husband played in it. The realities of the situation, as it affected the Reform leaders, have even now hardly come home to the British public, engrossed overmuch in Dr. Jameson and the raiders only. But the American public, to whom this book is addressed, will, we should imagine, read Mrs. Hays Hammond's volume with certain definite impressions. That the Transvaal Republic really is a bullying oligarchy; that its prisons are fit only for Kaffirs, but that American gentlemen have to put up with them; that the British Government was exceedingly "funky" about speaking plainly to the little Republic over which it is suzerain (we observed in a Chicago paper only the other day a statement that Kruger was the one man John Bull was afraid of); that Mr. Chamberlain's applications for consideration on behalf of the prisoners were not of much use, but that "our Mr. Olney" had only to speak to be listened to; and that it is an American woman who has written this book, and has gone through those trials and troubles with such real grit and pluck and such honour to American womanhood—these, we fancy, will be some of the impressions of an American, and we record them in order that British readers may ask what effect they may have. For our own part, we take Mrs. Hammond's record not as a political pamphlet, not necessarily as a conclusive record of evidence, but as a most interesting self-revelation—the revelation of a wife of whom any man might be proud; a woman who stands by her husband in sickness or health, devoted, plucky, self-controlled, with a mother's heart and a man's brain.

Mrs. Hammond's volume is full of dramatic incidents; in fact, it contains nothing else; it palpitates, as the jargon is, with actuality. An English reader finds some of her notes and impressions rather odd. She found it wonderful, "as an American woman who retained a vivid recollection of Presidential elections," to see the two sides agreeing to an armistice over the Sabbath. President Kruger, she says, kept the Boers from storming Johannesburg by only promising each a new suit of clothes; "these they had since been seen carrying, tied to the cantle of their saddles." She appreciates the gentlemanly action of Lieutenant de Korte, her husband's gaoler, when through ill-health he had been removed to his own home—"he never wore his uniform in the house." Another of the gaolers she could never tolerate; "his voice was unpleasant, and he had a hard, high nose, and I do not fancy people with hard, high noses." Mrs. Hammond's two interviews with Mr. Kruger must be quoted entire. The first was when she went to ask for clemency.

"I was a woman from the enemy's camp. At the further end of the long room sat a large, sallow-skinned man with long, grizzled hair, swept abruptly up from his forehead. His eyes, which were keen, were partly obscured by heavy, swollen lids. The nose was massive, but not handsome. The thin-lipped mouth was large and flexible, and showed both sweetness and firmness. A fine mouth. He wore a beard. It was President Kruger. He was filling a pipe from his moleskin pouch, and I noticed that his broad stooping shoulders ended in arms abnormally long. We shook hands, and he continued to fill his pipe. I spoke slowly, Mr. Grobler interpreting. I explained that I had not come to talk politics. 'No, no politics,' interrupted the President in a thick, loud voice. Nor had I come to ask favour for my husband; but I had come as a woman and daughter of a Republic to ask him to continue the clemency which he had thus far shown, and to thank Mrs. Kruger for the tears she had shed when Johannesburg was in peril. President Kruger relaxed a little. 'That is true, she did weep.' He fixed me with his shrewd glance. 'Where were you?' he asked abruptly. 'I was in Johannesburg with my husband.' 'Were you not afraid?' 'Yes, those days have robbed me of my youth.' 'What did you think I was going to do?' 'I hoped you would come to an understanding with the Reformers.' His face darkened. 'I was disappointed that the Americans went against me,' he said. I was seized with one of those sudden and unaccountable panics, and from sheer embarrassment—my mood was far too tragic to admit of flippancy, blurted out, 'You must come to America, Mr. President, as soon as all this trouble is settled, and see how we manage matters.' Kruger's face lighted up with interest. 'I am too old to go so far.' 'No man is older than his brain, Mr. President'; and Kruger, who knew that in all the trouble he had shown the mental vigour of a man in his prime, accepted my praise with a hearty laugh. I stood to go. President Kruger rose, removed his pipe, and, coughing violently, gave me his hand."

The second interview was after the death-sentence, and it was suggested that a visit from Mrs. Hammond might reinforce the petition cabled over from America.

"The interview lasted five minutes, and was perfectly meaningless. I suppose it was meant to be that. Ten fathoms down, under many other things, I could see that Kruger had strong heart qualities. Educated and morally matured, he would be one of those grand characters who make epochs in the world's history. We shook hands at parting, and went out of each other's lives for ever."

We need not analyse Mrs. Hammond's volume at length. It is the first inside description of the imprisonment of the Reform leaders, done by a graphic pen, and with many observant little touches of local colour. But it is primarily the faithful picture of a woman in a crisis. A notable picture. We may say one of the pictures of the year.

The public at large knows so little of the true nature of the Boers and their President, and is so at the mercy of partisans who do not hesitate to misrepresent where their interests are likely to flourish from misrepresentations, that we should like to see Mrs. Hays Hammond's book widely read. The story of the Johannesburg revolt, told truthfully from within, is a very necessary document just now.

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

Pantalas, and What They Did with Him. By Edward Jenkins. (Bentley & Son.)

THOSE who remember *Ginx's Baby* and *The Devil's Chain* know what to expect from a new book by Mr. Jenkins. They know him for a critical onlooker upon life, intensely interested in Society and its problems, witty, sarcastic, fearless, shrewd, far-sighted, with an unusual capacity of forcible expression. In *Pantalas* Mr. Jenkins is at his best. His hero, called variously Pantalas and Bully Monster, is the personification of General Booth's "submerged tenth," and the satire takes the form of a narrative showing with what futility the amelioration of this creature was attempted by certain philanthropists, among them Mr. Cadman, of the local vestry; the Rev. Jonadab Bumpus, the famous Nonconformist preacher; Mr. Styles Mack, secretary of the Censors of Charity; Mr. Westcott, the eminent sociologist; Boanerges, the collectivist; Prelewski, the anarchist; and, lastly, the Generalissimo of the Holy Militia. All fail, and the story of their failure, though grim enough, is most entertaining. It is full of salt; Mr. Jenkins does not mince words, and he has delightful audacity and humour. The portrait of Mr. Westcott, the sociologist, whose disguise will very easily be penetrated, is a gem, and we have read few more diverting things than the Generalissimo's account of his regeneration scheme. Indeed, Mr. Jenkins is the most searching critic that the Salvation Army has yet encountered. *Pantalas* should be read by all persons interested in social reform: it is terribly true. In the last four pages Mr. Jenkins offers his own explanation of the failure of all attempts to succour Pantalas, and proffers advice to the reformers still to come; but they are not in the least likely to take it.

English Portraits. A Series of Lithographed Drawings. By Will Rothenstein. (Grant Richards.)

FOR presentments of our public men from life it is necessary to go to the picture galleries or to *Vanity Fair*. Mr. Will Rothenstein, whose crayon drawings of his friends have been not the least interesting feature of certain recent exhibitions, now proposes to add another to these venues. He is preparing a series of lithographed portraits of eminent persons, which Mr. Grant Richards will issue in wrappers, two at a time, with accompanying letterpress. The first number lies before us. Sir Frederick Pollock and Mr. Thomas Hardy are the sitters. Mr. Rothenstein's work is more deft than pleasing—he is too fond of non-essential scratchy lines, but the likenesses in both cases are good. Mr. Hardy is perhaps over-sinister in expression, but he would be recognised from this picture by anyone hitherto a stranger to him. The brief introduction supplied to each drawing, although good, might be wittier. We quote Mr. Hardy's:

"Mr. Thomas Hardy is a Dorsetshire man pushed to the point of genius. Born near

Dorchester in 1840, he has taught his native county to realise itself in literature. Body, soul, and spirit, Mr. Hardy is a typical, though glorified, West Countryman. He has chosen the name of Wessex for the trade-mark of his novels; but it is really the popular and Celtic element of the West Country that he has enshrined in his life and work, not the aristocratic West Saxon or Norman factor. He knows the people, and he makes them live for us. He has the delicacy of touch that is innate with his folk; he has also the idyllic instinct, the pessimistic and almost fatalistic vein (which he shares with Jefferies), and the power of rising superior to all things base or low, even when he deigns to handle them. Retiring and almost timid in personal demeanour, he has yet the courage of his convictions, his art, and his processes. As lovable as he is modest, and as genial as he is great, he has endeared himself long since to all who know him, and to thousands who have never seen his face."

The name of the author of this concise estimate is not stated.

The Temple Classics. (J. M. Dent & Co.)

No cheap series of reprints has ever been offered to the public in more dainty, attractive guise than these *Temple Classics* of Messrs. Dent & Co. There is among the controllers of this firm someone with a genius for *format*, from whose efforts the buyers of books are appreciably the gainers. Before us lie several volumes of the series: two of Carlyle's *French Revolution*, which have Mr. G. F. Watts's National Portrait Gallery portrait of the historian as frontispiece to one of them, and a portrait of Mirabeau to the other; Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, with a reproduction of one of Mr. Beardsley's designs in each volume; and Florio's *Montaigne*. Mr. George Moore, writing the other day in a contemporary, said that he had not read *Montaigne*. He might do worse than buy the *Temple Classics* and do so. The only fault we find in these volumes is the presence of an unnecessary device on the inside of the cover, placed just where the owner would naturally expect to put his book-plate.

Marlowe's Faustus. Edited by I. Gollancz. "The Temple Dramatists." (J. M. Dent & Co.)

THE "Temple" *Shakespeare* found so many admirers that the publishers have run no risks in following it with a supplementary series of plays by lesser men, under the general editorship of Mr. Gollancz. From no series of the kind could Marlowe's *Tragical History of Dr. Faustus* be omitted. Mr. Gollancz has put a preface, glossary, and notes to this little volume in his customary businesslike way, and it is further enriched by a reproduction of Rembrandt's portrait of the Doctor. The form of the play is exceedingly attractive, although, perhaps, less appropriate than that of the Shakespeare plays. Marlowe is not so suitable for the pocket as his greater contemporary.

An English Garner. Vol. VIII. Edited by Edward Arber. (Constable & Co.)

THIS, the eighth volume, concludes this series of Mr. Arber's "Ingatherings from

History and Literature"; or, as it might flippantly be called, the Higher Tit-Bits. Its contents are by no means of equal interest. The three collections of posies, for example, are of little count, and Michael Drayton's Odes are less inaccessible than we expect Mr. Arber's selections to be. But the bulk of the book is valuable and welcome.

Rochester: The Cathedral and See, by G. H. Palmer; and *Oxford: The Cathedral and See,* by Rev. Percy Dearmer. (G. Bell & Sons.)

Norwich Cathedral, by Very Rev. Dean Lefroy; *Canterbury Cathedral,* by Very Rev. Dean Fremantle; *Salisbury Cathedral,* by Very Rev. Dean Boyle; and *Gloucester Cathedral,* by Very Rev. Dean Spence. (Isbister & Co.)

Two firms of publishers have suddenly burst into efflorescence with a series of handbooks to the English cathedrals—Messrs. Bell and Messrs. Isbister. Messrs. Isbister are the more dainty and impressionistic—they offer slender monographs on the cathedrals from the sympathetic pens of Deans, with dot-tesque and spottesque drawings by members of the Railton School (by which we mean that little body of artists who all draw like Mr. Herbert Railton). Messrs. Bell are the more thorough. Their series is in the hands of two editors—one of whom is (of course) Mr. Gleeson White—who see that the contributors are properly ecclesiastical and historical, and the draughtsmen businesslike. As a memento of a visit spent Messrs. Isbister's books are admirable; as a preparation for a visit to come Messrs. Bell's are invaluable.

MURRAY'S CYCLIST'S ROAD BOOKS: *London to the New Forest* (John Murray.)

THE first volume of Murray's *Cyclist's Road Books*, which, in a more limited way, should become as useful as the Murray *Guides*, gives an out-and-home route to the New Forest. The chosen way from London lies through Guildford, Chichester, Portsmouth, and Southampton; the return journey is through Romsey, Winchester, Guildford, Dorking, and Epsom. The route is clearly indicated, both in the letterpress and in the set of excellent little maps at the end. Mr. Murray's wish to make this series as complete as possible prompts him to ask in the preface for suggestions as to improvements.

FICTION.

Jinny Blake. By Hannah Lynch. (J. M. Dent & Co.)

IN her new novel Miss Lynch has set out to narrate how a high-spirited, imperious, idealistic, and commandingly beautiful girl was tamed and disillusioned. But she has brought to her task so much superfluous cleverness, and has delayed the movement with such a mass of non-essential impedimenta, that the strength of the character-sketch is sadly impaired. The book suffers

from verbiage: one can hardly see the story for words. We are conscious, as we read, of a charming heroine, and we wish to know more of her and to follow her fortunes to the end; but so many other persons cross our path, and so much is said and so little done, that to track her course is a matter of serious difficulty. For example, after the incident described at second-hand in the first chapter, nothing whatever of real importance happens until p. 190. Moreover, neither the heroine, Jinny Blake, nor her *chaperon*, Lady Jewsbury, nor her patient lover, Mr. John Trowbridge, is ever properly accounted for: we meet them abruptly and are expected forthwith to be interested in them. Readers of fiction that deals with psychical problems must be wooed more persuasively than this: before extending their sympathy they must know much more of the actors than Miss Lynch thinks it necessary to tell. In a misunderstanding of essentials lies the weakness of the book: the author is not sufficiently conscious of what should be said, and what should be left unsaid. Were Jinny Blake's story cleared of extraneous matter it would be an excellent study of the mind of a young girl, shrewd, informing, and sympathetic. Instead, Jinny Blake is lost in a crowd, wherein the spirit of herself and of her adventures evaporates. We suspect that the truth of Miss Lynch's failure is that she has wished to write a novel in the manner of Mr. Meredith (whose influence is very visible) instead of in the manner of Miss Lynch—which she could do far better and with finer results. So admirable a writer, and so close an observer of life, has no occasion to imitate. None the less, the book as it stands is readable enough by those who care for a somewhat formless novel of manners: much of the conversation is amusing, and the air of Spain which one breathes in Miss Lynch's pages is welcome.

Yekl: a Tale of the New York Ghetto. By A. Cahan. "Pioneer Series." (W. Heinemann.)

THE differences between the New York Ghetto and the East-End of London are unimportant. The conditions of life are pretty much the same—the squalor set off by tawdriness, or the tawdriness which makes the squalor impotently sad. We know the flaunting obvious meretriciousness of Mamie as well as the slow honesty and easily assuaged griefs of the newly imported Gitl. But, on the whole, we would rather read well-rendered Cockney than Mr. Cahan's laborious vernacular. His method of translating Yiddish into English and then printing in italics English words incorporated in the original Yiddish is curiously involved and extremely annoying. Even if the book were a frank study in dialect and nothing more, we should object. The story is hardly more than a sketch, but although it is a clever sketch it does not move us so much as we feel it should. Just that indefinable human touch is lacking which marks the difference between effort and realisation in such work. Here and there we are almost convinced of the pathos,

but the true note is missed. The woes of Gitl and the waywardness of Jake belong to that school of realism which neither quickens nor delays the pulse; we are scholars, not participants or sympathisers. The chapter entitled "A Housetop Idyll" is good, and there we think Mr. Cahan has distinctly succeeded. The setting is effective, the lures which Mamie employs are the lures of her class, and Jake is as eager to be caught as more sophisticated mortals.

Zalma. By T. Mullett Ellis. (Ash Partners, Limited.)

THIS is an illustrated edition of a novel which was first published in 1895. There are several reasons why "*Zalma*" should not have been selected for that distinction. Not merely is it a book of little merit and many fallacies, but, even granting it the possession of some redeeming qualities which it does not possess, its interest is exactly of that ephemeral kind which does not outlast the publisher's season. Evidently Mr. Ellis means to convey the impression that his book has a basis of fact. We have a Prince secretly married in Malta; a Cardinal who settles strikes; a Foreign Secretary and other persons whose names are but thinly disguised; and the whole is cast in an atmosphere of actuality, or what was actuality in 1895. Much of *Zalma* is in exceedingly bad taste; most of the rest of it is nonsense. But we cannot deny to the author the dangerous gift of a lively imagination. Never was tale so wild and fantastic, both words being used in their baser senses. It is a hotch-potch of scandal, debauchery, vivisection, anarchy, and rhodomontade. Mr. Ellis has the literary instinct of a sub-editor. The horrible has irresistible attractions for him; and for society we have the immoral. The book teems with incident and dulness.

Broken Away. By Beatrice Ethel Grimshaw. (John Lane.)

THE man of letters has become a familiar figure in fiction; indeed, the critic is fain to cry, "Enough, give us men and women instead of writers." But probably the great public enjoy to read in novels of fictitious novelists; to be introduced to those creatures who fill with their wares the windows of the bookseller; above all to see unveiled the artistic temperament. Stuart Rivington, the central figure in Miss Grimshaw's book, finding his fount of inspiration dried up, breaks away from his well-appointed home in Dublin, and, with his wife, a stern critic of his work, escapes to a lone shanty amid the Wicklow Hills. Rivington is dowered with the artistic temperament, he experiences

"the intense sensuous joy in beauty of every kind that can revel in a ray of sunlight filtered through green leaves, and ascend on a bar of solemn organ music, heard amid a dim mediæval glory of sapphire and ruby windows to the very gates of heaven."

In his unuplifted state, however, he regards but lightly what of music there is in

the English tongue, as, for instance, when he alludes to Henry Moore's last novel as "a rotten, bad piece of work." This same Moore is the villain of the piece. His heart, or what passes for a heart, is set on a yellow-haired mercenary girl; but his recent novel sold badly, and his brain, despite all stimulants, refuses to render up a plot of any description. In a crudely-presented scene between Moore and Eva Rivington he learns that his rival has outlined a plot which, imaginatively wrought, will place him on a pinnacle above even Mr. George Meredith or Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Moore's soul thirsts for the sealed envelope wherein lies this plot. After several unsuccessful attempts to murder Rivington, Moore, who by this time is mad, has the ill-luck to kill himself. Although there are some good passages in *Broken Away*, the story is so ill-knit and inorganic, in places the treatment so crude, the sentences so seriously overweighted, that the book quite misses its mark.

Triscombe Stone: a Romance of the Quantock Hills. By Portland Board Akerman and Norman Hurst. (Bliss, Sands & Co.)

THIS story deals with the ill-fated rising in the West which resulted in the execution of the Duke of Monmouth. Grace Hewlyn, the heroine, is a "young girl, some nineteen years of age, tall, without being obtrusively so, with a perfectly symmetrical figure and daintily poised head, from which a profusion . . ."—in short, we know the young lady. She has two wooers: the one a scheming libertine—a baronet, naturally; the other, a spotless enthusiast for the Protestant cause, Hubert Annesley by name. Also there is a miller's niece "about seventeen years of age. Her figure was shapely, and her jet black hair hung in wavy profusion down her back"; she had "large lustrous dark eyes and beautiful, regular lashes." This dainty daughter of the soil becomes Grace's maid, and Sir Mark Noble (such is the caustic name of the wicked baronet) makes love to her and betrays her. The story of the abortive rising is told once more. Sir Mark Noble, on the Royalist side, plays a part in the affair of Sedgemoor; while for the rebels Hubert Annesley and Jack Swaine, the miller, perform prodigies of valour. The soul of the ruined girl is torn between love for the man who has deceived her and affection for her mistress and Annesley. She seeks the Royal camp and betrays the secret purpose of the night march, meeting death in some mysterious form as her reward. Poetic justice is rendered to the rest. Sir Mark is killed by the miller, as his father for a similar offence against the moral law had met his death at the hands of the miller's sire; while Annesley and Grace have a large and healthy family. It is fair, since the collaborators are of opinion that "it may perhaps add an additional interest" to the romance, to note that "most of the characters depicted really existed in history or in the traditions of the neighbourhood."

SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1897.

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THE WEEK.

CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

[This article is a chronicle of books published during the week. Reviews will follow in due course.]

IT is not easy to find an adjective, or a phrase, that will describe the publications of the past week. Sometimes the output of a week seems to obey a law or illustrate a fact. According to Mr. Karl Pearson, in his new book of essays, *Monte Carlo roulette* "is not obedient to the laws of chance, but is chaotic in its manifestations." The literary roulette is not so lawless, but it has fits of lawlessness. This week, for instance, a few coincidences and contrasts offer themselves, but nothing more. Prof. Mahaffy gives us a study of Greek civilisation. Prof. Karl Pearson applies himself to some phases of the most modern of civilisations. Both are scholars who join to the learning of libraries a sagacious outlook on the world. But here resemblance ends. Prof. Mahaffy loves to explain the present by the past; Prof. Pearson to explain the future by the present. In his *Survey of Greek Civilisation* Prof. Mahaffy takes a very wide view of his wide subject, expressing his belief that

"the Chatauqua idea of starting from the knowledge and love of God as a great first principle, and passing from it into the broadest and most various survey of human knowledge as such, is not only the highest, but the only true method of education."

While, therefore, immersing his readers in his subject, Prof. Mahaffy seeks to keep them aware of its relation to the world's later history, and to indicate, without stress, "the contrasts of the culture of intellect without moral forces to balance it, to that which has received the powerful support of Christianity."

Prof. Karl Pearson's book is entitled after its first essay, *The Chances of Death, and other Studies in Evolution*.

"Standing," writes Mr. Pearson, "in 1875, on the well-known wooden bridge at Luzern, with its pictures of the Dance of Death, it struck me that something might be done to resuscitate the mediæval conception of the relation between Death and Chance, and to express it in a more modern scientific form."

The volume which opens with this essay is furnished with a frontispiece—a picture of the Bridge of Life as Mirza saw it in his vision. The remaining essays in the two volumes are concerned with such subjects as "Socialism and Natural Selection," "Reaction: a Criticism on Mr. Balfour's Attack on Rationalism," "Woman or Witch," and "The German Passion Play." The author hopes that the heterogeneity of the contents of the volumes will be found to be more apparent than real. They have at least a common origin in an exceptionally alert and original mind.

Two sixteenth century Anglican bishops are brought curiously to our notice by two books. *The Life, Letters, and Writings of John Davenant, D.D.* (1572-1641), is "an attempt to rescue from comparative obscurity a great and good man, who deserves to be better known, and to portray the characteristics of an eminent and typical theologian of the age in which he lived." The author, Mr. Morris Fuller, has already written the *Life of Thomas Fuller, the Church historian*; the two biographies may be regarded as companions, overlapping as they do and covering nearly a century (1572-1661). The *Life of Davenant* is intended as "an ideal picture of the *via media* of the Anglican Church." The author makes a point of having discovered, and printed for the first time, a "Fast Sermon" which Davenant preached at Westminster Abbey. The other bishop is Bishop Barlowe, whose *Dialogue on the Lutheran Factions* is reprinted with notes by the Rev. John Robert Lunn. The Bishop's very quaint spelling is retained. After the bishops, three national heroes assert themselves: Peter the Great, Washington, and Cromwell. Waliszewski's great work on *Peter the Great* is now available to English readers in a translation, filling two handsome volumes, by Lady Mary Loyd. We do not know whether the French original was supplied with an index, but the want of it in the translation seems a grave defect in a work which claims to be exhaustive and runs to nearly six hundred pages. Sir Godfrey Kneller's portrait of the great Russian is reproduced as frontispiece to the first volume. In *The True George Washington* the reader may look for a "nothing extenuate" portrait; or shall we say a portrait of Washington stripped of archangelic qualities? The tribute to Cromwell takes the indirect form of a genealogical history of his descendants, and is, indeed, only a very much revised edition of Mr. James Waylen's *The House of Cromwell*. The revising editor, Mr. John Gabriel Cromwell, states that the book now presents the history of the family from the fourteenth to the nineteenth century.

FICTION.

Mrs. Steel's *In the Tideway* takes us to India, but gives us a tragic comedy in a country house in the Hebrides, with the roar of the Atlantic, so to speak, between the lines. . . . The year of the Queen's accession is a good period to write about just now, and Mr. W. Clark Russell has appropriated it in his new sea story, *The Last Entry*. "This story," he writes, "belongs to the year 1837, and was regarded by the generations of that and a succeeding time as the most miraculous of all the recorded deliverances from death at sea." . . . A new novel by Mr. E. W. Hornung, the Australian writer who began his career in so promising a way with *A Bride from the Bush*, and has since written some half a dozen vigorous, sinewy stories, is to hand, with the title *My Lord Duke*. . . . Remoteness is the note of *Carlton Priors*, by John Stafford, whose collection of short stories, entitled *Doris and I*, gave high promise of his future work. Arcadian life and Arcadian loves are Mr. Stafford's material, and many a reader will be encouraged to take up *Carlton Priors* by its motto from Chaucer:

"The god of love, a! benedicte!
How mighty and how grete a lord is he!"

Impossibilities, by Israel Mondego, we judge, on a cursory inspection, to be a skit on all that is "precious," exotic, and extravagant in the artistic world.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

[In the following list prices are given where they have been supplied by Publishers.]

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

BISHOP BARLOWE'S *DIALOGUE ON THE LUTHERAN FACTIONS*. Edited by John Robert Lunn, B.D. Ellis & Kears. 2s. 6d.

ANCIENT HEBREW TRADITION AS ILLUSTRATED BY THE MONUMENTS. By Dr. Fritz Hommel. Translated by Edmund McClure and Leonard Crosslé. S.P.C.K.

HISTORY.

A SURVEY OF GREEK CIVILISATION. By J. P. Mahaffy, D.D. Macmillan & Co. 6s.

SOCIAL TRANSFORMATIONS OF THE VICTORIAN AGE: A SURVEY OF COURT AND COUNTRY. By T. H. S. Escott. Seeley & Co. 6s.

THE HOUSE OF CROMWELL: A GENEALOGICAL HISTORY. By James Waylen. New Edition, Revised by J. G. Cromwell. Elliot Stock.

ROYAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY: THE DOMESDAY OF ENCLOSURES. Edited by J. S. Leadham, M.A. 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co.

BIOGRAPHY.

PETER THE GREAT. By K. Waliszewski. Translated from the French by Lady Mary Loyd. 2 vols. William Heinemann. 3s. 6d.

JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH, IN RELATION TO HIS WORK AS CHURCH MUSICIAN AND COMPOSER. By Sedley Taylor, M.A. Macmillan & Bowes (Cambridge).

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN DAVENANT, D.D. By Morris Fuller, B.D. Methuen & Co. 10s. 6d.

THE BRONTË HOMELAND: OR, MISREPRESENTATIONS RECTIFIED. By J. Ramsden. The Roxburghe Press.

THE TRUE GEORGE WASHINGTON. By Paul Leicester Ford. By J. B. Lippincott Company. 7s. 6d.

POETRY.

OPTIMUS, AND OTHER POEMS. By M. R. S. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 2s. 6d.

WILD MYRTLE. By L. M. Little. J. M. Dent & Co. 3s. 6d.

POEMS. By Horace Smith. Macmillan & Co. 6s.

THE POETS AND THE POETRY OF THE CENTURY: SACRED, MORAL, AND RELIGIOUS VERSE. Edited by Alfred H. Miles. Hutchinson & Co. 4s.

BELLES LETTRES.

THE BOOK-LOVER'S LIBRARY: THE NOVELS OF CHARLES DICKENS. By Frederic G. Kitton. Elliot Stock.

FICTION.

- A TRIUMPH OF DESTINY. By Julia Helen Twells, Jr. J. B. Lippincott Company. 5s.
 ONE MAN'S VIEW. By Leonard Merrick. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.
 THE SILENCE BROKEN. By G. M. Robins. Hurst & Blackett. 2s.
 BROKEN THREADS. By Compton Read. Hurst & Blackett. 6s.
 DINNER FOR THIRTEEN. By John Bridge. Digby, Long & Co. 6s.
 AUDREY CRAVEN. By May Sinclair. William Blackwood & Sons.
 THE INDISCRETION OF THE DUCHESS. By Anthony Hope. J. W. Arrowsmith. Illustrated Edition. 3s. 6d.
 THE HISTORY OF PANDENNIS. By W. M. Thackeray. Service & Paton. Illustrated Edition. 3s. 6d.
 ONLY AN ANGEL: A STORY OF TWO KREUTZER SONATAS. By Francis Gribble. A. D. Innes & Co.
 THE LAST ENTRY. By W. Clark Russell. Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.
 CARLTON PRIORS. By John Stafford. Chatto & Windus.
 THE GADSHILL DICKENS: MARTIN CHuzzleWIT. With Introduction and Notes by Andrew Lang. Chapman & Hall. 2 vols. 12s.
 IMPOSSIBILITIES, FANTASIES. By Israfel Mondego. H. Henry & Co. 4s.
 IN THE TIDEWAY. By Flora Annie Steel. Archibald Constable & Co. 6s.
 THE GIFT OF LIFE. By James Cassidy. Chapman & Hall. 6s.
 OLD CORCORAN'S MONEY. By Richard Dowling. Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.
 IN VALLOMBROSA. By Adeline Sergeant. F. V. White & Co.
 MRS. ORICHTON'S CREDITOR. By Mrs. Alexander. F. V. White & Co.
 THE FALL OF A STAR. By Sir William Magnay, Bart. Macmillan & Co. 6s.

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

- WALKIN SKETCHES. By Emma Boore. Elliot Stock.
 A RIDE THROUGH WESTERN ASIA. By Clive Bigham. Macmillan & Co. 8s. 6d.

SOCIOLOGICAL.

- THE CHANCES OF DEATH, AND OTHER STUDIES IN EVOLUTION. By Karl Pearson, F.R.S. 2 vols. Edward Arnold. 25s.

NATURAL HISTORY.

- MEMORIES OF THE MONTHS. By Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart, M.P. Edward Arnold. 6s.
 ALLEN'S NATURALIST'S LIBRARY: A HANDBOOK OF THE ORDER LEPIDOPTERA. By W. F. Kirby, F.L.S. Vol. V.: MOTES. Part III. W. H. Allen & Co. 6s.

EDUCATIONAL.

- THE CALCULUS FOR BEGINNERS. By John Perry, D.Sc. Edward Arnold. 7s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- ENGLISH PORTRAITS: A SERIES OF LITHOGRAPHED DRAWINGS. By Will Rothenstein. Part I. 2s. 6d. Grant Richards.
 PRÉCIS WRITING AND OFFICE CORRESPONDENCE. By E. E. Whitfield, M.A. Methuen & Co.
 THE HANDBOOK OF JAMAICA FOR 1897. Compiled by S. P. Musson and T. L. Roxburgh. Edward Stanford. 7s. 6d.
 THE THEATRICAL "WORLD" OF 1896. By William Archer. Walter Scott, Ltd. 3s. 6d.
 TRIALS OF A STAFF-OFFICER. By Capt. Charles King, U.S.A. J. B. Lippincott Co. 3s. 6d.
 THE BIRDS OF OUR COUNTRY. By H. E. Stewart, B.A. Digby, Long & Co. 3s. 6d.
 AN OUTLINE OF THE LAW OF LIBEL. By W. Blake Odgers. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.
 BEAUTIES AND ANTIQUITIES OF IRELAND. By T. O. Russell. Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d.
 THE ANNUAL OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL AT ATHENS. No. 2. Macmillan & Co. 10s. 6d.
 THE LAW OF LIBEL AND SLANDER. By Hugh Fraser, M.A., LL.D. Second edition. William Clowes & Sons.
 OUR TRADE IN THE WORLD IN RELATION TO FOREIGN COMPETITION: 1885-1896. By William S. H. Gastrell. Chapman & Hall. 6s.
 THE MONEY-LENDER UNMASKED. By Thomas Farrow. The Roxburghs Press. 2s.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE following authoritative statement concerning the completion of R. L. Stevenson's posthumous romance *St. Ives* has reached us for publication. The reasons which have prevailed with the family and executors in adopting the course of asking Mr. Quiller Couch to complete *St. Ives* are these: The story is in the master's lighter vein, and so far, at least as concerns a few of the later chapters which he did not live to revise, not of his highest execution. It is essentially a story of incident; and the nature of the incidents with which it was to conclude is not left to conjecture, but known on the authority of his step-daughter and amanuensis, Mrs. Strong. It would have been possible to state them baldly in an editorial postscript; but it seemed clear that the general reading public would like them better told in full, if a skilled and sympathetic hand could be found to do so in a spirit not too remote from that of the original. The executors believe that such a hand has been found in Mr. Quiller Couch; they think that the result will be an interesting literary experiment, quite justifiable in this particular case, though in other cases such an attempt might, of course, be inadmissible altogether. And they count with some confidence that this view of the matter will be shared by even the most sensitive admirers of the author when they have the result in their hands.

MR. QUILLER COUCH's qualifications for such a performance are many. He is, first and foremost, a thorough Stevensonian. When at Oxford he came under the spell, one result of which has been some admirable books for boys—*Dead Man's Rock* and *The Splendid Spur* among them. He is all for romance, and few men—Mr. Kipling included—are so rich in good stories. "Q's" collections of Cornish and other tales contain some exceedingly fine work: we remember, in particular, two little masterpieces—"Wrestlers" and "Love o' Naomi." Mr. Quiller Couch, moreover, is a critic of considerable acumen and wide range of reading, and is capable of comprehending the Stevensonian magic.

THE possession of these qualities does not, of course, necessarily prove that Mr. Quiller Couch can continue a work by Robert Louis Stevenson. He has not that writer's instinct for style, nor his impeccable fastidiousness. But we feel that he stands as good a chance of succeeding as anyone could; and it seems to us idle to protest, as some are doing, against this "Vandalism," and to utter plaintive regrets that *St. Ives* is not to remain the fragment it is. No one is obliged to read Mr. Quiller Couch's addition; the line of demarcation between the original matter and that of the other hand is likely to be clearly enough marked. But to those—and they are many—who care nothing for style and everything for the story, "Q." will come as a very real benefactor in completing this stirring romance.

MR. QUILLER COUCH's duties are more heavy than is generally supposed, for there are quite six chapters to supply, including the balloon escape and rescue by privateers. We wish "Q." all success. When finished, his additions will be published in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, where *St. Ives* is now appearing.

MR. GEORGE MOORE's wrong-headed strictures on Stevenson, which were answered in the *Academy* by Mr. Vernon Blackburn, have drawn forth an article in the *Westminster Gazette* by Mr. Le Gallienne, which he entitles "The Dethroning of Stevenson." "One sees Mr. Moore," says his critic happily, "a sort of Loki, who, when all the world is weeping for Stevenson, sits sulkily in his cavern and says, 'No, I will not weep; I have wept for Balzac, but I will not weep for Stevenson. He couldn't think, and he was no novelist. He couldn't even write.' Happily, Mr. Moore is a Loki whose criticism will keep no one out of Valhalla, least of all Stevenson, for Mr. Moore is always too angry when he differs for his criticisms to carry authority."

Esther Waters has recently won an enthusiastic patron in Tolstoi, who is presenting copies of the novel to his friends, and has written to Mr. George Moore congratulating him upon the work.

"IAN MACLAREN" is seen in a new character in the current *North American Review*. Hitherto we have known him as Kailyard idyllist and doctrinal expositor. He now appears as the biographer-in-little of his friend, the late Prof. Drummond, and his essay, which is a remarkable piece of work, supplies a better idea of Drummond than anything which has yet been published. It is sympathetic, outspoken, just; also, it is literature. Great stress is laid upon his personality, its distinction and mesmeric influence. Drummond, it seems, once practised mesmerism very successfully. Says Ian MacLaren: "One did not realise how commonplace and colourless other men were till they stood side by side with Drummond. He reduced us all to the peasantry."

DRUMMOND struck his friend as the "most vital man" he had ever known. "No man lived who had a more unaffected interest and keener joy in human life in the home or on the street. No power could drag him past a Punch and Judy show. . . . His sense of humour was unerring, swift, and masterful. If he came upon a good thing in his reading he would walk a mile to share it with a friend, and afterwards depart in the strength thereof; and he has been found in his room exhausted with delight with nothing before him but one of those Parisian plaster caricatures of a vagabond." He once wrote to "Ian MacLaren" from Central Africa saying that he had nothing on "but a helmet of three mosquitoes."

MR. E. LIVINGSTON PRESCOTT, the author of a recent military novel, *Scarlet and Steel*, who is annoyed that some of his assertions concerning the barbarity of military prison

discipline have been doubted, writes to state a few facts bearing upon the subject. "On the authority of Parliamentary Paper 200," he says, "ordered by the House of Commons to be printed on May 7 and laid on the table last week, in 1893-4-5, the years immediately preceding the writing of *Scarlet and Steel*, in civil prisons (convict and local), England and Wales, one prisoner in every 1,175 was flogged or birched. Military prisons were not included in above return. But I have in my possession ample and detailed proof, drawn from official records, that (during the same period) in one military prison alone, taken haphazard, one (soldier) prisoner in every 150 was flogged or birched. That is to say," adds our correspondent, "that where one civilian was flogged nearly eight soldiers suffered the degrading punishment; in almost all cases, for what? Threatening language, idleness, damaging a shilling's-worth or so of prison property." Statistics are more convincing even than realistic novelists. But it is odd when writers of fiction are so serious about their facts!

K. S. RANJITSINHJI, the Indian prince whose prowess at cricket last year won him the honour of a dinner at Cambridge, at which the Master of Trinity presided, has been spending part of the winter in writing a book upon the game, which Messrs. Blackwood will publish. Good judges have called Ranjitsinhji (who already this season, although he has played only six innings, has an average of eighty) the most brilliant bat that the cricket-field has yet seen. It does not of course follow that his book will be brilliant, but it is almost certain to be interesting.

THE *Westminster Gazette* makes some extracts from the autographs contributed to *The Book of the Bazaar*, which was issued a few days ago in a northern town. Dr. George Macdonald sends this aphorism: "Cherished respectability is the dry rot of the heart" (which recalls the late Thomas Woolner's saying, "Respectability, but hate respectability"). Mr. Barry Pain quotes himself: "The only real things in this life are the things which exist in the imagination." Mr. Zangwill drops into verse:

"Whatever is right—if aught seems wrong below,
Then wrong it is—of thee to leave it so."

A NEW story of De Quincey comes to light in the *Scots' Pictorial*, a new illustrated paper devoted to the exploitation of Caledonia. In 1851 De Quincey, then living at Lasswade, had to fill up the census paper. It puzzled him considerably. After much thought he entered his occupation as "Writer to the magazines," and then his troubles began again over the occupation of his three daughters. After another spell of thought he put a ring round their names and wrote: "These are like the lilies of the field: they toil not, neither do they spin."

DR. W. J. KNAPP, of Chicago, author of a Spanish grammar and of many works on Spanish literature, who for some years has been living in Norwich, inquiring into the

life of George Borrow, is now giving the last touches to the biography of Lavengro, to be published in the autumn by Mr. John Murray in three volumes. Few biographers have devoted so much time and labour to their subject as Dr. Knapp has. He has tracked Borrow all over Spain, and has literally ransacked Norfolk for records.

A THIRD edition of Ouida's new novel, *The Massarenes*, has already been called for. This indicates that Ouida's popularity is returning. An article on the novelist will be found on another page.

MR. G. S. STREET, who for a considerable time has acted as dramatic critic of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the ACADEMY has decided upon ceasing his first-night duties, at any rate for the present. It is his intention to devote more of his time to creative work.

WE understand that at the request of the relations and friends of the late Prof. Drummond his biography has been undertaken by Prof. George Adam Smith. Any persons having letters of Prof. Drummond or other matters of interest connected with his work are invited to send the same either to Prof. Smith, 22, Sardinia-terrace, Glasgow; or to Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

IN anticipation of the Queen's Jubilee, Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co. are preparing a collection of cartoons from *Punch*, illustrative of events in the long reign in which Her Majesty's personal connexion has suggested the subject for the week's picture. Toby, M.P., has written the letter-press explanatory of each cartoon, in its continuity forming a record of the Queen's reign. *The Queen and Mr. Punch* will be the title. Mr. Linley Sambourne has drawn a special picture of the Queen for the cover of the book.

MESSRS. JARROLD & SONS have in preparation, and will issue in a few days, the sixth edition of Dr. Maurus Jokai's most popular novel, entitled *The Green Book; or, Freedom Under the Snow*.

D'ANNUNZIO's novel, *The Triumph of Death*, has been translated by an American, and Messrs. G. H. Richmond & Co., of New York, have published the book. Mr. Comstock's action against the publishers for issuing immoral literature, which failed, may have won popularity for the book; for it is now in its fifth edition, and selling very fast.

MESSRS. CASSELL & Co.'s fifteenth annual exhibition of Drawings in Black and White will be held at the Cutlers' Hall from June 1 to June 14 inclusive.

The Note-book of Tristram Risdon (1608-1628) has long been preserved in the library of Exeter Cathedral. It is a companion to the well-known *Chronographical Description or Survey of the County of Devon*, published in 1714, and contains much information which concerns Devonshire genealogists. Mr. James Dallas, of the Exeter Museum, has transcribed the MS., and Mr. Elliot Stock will publish it.

ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

XXVIII.—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

WHEN Browning was a youth, not yet launched on his long and difficult poetic career, he found only one shop in London where he could procure the work of Percy Bysshe Shelley. So comparatively recent, so long delayed, has been the fame of this poet, now at last acknowledged, with Keats and Tennyson, as one of the greatest poets of the nineteenth century. Nothing could be more interesting and instructive to quote, if there were room, than the essay on this poet published after his death in the *Edinburgh Review*. There he is charged with affectation and coinage of expression, with fantastical imagery, with aloofness from human interest, with obscurity, with the whole train of offences wherewith each original poet is charged. Now, he is almost the god of the day. One dissents from him at one's peril. Book after book, edition after edition, expresses the adoration of present-day readers. Yet the animadversions of previous critics had really a measure of truth, if they were themselves purblind and unmeasured; the faults were very genuine faults, if the critics were moles who could see nothing but those faults.

In modern times, when the beauties once neglected of all men are seen of all men, the faults once seen of all men neglected of all men, Mr. Coventry Patmore rather vividly distinguished himself by bringing those faults forward in a sounder and more philosophic way than Shelley's contemporary critics had done. It was characteristic of Mr. Patmore that he could never busy himself with recognised truth; it was the unrecognised truth which attracted him. Had Shelley been an unrecognised poet, he would undoubtedly have dwelt on Shelley's merits. Shelley's merits being universally recognised, he dwelt on that poet's defects. His essay may be taken as a useful alternative to the abundant essays which dwell on Shelley's powers. So taken, it is altogether true; and both together give a very complete picture of that great poet's faults and virtues.

To begin with his defects. He was not a masculine poet. He did not, indeed, like Keats, concern himself altogether with beauty and sensitive impressions. He had a kind of philosophy, a concern for truth. But it was a nebulous philosophy. It was what Mr. Patmore would call a "fire-mist" of feeling, rather than the definite disc of apprehended doctrine. "God is Nature; Nature is love: there is no justice, for there is no sin—sin being merely error and weakness, not deliberate wrong-doing; therefore there is no sin in the sense which calls for justice." That is the nearest approach to definite doctrine which a life-long admirer can extract from him; and it is most vaguely expressed, in a cloud of indefinite rhetoric, and beautiful but still more indefinite poetry. Yet he will not suffer you to take him as merely a toyer with beauty for its own sake; he will be either a philosopher or nothing: while his philosophy is shallow, unresearched, and



PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

From a Drawing photographed by H. H. Hay Cameron

namby-pamby in the extreme. His poetry, again, is extra-human (to coin a word). It touches but little and seldom on human hopes, fears, joys, and agonies. His very love is a thing too metaphysical to be recognised for love by ordinary men and women. It is not the love of Troilus for Cressida, of Othello for Desdemona, of Romeo for Juliet. It is not the golden and ideal, yet human passion, in Tennyson's "Love and Duty." It is not the love of Coventry Patmore's most ardent odes. Almost, indeed, might one say that the divine passion in those odes is a more human thing than the love of "Epipsychidion." Shelley's love comes nearer to the love of the "Vita Nuova." But the "Vita Nuova" is mystical, whereas "Epipsychidion" is not. There is a false air of mysticism about the latter, which makes you look for inward meanings; but in the end you find that, mainly, it is simply a human passion insufficiently human. Again, his astounding gift of imagery drawn (principally) from nature, is carried to such an overwhelming excess that it becomes wearisome to all but a few gifted minds, which can tread without fatigue this perpetual intellectual tight-rope. Mr. Patmore complains of its repetition. But we think, on the whole, there is very little real repetition—certainly not one tithe as much as in Shelley's disciple, Mr. Swinburne. Most trying of all to the average reader, he is perpetually in the blue; perpetually dealing with the skies and the clouds and super-human fancies—fancies having no relation to any truth, either human or divine.

Enough here to explain why even some poets revolt against him. But then his merits! What ethereality, what seldom-equalled magic! What soaring ardour! What effortless fecundity of imagery—now flashing and arresting, now super-subtle and evanescent in quality! Consider merely that last act of "Prometheus Unbound." Was there ever such a succession of choruses, with their inexhaustible and unwearying imagery, passing in flight after flight, until the mind is overpowered by the incessant splendours and shifting music? It could hardly have been written, one thinks, out of Italy. The images are festooned and intertangled with the opulent prodigality of Southern flowers and creepers; the atmosphere has the burning aerial delicacy of southern heavens; the fancy, the flush of the seas and campagnas of that Hesperian land which gave him for a while abounding life, and, in the sequel, death. If Keats, one speculates, had but reached Italy earlier! What poetry might he not have given us had he breathed that climate of all poets' desire before death (in the language of Sir Thomas Browne) had set on him its broad arrow! Shelley drank deep of that divine air; and to it, it is natural enough to believe, we owe many of the illustrious rarities of his later poems. Consider the "Epipsychidion"—its visionary ardour, its thronging figures, which almost express the inexpressible. Inhuman we have expressed it; but can you not rejoice in its inhuman glories? It is the love of a sylph; but can you not forgive the eerie creature when "it unfurls its heaven-coloured pinions?" Consider

the "Adonais," with its processional train of vaporous personifications:

"The moving pomp might seem
Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream."

Consider what is perhaps his most magnificent choral achievement (it is a difficult matter to award the palm between this and the fourth act of "Prometheus"): the intense and towering "Hellas." Imagery, so innumerable, radiant, and meteorous; music so incessantly fluctuant and spherul; such daring and inebriate imagination; where are we to look for its lyrical parallel? Only "Kubla Khan" in a kind surpasses it.

The minor poems contain Shelley at his most concentrated. One need not dwell on the universally acknowledged "Skylark" and "Cloud." But where is there such a series of burning images as the "Sensitive Plant"? When was that easily trivial metre, the anapest, made the instrument of such rich, melodious, undulant harmonies? The "Ode to Heaven," "Palace-roof of cloudless nights, Paradise of golden lights"; many passages in the "Ode to Liberty"; and a wildness of the wildest and most fairy-like of songs; all these show the quintessential Shelley, master of a strange and rarefied magic. Mr. Patmore scandalised the world by minimising Shelley's power of music, which the world was enchanted by; but his strictures may be admitted true without affecting Shelley's melodious power. Shelley was no master of those deeper, graver, more profoundly significant harmonies, possessed by the Elizabethans, Milton, and occasionally by Tennyson; but in the lighter and more bird-like music he was inspired. To those larger harmonies Mr. Patmore had so narrowed himself that he had no ear for the other. It is doubtful whether he felt the difference between beautiful and trivial anapests or dactyls. Shelley very decidedly was not what he was not. He had no hearing for "the still small music of humanity." But he was what he was—a creature of dews and rainbows, a poet of the more fragile and fleeting senses, a child with all the outer universe for his box of toys.

OIDA.

AN ESTIMATE.

THE final seal of popularity has been set upon Ouida's reputation: *Moths* can be had in a sixpenny edition; and, no doubt, others of her novels will follow. Popularity is not everything, but an authoress who has retained her vogue undiminished through a quarter of a century has at the very least a right to serious consideration. No critic would call her a great writer, her shortcomings are patent, her inaccuracies are amazing, and the whole tone of her work offends any fastidious literary taste; but the fact remains, that she can hold the attention of a very large public, which is a difficult thing to do. From a critic's point of view her popularity is the most interesting thing about her; and so, in a

general criticism, it is right to examine chiefly that side of her talent which most appeals to her readers. A good many people would agree that she is at her best when writing about children or animals, as, for instance, in *Bimbi*; a good many would prefer what Mr. Ruskin called her "photographic story" of *A Village Carnival*, grim though it is, to her studies of dukes and duchesses; but the fact remains that to her own public she is distinctively the authoress of *Moths* and similar novels, which represent a world in which men and women all have (or spend) a vast deal of money, and all are singularly beautiful and either very virtuous or very profligate. To this choice of subjects, no doubt, she owes much of her success. There are numberless people who want to know all about dukes and duchesses, and are content to read indefinitely about them, provided that the subject is approached in a proper manner, and not handled as it was by Trollope, in a way to destroy the poetry of it. Trollope's dukes are mostly just ordinary county gentlemen; Ouida's have something really ducal. But it would be wrong to suppose that Ouida chooses her subjects in any base spirit of commercialism, as Thackeray by his own account once promoted all the characters in a novel. She is plainly guided by that instinctive delight in magnificence, which is equally remarkable in *Tancred* and *Lothair*. She is not content to describe a merely beautiful woman; her heroine must be robed in priceless silks, her hero's garments, though they may be old, must be faultless in cut, and for background, unless we have the wild beauties of nature, there must be a sumptuous drawing-room with a Titian or two on the walls. The picture in this way gains an artistic completeness; your middle-class heroine may be just as pretty; but she is not triumphantly supreme among the most beautiful properties that money can buy. Again, if Ouida has to represent love-making, she and her readers are not satisfied with the mere romance of passion. It must be Vera, the most beautiful woman in Europe, who is wooed by the singer Correze, whose marvellous tenor voice is a lesser attraction than his personal charm. It is, moreover, practically necessary for her to select the wealthiest classes to represent, for she means to write almost exclusively about love-making, the most fascinating subject in the world. Ordinary men and women are kept in the paths of virtue very much by lack of opportunity to stray; a man who is eight hours daily at his office is during those hours perfectly useless to the novelist of passion; and his life is inartistically monotonous. Accordingly, Ouida—or, for the matter of that, Mr. Meredith—generally represents people who are free to come and go as they please, and have not only the desire but the means to get into picturesque complications. But beyond this artistic craving for variety and luxuriousness of setting which Ouida shares with such authors as Disraeli and Lytton, and beyond the desire for those enlarged possibilities of action which wealth gives to her characters, there is another and a stronger reason for her choice of subjects. Many people read her for her sentimental

passages, which, as has been pointed out, gratify their sense of completeness, but far more delight in her as a rhetorical satirist.

As in *Moths*, so in her latest novel, *The Massarenes* (Sampson Low & Co.), she attacks energetically modern society—its frivolity, its indecency, its money worship; and, above all, the modern woman of fashion. In each case the central figure, the personage upon whom the book pivots, is a pretty, fashionable, and unscrupulous woman. Now there are few things more popular than denunciation, particularly their denunciation of the upper classes with details. Society papers live on it; any divine who liked to say "plain words" upon the corruption of our times and illustrate his discourse by references to divorce cases, would fill his church to overflowing. No one would delight in it more than the class denounced, for we all like to hear ourselves credited with picturesque vices. Ouida, of course, who draws on her imagination, is enabled to give fuller details, and make up in descriptiveness what she lacks in authenticity. She is doing very much what Juvenal did in his day; if Juvenal were alive now he would, no doubt, be writing novels—not verses; and, like Juvenal, she blackens her blacks and whitens her whites with no sparing hand. Practically, her indictment against society is very much the same as his. That proves, she would say, no doubt, that we are as bad as Rome in its worst degeneracy. Other people will think it proves that civilised society is very much of a muchness in all ages. It is all in the point of view.

"I have lived to see the day when a youthful scion of a noble and distinguished house produced from his pocket at dinner a sample bundle of silks to show how cheaply they could be bought at his establishment. Wine circulars with peers' coronets pursue me weekly, and I can buy my coal at 25s. a ton from wagons ornamented with a marquis's coronet."

That is the burden of Ouida's complaint in more eloquent pages than one would care to reckon; but that is not a quotation from Ouida, it is taken from Sir Algernon West's amusing "Reminiscences of Fifty Years" in the *Nineteenth Century*, and Sir Algernon is of opinion that on the whole we are better than our grandparents. *Noblesse oblige* is a dead letter, says Ouida, when she is confronted with the fact that marquises are coal merchants. It is easy to answer that nobility binds a noble to be and do all the things which it formerly bound him to be and do, but that it no longer binds him *not* to be a trader. On the matter of race—for she makes no great account of rank—and of hereditary obligations generally, Ouida has prejudices, which are honourable but illogical; but that makes no matter. Energy of invective and ardour of conviction are what one wants from a satirist, not judicial balance, and Ouida has them; but it is a pity that she is driven into novel writing. Juvenal would probably have made a very bad novelist; he lacks human tolerance and a sense of proportion. In one of his most vigorous passages he denounces a consul for driving his own coach: "It is night indeed, but the moon sees and the stars

testify against him." Can one doubt that a man who wrote this would in any presentment of life have run into violent contrasts and made his characters overstep the modesty of nature?

At all events that is what Ouida does. Lady Dolly in *Moths* is not at all incredible for the most part. But it is perfectly incredible that any mother should have urged her daughter to marry the man whose mistress she had been herself, simply because he was a good match. The extra circumstances that the girl is extremely virtuous, and the man inordinately vicious, add little to the improbability. Ouida is not content with showing that the frivolous woman of fashion is heartless and mercenary, she insists that there is no crime she will not commit. Her perfect characters, too, are as ultra-perfect as the bad ones are ultra-bad. In *The Massarenes* the newly enriched couple who come to London to try admission into the best society are forcibly sketched: the ambitious plebeian and his plain, homely, and bewildered wife. One is made to feel Massarene's force and tenacity and his wife's kindly heart; but above all their ugly and grotesque incongruity is endlessly emphasised. Yet by way of contrast to the wicked Lady Kenilworth, who takes money from Massarene for her help to get him into society, and ultimately for other things too, the daughter of these rough, ugly people must be made as beautiful as the day, in the most exquisitely finished type.

Ouida has conceived a particularly strong situation: the daughter brought up away from her parents, ashamed of them, ashamed, above all, of their vulgar ambitions, and doubtful of the sources of their wealth, yet feeling it her duty to live with them. How truly dramatic the situation might have been if she had been the true child of her parents, like them in appearance and like them in mind, with only such a difference as chance and a happier education might have given. As it is, she does not belong to them at all; she may be whose daughter you like, but not theirs. But if Ouida had been content without this "faultless monster," what a picture she might have drawn of the young woman: a lady at heart, loathing from her soul the vulgarity of her surroundings and shrinking from wealth dishonestly acquired, yet not to the outward glance distinguishable from her family. If she then—the ugly plebeian with a beautiful soul—had given away all her father's millions the moment they came into her hands, as the only complete reparation possible for his wrong-doing, one might have been touched by the situation and driven to reflect. But as it is, there is no pathos in it, because there is no appearance of credibility in the relation of father and daughter; it is simply a stage device by which the heroine is enabled to marry Lord Hurstmanseaux, the one nobleman who has refused to know her father. A novel must at all events follow the reasonable probabilities of human nature; and by reason of her disregard for these probabilities, Ouida's work must be set down as bad art, in spite of her eloquence and the energy of her satire.

PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

FROM so practised a pen as that of M. Jules Claretie something more vividly and intellectually entertaining might have been expected than his *Vie à Paris*. Of a year of that most complex and brilliant thing called Parisian life he has made a comparatively insignificant volume, understood to be an adequate record of 1896. A writer stands in the position of the *plus belle fille du monde*. Neither can do more than please in their several ways. But neither should fall below the accepted standard. If beauty cannot afford to be heedless, how much more perilous for an Academician to drift into the commonest of journalism, or give us as literature the fugitive scribbling of a year. Yet such a book, if differently conceived, composed and written, might have been a record of lasting value, rich in detail, in point, in effective contrasts—a sparkling and witty page of Parisian history. Instead, we have mere French "Salaism." We had no right to expect anything profound or subtle from M. Claretie, the least subtle and profound of men; but to go to him for an echo of the late lamented George Augustus Sala! No. This betrays our temperate spirit of judgment, and we slip continually upon irritation.

Not, indeed, that the book is empty of memorable incidents and pleasant passages. What could be less modern or more typical than the recalled interview between George Sand's publisher and Pierre Leroux, her man of affairs? Leroux, the simple-minded Socialist and dreamer in a wideawake world, calls on the publisher with an offer of four volumes, and asks what prices they will fetch. "The usual one," says the publisher: "twenty pounds a volume." Leroux stares. "Twenty pounds a volume! Not possible." Whereupon the publisher, irritated, misinterpreting the reason of the philosopher's wonder, asserts his inability to offer a larger sum. "But do you understand that there are four volumes, and that would make in all two thousand francs." Leroux grows indignant at the idea of such an enormous sum being paid for mere fiction. "It is only a romance, sir," he cries; and positively declines, in George Sand's name and in his own, to countenance such a monstrous injustice as the payment of eighty pounds for four volumes of classical work. Astounded as the publisher was, he was still more astounded when he learned that George Sand herself, the greatest writer of the day, was of Leroux's opinion, and declined to accept so exorbitant a sum. Food for wonder at the Society of Authors! We picture the different nature of Mr. Watt's interviews with London publishers, as the very modern business man of England's emphatically lesser lights of literature.

M. Claretie reluctantly parts company with the guileless Socialist. We must smile with him at Leroux's naïve protest on visiting the splendid hotel his collaborator built in Paris while he had barely enough with which to keep body and soul together at Jersey. Leroux examines and admires everything

imperturbably, and then says, without the smallest anger or reproach in his gentle voice: "Now, look here, you have a handsome house, a library, servants, a good table, and even a dressing gown, while I earn a pound a week. Is it just?"

Along the boulevards M. Claretie is inspired to a brightness of mood that sometimes reaches a witty flash, and has a kind of Parisian humour sufficiently engaging. The old aspect of the boulevard is, alas! vanishing, and with it the old-fashioned, punctilious boulevardier—the man who first trod its fascinating pavement in the plumed and conquering hour of youth then steadied down to the same table and same companions till old age overtook him, and he awoke to the gloomy aspect of reality to find that he had bartered home, hearth, and love for mere asphalt. Then Europe was simply a big Parisian suburb, that began at the Madeleine or Montmartre, and within these charmed limits was the only Paris a man could care to know. What went on outside mattered not. While French cannon were roaring at Crimea Maxime du Camp stopped to ask a boulevardier what news. "Abominable, inexplicable, totally irrational," replied the irritated boulevardier. "Feydeau's *Fanny* is in the fifth edition." The boulevard had its traditions then, since abolished by what its contempt of the *rastaquouères* has prompted it to define as the *panmuffisme* of to-day. It abhorred phrases out of which verbs, nouns, names, and courtesy are beaten out, and would not tolerate the waiter's reference to a customer as a table or a seat. Instead of shouting "*Figaro* clock," one of the *habitués* of a café recently said to the new-fashioned waiter, "I beg you will say, as was the more correct habit in my youth: 'Take the *Figaro* to the customer who is sitting at the table under the clock.'"

Now M. Claretie points out the boulevard is open to all nations of the world, with a disastrous loss of *cachet*. It is no longer the legendary Englishman, with a barbarous stiff-backed foreignness of appearance, who from time to time strolls past its crowded cafés, visibly a "my lord," making the grand tour. He was a "casual" from an eccentric isle, to stare at politely and, if his manners were bad, to muse upon in the spirit of grateful philosophy. When his manners were good, as they sometimes were, and he had money to do sufficient honour to them, his visit became a pleasure as well as instructive. In all circumstances he was then too isolated to suggest menace. But now the traditional invader has been forced to make way for hordes of Greeks, Poles, Russians, Roumanians, Yankees, and South Americans. Instead of the occasional, reserved, and superlatively well-dressed Saxon, who was but a mild dose of the inevitable, since Paris was destined as a refuge against *ennui* and leisure, various, and not always picturesque, colonies of *rastaquouères* throng the asphalt and shout and chatter, overdressed, gesticulating, and underbred. The boulevard does not like the innovation; neither does M. Jules Claretie.

H. L.

THE BOOK MARKET.

THE CHANCERY LANE AUCTIONS.

THERE are many grades of book auctions. The one I dropped into yesterday at the Chancery Lane Sale Rooms was an ordinary booksellers' affair. No valuable library was being dispersed. No rarities were being offered. Yet some four hundred lots of books were catalogued, and I found them passing to new owners at a rate which I cannot easily describe or make credible. Mr. Hodgson does not suspend his hammer long—it falls with beautiful decision at the right moment.

Yet the scene during such a sale as I have mentioned is not very lively. The attendance is not large, and there is an absence of excitement. But the calm is that of certain swift streams. The auctioneer's quiet intensity, his unflagging progress through the list, his skilled economy of voice, gesture, and time, and his perfect hearing, must be considered. The buyers, too, are old hands; they speak quietly and quickly, like men playing nap. You have not been there ten minutes before the whole process begins to seem mechanical. The offering, the bidding, and the disposal of the bundles go on in monotonous tones and movements, and you perceive that half the men at the table are not bidding, but are sitting like inactive volcanoes, awaiting future lots. There is nowhere any waste of energy. One bookseller seemed to be so much at leisure that I ventured to talk to him.

"I see," I said, "a good deal that is new to me; I want you to tell me, if you will, what it is I see. Where do all these books come from?"

"These books!—oh, from anywhere!"

"As, for instance?"

"Well, some of them will be put in by private people; a great many by booksellers."

"Booksellers?"

"Yes; you see, a bookseller finds his stock is big, and trade slow; he wants money; and he sends half a roomful of books here to be sold for what they will fetch. Or perhaps he bought a lot of books on spec in a sale last week; he puts them into this sale in the hope of making a profit."

"But, speaking generally, this is a sale to which second-hand booksellers come to buy general stock?"

"Certainly; and, of course, to buy books for which they have already got orders."

"In either case they seem to buy them at amazingly low prices. I see bundles of twenty books, many of them evidently published at five or six shillings, go for little more than the published price of one. I have just seen ninety-nine copies of a book, entitled *The Canaries for Consumptives*, go for eighteenpence. Now, this cannot be a popular book, but ninety-nine copies for eighteenpence! Then twenty-eight copies of a presentable book, called *On Duty Under a Tropical Sun*, fetched only half-a-crown; and twelve copies of a very decent-looking novel, called *The Quest of Sir Bertrand*, in cloth covers, went for 1d. each."

"Just so. But these books were worth no more. Take the consumptive book. There may be ninety-nine people in London who would give a shilling for it; but the man who bought them has no means of attracting those customers. He has only the general public, the passers-by, to work with; and if he tickets the books twopence each, getting about sixteen shillings for a parcel for which he paid one shilling and sixpence, consider the time it will take him to sell these books; it may take him six months; and he must find room for the books, and dust them, and push them. But the chances are that he'll sell them at one penny each, and be twice six months doing it."

"I notice that the most hopeless bundle of books fetches *something*."

"Yes; you see many books are bought here for the country. Sometimes they are sold by the sack, labelled "waste"; they are then bought very cheaply and sent down to Leeds or Newcastle. Barrow-men, who sell books one day and vegetables the next, also buy these books."

"For cash?"

"Yes; but they often combine, and so get over that difficulty."

"Well, now I notice that a good book will often fetch a high price. I saw Mr. Hodgson knock down Sir Archibald Geike's *Ancient Volcanoes of Great Britain*, in two volumes, for twenty-four shillings. What does that mean?"

"What does that mean?"

"Yes: the book was published at thirty-six shillings; it is a fine book, but can a second-hand bookseller afford to give twenty-four shillings for it in a sale room?"

"Probably he didn't; it most likely went to a private buyer, bidding against another private buyer."

"Then are private buyers allowed to bid?"

"Certainly."

"I saw forty-one volumes of the *Waverley Novels* in the author's favourite edition, with frontispieces complete, go for twelve shillings, and I wished I had the right to bid thirteen for them."

"Well, you had."

"I am not in the trade."

"That doesn't matter."

"Do you mean that I may come here and bid against booksellers?"

"Certainly."

"But you don't like that kind of thing?"

"No."

WHAT AMERICA READS.

We take the following reports of bookselling from the current American *Bookman*. Each list is furnished by a bookseller, who reports the titles of new books in the order of demand.

NEW YORK.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz.
2. On the Face of the Waters. By Mrs. Steel.
3. Phroso. By Anthony Hope.
4. On Many Seas. By Williams.
5. Sentimental Tommy. By J. M. Barrie.
6. Tess of the D'Urbervilles. By Thomas Hardy.

BOSTON.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz.
2. On the Face of the Waters. By Mrs. Steel.
3. Phroso. By Anthony Hope.
4. King Noanett. By Stimson.
5. America and the Americans. From a French Point of View.
6. Falcon of Langéac. By Whiteley.

CHICAGO.

1. Green Book. By Jókai.
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz.
3. On the Face of the Waters. By Mrs. Steel.
4. Through Unknown African Countries. By Smith.
5. Telepathy. By Mason.
6. Trooper Peter Halket. By Olive Schreiner.

SAN FRANCISCO.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz.
2. On the Face of the Waters. By Mrs. Steel.
3. The Seven Seas. By Rudyard Kipling.
4. Margaret Ogilvy. By J. M. Barrie.
5. Phroso. By Anthony Hope.
6. Checkers. By Blossom.

TORONTO (CANADA).

1. Farthest North. By Nansen.
2. Guesses at the Riddle of Existence. By Goldwin Smith.
3. Story of Canada. By Bourinot.
4. Sentimental Tommy. By J. M. Barrie.
5. Rodney Stone. By Conan Doyle.
6. Land of the Leal. By David Lyall.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz.
2. On the Face of the Waters. By Mrs. Steel.
3. Phroso. By Anthony Hope.
4. Margaret Ogilvy. By J. M. Barrie.
5. Sentimental Tommy. By J. M. Barrie.
6. The Seven Seas. By Rudyard Kipling.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Farthest North. By Nansen.
2. On Many Seas. By Williams.
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz.
4. Phroso. By Anthony Hope.
5. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford.
6. Forge in the Forest. By Roberts.

ART.

SCULPTURE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

SCULPTURE has for some years been noticeably more slender, sharper, finer, and more interesting; to the eye of the mere outsider, at least, that alteration of character seems conspicuous; and he is apt to attribute it indirectly to Mr. Alfred Gilbert. There was before this a kind of Græco-Roman aspect of which it is easy to get weary, but which seemed normal, if not inevitable. This is gone, and sculpture looks individual, brisk, enterprising, and less dull in gracefulness. The Venus de' Medici and Canova are finally driven out, and the relief of their going is very great. Elegance of quite another kind is now often aimed at, sometimes hit, and almost always confessed. To take the present collection

at the Royal Academy in the order of the numbers, we find the fresher sense of style evident in "The Swan Girl" of Mr. George Simonds—a group in which the wreathing lines have not led the sculptor into the insipid and conventional graces that would have been but recently a matter of course in such a subject; the real grace and charm are so much the greater. Next, Miss Ella Curtois has taken the thin forms of a boy for her subject in "Child Playing at Marbles," and she has treated them with energy; the pause and intentness of the bodily expression are good, especially in the forward arm; the gesture is open and very boy-like. To "The Finding of Eurydice," a close group of two pliant figures, Mr. John Hughes has given real strength of feeling; this is no theatre embrace: the two faces are hidden from one another, and love strains together all the meek and gentle lines of the composition. The expression of feeling is rare in the present exhibition. Signor Carlo Caccia has done a bit of sentiment, on the other hand, in his figure of "Abraham Lincoln: from the Wood to the Presidency"—a little woodlander in the pauses of his toil dreaming of the future with a book upon his knee; the child is animated, in an Italian way, and has an Italian construction of forehead and breadth between the eyes. Mr. Oliver Wheatley has made a bold grasp at character and new vigour in his relief of "Prometheus." The Titan screams against the screaming vulture, and his hair and beard fly in the mountain storm. The sculptor has been no more preoccupied with the thought of dignity than was Æschylus himself; but whether he, too, has possessed it, without care, is a question. At any rate, his work is not languid. At the head of the Central Hall, either side of the door, are the two reliefs for the Oxford Town-hall in which Mr. Schenk has made allegories of "Sloth" and "Industry." The two figures—male and female—are made interesting, in the first place, by the manner in which they are niched, with the upper part of the body wide and free and the lower limbs folded; the decoration of the composition is well secured, and the sense of style that has so well arranged this is evident also in the figures, which have beauty. "Sloth" is perhaps hardly so satisfactory as the more expressive "Industry." Next comes a bronze—the statue of "Atalanta," by Mr. Gustav Natorp—smooth and full of prettiness, and by no means lacking in the spirit of her action. Inspired by Oriental feeling are the important decorative accessories of Miss Esther Moore's relief, "At the Gates of the Past." The figure is not without originality, and the lines of the gate, shown by the light colouring of the ground, are as free as though a quill pen had drawn them. Miss Adèle Hay's "Model of a Fountain" is an enterprising design, not unsuccessfully inspired by Rome.

In the Lecture Room the principal interest centres in Mr. George Frampton's experiment in bronze and marble—the statue of "Dame Alice Owen, Foundress of Owen's School, Islington." The intention of bringing close to one another, so that they should

be indistinguishable, the manners of treatment proper to marble and to bronze is surely one that requires more justification than this single work can give. The mere combination of coloured marbles—white for the flesh, dark for the clothing—famous in a late-Italian statue on the Quirinal in Rome, is, of course, not a case in point, although the "Dame Alice" may remind us of it by her various colours. It seems hard that after English artists and craftsmen had been so lectured upon the powers and limitations of their material, and so scolded as they have been, a sculptor of this talent should rise up and contradict the doctrine. Mr. Frampton had no trifle to contend with in the Elizabethan dress, arbitrarily divided at the waist and thickly stiff with large, solid, repeated folds from the waist to the ground. These folds would undeniably have looked more stupid in marble than they do in bronze, a material that allows of their being patterned over with a flowered brocade. But this pattern in itself commits the sculptor to an unsculptural treatment, and once on the way to mixtures he seems to have given way to the ardour of experiment. His Dame Alice has a real stick—or if he took the trouble to make a stick in bronze when he might have bought one at the nearest shop, why did he so? In this little incident of the black walking-stick is to be found all the condemnation (too easy) that is necessary; for, Dame Alice, having (virtually) a real stick, is seen at once to have hands and a face of marble, and a dress made stiffer by bronze than even the fashion of the day had made it with whalebone; and the effect is uncomfortable. Even if these too obvious improprieties were to be condoned, there cannot be any excuse for introducing gilding. The surface of gilding is unlike any other surface; it is the most positive thing in the world, for every other surface represents—gilding only is. Nothing can make it represent, and nothing can make it anything other than insistently local. It is, however, a pity that so much has to be said of the material of a statue which is really a beautiful statue, full of dignity, standing with quiet animation, and expressive of sweetness and piety.

Mr. Onslow Ford has done excellent work in his busts in bronze—that of Mr. Herbert Spencer being one of even exceptional power; M. Dagnan Bouveret, Sir John Millais, Mr. George Alexander are all full of a life that penetrates to the very construction and the bone. Vital, with the vitality of action besides, is, as ever, the work of Mr. Swan, who exhibits a little silver group—"Young Indian Leopard and Tortoise." The leopard is intensely lively and strong; one curving paw holds the shell, the other shoulder is splendidly thrust out, the body is flattened with its action. With energy and life, too, do Mr. Charles Beacon's "Panthers" fight; the straight tail is decidedly a "document." But in his "Wounded Bunkie"—an equestrian group—Mr. Frederick Remington has lost movement, and lost it in a good cause. Much sculpture, many a painting, must be likewise sacrificed to truth of attitude before our long-deceived eyes are

so accustomed as to associate movement with the galloping action of a horse as it really is. Meanwhile, the honest painter and sculptor are real martyrs, for their horse does *not* seem to go. Of course, they must hold on; there is nothing else for it; we cannot go back to a convention which outrages nature and has gained its effect of speed by the mere bad habit of the eye. Nevertheless they would do well to choose the less impossible-seeming (for there are such) of the real and actual movements of the horse, in consideration for the public weakness. Mr. Remington has allowed himself no such transactions. You may hear a confident passer-by decry him: "Look at that absurd thing! The horse has got one foot on the ground and the others in the air." The "absurdity" is Nature's own action, and Mr. Remington has spared us no shock of facts. His near horse has flying hind-hoofs, and one foreleg up while the other stiffly touches the ground; the off horse is equally truthful in the dead-spider attitude of the gallop.

Mr. David McGill's "Piccolo" is a very animated statue, without much grace. The "Victory" of Miss A. F. Gell is one of the works that owe so much to the suggestion, intelligently adopted, of Mr. Gilbert; so is the "Design for Athletic Challenge Shield" of Mr. Onslow Whiting. "The Dawn of Thought" is a very successful study, by Mr. Willis, of the first intent expression of a child. "Mother and Child," by Mr. Herbert Hampton, should have a word of warm praise for the naturalness that would have made it salient a few years ago. Among the few imaginative things is Mr. E. M. Rope's "Dream of the Sea," which has much grace; and for decorative work the "Design for Electric Lamp" of Mr. Onslow Whiting is to be praised for its fancy and spirit.

A. M.

MUSIC.

OPERA AND CONCERTS.

THE opera season commenced last Monday week at Covent Garden under the new management of Mr. Maurice Grau. The late Sir Augustus Harris understood well how many a slip there is between a promise and a production, and he opened his seasons quietly. The same lines have now been followed. Well-known modern operas have been given, or works like "Les Huguenots," which lives largely on its past reputation—for Wagner is now the rage, and the public cannot possibly serve or enjoy two masters so diametrically opposed as were Meyerbeer and Wagner: the one aimed at effect, the other at truth—and "Romeo and Juliet," which is apparently growing in favour. There is a talk of one or two novelties; and it is to be hoped that classical opera will not be neglected; that we shall, at any rate, hear "Orfeo," "Don Juan," and "Fidelio."

The performances of "Faust" and "Romeo" on the Monday and Tuesday do not call for special notice. On Wednesday M. van Dyck took the title-rôle in "Tann-

häuser." He is a great artist; he has a fine voice and knows how to use it, and his acting is full of life. And yet his Tannhäuser seems to lack at times, especially at the close of the second act, a certain sincerity, and therefore impressiveness. The part of Elizabeth was to have been taken by Miss Eames, but she was prevented at the last moment, and Mlle. Pacary occupied her place. She possesses a good voice; but this, of course, was not the moment to judge either of her singing or acting. The "Wolfram" of M. Noté was correct, but dry. M. Journet, from Brussels, proved a dignified Landgrave. The orchestra was under the direction of Signor Mancinelli, who conducted in a peculiarly Italian vein. The opera was sung in French. Operas, so it seems to me, ought to be given in the language in which they were written, or in the one of the country in which they are performed.

"AIDA," on Thursday, was interesting on account of the appearance of Miss Susan Strong in the title-rôle. Her *début* last year in "Die Walküre" was one of brilliant promise, which was certainly not quite fulfilled in "Aida." Her rendering of the part was, however, in many ways, praiseworthy. Miss Marie Brema's impersonation of "Amneris" was striking, though it was most certainly at times overwrought.

Mlle. PACARY's voice was not in good order on "Les Huguenots" night. The chief points in the performance were the excellent "St. Bris" of M. Plançon, and the intelligent and effective conducting of M. Flori.

The programme of Mr. Eugen d'Albert's first recital at St. James's Hall on Thursday afternoon, May 13, was not a very exciting one. It commenced with a Sonata in F sharp minor from the pen of the concert giver. Rubinstein used at times to inflict some very dry music of his own on his audiences; but his magnificent renderings of the works of the great masters softened the hearts of the hearers, who otherwise might have proved rebellious. Mr. d'Albert is also a great interpreter of the masters, especially of Beethoven; and if he has written nothing for the pianoforte more attractive than the Sonata in question, it will be a pity for him to press his music on the public. The Sonata is undeniably clever; yet cleverness is only one, and not even the greatest, factor in a work of art; the music is exceedingly difficult, and it was, of course, brilliantly played. Chopin's *Nocturne* in C minor, though a trifle cold, was magnificently rendered; the reading of the *Ballade* in A flat was not, however, sufficiently spontaneous. Show pieces by Raff, Liszt, and Tausig displayed the pianist's wonderful gifts as an executant.

I SHOULD just like to mention the first performance, I believe, in London of Volkmann's interesting pianoforte Trio in B flat minor, well rendered by MM. Isidor Cohn, Elderhorst, and Whitehouse at their second concert at Steinway Hall last Monday.

Mme. Marchesi's attractive Vocal Recitals will be noticed next week.

MR. Wood's Tchaikowsky programme on Saturday afternoon proved in strong manner the unwisdom of the one-composer programme. To the monotony which, with few exceptions, results from such a scheme, was added, on this occasion, a certain disappointment: the earlier orchestral works of the Russian composer show skill and character, but the interest is never so high, never so sustained, as in the sixth, or even the fifth, symphony. The programme included a Suite in G (Op. 55), opening with a graceful, yet plaintive, movement entitled "Elegie," and concluding with a piquant theme and some exceedingly clever variations, all, except one, remarkable for their moderate length and refinement. The exception was the last, in which Tchaikowsky seems to have aimed at a violent contrast: the refinement of the earlier variations gives place to the commonplace; delicate orchestral effects to mere noise. The Symphony in F minor (No. 4, Op. 36) was produced at a Philharmonic concert in 1893, under the direction of the composer himself. It is clever, and in places highly effective, though unequal in interest. It is dangerous to study the artistic life of a man backwards. The Unfinished Symphony and the last one in C of Schubert have practically killed his earlier ones, which only recently came to light. So far as I can judge, Tchaikowsky's early symphonies will share a similar fate; the last two are the best; the last is exceedingly great. The performances under Mr. Wood were all excellent.

THE last Mottl programme on Tuesday evening filled the Queen's Hall from floor to ceiling. I spoke last week of the danger of concert performances of excerpts from the music dramas of Wagner, but also of extenuating circumstances in favour of "Parsifal." To assert that a concert rendering of the latter part of the third act of this "miracle" play reveals the dramatic genius of Wagner would be an artistic lie; to say that the admirable performance under the direction of Mr. Mottl was highly impressive, would be the plain truth. No doubt much is lost, and yet so much remains. The interpreters, all thoroughly in sympathy with the music, were MM. Vogl, E. Wachter, and D. Bispham, and there was a chorus from the Royal College of Music, which had been well prepared by Sir W. Parratt. New bells, constructed after a design of Mr. Mottl's, were employed; the tone is good, but unfortunately they were a shade sharp against the orchestra. The first part of the programme was devoted to Berlioz. The performance of "Harold en Italie" was one of the best I have ever heard; the viola solo part was most artistically interpreted by Mr. Michael Balling on the viola-alta, an instrument larger than the viola, and of which the tone is rich and sympathetic. The "Pilgrims' March" and "Serenade" of the symphony are small yet sparkling gems; the first movement is interesting, but the last is weak in inspiration.

J. S. S.

SCIENCE.

I HAVE been looking over my shelf of books to be reviewed. A scientific reviewer's shelf, however promptly dealt with, always contains one or two anomalous curiosities, books written to ventilate some hobby or to air some little grievance against established thought. Pathetic little books they are, most of them, comparable to the "minor poetry" which falls to the lot of the literary man; and one's thought about them in general is, how does it ever pay anyone to publish them? Sometimes they are large and aggressive, like (to take a couple of examples at random) Mrs. Bloomfield Moore's *opus* on Keeley and Dr. Somebody's great life of Anna Kingsford. I confess that when writers run to these lengths of verbiage they bore me. For the smaller kinds I have some sympathy. I would willingly, from pity, believe in rain-making, "vril," "od," Baron Reichenbach's sensitives, and the power of water-finding—indeed, I believe firmly in the last, and shall do, I expect, until I see it put into practice.

THEN there are people with merely heretical views—as that the earth is flat, or that the sun goes round it; these form a class far more numerous than anyone but a reviewer could suppose, and they include a wide range of protestants, from the extreme cases I have instanced down to Mr. Grant Allen, who once propounded a theory of force and energy which I am sorry to say I never understood. An Australian singing-master has inflicted on me recently some strange views concerning voice-production, of which I took in little but the abuse and a sense of capital letters. An American life of Edison gave me a bad half hour, and then there are the works on spiritualism, vivisection, preformation, and evolution (from the theological point of view), all of which are dull enough when written seriously, but ten times more so when conceived, as many of them are, in a spirit of banter.

I HAVE one before me now. It is called *Is Science Guilty?* and, being written by "A Barrister-at-Law," is chiefly remarkable for the erudite form in which the supposed trial of science is set forth. It is also affectionately dedicated to the head master of a school in which the writer spent seven happy "and profitably scholastic" years. The crimes alleged against science amount to the fact that whereas in heathen lands Christianity is becoming "a power of glorious and unparalleled importance," in so-called civilised lands it has ceased to make progress. The following quotation from the first page will probably suffice for most people:

"The indictment having been read, the prisoner, Madam Neo Science, was arraigned, and called upon to plead.

"Clerk of the Peace: 'How say you, Madam Neo Science, are you guilty or not guilty?'

"The Prisoner (in a loud voice, and holding up her right hand): 'Not guilty!'

"In view of the probable duration of the trial, a jury of fifteen, with Mr. Thomas Huxley [*sic*] as foreman, was sworn in. The wisdom of the arrangement will be seen from the fact that before the trial was finished the foreman died, and his place was filled by Mr. Max Nordau."

By Mr. Max Nordau, indeed!

It is a relief to turn from such nonsense to a little book the innocent purpose of which is to prove that the sun is only thirty-two miles in diameter, and that the earth is not a planet. The author (Dr. C. Robertson) is furious with all the astronomers who have written big books for assuming, instead of proving, the truth of the Copernican theory. He also gathers up at the end, and reads, those reviewers who speak lightly of his doctrines without taking the trouble to disprove them. Personally, I feel quite convinced, after reading his elaborate dissertation, that Dr. Robertson is right in his contentions. I am only sorry that he admits the earth to be round. I do not feel quite sure that the sun, if it were not larger than he says it is, would not have been burnt up during the long ages in which we can trace its existence without, apparently, material alteration; and I await Dr. Robertson's authority to regard the stars and the principal nebulae as no larger than the pin-points which they appear to be. Into the relative merits of Ptolemy and Copernicus space does not permit me to enter, but I imagine that the mass of the sun plays some part in astronomical physics, so far as the solar system is concerned; and if Ptolemy be right, it must have been a remarkably happy accident which led Adams and Leverrier independently to deduce the exact position of Neptune.

THE Royal Society *soirée* last Wednesday was remarkable for an unusually interesting average of exhibits. Among the novelties were Mr. Moore's collection of marine organisms from Tanganyika (which have already been mentioned in this column), a complete set of microscope slides illustrating the tsetse-fly disease, and some marvellous collections of lepidoptera showing the alterations of colouring and form caused by alterations of temperature in the pupal stage. A good deal of interest was shown also in a series of experiments by Mr. J. W. Swan, showing some curious stresses in viscous resin due to the convective electric discharge. The cause of these is very obscure; they seem, however, to bear out Lord Armstrong's theory of vortical action.

H. C. M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WHY THE NIGHTINGALE SINGS AT NIGHT.

Siena: May 10.

After reading the review of a book by P. G. Hamerton in the ACADEMY for April 24, I was tempted to send you the following verse, repeated to me by a country girl at Siena, and supposed to be sung by the nightingale him-

self as an explanation of the fact that he sings at night and does not sleep:

"Se la vite non mi legasse,
Se la serpa non mi mangiasse,
Canterei fino al giorno chiaro-chiaro-chiaro-chiaro-chiaro."

Evidently the verse is based on some such legend as Mr. Hamerton's, though my *contadina* could not throw any further light on the subject.

DOROTHY H. CORNISH.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"The present volume," writes M. Maeterlinck's *The Treasure of the Humble*, "is a very clear exposition of what the essential characteristic of degeneracy and decadence is."

... It is this preference of the *passive* to the active that forms the substratum of the character of the true degenerate, and that makes him so ridiculous in the eyes of some, and so offensive in the eyes of others." Comparing Maeterlinck's idea with the passivity of *Prometheus Vincit*, the writer points out that they are totally different. "Instead of the Titan who gave fire to mortals and whose iron energy is unquenched by a thousand years of torture, his type of what is really vital [in life is the diseased semi-feminine creature who sighs and makes eyes at misfortune like a weak and sentimental schoolgirl, and courts our admiration by his moaning, not by suppressing his moans; or else by the mere dreamer, who can do nothing but drowse and dream. . . . That from this contemptible way of regarding human life an art and poetry may arrive which has [*sic*] many technical beauties we admit; but the beauty is all a beauty of putrescence, and when it has any influence at all it is as corrupting as it is corrupt. "Though a mystic's work," writes the *Chronicle*, "there is no mystical phraseology. . . . Like Emerson he expounds no explicit theory and system; unlike Emerson, he would seem to have them, but to shrink, partly for artistic reasons, still more for personal, from nakedly betraying them." He "does but adumbrate and whisper, knowing that there are who will understand." He "has a singular dramatic instinct in touching upon ordinary emotions, in translating them into imaginative phrase: phrase beautiful or fantastic, but always alive. . . . Sudden states of the soul, wrought by a breath of air, a 'nothing,' are for him the great realities and revelations, coming to him in colour and shape. . . . Very inevitably, he has a delicate touch upon morality, not altogether free from a kind of good and gentle antinomianism. . . . A certain childlike gravity and gladness in one pervades the writing of this mystic, as is always true of true travellers in the mystical country; his very sadnesses have no blackness, but only a sense of mystery round about." The *Pall Mall*'s first impression was that "while he possessed poetry of imagination and delicacy of feeling, he lacked the subtlety of intellect and the skill in metaphysic which may make mysticism or neo-platonism interesting or valuable. The result seemed to us to be a confusion of

well-sounding and unmeaning propositions, of pretty half-ideas, with here and there (as was natural in a poet) a flash of illuminating (though still formless) thought, a fancy wild, but beautiful and suggestive." The final judgment is: "We honestly believe that there are admirers of M. Maeterlinck who find the 'mystic' in the merely unintelligible. . . . He talks vague and grandiose nothings about the 'soul.' . . . We should have liked some assurance that the word has the same connotation throughout. Almost invariably, when the word is used, we come upon propositions unintelligible in themselves and bewildering in connexion with one another. . . . We think there is but one essay that has any intellectual value in it—that is, 'The Tragical in Daily Life,' and it is more than suggestive. . . . Mr. Sutro has translated it excellently well: his style is always good and sometimes impressive." The *Saturday Review*, confining himself to a consideration of Mr. Sutro's performance, premises: "M. Maeterlinck, who has more imagination than thought, more emotional sensibility than precision of speech, is a very difficult writer to translate," and concludes: "If you desire to know the meaning of M. Maeterlinck's expressions, Mr. Sutro will inform you about it; but of the charm, of the quaint singing cadences and murmuring falls which make M. Maeterlinck's prose like the whispering of a very wise child—of this you will get nothing."

"The Adventures of John Johns." By Frederic Carrel. (Bliss, Sands & Co.)

"Mr. CARREL's intention is 'to mirror, not to preach,'" begins the *Chronicle*, but "it is a property of mirrors . . . that they lower the tone of the world they reflect. The tone of the world into which John Johns adventures is undoubtedly very low indeed. . . . If the 'realism' of the early scenes of the adventures of John Johns be admitted nothing conceivable need surprise us. If this be a 'realistic novel' . . . we wonder not that there should be thousands who devoutly believe in the truth of Miss Marie Corelli's fantastic scenes from high life." "Mr. Carrel prefaces his new novel by remarking that it is his intention 'to mirror, not to preach,'" the *National Observer* begins, and "if the perfection of art lies in a faithful representation of life with its sordid motives, its greedy ambitions, and unprincipled immorality, then Mr. Carrel has given us something which very nearly approaches that standard. M. Zola has unfortunately done realism an injustice by associating it with what is monstrous, unclean, and repulsive. From this element Mr. Carrel's book is absolutely free, and if any accusation can be brought against him at all, it will be on the score of his surrounding immorality with too refined an atmosphere." The *Pall Mall* begins: "Mr. Carrel prefaces his book with a note to the effect that his endeavour in writing it has been 'to mirror, not to preach.'" "The book," it concludes, "is hardly calculated to give pleasure in its perusal, for its undeniable cleverness cannot atone for the unsavoury nature of the topics with which it so largely deals."

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REVIEWS.

MR. CHARLES BOOTH'S LONDON.

Life and Labour of the People in London.
Edited by Charles Booth. (Macmillan & Co.)

SOME time about 1885 Mr. Charles Booth, a good citizen and a prosperous ship merchant, conceived the idea of making an analysis of social conditions in the East-end of London. We have before us the first-fruits of his efforts. It is a slender booklet on the "conditions and occupations of the people in Tower Hamlets," and is the substance of a paper read before the Statistical Society. The investigator had a distinct object in view and a purpose to serve:

"This piece of London," he said, "is supposed to contain the most destitute population in England, and to be, as it were, the focus of the problem of poverty in the midst of wealth which is troubling the minds and hearts of so many people."

That slender booklet has developed into the monumental work of nine volumes which Mr. Booth has just concluded. It forms the greatest social census and statistical inventory ever made of any people. For ten years Mr. Booth has had a great investigating agency at work. He has maintained a census bureau of his own, and engaged a staff of experts. Close upon five millions of people have been subjected to an analysis: they are classified according to material conditions, to social surroundings, to trades and occupations. We see the people as they work and live, as they go to and fro in their daily occupations. We watch them at their recreations, we peep into their homes, we examine their weekly budgets. Nothing, indeed, escapes the vigilance of Mr. Booth's investigators.

How has this colossal work been accomplished? Not solely by an able organiser with competent assistants. Every existing agency which could help has been utilised.

The army of school visitors who know the condition of every family in the poor districts has been called into service. New features were introduced into the last census at Mr. Booth's suggestion, and have formed the means for many tabulations and percentages. All sorts of associations gave assistance, and, under the skilful hands of experts, the physiognomy of the largest urban community in the world has been carefully described. For the benefit of those who have not seen the earlier volumes, and for the convenience of students who have followed the work, Mr. Booth introduces in this last volume a summary of the contents of preceding ones.

The reader is impressed by the stupendous character of the undertaking, and with the clear and systematic way in which the scheme has been executed. The first, not, perhaps, the most important of the series, was mainly devoted to an account of social conditions in East and Central London. The classification of the people brought out the terrible evils of overcrowding, and with map and diagram fixed the crime centres of the capital. In this respect Mr. Booth's work has been of incalculable service. Besides locating the plague spots, it showed the places and the classes where the pinch of poverty was most severely felt. Vol. II. began a special study of the Metropolis street by street, trade by trade, class by class. A special feature of the third volume was a record of the movements of the people—the influx from the country, the efflux to the suburbs. There was also a classification of children and schools, and a description of life in model dwellings. In this and in other volumes Mr. Booth adopted certain guiding standards; he held that a family who earned less than 21s. a week were living in poverty, and that people who were housed to the extent of more than two per room were overcrowded. A detailed analysis of the trades and occupations of the people was begun in the fourth volume. Tailoring, boot-making, furniture-making, and every other industry was taken in turn. The condition of the workers was laid bare—their ages, their wages, their customs and societies described. This went on with a multiplicity of details until the eighth volume was reached, when the public services and professional classes were brought under review. This section was necessarily less complete. There was greater difficulty in getting data as the inquirers carried their investigations into higher social conditions. This takes us to the present volume—the last of the present series, although not the finish of Mr. Booth's colossal undertaking. One chapter deals with the relation of poverty to overcrowding, and of overcrowding to earnings. The costers and general labourers are the most overcrowded. Milksellers are the worst paid class, 78 per cent. of them receiving less than 25s. per week.

One of the most surprising chapters deals with the proportion of people born in and out of London. Just one half of the heads of families are born in London, and the grocers just hit this average. The greatest proportion of Londoners are found among the bookbinders—no doubt a hereditary trade

—who show 81 per cent. of natives. Next come the paper-making industry, brush-making—an ancient London industry—and lightermen, the great majority of whom are London born. The classes who contain a majority of Londoners include glass and earthenware workers, coopers, shopkeepers, printers, costers, dock-labourers, soap and candle-makers, leather-dressers, booksellers, hatters, carmen, boot and shoe-makers, and general labourers. Roughly speaking, one might say the greatest number of Londoners are found in the least skilled occupations and the easily learned trades. To a large extent they are the hewers of wood and drawers of water to the dominating "alien" element. The Londoner has to import his teachers, his ministers, his scientists, writers, doctors, and architects. The intellectual life of the capital is in the hands of people born "outside." Under the head of religion the percentage of the "born in London" is 27; under education, literature, and science the London born are 35 per cent.; the doctors show 37 per cent. of Londoners; the architects 40 per cent.; those engaged in art and amusement 49 per cent. Again, Londoners have to go "outside" for people to control them. All but 17 per cent. of the police are from "outside," the railway service is mainly in the hands of outsiders. Only 12 per cent. of the men of the Army and Navy living in London are of London. A majority of those engaged in civil and municipal service are from outside; the same is the case in regard to gaswork service, municipal labour, cab and omnibus service. In trades where physical ability is required, such as the masons and blacksmiths, Londoners are outnumbered. It would be interesting to trace the degeneration of Londoners, for it is obvious that if they were a vigorous race there would not be room for the preponderance of uitlanders. There is no doubt that the productivity of the town dweller is decreased and his vitality lowered, but the case of the Londoner is not quite so bad as Mr. Booth's figures indicate, for his book does not deal with the whole of the London people. There are two hundred thousand people in West Ham, a hundred thousand in Tottenham, many thousands in Enfield, Edmonton, Walthamstow, and other working men's colonies in the suburbs who are not covered by his statistics. They form part of London's great labour army, although not, according to the census, of its population.

This last volume contains chapters on the industrial characteristics of the capital, on trade unions, and on the fluctuations of trades, and it ends with a concluding survey which calls for some comment. The least satisfactory portion of the book is the concluding commentary. Mr. Booth's suggestions as to industrial remedies are far from conclusive. He has left statistics to fall into platitude. After volumes of searching analyses, clearly expressed statements of facts, we come across such meaningless commonplaces and generalisations as these:

"How far speculation should go, and the extent to which credit should be given, are, however, essentially questions of degree."

"When men earn largely, the world has

usually benefited in proportion; and similarly, when they are paid very little, or are unable to earn anything at all, it is at least probable that what they contribute to the world is no less significant";

and

"beneficial regularity may be defined as that which combines social well-being with economic efficiency."

We are also told that "irregularity of employment" has its advantages as it "strengthens character under stress," and has a "direct effect on enterprise." We always thought that irregularity had a demoralising influence on the individual. One need not be disappointed at this lame ending, for Mr. Booth does not intend these tentative criticisms to be taken seriously. They do not represent his final judgment; they are not his review of reform forces or his own final suggestions. His great work is not yet finished; only a section of it—complete in itself—is disposed of. He has three other volumes in hand, in which he will deal with difficult and contentious subjects, such as drink and early marriages, the organisation of charity and the work of religious bodies. In these we may expect a more definite answer to the question, "What is the good of it all?" In the meantime no student of social conditions can afford to neglect Mr. Booth's great statistical and analytical encyclopædia on the life and labour of London.

THE FIRST MODERN SCHOOL-MASTER.

Vittorino da Feltre, and other Humanist Educators. By W. H. Woodward. (Cambridge: University Press.)

THIS timely and considerable contribution to our knowledge of mediæval education throws much light upon a comparatively unexplored region in the history of the Classical Revival in Italy. As its title indicates, Mr. Woodward's book deals mainly with Vittorino, but English versions of writings by other educators of the period have been added, and the whole is closed by a summary account of the aims and practice of the leading Humanist teachers of the *quattrocento*. The first part of the volume is devoted to Vittorino and his school—"the first great school of the Renaissance." If there were anything new under the sun, we might, perhaps, expect to discover it in the latest developments of public school management in our own land. Yet in this *Ginnasio* at Mantua we find in full swing many an enlightened method and many a cunning device such as are generally believed to be inventions of the last half-century. We find entrance scholarships carrying a portion of the fees; we find free scholarships subject to a poverty-test that really worked; we find that evasion of duty known as the superannuation system; we find a solution of the preparatory school question to an extent which enabled children of five and men of twenty-five to work together in the same establishment; we find playgrounds regarded as essential;

we find organised and compulsory games that reach their climax of vigour and ferocity in football. Verily, we may determine with Mr. Woodward that "the founder of the Mantuan school was the first modern schoolmaster." The origin of that time-honoured and well-hated institution, "rep.," is perhaps to be seen in the previously dictated "recitations," which necessarily occupied a large portion of the time-table in an age when books were scarce and costly, and most of the teaching was perforce oral. The contemptuous attitude adopted towards the vernacular Italian, which apparently was considered unworthy of a place in serious education, resembles the supercilious neglect of English in our own old classical schools. But with a difference: in the former case there was a better excuse. In Italy, on the one hand, Latin had never ceased to have a life as the language of the learned, and about it, moreover, remained the glamour of the might of ancient Rome; while, on the other hand, *la lingua volgare* was still more or less in the dialectal stage, and had not yet worked its way out into a generally accepted literary vehicle. Guarino and Vittorino would no more have thought of reading Dante in their schools than Busby would have thought of teaching Shakespeare at Westminster. Indeed, as Frederick Schlegel said, it is likely that the fifteenth century scholars wished to supplant altogether the vulgar tongue and to re-establish classical Latin as the common speech. The authors studied in form were much the same as those in vogue to-day; with the addition of some that have gone out of fashion. Among the latter were Valerius Maximus, Justin, Quintus Curtius, Florus, Seneca (*Tragedies*), Pliny the Elder, Solinus, and Pomponius Mela; conversely, Tacitus, who as yet was hardly known, and whose style was regarded as doubtful, is never mentioned. In Greek Apollonius Rhodius was included in the list of school-books, but not Æschylus and not Thucydides. With respect to Vittorino's conception of the aim of education, while holding letters to be a necessary preliminary to professional training, "his ideal was the patriotic and the well-equipped citizen rather than the self-contained scholar." Vittorino himself wrote nothing: it was quite enough for him to be a schoolmaster. One touch of nature makes all house-masters kin; and to the serious state of mind induced by perusing some seventy of Mr. Woodward's pages in laud of his hero, it came as a pleasing relief to learn that even he was human, that even he had his difficulties with his matrons. Of one of them he writes: "I can stand her no longer, nor would I if I could." "No characteristic," writes Mr. Woodward, "is more noteworthy in the true Humanist teacher than his persistent attitude of a student." What percentage of English schoolmasters realises the fact that when a man ceases to learn he ceases to be able to teach? Of the small percentage that does grasp this truth, what proportion acts upon it?

To turn to the second section of the book, Vergerius in his treatise *De Ingeniis Moribus* (circa 1393) makes several points that appeal

to us at the present time. Among other things he maintains that "the education of children is a matter of more than private interest; it concerns the State, which, indeed, regards the right training of the young as, in certain aspects, within its proper sphere. I would wish to see this responsibility extended." Already in those early days the pedagogue suffered under the widowed mother: "One source of danger lies in the weak indulgence of parents, and this is often seen the more conspicuously when the father's stronger hand has been taken away." Against another enemy to education, the dame's school of the decayed gentlewoman, we have a note of warning—"we should be careful to go to the best teachers even for the rudiments." Vergerius was not of opinion that "anyone can teach little boys." The tractate of Lionardo D'Arezzo (circa 1405) is "the earliest Humanist essay on education expressly dedicated to a lady." In it we have a reminder of the opposition which, as Reumont points out, was offered by the Dominicans to the "paganism" of the New Learning, for it opens with a counter-denunciation of "that vulgar threadbare jargon which satisfies those who devote themselves to theology." It goes on to lay down the unimpeachable law that "the foundations of all true learning must be laid in the sound and thorough knowledge of Latin." Next follows the *De Liberiorum Educatione*, written in 1450 by the illustrious Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, afterwards pope as Pius II. This discourse is largely based on Quintilian. We may commend to the attention both of parents and of governing bodies of schools his remark that "so important a matter, even in the earliest stages of education, is the choice of teachers, that we stand amazed at the carelessness which is daily exhibited in their selection." He cites Socrates and Plutarch on the propriety of visiting the negligence of the pupil upon the head of the master. A school in which the headmaster had the power of inflicting corporal punishment on the members of the staff would doubtless become a very perfect machine. High, however, as are the matters of which he treats, the unwitting writer now and again yields us an opportunity for a passing smile. As when he indicates his conception of the summit of hardihood—"a boy should so discipline his appetite that he may eat even beef." Or when he insists that "in speaking Latin, barbarisms of all kinds need to be avoided with great care," and on the same page perpetrates the decidedly useful but decidedly canine *monetare*. Or when he gallantly displays his indignation at the flippant guess which derived *celebs* from *celum*, as being the heavenly state of "one who is free from the heaviest burden of existence—i.e., a wife." Like his brother Humanists, he has a fling at *mumpsimus*: he warns his pupil that in the study of classical Latin he "will be confronted by the opposition of the shallow Churchman." It is impossible to refrain from comparing with this Colet's charge in the statutes of St. Paul's School:

"All *Barbary*, all corruption, all Latens adulterate which ignorant blinde foles brought into this worlde, and with the same hath dystained and poysonyd the olde Latens speche, and the veraye

Romayne tonge. . . I saye that fylthyness and all suche abusion whiche the later blynde worlde brought in, whiche more rather may be called *Blotterature* then *Litterature*, I utterly abannyshe and exclude out of this Schole."

The last tract is that on *The Order and Method of Teaching and Reading Classical Authors*, by Battista Guarino, son of the celebrated Guarino Veronese. The mantle of the sire fell upon the son, for he succeeded immediately to the professorial chair voided by his father's death. This fact, doubtless, helped to preserve the continuity of the work of Guarino da Verona, and combined with the popularity of the well-known *Compendium* of the latter to render the name of Guarino the elder more generally familiar than that of Vittorino. This treatise "especially represents the doctrines of my father," says Battista. Among other tricks of the teacher, he mentions a speciality in minor tactics which, except in some manuals of English composition, has now, perhaps undeservedly, fallen out of use. This is the setting for correction of a piece of Latin in which errors have been purposely introduced. He naturally recommends the use of his father's *Compendium*, or *Grammaticales Regule*, originally published at Venice in 1470. A copy of this scarce book, picked up some years ago at a bookstall, lies before us as we write. It is largely composed of doggerel verses of the *Propria quæ maribus* type, intended to be learnt by rote. The *Compendium* of Guarino, who may be regarded as the Valpy of the fifteenth century, was probably the chief rival Latin grammar to the famous *Antiquus Donatus*, which figures in the statutes of Winchester College, though it does not appear ever to have succeeded in furnishing a generic name for elementary grammar books as did "Old Donat." As our own "Piers Plowman" can testify, a "Donatus," "Donat," or "Donet," had become practically a synonym for a primer long before Guarino composed his *Regule*.

Mr. Woodward concludes with an excellent summary of the foregoing essays and of the contents of other contemporary works on education. He points out that "a singular harmony is presented by our authorities both as to the general aims pursued and the methods advocated to secure them." Again:

"Latin and Greek grammar was still in the inductive stage; it could only be studied by the actual reading of the great writers; orthography, accidence, syntax, prosody and style were alike far from being crystallised in authoritative rule and usage. On the deductive side, as a practical art, grammar was still only in the making."

Finally, there is another aspect of the educational revolution effected by the Humanist teachers. "They rescued the function of the schoolmaster from the contempt in which it was proverbially held." It was no longer possible for scholars to write as Petrarch had written in the preceding century:

"Let those teach who like disorder, noise, and squalor; who rejoice in the screams of the victim as the rod falls gaily; who are not happy unless they can terrify, flog, and torture. How, then, can teaching—be it of grammar or of any

of the liberal arts—be a fit occupation for honourable age? Quit so debasing a trade while chance offers."

And this change was due to the labours of Guarino the elder and Vittorino. The attention and interest attracted by Mr. Woodward's scholarly work will extend far beyond the circle of the professional educationist.

SPITSBERGEN THE UNINVITING.

The First Crossing of Spitsbergen. By Sir William Martin Conway. With Contributions by J. W. Gregory, A. Trevor-Battye, and E. J. Garwood. (J. M. Dent & Co.)

No one, after reading the title-page of this book, a title-page far from pleasing to the eye, will have any doubt as to its contents. They are set down with a lavish profuseness such as is rarely seen in these days, and might render what is told thereafter superfluous, were it not for the manner of the telling. The main title is imitated from the *First Crossing of Greenland*, and the book, from its bulk as well as in point of chronological appearance, seems to challenge comparison with Nansen's more recent volumes. Such a comparison would be to its disadvantage, for neither in point of continued interest nor in importance of material does it reach the same level, and there is about Sir Martin Conway's style (in this volume at any rate) a tendency to lapse into personal trivialities which was successfully avoided by Nansen, so far, at any rate, as it was likely to interfere with the proper course of his narrative. We do not for a moment suppose that any such comparison was intended; but Sir Martin Conway's readers may be excused for feeling that he has given them more than due measure in recording the events of a three months' summer excursion at considerably greater length than Nansen devoted to his famous sledge expedition, which occupied more than a year. There seems to be an increasing tendency for books of travel to become diffuse, and as they are at the same time growing rapidly more numerous, it might be well if all the small change of such expeditions, the individual "duckings," the comic appearance, the fugitive joke, and the personal "chaff," could be vigorously curtailed or buried in private correspondence. Want of attention to this maxim has somewhat interfered with Sir Martin Conway's admirable narrative. We lose ourselves in some engrossing tale of a pony's stubbornness, and totally forget what the expedition was supposed to be doing. Even now, after a careful perusal from end to end, we confess to a hazy impression of the various land manoeuvres, and looking back over the pages we can see nothing but "Garwood's cooking was invaluable," "Trevor-Battye made light of his discomforts," "Gregory took a well-earned nap," or "called for tea and victuals." Interspersed with this sort of thing is the scientific narrative, of which a clearer idea can be got from Sir Martin Conway's short paper published in the

journal of the Geographical Society. However, people must write their books their own way, and reviewers are born captious.

The expedition, judged by the light of its original plans, was not an entire success. It failed, as pioneer expeditions must often do, from want of accurate knowledge concerning the country to be traversed. Accounts of previous explorers, and possibly the analogy of Greenland, led Sir Martin Conway to expect an interior plateau of vast level snowfields, easily negotiated by ponies and light sledges; an "unabsehbare weisse Flache," as one shortsighted observer described it. Instead he found, to his surprise, a wild chaos of crumbling mountains, separated by valleys of soft ooze, into which the ponies sank, or by torrents of icy water. Each pass was a laborious obstacle which they hoped would be the last, and each pass that followed was worse. It is mortifying on such occasions to reflect that a mere foreboding of the actual state of affairs would have led one to adopt entirely different plans and different equipment. The plans can be changed, not always with advantage; but the equipment is irremediable. Thus we can admire the cheerful way in which the explorers set themselves to the tedious work of dragging their ponies and flimsy sledges through the network of morasses and waterlogged snow that confronted them in the interior of Spitsbergen, and can do justice to the patience and skill which produced under such disheartening circumstances the complicated topographical map which illustrates the volume.

It had been the original intention of the explorers to make a series of examinations of the interior by crossing three or four times from west to east at different points of the island. As this proved manifestly impossible in the time given, they contented themselves with crossing once to Agardhs Bay, and with mapping in detail a single district lying between Sassen Bay, at the end of Ice Fjord, and terminating at Klok Bay to the southward. How difficult was the manipulation of the plane table in such a region may be gathered from the following broken fragments:

"The higher I rose the wilder and more furious blew the wind. . . I halted, leaning against the gale, and with difficulty set up the plane table, holding it with both hands and spreading wide the legs. . . One could not stay long at work in such a gale. It blew all warmth and feeling from the hands. On these occasions only habit enables a man to face working at all; mere will does not suffice. Each line drawn upon the map is won at a measurable cost of pain. When I could stand no more I hurried under the cliff's shelter and rubbed life back into fingers and arms."

Mingled with imprecations on the weather, the soil, and the foothold, come at each ascent such ecstasies of wonder at the beauty of the views that one is continually reminded of a philosophic passage near the beginning of the book:

"Such is the innate folly of man that when he sees a beautiful view he desires to be in the midst of it. . . But the beauty is not there, but here, whence it is beheld. Not on that golden surface of the rippled sea, not on that rose-tinted peak, but here. Tell a man this

a thousand times; repeat it to yourself; it is useless."

Possibly the length of this volume, on which we have remarked, is due to Sir Martin Conway's all-round accomplishments. He is not only a scientific traveller writing a record, but a poet, a painter, a journalist, and a jovial companion as well. Each of these characteristics requires a separate outlet.

On returning to Advent Bay, the headquarters of the expedition, the party changed its plans once more. A circumnavigation of the island formed no part of the original scheme, which was confined to the interior. The summer of 1896 was, however, a remarkably open season, and the surrounding seas were free from ice. The chance presented was an exceptional one, and a small steamer was chartered to explore the coast and neighbouring islands. Cruising up northwards over the top of Spitsbergen, a dash was made down the treacherous Hinloopen Strait and as far as Barent's Isle, Wiche Land being observed and sketched to the westward. Then the course was retraced, and a visit was paid to Herr Andrée, who was patiently waiting at Dane's Gap beside his inflated balloon for the south wind which was to blow him over the polar region. The south wind did not come, and Herr Andrée was about to return in expectation of a better year. With this voyage the expedition terminated, and the party, with two exceptions, returned in time to witness Nansen's historic arrival. The exceptions were Messrs. Garwood and Trevor-Battye, who stopped to accomplish an ascent of the Hornsund Tind or Mount Hedgehog, the most respectable peak in Spitzbergen. Another diversion was also made by two of the party who explored Dickson's Bay, and wrote a separate record.

Whether each is also going to publish a separate book remains to be seen. If this is done, our information in regard to the district traversed will be tolerably complete. It is understood that Dr. Gregory and Mr. Garwood will give us the benefit of their geological observations, which were not unimportant, and to these we may safely look forward.

The last chapter in Sir Martin Conway's book deals with Spitsbergen as a summer resort. Nansen also recommended the North Pole, but Spitsbergen has the merit of comparative accessibility. Two or three lines of steamers have begun to run there weekly in the summer, and tourists may disport themselves in the perpetual daylight as only tourists can. There is a hotel at Advent Bay, and targets have been erected to console those who expect to find game, either by considerate members of a previous expedition or by someone whose life has been jeopardised by the free shooting which prevails. The weather is described as not unlike that of an English spring. Words, even Sir Martin Conway's, fail to fit themselves to the scenery, which, judging from Mr. H. E. Conway's sketches, is of a vividly polychrome description. The adventurous, with this book in hand, may follow Mr. Garwood in his risky ascents, and jeopardise the nine lives which climbers seem to have. Those more mildly inclined may accept the

dictum of another member of the party who described the interior of Spitsbergen as a piece of work botched in the making and thrown aside. Certainly few will be tempted, except by an enthusiasm for science, to continue the cartography of this uninviting region.

MR. LILLY'S WRITINGS.

Essays and Speeches. By W. S. Lilly. (Chapman & Hall.)

THIS is a volume of vivid and various interest. The author has reclaimed certain contributions of importance to the leading magazines. And the result is a book which displays a veritable *dubia cena*—a feast of fat things full of marrow. Nor—to continue the metaphor—is the equipage—the *supellex* or "overlay"—of the banquet unworthy of the viands which compose it. The type, the paper, and the general get-up are here as good as can be, and the book is furnished with an admirably full index and an exhaustive summary of contents.

Of Mr. Lilly we may say, in all sincerity, what in this volume he has observed of Mr. Ruskin, that he is a noble and most ennobling teacher, whom we may always hear gladly, whether we assent or not. Impartiality—unflinching courage—loftiness and purity of motive: these are surely inspiring and uplifting qualities in the critic of life and literature, even where we may not be able to accept all his conclusions. In Mr. Lilly there is a remarkable consistency of aim; and consequently a strong vein of individuality—a well-defined and unmistakable idiosyncrasy—pervades everything that comes from his trenchant and indefatigable pen. Wherein this distinctive note lies he himself explains in his speech "On Literature and National Life." "In all the poor writings," he says, "which I have ventured to give to the world from time to time, the end that I have kept before me has been this, to translate into literature the moral and political philosophy which I hold." It is this unity and elevation of purpose which imparts to all that he has written an absolute homogeneity of character. In the volume before us he announces again and again, and in the clearest and most emphatic language, his attitude towards the ethical and political problems of the hour. (See pp. 168-172, 208, 215-223.) "You will, I know, agree with me in holding," he writes, in dedicating the book to Charles Stanton Devas,

"that the great issue in the world of thought at the present day—an issue which cannot be too plainly stated—is whether man is mere matter in motion, or a spirit robed in flesh—*ἡ ψυχή ἐν σαρτί*, as Aristotle expresses the alternative; whether he is a thing bound fast in fate, like the rest of nature, or a person endowed with true volition, and responsible for choice; that is to say, whether he is an ethical agent, whose one worthy spring of action is the moral law speaking to him through conscience, a law not the outcome of calculations of the chances of agreeable feeling, nor a deduction from experiences of utility; no, but a divine order, good and acceptable and perfect, as the expression of Supreme Reason . . . ruling by

its mandates and its penalties over all intelligent beings, in all spheres of their activity, in all worlds."

And in the following passage from the essay on the "New Spirit in History" he expresses lucidly and impressively his personal convictions on this most momentous of all questions:

"Is man nothing more than 'a willy-nilly current of sensations,' or is he really possessed of true causality? To me, the Determinist view of the collective, as of the individual, life of humanity—the view which makes of it mere physiology and mechanism—seems clearly false. I so account it for this reason—to give no other—that it is flatly opposed to the testimony of consciousness. . . . In public life, as in private, the most important words are right and wrong. The moral law is the fundamental fact, not only of individual existence, but of the social order. It is the sun of righteousness illuminating the world of rational being."

Mr. Lilly is a philosopher and a transcendentalist; but philosophers, after all, are (it is consoling to reflect) but men—beings subject to toothache and other like passions with our undiscerning selves; in whom the *θηρίον*, though held in subjection by, has not yet been finally absorbed and swallowed up in, the *θεός*. For those who find it hard to tarry long in the rare atmosphere of the philosophic heights haunted by Mr. Lilly, it is pleasant to discover that even he can at times find it expedient to descend from the tenuous ether of those lofty pinnacles of thought to what Ben Jonson calls the "fatter air" (*pinguis et concretus aer*) of humble human passion. Mr. Lilly is the fairest, the most honourable of fighters—he never strikes below the belt; but where, consistently with the rules of fair play, he perceives his advantage, he will, we may rest assured, suffer no idle scruples to hinder him from pursuing it to the uttermost. Rather will he go for his antagonist like a man, and knock him out of time with the blithe serenity of self-satisfaction exhibited, on a famous occasion, by Sam Weller, when in the public street of Ipswich he "floored" Grummer, Dubbley, and the special division. Witness the pages of this volume on which he deals with the Rev. Whitwell Elwin, with Signor Crispi, and, above all, with Mr. Froude. Of the last-named Mr. Lilly writes:

"He was incapable of critically investigating facts. Nay, he was incapable, congenitally incapable, I believe, even of correctly stating them. A less judicial mind probably never existed. He is everywhere an advocate, and an utterly unscrupulous advocate. His predecessor in the Chair of Modern History at Oxford once said: 'When we have read Mr. Froude's account of any matter, we know, at all events, one way in which it did not happen.' I think this was too strongly said. According to St. Thomas Aquinas, the father of lies himself sometimes tells the truth: *Interdum diabolus veritatem loquitur*."

And he goes on to call Froude "a congenital pseudomaniac," and to compare him to Charles Honeyman in *The Newcomes*: "Charles," said Fred. Bayham, "you had, even from your youth up, a villainous habit: it's my belief you'd rather lie than not." Surely though this is written with a goose quill, there is gall enough in the ink. But Mr. Lilly's pen, while apt enough to drop

gall at times, is more often and more happily employed in dropping honeyed words of praise and friendship. Let us take leave of him with a sentence or two from his touching eulogy of John Henry Newman :

"Cardinal Newman was something better than a great historian, a great philosopher, a great theologian: he was a great spirit. No such profound and keen intellect had been known among Catholics since the days of Pascal; no such master of language since the days of Bossuet. Style is one of the best indexes to character, and in Cardinal Newman's 'regal English'—to use Mr. Hutton's admirable phrase—we have a true revelation of his kingly intelligence. No other man, since the days of Shakespeare, has possessed his supreme dominion over our tongue. And he employed it in absolute fidelity to the law within; ever for him, through all that tract of years, 'the rule and measure of duty.' . . . In him we recognise one of those elect souls, 'radiant with ardour divine,' who as 'beacons of hope' illuminate, from time to time, the path of 'troubled and distressed mortality.'"

MADE TO ORDER.

Cakes and Ale. By Edward Spencer (Grant Richards.)

"It is impossible for any Author to please all people," Robert May, the "Accomplisht Cook," wrote some three hundred years ago, when he gave the world his famous treatise on cookery. Probably Mr. Edward Spencer (better known to the sporting world, we believe, as "Nathaniel Gubbins") realises that the same conditions prevail to-day, and will therefore not be discouraged when he learns that his book on Robert May's subject has not pleased us, whatever its fate with a less exacting public. At the very outset his preface destroyed our confidence in his judgment. There he tells us, with needless candour, that the work was undertaken simply because he wanted to write a book about something, and all the motives he suggested were disdained by his publisher, who could, however, "do" with "a good, bold, brilliant, lightly treated, exhaustive work on gastronomy." "I'm a bit of a parlour cook," Mr. Spencer then advanced as his qualification for the task. A bit of a parlour cook! It savours of sacrilege when we remember the knowledge and achievements of the long line of inspired writers upon the art, from our friend the "Accomplisht Cook," who wrote because "God and my own conscience"—as he explained to the "most worthy Artists," his fellow "Master Cooks"—"would not permit me to bury these, my Experiences, with my Silver Hairs in the Grave"; to Alexandre Dumas, whose *Dictionnaire* was to be the triumphant crowning of his life's literary work. A bit of a parlour cook, who could, so he says, manage a salad, a grill, an anchovy toast, or a cooling and cunningly compounded cup, to venture to compete with the mighty Vatel who have died for their art, the Carêmes who have heroically braved the charcoal fumes that might lessen their days but would increase their glory!

And the book itself is not much worse, not much better, than the preface led us

to expect. "New humour," slang, funny stories, headlines after the fashion of the halfpenny paper; these are the attractions offered in the place of the stately language, the courtly style, the elegant seriousness of the authorities who were artists, not journalists. Our interest is supposed to be quickened when our eyes fall on these and similar headings: "Coloured Help," "No Cheques Accepted," "Such Larks," in all the pride and pomp of italics and single lines to themselves. We are presumably made to feel at home by free-and-easy references to the lodging-house "gal," and the landlady who has to be "squared," and the business-men who "gallop" through breakfast and luncheon, and put in their "best work" at dinner. And we are invited to laugh at the inevitable jest about "those who go down to the sea in ships," and the more personal joke of a salad made with colza oil by a drunken cook, or of the effects of an experimental vegetarian dinner, and so on and so on.

When we turn from the ornaments of style to the doctrine taught, we find Mr. Spencer to be a man of at least one strong belief—viz., that French cookery is an abomination not to be endured by right-minded and healthily constituted Englishmen. Mrs. Glasse, it is true, had her objection to French cooks.

"So much is the Blind Folly of this Age, that they—English gentlemen—would rather be impos'd on by a *French Booby* [that she was not writing in the 'high polite stile' she had already explained] than give Encouragement to a good *English Cook*!"

But clearly her objection was much the same as that cherished nowadays by the City clerk to the German. It was not French cooking that excited her indignation, but the French *chef*, who, by his "French tricks," was ousting honest English men and women from their rightful place. With Mr. Spencer, however, it is all the other way. The practices of the French kitchen are anathema to him. To introduce the two harmless little words *A la* on a *menu* is to incur his wrath for ever. Out of them, indeed, he has invented a wicked fairy *Ala*, whom he pictures for us waging terrible war against the "Roast Beef of Old England." Her "attendant sprites" are "Grease, Vinegar, and Garlic," he says: and this makes us fear that his experience of French cooking has been limited to the cheap French restaurant. It is a sad fact that the Paris restaurant is no longer what it was in the great days, when the most distinguished *chefs* of France left the palace of the noble to preside in the eating-house of the *bourgeois*. But there are still friendly little places, almost under the shadow of Notre Dame or the Bourse, where Mr. Spencer might enlarge his experience and be convinced of the truth, much to his own profit and that of his readers; though, we should add, the restaurant is neither the only nor the best school for the study of the art of cookery. However, even Mr. Spencer does not live on roast beef alone, and we are amused to note that his *recipies* sometimes have a distinctly French flavour, and that French terms prove very useful, almost indispensable.

His concluding chapters are devoted to the art, not of eating but of drinking. His cups and restoratives are sometimes as wonderful as Sir Kenelm Digby's Metheglins and Meaths and Hydromels—if never so picturesque—and often as alarming. But, perhaps, after we had eaten Mr. Spencer's breakfast of bacon and eggs, Calcutta jumble, reindeer's tongue, and other dainties, and his dinner—he is wise and objects to luncheon, even if not unwilling to make a *menu* for it—of roast beef and real English accessories, we might stand in need of his "Swizzles" and "Liveners." We have, however, too much respect for ourselves and for the noble art of Varenne and Beauvilliers to run any such awful risk.

A HANDBOOK OF LITERATURE.

Handbook of English Literature. By Austin Dobson and W. Hall Griffin. (Crosby, Lockwood & Son.)

THIS handbook, as Mr. Austin Dobson informs us in his preface, was published originally in the Sixties for the use of those who designed to enter the Civil Service examinations. But English literature, as he pathetically remarks, has never been a favourite subject with the candidates for the Civil Service. Accordingly, an attempt was made to extend it as a book for general reference; and now it is for the third time re-issued under the supervision of Prof. Hall Griffin, the teacher of English language and literature at Queen's College, who has brought it up to modern requirements. It is emphatically a book of reference, a book for students only; and a book for students desirous of having at hand compendious data, rather than a detailed introduction to English literature. But in its kind it must be pronounced excellent, and without any rival that we know of. It is arranged in chronological periods, without any attempt at philosophical order, as Mr. Dobson warns us. Where it is perhaps least satisfactory is in the notices of nineteenth century writers, and those immediately preceding the nineteenth century. It is very full and up to date in its list of modern writers, and this has somewhat cramped the space given to such modern writers of importance as Shelley and Keats. Without some previous knowledge of the important place occupied by these poets, the student would be liable to underrate their position—indeed, the plan of treatment would seem to expect some such knowledge on the part of the student. Nor is it quite satisfactory to find such a poet as Blake relegated to an appendix of minor writers, while Young and like small fry find a place in the body of the book.

But this ends our fault-finding. Mr. Dobson's share in the work obviously comes out most strongly where we should expect to find it—in the poets and prose-writers of the eighteenth century. The notices of Dryden, of Pope, of the essayists of that time, of Richardson, Fielding, and the other novelists of the eighteenth century, are

delightful, and such as the youthful student will hardly find in any other handbook. Prof. Griffin's strength and special contribution are no less obviously to be looked for in the chapters dealing with the beginnings of English literature. No other handbook, we think, equally elementary, gives such a clear and knowledgeable account of our early literature, embodying with equal fullness, and at the same time brevity, the results of the most modern researches. One finds references made, for example, to such recent authorities as Prof. W. P. Ker. There is an admirable account of the principles of the great Saxon alliterative metre, most rare to find in a popular handbook, and of incalculable value for the youthful student. The chief early authors, from Cædmon up to Chaucer, are handled, and the evolution of Chaucer's English from Saxon and Norman French is traced. This difficult subject is further illustrated by a valuable appendix of passages from early English poems and prose-writings: the Saxon epic of *Beowulf*, Layamon, and various early authors, including a passage from Tyndall's Bible, are all quoted to illustrate the text. The treatment of the growth and establishment of our literature is so careful and valuable, that we can well afford to forgive the authors if a certain amount of knowledge is taken for granted in regard to the principal writers of our own century. It is a fault on the right side, and was doubtless necessary if the list of modern writers was to be brought so thoroughly up to date as has been done. This handbook is, we certainly think, the best brief compendium of reference for English literary students that we know. It aims not at extended exposition, but at being an advanced *multum in parvo*; and it certainly fulfils its object. So far as we have seen, all dates and biographical details embody the latest and most accurate results; making it a most handy and reliable compendium for the literary man as well as the student.

MR. WELLS'S NEW STORIES.

The Plattner Story. By H. G. Wells.
(Methuen & Co.)

THIS volume of short stories is very much what we have learned to expect—one might say, to hope for—from Mr. Wells. The author's range is unusually wide: it is a rare gift that can exhibit with almost equal conviction both real life and the life of an imaginary wonderland. There are some whose imagination answers to the stimulus and obeys the direction of an observation of things here and known, but stops short before the unexplored, and will not enter the kingdom beyond and unknown. There are others, fewer in number, poets and dreamers, madmen and men of genius, who will tell us stories of any world but this, and can never render the life around them: who pay, in short, for their creative power by the blindness of their eyes.

Dealing first with those stories or parts of stories in which Mr. Wells treats of life here and now, there are certain character-

istics worthy of notice. The approach is always scientific and without prejudice; the grey life that he depicts is neither darkened to villainy nor illuminated to heroism; he describes the middle and lower-middle classes neither as if he held a brief for their defence nor with any air of superiority; he wants the truth and he gets it. Many authors describe their characters with a double purpose—that the reader may form an opinion of the people, and, secondly, that the reader may subsequently deduce an opinion of the author. It is a common and unpleasant form of egotism, and Mr. Wells is remarkably free from it. That his correct and impartial attitude never leads him to produce a cold report of real life instead of a story of real life may be assigned to the fact that he is an artist. There is no long analysis of a character where a word or two of dialogue would serve the purpose. "Wretched mumchaucer!" exclaims the headmaster, and we know the headmaster. "Rational 'njoyment'" pleads the struggling shopkeeper, and stands revealed. Similarly, Mr. Wells will get a whole scene by recording one or two suggestive details. For instance, an operation is to take place, and here is the picture: "Haddon moved the little octagonal table close to the bedside, and, with his broad black back to me, began taking things out of his bag. I heard the light click of steel upon steel." His sense of value is good, his sympathies are broad, his humour is dry and pleasant. Of his stories of real life "The Purple Pilens" and "A Catatrophe" are the best. Sometimes, of course, he fails: misses his effect or lets himself be seen trying for it; but, on the whole, the level is high and well maintained.

We pass to the stories of wonderland. Where is wonderland? On the moon, at the bottom of the sea, in the centre of the earth, on the outside edge of the hereafter? How do we arrive at it? In books, mostly by the mysterious powder or the fixed hypnotic stare; chloroform, plain sleep, or a newly invented machine will also serve the purpose. It has already been pointed out there are few authors who have been successful in what is often not quite accurately called purely imaginative work. In the story of real life the reader supplies something; he is in a state of expectant attention; the illusion is more easily produced. In the story of wonderland the author must supply everything; the reader must be told what he is to see instead of being reminded of something he has seen. Again, it is all very well for an author to say that he will let his imagination roam, but in almost every case the imagination refuses to avail itself of the permission. This imagination is no wild bird beating its heart out against the bars of the cage and pining to be free. It does not pine, it is reluctant to roam. An annexation of any part of wonderland that has hitherto been unexplored is a rare event; in the intervals we rediscover the already discovered, and, as a rule, no story is so trite and conventional as the story of wonderland.

In some of these stories Mr. Wells does rediscover the discovered; but if he takes a theme that has been used, he sees it from his own point of view, and handles it in his

own way. And in other of the stories the idea seems to us quite new and fresh; some further annexation of the wonderful kingdom has been made. Very remarkable is the skill with which he makes the impossible seem, for the time being, like the inevitable. He knows just the moment when a description must be plain and prosaic if it is to be credible; it is the very moment where those that fail in this kind allow themselves fine writing. He is quick to see when the very incompleteness of the story may help the illusion and produce something of the air of a fragmentary human document. Two of the stories, "The Sea-Raiders" and "Pollock and the Porroh Man," are quite successful in producing the feeling of horror; and although it is perfectly easy to fill a story with all manner of ghastliness, it is quite a different thing and a very much more difficult thing to produce the feeling of horror.

No more interesting volume of short stories has appeared for a long time, and none which is so likely to give equal pleasure to the simplest reader and to the most fastidious critic.

A PEOPLE "RELIGIOUS TO EXCESS."

Religion of the Ancient Egyptians. By Alfred Wiedemann, Ph.D., &c. (H. Grevel & Co.)

A LAND divided into forty-two provinces, each possessing a god believed by his worshippers to be the creator and ruler of the universe; a people so obstinately conservative that they accepted new ideas only on condition that they did not abandon the old; and a history stretching over fifty centuries, during which the country was repeatedly conquered by foreign invaders, who brought their own gods with them when they came and left them behind them when they went away. If the reader can picture to himself the kaleidoscopic faith likely to result from these three causes, he will have some idea of the difficulty of producing a bird's-eye view of the religion of Ancient Egypt. Yet Prof. Wiedemann has performed this feat, and has performed it well. Wisely throwing aside any attempt to portray, as a whole, either the Egyptian Pantheon or the Egyptian creed, he has compressed into a volume of 300 pages an account which leaves little to be desired of the Egyptian religion as it affected the daily life of the people. Here, for instance, the uninstructed reader can learn in a pleasant and easy way the curious ideas of the Egyptians concerning the wanderings of the soul after death, their deification of the kings of the country, and the true reason of their worship of animals. If he chooses to go further, he will find in the same volume a sufficient description of their chief gods, of the gradual transformation of these last into solar deities, and of all the ceremonies of the Egyptian religion which have come down to us. Nor is this information imparted in the didactic or professorial manner. Everywhere Dr. Wiedemann gives us full

translations of the texts on which his conclusions are based, and although he is, of course, obliged to take some things for granted, he most honestly warns us that "in the study of Egyptian religion, as in all other branches of Egyptology, our knowledge is as yet very imperfect." If any fault can be found with his work, it is that his translations do not always reach the high literary level of Prof. Maspero's.

The impression which the book will probably leave on the minds of most readers is that to the "plain man" of Ancient Egypt the worship of the gods was much less a religion than a sort of magic. Sublime and noble conceptions can, indeed, be found in many of the hymns here given; but there is no reason to suppose that they ever reached the ear of any Egyptian who was not either a king or a priest. For the rest of the nation the smallest action of daily life was presided over by some god or other, and the favour of this deity could be obtained with the certainty of a scientific experiment by the performance of the appropriate ceremony. Even in the next world the same theory held good. The path of the soul to perfect beatitude was supposed to be beset with terrible difficulties, but they could all be overcome by a knowledge of what may be irreverently called the rules of the game. At almost every step in the underworld the dead Egyptian found a well-guarded gate, which was only opened to him on the presentation of the proper amulet and the utterance of the proper password. Hence the best preparation for the world to come was thought to be, not good conduct in this life, but a map of the country and a good memory for its dangers as handed down by the priests. The power which this put into the hands of the priesthood can easily be seen, and the story of its abuse forms one of the saddest satires upon humanly invented religious institutions that can well be imagined. Well suited as the religion of Egypt was to a people who, as we are apt to forget, were, after all, Africans, in the outset it rendered great services to civilisation, and remained tolerant and kindly to the end. But the failure of Khuenaten's reform made it possible for the priests to grasp at political power, and from that moment it began to decay. At length it broke down under the intolerable weight of its own ceremonies and the idleness which it enforced on the greater part of the population, and when it finally vanished the backbone of the nation seems to have gone with it. Never since she abjured her old gods has Egypt been independent.

The volume before us is in every way an advance on the German edition with which scholars have hitherto had to content themselves. It contains some seventy well-chosen illustrations, has been brought up to date by the author, and has an excellent index. Dr. Wiedemann has also been lucky in his translator.

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

FOUR BOOKS ON EDUCATION.

Aims and Practice of Teaching. By Frederic Spencer, and Others. (Cambridge: University Press.) This is a collection of papers by several hands on the teaching of Greek, Latin, French, German, English, history, geography, algebra, geometry, physical science, chemistry, botany, and physiology. The various chapters do not, and apparently are not intended to, constitute a harmonious whole. Considerable difference of opinion appears concerning the handling of those among the above subjects that lend themselves to somewhat similar treatment, and this variety probably adds to the usefulness of the book. In dealing with so heterogeneous an assemblage of essays comparisons would not be odious only because they would not be possible; but we may perhaps say that those on Greek, Latin, geography, geometry, and chemistry have struck us most. If, indeed, the teaching of chemistry in schools can ever be so ordered as to possess any real value as a mental gymnastic, it will probably have to be conducted on some such lines as those indicated in Mr. Armstrong's chapter. It is strange that botany should have been accorded a place in this scholastic Pantheon, while arithmetic was excluded. Taken in the aggregate, these articles do not contain much that is of startling novelty, but, old or new, the views set forth are sane, and the suggestions offered are practical. Secondary schoolmasters rarely trouble themselves to read books on education. Those of them who are least uninterested in their profession, and those of them who are least unconscious of their shortcomings through lack of training, might strain a point for once and glance through Mr. Spencer's volume.

Miss C. S. Bremner's *Education of Girls and Women* (Swan Sonnenschein) is introduced by some dozen pages of excellent preliminary matter from the pen of Miss E. P. Hughes, and, so far as nineteenth century developments and the existing situation are concerned, will be found a clear and succinct sketch of the subject. The Scottish section is particularly well done. The weak point of the book, apart from the occasional slipshod character of the English, lies in the historical summary contained in the earlier pages, which is thin and poor and evidently written from insufficient and inaccurate knowledge. The author herself very modestly and very properly styles this portion of her work an "imperfect survey." The book would have been better without it.

For fifty cents the Macmillan Company, of New York, provides an extremely serviceable *Handbook of Courses open to Women in British, Continental, and Canadian Universities*. All necessary information, including details as to fees, residence, curricula, &c., is given. Those professors and lecturers at Oxford and Cambridge who "have refused to admit women" are shown up for execration by the addition of asterisks to their names. The coy or misogynistic at the former University number seventeen; at the latter, five.

By those whose nervous organisation is proof against the repulsive grotesqueries of American spelling and phraseology *Studies in Historical Method*, by Mary Sheldon Barnes (Isbister), will be found to be a thoughtful and suggestive little volume. It contains tabulated records of some decidedly interesting and valuable experiments, which throw light upon the evolutionary stages of the historic sense in children at different ages and of both sexes. The matter, in fact, is as good as the manner is bad. The book being written by a lady, there is naturally a lavish use of the dash; and the note of interrogation flourishes like a whole forest of green bay trees. A curious and very ugly misprint, "for ever" run into one word—which, oddly enough, occurs several times—should have been corrected in the proof. The teacher of history who can stomach all this, and who can also bring himself to be a little kind to rickety grammar, should profit by reading what the writer has to say.

* * *

Robert the Wise and his Heirs. By St. Clair Baddeley. (Heinemann.)

THERE is no more interesting episode in Italian, or, indeed, in mediæval history, than the narrative of the rule of the Angevin sovereigns of Naples and Sicily, and of their struggles with their Suzerain, the Pope. Mr. Baddeley has already covered part of the ground in an earlier sketch of the career of Joanna I., Queen of Naples. In the present volume he returns to the topic, and retells with copious detail the romantic story of Joanna, together with that of her father and predecessor, Robert the Wise. Mr. Baddeley's work is painstaking and sufficiently picturesque; he has incorporated a considerable amount of new material, most of it drawn from those unexhausted quarries of modern research—the Papal archives at the Vatican. The history of Naples is, of course, a theme which tempts to wide divagations, and Mr. Baddeley has interpreted it in a liberal sense. He has much to say, and much that is worth saying, upon the condition of Italy in the fourteenth century, upon the degenerate Papacy, upon the strife of Guelph and Ghibelline, upon the early stages of the Renaissance. As might be expected from his connexion with the Neapolitan Court, no less a person than Boccaccio is much in evidence. His Fiammetta, according to the usual belief, was a natural daughter of King Robert; but as to this Mr. Baddeley is somewhat incredulous. A very interesting account is given of the rapid decay of the Minorite or Franciscan order of friars within a very few years after the death of the founder, of the schism between the Conventuals and the party of the stricter observance, and of the relations of either faction to the Popes. The character and personality of Robert the Wise himself are admirably summed up by Mr. Baddeley. He was not without learning and not without literary gifts; but though touched with the spirit of the Renaissance, he still belonged essentially to mediævalism, and just failed in catching the spirit of the new movement. Therefore he was doomed,

as the new movement grew, to oblivion. Altogether Mr. Baddeley may be congratulated upon a noteworthy contribution of English scholarship to the elucidation of Italian history.

* * *

The Natural History of Marketable Marine Fishes of the British Islands. By J. T. Cunningham, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.)

Of late years organised attempts have been made both here and abroad to get an accurate knowledge of the habits, and especially the development, of marine food-fishes, in the hope that this knowledge may be turned to practical account in increasing the annual supply of fish. In Great Britain most of this work has been done, first under the auspices of the Scottish Fishery Board, and more recently by the Marine Biological Association. The amount of information thus collected, now for the first time put into book-form, is very considerable, and no small part of it is due to the personal observations of Mr. Cunningham and Mr. Holt, working as members of the staff of the Association, by whose direction the book is prepared. To the naturalist it will be welcome as forming a most useful supplement to the treatises of Jarrell, Couch and Day, bringing our knowledge of British sea-fishes up to date; and though parts of the book show signs of haste in preparation, on the whole it is certainly well done.

But the objects of the book are essentially practical. The work was meant to lead to increase in the supply of sea-fish brought to market, and as such it is supported by grants from the Treasury. The reader who turns to the chapter on "Practical Methods of Increasing the Supply" may, perhaps, be disappointed to find that the statement of results is not more encouraging. In spite of all that has been done, it is evident that we have still no ready means of turning scientific knowledge of marine fishes to practical effect. Yet the study is young and much progress has been made, if only in revealing the complexity of the problem. It is at least a gain to have prevented premature legislation. Take, for instance, the question of the destruction of immature fish. To the layman it seems sufficient to forbid the sale of fish below a certain size; but a study of the facts proves how futile such a measure would be. To protect, for example, the plaice, a staple food of the poor, Mr. Cunningham shows that it is the shrimp-trawl that should be stopped. Who suspects that in catching thirty-two quarts of shrimps at the mouth of the Mersey over 11,000 young fish, chiefly plaice, are destroyed? Many similar facts are given in this book, showing how the phenomena of marine life are correlated together in such tangled interdependence that to interfere with any great prospect of success is still impossible. Nevertheless, scarce fish have been known to become abundant from unknown causes. The useless boar-fish might have been referred to in illustration. Described by Couch as an excessive rarity, it has now become a pest of the Plymouth trawlers, being taken in countless thousands, overloading the trawls and injuring the men's hands with its spines.

Diseases of Plants induced by Cryptogamic Parasites. By Dr. Karl Freiherr von Tubeuf. English edition by W. G. Smith, B.Sc., Ph.D. (Longmans.)

THE popular idea that man "in a state of nature," that wild animals, and wild plants live healthy and happy lives, free from anxiety and disease, must be abandoned with the other illusions of our childhood. Civilisation, domestication, cultivation, no doubt bring their own special evils in their train; but the "state of nature" is anything but a state of perpetual health. In the case of plants, diseases abound resulting from insufficient nutriment, from overcrowding, from unfavourable atmospheric conditions, and, above all, from countless hosts of parasites always seeking for a favourable nidus for their propagation. In the volume before us probably not less than a thousand species of such parasites are described, belonging exclusively to the cryptogamic or flowerless section of the vegetable kingdom.

Far too little attention has been paid to this subject by our agriculturists and legislators. Besides numerous special works on plant-diseases, Germany has its *Zeitschrift für Pflanzenkrankheiten*, published monthly. In America, the publications of the Division of Vegetable Pathology of the Department of Agriculture, and the *Bulletins* of the various agricultural experimental stations, in connexion with local universities, are both numerous and important. With us, with the exception of valuable papers to be dug out of the *Journals* of the Royal Agricultural and Royal Horticultural Societies, and two small, but excellent, books of limited scope, Prof. Marshall Ward's "Timber and some of its Diseases," and Mr. Worthington G. Smith's "Diseases of Field and Garden Crops," our literature is almost as scanty as that of Irish snakes. In Switzerland the vine-grower is compelled, under heavy penalties, to use the prescribed means for keeping down infectious diseases. In the western United States the farmer, who allows his land to become foul with thistles or other rapidly spreading weeds is heavily fined. With us a farm may become a perfect nursery of weeds and their attendant infectious diseases, and the neighbours have no remedy.

An English edition of von Tubeuf's classical work is therefore a welcome boon to the English student; and we may as well say at once that, so far as can be judged without comparing with the original, the part of the translator (not to be confounded with the elder Smith with the same initials, of fungus-foray renown) has been admirably done. The work will rapidly find a place on the botanist's shelves as an indispensable book of reference.

The general facts in the life-history of parasitic and saprophytic fungi, the nature of the malformations and diseases which they cause in the host-plant, the predisposition to disease, and the remedies, are treated in detail; and two chapters are devoted to the singular phenomenon of "symbiosis," where a parasite takes up its abode in the root of the host, to the mutual benefit of both parasite and host.

FICTION.

My Lord Duke. By E. W. Hornung. (Cassell & Co.)

NOT the least of the benefits that we derive from Greater Britain is good stories. Colonial novelists are healthily disposed to put incident before psychology, plot before polish. On the skirts of the empire the yarn is still held in higher reverence than problems or philosophy; and art for art's sake has few followers. From Greater Britain, we need scarcely remind the reader, come Mr. Kipling, Rolf Boldrewood, Mr. Louis Becke, Mr. Fitzpatrick (whose promising South African tales we reviewed the other day), and Mr. E. W. Hornung; and the elementals and externals are the stuff of which their books are made. It is—for entertainment, for beguilement and the defeat of brooding care—the best stuff. Mr. Hornung is all for the story of action, and we honour him for his allegiance. He sets out to give his readers so good a time! Just as Jim Bludso saw his duty, so does Mr. Hornung see his reader's interest "a dead sure thing, and he goes for it thar and then." His every sentence is animated by this admirable purpose. With the volume before us Mr. Hornung has added another to his store of exhilarating, vigorous stories. Indeed, we cannot call *My Lord Duke* anything but one of the most agreeable novels that we can remember. It is not that it is conspicuous for penetration, or humour, or wit, or distinction of style: it is simply that it is so honest, so direct, so masculine, and so satisfying in its conclusion. Mr. Hornung once introduced us to a bride from the bush; this time he has set before us a bridegroom—uncouth, frank, gentle, sinewy, and entirely lovable. The man has our sympathies in five minutes, and thereafter *My Lord Duke* is not to be laid aside until the end is reached. So real has been our own interest in *My Lord Duke*, that we would not on any consideration tell the story here. Such attractive plots are too rare, and we are too kindly disposed towards readers of this book to spoil their pleasure; but we may say, without prejudice to anyone's enjoyment of the narrative itself, that *My Lord Duke* is a tale of to-day, and not, as might be premised from the title and the prevailing mode, an historical romance; that it is the story of a peerage and the heirs to it; that its hero, Happy Jack, is a man to wear in one's heart; and that the end is the completest of surprises. On the road to that surprise we are introduced to several characters who are firmly, if not subtly, drawn, and we witness, among other things, a fight in a good cause and the humiliation of a prig. Mr. Hornung has developed a happy narrative method. There is not a line of fine writing in this book, yet never does he misplace an incident or mar it in the telling. He gets the best service from ordinary work-a-day words. A plainer story than *My Lord Duke* we have rarely read. The dialogue is equally direct and "forwarding." In fact, we go forward with every line, as readers of stories are entitled to,

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SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1897.

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Occasional contributors are recommended to have their MS. type-written.

All business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., should be addressed to the PUBLISHER.

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THE WEEK.

CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

[This article is a chronicle of books published during the week. Reviews will follow in due course.]

IT is history that leavens the lump this week. Foremost in this kind comes the fifth volume, long expected and desired, of Mr. McCarthy's *A History of Our Own Times*. The first and second volumes appeared, and had a great success, in 1878; the third and fourth followed a little later, and brought the narrative up to the political crisis of 1880, when Mr. Gladstone took the reins of office as Prime Minister. The present volume continues the history of the Queen's reign from that date to these days, when the streets of London are resounding with the hammers of carpenters erecting seats for the Diamond Jubilee procession. It is interesting to see very recent events treated with the gravity which history demands, and to note in the contents table of this volume such chapter-headings as "Mr. Gladstone Resigns, Lord Rosebery Succeeds"—"The Cordite Explosion"—"Venezuela and South Africa"—"The Dongola Campaign"—"The Prince of Wales's Appeal"—and "Blondin; Nansen; The Penrhyn Quarries; The Education Bill." The prominence given to Blondin's name is surprising, but not more so than pleasing.

Older and more recondite events are the subject-matter of another historical work on our table: *Spanish Protestants in the Sixteenth Century*. This book is not so much the production of one author as of a crowd, for we gather from the title-page that it is written by C. A. Wilkens, who is doctor of theology at Kalksburg, near Vienna. It is translated by Mrs. Rachel Chalice. The late Lord Plunkett, D.D., has contributed an

introduction, and Canon Fleming brings up the rear with a preface. The translation is an abridgment of the original. Glancing at Canon Fleming's tribute to the late Lord Plunkett, we can hardly repress a smile at the fervour of admiration with which he quotes Dr. Alexander's "most eloquent words on the death of Lord Plunkett in St. Patrick's Cathedral." Dr. Alexander said:

"What a man says—is something:
What a man does—is more:
What a man is—that is most."

"I venture to say," writes Canon Fleming, "that no living divine but Dr. Alexander could utter such an aphorism as that—one which I will predict will not die." But surely this is no such wonderful utterance, no such "trinity of wisdom" as Canon Fleming thinks it. The book, when arrived at, is a history of the struggles and sufferings of the Protestant reformers in the sixteenth century, and the narrative opens with the impact of Lutheran thought on religious belief in Spain.

The *Literary History of the American Revolution* is announced to be completed in two volumes, of which the first is before us. In this work the author, Mr. Moses Coit Tyler, turns from the doings of statesmen, generals, party leaders, and certain persons whom he is pleased to call "the ministerial agents of a brain-sick king," to set forth

"the inward history of our Revolution—the history of its ideas, its spiritual moods, its motives, its passions, even of its sportive caprices, and its whims as . . . uttered . . . in the various writings of the two parties of Americans who promoted or resisted that first movement."

Mr. Tyler is professor of American History in Cornell University. We may note, without prejudice, that he describes the words of the Declaration of Independence as "the most commanding and the most pathetic utterance, in any age, in any language, of national grievances and national purposes."

American, though published on this side also, is *The God Idea of the Ancients on Sex in Religion*, by Eliza Burt Gamble, whose aim is "to show the effect which each of the two forces, female and male, has had on the development of our present God-idea." The work is to some extent supplemental to the author's earlier study of the *Evolution of Woman*. Mainly historical are certain papers by Thomas Carlyle, now collected for the first time under the title of *Montaigne, and other Essays*. They include studies of Lady Wortley Montagu, Montesquieu, Nelson, the Netherlands, and the two Pitts. Mr. Crockett, who edits, tells us that these "bread and butter" essays were written at Mainhill in the summer and autumn of 1820. They were contributed to the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*. The Selden Society publishes a second volume of *Select Pleas in the Court of Admiralty*. A new edition of the late John Addington Symonds's *Renaissance in Italy* is issued by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.

An event of the week is the issue by Messrs. George Bell & Son of the first volume of a new edition of Swift. Since the second issue of Sir Walter Scott's edition of Swift, dated 1824, "there has

been no serious attempt to grapple with the difficulties which then prevented, and which still beset, the attainment of a trustworthy and substantially complete text." But material for such a text has been greatly accumulated by such critics as Mr. John Forster, Mr. Henry Craik, Mr. Stanley Lane Poole, Mr. Churton Collins, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Mr. Elwin, Mr. Courthope, Col. F. Grant, and others. The present editor, Mr. Temple Scott, has availed himself of the results arrived at by all these critics, and he has had not a little direct assistance. The edition has the further advantage of a biographical introduction by Mr. Lecky. Among the contents of the first volume are "A Tale of a Tub," "The Battle of Books," "Thoughts on Various Subjects," and various pamphlets and parodies, including "A Meditation upon a Broomstick." Each work is introduced by a facsimile of the title-page it originally followed. An unfamiliar portrait of Swift as a student at Trinity College, Dublin, forms the frontispiece to this volume.

Most people are aware that Mr. Gladstone has for years been gathering his shorter literary productions into a series of books, entitled *Gleanings of Past Years*. We believe that these volumes have been permitted only a restricted circulation. But it is well known that Mr. Gladstone has long been in the habit of giving a complete set (complete, that is to say, up-to-date) of his *Gleanings* as a wedding present to his marrying friends. The eighth and final volume is now to hand. It is made up of thirteen theological and ecclesiastical papers. We have the famous paper on "Robert Elsmere," and the articles on "Ingersoll and Christianity," "The Lord's Day," and the interesting and important Introduction which Mr. Gladstone contributed to Sheppard's *Pictorial Bible*. The volume concludes with a reprint of Mr. Gladstone's paper on the question of the validity of Anglican Orders which was sent to the newspapers a year ago.

George Morland's Pictures: Their Present Possessors, by Ralph Richardson, is an attempt to catalogue, with their whereabouts, the works of George Morland. Mr. Richardson admits, however, that he has not overtaken Morland's industry, and he offers his book as a contribution only to its object.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

[In the following list prices are given where they have been supplied by Publishers.]

BIBLICAL AND THEOLOGICAL.

- HEAVEN: AN INQUIRY. By J. Hunt Cook. Baptist Tract Society. 2s.
THE SAVIOUR IN THE LIGHT OF THE FIRST CENTURY. By Rev. John Parker. J. G. Hitt (Edinburgh).
CHRIST IN THE HOLY LAND. By Rev. Alex. A. B. S.P.C.K.
BOOKS THAT HELP THE RELIGIOUS LIFE. By Rev. H. M. Reid, B.D. J. Gardner Hill.

BIOGRAPHY.

- OLD MEMORIES. By General Sir Hugh Gough, G.C.B., &c. William Blackwood & Sons.
NORMAN MACLEOD. ("Famous Scots" Series. By J. Wellwood, Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.

HISTORY.

DIOCESAN HISTORIES: LINCOLN. By E. Venables and George O. Perry.—ROCHESTER. By Rev. A. J. Pearman, S.P.C.K.

Selden Society: SELECT PLEAS IN THE COURT OF CHANCERY. Bernard Quaritch.

SPANISH PROTESTANTS IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. Compiled from the German of C. A. Wilkens. William Heinemann.

A HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES: FROM 1880 TO THE DIAMOND JUBILEE. By Justin McCarthy. Chatto & Windus. 12s.

POETRY.

MAMMON: A SPIRIT SONG and "LADY" VERE. By Louis M. Elshamus. Eastman Lewis (New York).

THE CHILD OF THE BOWSWOMAN. By Jean Carlyle Graham. David Nutt.

BELLES LETTRES.

THE PROSE WORKS OF JONATHAN SWIFT. Vol. I., A TALE OF A TUB, &c. With a Biographical Introduction by W. E. H. Lecky, M.P. George Bell & Sons.

MONTAIGNE, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Thomas Carlyle. Now first collected. With a Foreword by S. R. Crockett. James Gowers & Son.

THE TEMPLE DRAMATISTS: A WOMAN KILLED WITH KINDNESS. By Thomas Heywood. Edited by A. W. Ward, Litt. D. J. M. Dent & Co. 1s.

FICTION.

HELDAN'S TREASURE. By Frances Harriott Wood. S.P.C.K.

A DRAWING-ROOM CYCLO. By Lorin Kaye. John Macqueen. 6s.

THE WIDOW WOMAN: A CORNISH TALE. By Charles Lee. James Bowden. 2s.

THE PHILANDEPHERS. By A. E. W. Mason. Macmillan & Co. 6s.

A NINETEENTH CENTURY MIRACLE. By Louis Zangwill. Chatto & Windus.

JACK HINTON, THE GUARDSMAN. By Charles Lever. Downey & Co., Ltd.

THE WINDS OF MARCH. By George Knight. Jarrold & Sons. 6s.

THE TRACK OF MIDNIGHT. By G. Firth Scott. Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT. By Sarah Doufney. W. H. Addison.

THE MASSARENES. By Ouida. Third Edition. Sampson Low, Marston & Co. 6s.

ROGUES OF THE FERRY CROSS. By S. Walkey. Cassell & Co. 6s.

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE. By Richard Harding Davis. William Heinemann.

A FOUNTAIN SEALED. By Walter Besant. Chatto & Windus.

HARVARD STORIES. By W. K. Post. Putnam.

IN THE CRUCIBLE. By Grace Denis Litchfield. Putnam.

LAZARUS. By Lucas Cleeve. Hutchinson.

BLIGHT. By the Hon. Mrs. Walter D. Forbes. Osgood.

STEPHEN LESCOMBE, B.A. By Julius H. Hurst. Putnam.

THE WISDOM OF FOOLS. By Margaret Deland. Longmans.

DRACULA. By Bram Stoker. A. Constable & Co.

RIE'S DIARY. By Annie Coates. Chatto & Windus.

DANAB'S WINE CUP, AND OTHER TALES. By Bart Kennedy. Sidney L. Ollif.

THE WICKED WOODS. By Rosa Mulholland. Burns & Oates.

THE REJUVENATION OF MISS SEMAPHORE. By Hal Godfrey. Jarrold & Sons.

SYMPHONIES. By George Egerton. John Lane.

TRAVEL.

AMERICA AND THE AMERICANS. From a French Point of View. William Heinemann.

EDUCATIONAL.

CÆSAR'S GALLIC WAR. Book IV. With Notes by John Brown, B.D. Blackie & Son.

BLACKIE'S SCIENCE TEXT-BOOKS: A TEXT-BOOK OF GEOLOGY. By W. Jerome Harrison, F.G.S. Blackie & Son. 3s. 6d.

A SECOND GERMAN COURSE. By H. Baumann. Blackie & Son. 2s. 6d.

GERMAN STORIES FOR LOWER AND MIDDLE FORMS. By L. de Saumarez Brock. Blackie & Son. 1s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GLEANINGS OF PAST YEARS. Vol. VIII. By Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. John Murray.

GEORGE MORLAND'S PICTURES: THEIR PRESENT POSSESSORS. By Ralph Richardson, F.R.S.E. Elliot Stock. 4s. 6d.

HOW TO GROW BEGONIAS. By C. A. Farini. Sampson Low, Marston & Co. 2s.

MEMOIRALS OF CHRISTIE'S. By W. Roberts. 2 vols. George Bell & Sons. 25s.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SPORT. Part IV. Lawrence & Bullen. 2s.

NOTES AND NEWS.

WE understand that the task of completing Stevenson's romance *St. Ives* was offered first to Mr. Conan Doyle, who refused it.

THE circular which has just gone forth to 17,000 known admirers of the works of Robert Louis Stevenson, not only in Great Britain but in America and the Colonies, carries the memorial to that writer one step farther. It states that a meeting was held in December last, over which Lord Rosebery presided, and that it was then decided to erect a memorial of some kind, but the precise nature of the memorial cannot yet be described. The executive committee call it "a personal memorial, to consist of statue, bust, or medallion, with or without architectural or sculptural accompaniments"—no more. Questions of size, design, and position are held in reserve for the present. Meanwhile small subscriptions are asked, and a first list of subscribers is printed.

PROF. MASSON, who signs the circular, gives the following excellent reasons why Edinburgh should be chosen as the site of the monument, although the exact spot where it will stand is not yet decided upon: "Edinburgh was Stevenson's birthplace; Edinburgh and its neighbourhood are the scene of some of the most powerful parts of his best fictions; Edinburgh characters and traditions are worked into those fictions; it was to Edinburgh that his thoughts reverted most fondly in those wanderings of his over other parts of the earth to which he was compelled by quest of health; Edinburgh was at his heart to the last in his dying days in his island-home at Samoa. But, should it be thought, as it may be, that more than one memorial of Robert Louis Stevenson might well be in existence, is there not some significance in the fact that one other is already provided? While that mountain-top in far-off Samoa which contains his grave will serve for ever, whether by actual sight of it in chance ocean-passage thereabouts by some, or in the mere pictured dream of it by those that shall never see it, to remind future admirers of Stevenson of the large proportion of his life that was spent in wanderings over the earth, and of the habitual commerce of his imagination in so many of his writings with seas, ships, and solitary islands, may not the single proposed monument in Edinburgh suffice for recognition also of that other half of his genius which dealt so delightfully with the life and legends of the British mother-lands and of some neighbouring portions of our older, more historical, and more closely packed world?"

A WRITER in the New York *Critic* comes forward as the champion of Dr. George MacDonald, whom, with unpardonable ignorance of Galt, he calls the founder of the new Scottish school." Speaking of Mr. Barrie, Mr. Crockett and Ian Maclaren, he

says: "The mark of George MacDonald is stamped unmistakably on their best and most distinctive work. Their great ideas are his great ideas, their noble realism, which idealises the realism of the bravery and pathos of humble life in the land of the heather, is his noble realism. Let any fair-minded reader compare *Alec Forbes*, *Robert Falconer* and *David Elginbrod*—the novels into which George MacDonald has put his vision and interpretation of Scotland—with *A Window in Thrums* or *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*. The result of the comparison will show clearly who has the most valid claim to the proud title of the founder of the Scottish school of to-day."

THE merits of Dr. MacDonald's work may well be pointed out, but there is little need to compare him with these younger writers. His range is wider and his purpose deeper. He is no more the inspiration of Mr. Barrie than the author of *Cranford* is.

MEANWHILE a new book by Dr. George MacDonald is in preparation by Messrs. Longmans & Co., entitled *Rampollo: Growth on an Old Root*; which contains a Book of Translations Old and New; also a Year's Diary of an Old Soul.

It is a little humorous to find Mr. Crockett introducing Carlyle to the reading public, for sheer "love" of him, and in his efforts falling into Carlylese. Mr. Crockett calls the author of *Sartor Resartus* "him of the burning stomach and the honest, forth-looking, irascible eyes." This description occurs in the preface—that is to say, the "Foreword"—to a collection of biographies contributed by Carlyle to Brewster's *Edinburgh Encyclopedia*. One would like to hear "him of the burning stomach and the honest, forth-looking, irascible eyes" in reply.

IBSEN dissociates himself from Ibsenites rather neatly in the interview with Count Prozor, which is described in the preface to the Count's French translation of *John Gabriel Borkman*. His symbolism, he implied, is principally the work of his commentators: "I do not mean," he said, "that such ideas may not cross my own mind too as I write. But all that is of secondary importance. The great thing in dramatic work is action, life!"

IBSEN's method of work is described as follows: "I transfer to the stage certain people whom I have observed, certain events which I have seen or which have been related to me—I throw in a little poetry—and that's how it's done." He claims to have seen in real life every character that he has placed on the stage. Count Prozor mentioned the Rat Wife, to which Ibsen replied: "She was a little old woman who used to come to kill rats at the school where I was educated. She carried a little dog in a bag, and there were tales of children who had followed her and fallen into the sea. That was just what I wanted for bringing about the disappearance of Little Eyolf."

At the time of the production by Mr. Wyndham of "Rosemary" the critics were unanimous in considering the last act, wherein Mr. Wyndham appeared as a nonogenarian, an excrescence, but it was left for an American writer to put the situation with real neatness. "Mr. Drew," says the *Chap-Book*, in speaking of the play, "after the curtain had fallen on 'Rosemary,' gives a charming little 'sketch' of an old man, which he calls, somewhat inappropriately, Act IV."

THE existence of "The Committee for the Survey of the Memorials of Greater London" is probably unknown to ninety-nine Londoners in a hundred. Nevertheless, it is an influential body doing a most useful work. It has just issued a report, covering the last two years, in which the general objects of the Committee are usefully reiterated. These have been, and are, "to take up certain areas in London, and in them to register and record with drawings, photographs, and other records whatever may be deemed to be of historic or æsthetic interest. The work is not confined to buildings only; any valuable open space, any remnant of an old village green, any beautiful tree, any object of local life or custom that may have a definite external embodiment, or any interesting piece of handicraft, even if it be but a signboard or a wrought-iron gate, comes within the Committee's survey. The aim is to draw attention to these things, and . . . to encourage their maintenance, for public purposes, as national trusts."

THE Committee has already begun publishing operations. It has issued a monograph on the Trinity Hospital, in Mile End, and it has in preparation similar monographs on the Old Palace of Bromley-by-Bow, the Mile End-road (its external life and character), Aldgate Church, and other buildings and places. But the Committee is now ready and keenly desirous of beginning the publication of the Register, the formation of which is its chief care. The first volume, containing the record of some six or eight parishes, is practically completed in MS., together with the illustrations. There is some prospect that the London County Council may assist the Committee in the publication of this Register, for which a sum of £150 is required. This would be satisfactory; and the extension of the work to the whole of London under County Council authority seems to be just foreshadowed. We hope, however, that the Committee will receive a strong accession of members and subscribers. The monographs already referred to are issued free to every active member of the Committee and to all subscribers of £1 a year and upwards. The Committee has hitherto worked mainly on the eastern side of London, but the next area it will take up will be Chelsea.

THE King of the Belgians has just paid a special visit to the British Fine Art Section of the Brussels Exhibition. The King took great interest in the pictures, and discussed the progress of Art in England in recent years. He expressed himself extremely pleased with the collection sent to Brussels

to represent the English School, which he characterised as "superb," and sent a warm message of congratulation by Mr. Spielmann, the honorary secretary, to the Fine Art Committee, and to those who had contributed their pictures.

If black and white were able to convey a true impression of an oil painting it would be unnecessary to visit the picture galleries at all, so numerous are the books of reproductions. But, fortunately (or unfortunately), they are not, although they serve well to recall to mind the paintings one has seen. Another has just been added to these little process exhibitions by the *Studio*, from whose offices three extra numbers will be published. The first is called *Art at the New Gallery and the New English Art Club*. The reproductions are good.

A LITTLE while ago we announced a work on London which is now in preparation by a poet and an artist. A smaller work, on somewhat similar lines, has just been published by Mr. Elkin Mathews. Its title is *Thames Sonnets and Semblances*. The sonnets are by Miss Margaret Armour, and though none is so fine as Wordsworth's "Westminster Bridge," with which, to some extent, they challenge comparison, they are interesting memorials of moods gathered by the river. The semblances, or, in plainer English, pictures, are by Mr. W. MacDougall, who, in "Morning at Lambeth," Lambeth, and "Looking East from Waterloo Bridge," has been most successful. There is room for such loving treatment of London as is displayed by these collaborators.

IT is so frequently and wrongly stated that Miss Kingsley, the traveller, is a daughter of the late Charles Kingsley, that this lady's true parentage may as well be recorded again. Miss Kingsley is not the daughter, but the niece of the late Charles Kingsley. She is the daughter of George Kingsley.

AFTER completing the *History of the War of 1812*, which will round off his series of books on "Sea Power," and bring the narrative down to the Peace of 1815, Capt. Mahan intends, at the suggestion of his publishers, to prepare a summary of the general subject on the same lines as those observed in the former works, but with a special view to its being used as a class-book in schools and colleges.

PROF. SULLY has revised his monograph on children—*Studies in Childhood*—to bring it more within the popular grasp. He has rewritten some chapters, added others, and introduced many new stories. The result, to be called *Children's Ways*, will virtually be a new work.

THE place of honour in *Cosmopolis* for June and July will be occupied by Mr. Joseph Conrad, the author of *An Outcast of the Islands*, who has written a characteristic two-part story, entitled "An Outpost of Progress." In the French section of the June number M. Bourget continues the tales

of his "Voyageuses," with a sixth, called "Cyprès Toscans." This number will also be rich in reminiscences, among which may be mentioned an article by Mr. Felix Moscheles on Mazzini.

DR. SIGERSON has edited and compiled a collection of Irish verse called *Bards of the Gael and Gall*. Dr. Sigerson, who contributes a critical introduction of nearly a hundred pages, declares that "ancient Ireland was the mother of literatures." A photogravure portrait of the blind bard, Carolan will accompany the work, which Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish on May 31.

MESSRS. FRANK HAES and I. ABRAHAM are about to publish the photographic reproductions of the illuminated MS. of the *Passover Haggada* in the possession of Lord Crawford. This MS. is not later than the fourteenth century, and is in many ways the finest specimen of its class. Lord Crawford has authorised the publication.

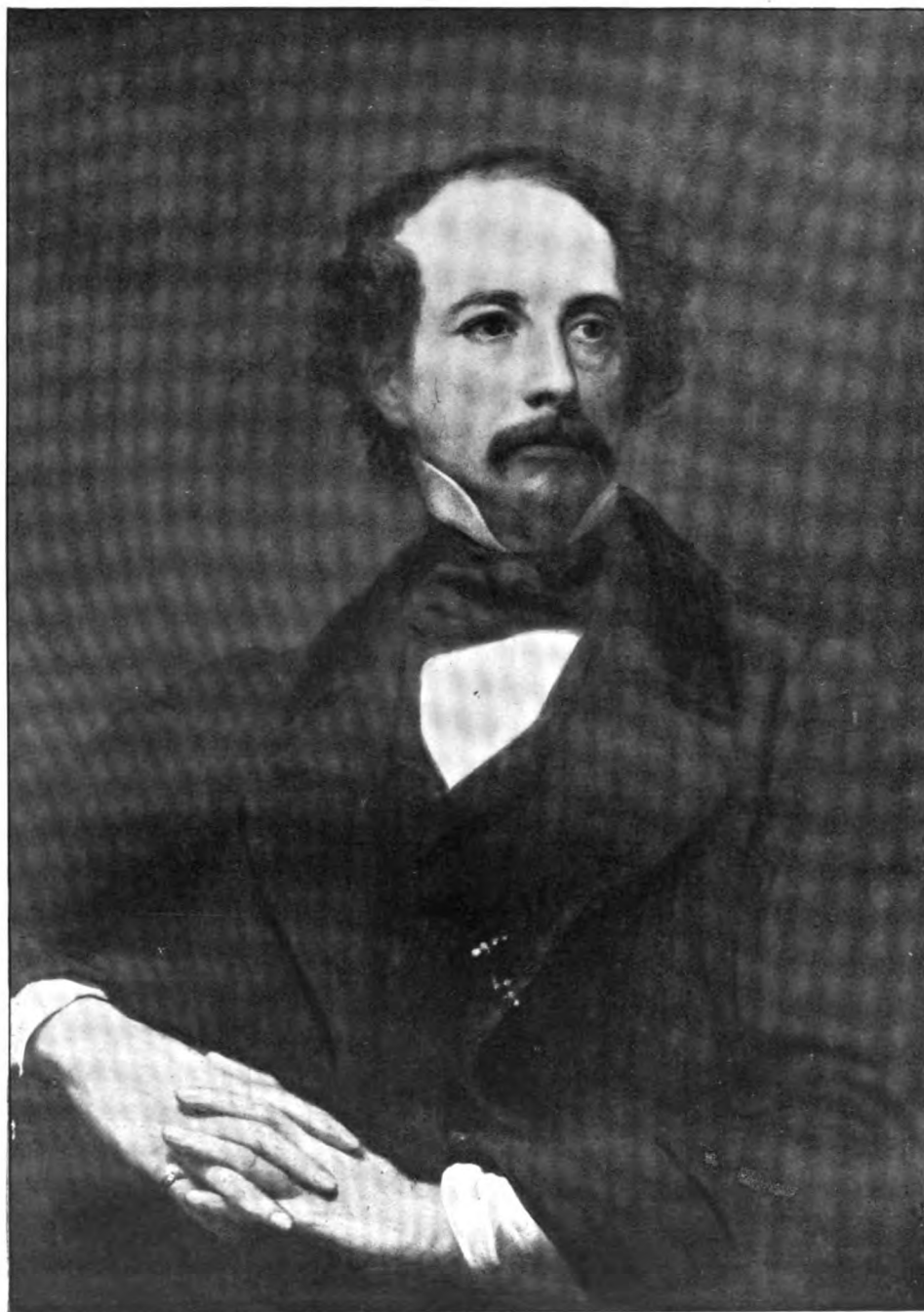
IN response to the demand for a cheaper edition of Butler's *Analogy and Sermons*, edited by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, the Clarendon Press is issuing a popular two-volume edition at half a guinea. This will be uniform in style with Mr. Gladstone's *Studies Subsidiary to the Works of Butler*.

MESSRS. MORISON BROTHERS, Glasgow, have for some time had in preparation a new *History of the Cathedral and See of Glasgow*. The subject has hitherto remained without adequate treatment, having been dealt with from time to time only in a partial and tentative manner, and in such essays as M'Lelland's and Pagan's. The new volume is under the general editorship of Mr. Eyre-Todd, and with a view to rendering the work a standard authority on the subject, each feature will be treated by a separate writer.

MESSRS. HORACE MARSHALL & SON have in the press, and will publish early in June, a new literary reading-book, entitled *The Temple Reader*, which has been drawn up in such a manner as to render it serviceable for schools of all descriptions, as well as for home reading. The book has been prepared by Mr. Ernest E. Speight, and an introduction has been contributed by Prof. Edward Dowden, setting forth the aims of the volume and the advantages of an acquaintance with great writers as a most important part of education. Selections will be found from the literature of all times, ranging from Homer and Isaiah to Whitman and Ruskin, and including the chief names in English literature.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON & Co. will publish shortly a new novel, entitled *Father Hilarion*, by K. Douglas King, the author of *The Scripture Reader of St. Mark's*. The story depicts the struggle between asceticism and human passion.

MR. JOHN MACQUEEN will publish on June 1 *Cabot's Discovery of North America* by Mr. G. E. Weare.



CHARLES DICKENS

From the Picture by Ary Scheffer in the National Portrait Gallery

ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

XXIX.—CHARLES DICKENS.

TO criticise Dickens adversely is easy. It is simple to bring against him, with all the damning proofs in array, the old charges of exaggeration and caricature. We may say again, for the thousandth time, that we did not quite understand the character of the gentleman (a point very interestingly discussed by the late R. L. Stevenson); that his women rarely are ladies; that his mannerisms become tedious; that his plots reek of the footlights; that his pathos is often false. All this is true enough; but when the mass of dross represented by these diminishes is cleared away, what a shining residuum of pure gold remains! What rich humour and lovingkindness, what sympathy and comprehension, what swashing blows against injustice and rapacity, what tender friendship for the poor and weak! What a man to thank God for! And then the splendour of Dickens's inventions, the lavishness of material that was his! It was the fashion in his day for novelists to be opious, but none can approach Dickens in the splendour of his generosity. He gave with both hands, recklessly. He poured forth his riches: he was a very cornucopia of plenty. Compared with one of his full-blooded stories, the most vigorous of our latter day novels is a poor, attenuated, anæmic thing. It may have more of art, it is true; but how much less of magnificent profusion? Dickens never offered his reader anything less than a banquet: the modern novelist asks them to dine frugally *à la carte*. That which he had, Dickens gave forth without thought of the morrow. To-day the novelist must keep something in reserve against his next commission.

For comic invention Dickens is never likely to be approached. That is his greatest triumph; verily to have created a new world of men and women, a comic world whose inhabitants are known to us more intimately than most of our real acquaintances. Many a man has passed Lord Salisbury in the street and has not recognised him; but who could meet Mr. Micawber without a sudden thrill of intimacy? Mr. Pickwick would be hailed as a friend in places where Sir Henry Irving's features are unfamiliar. The works of Dickens are a universe in little, in which the wise can instantly find relief from the stern realities of the larger universe in which they move. It is by his comic gifts that Dickens will endure. As years go on it is probable that he will be less and less read for the serious portions of his stories, and more and more for his humour.

The readers of the future will want their Dickens in smaller bulk. Even now it would not surprise us to see the announcement of an edition of the novels in which only the comic scenes were retained: a *Martin Chuzzlewit* pruned of everything but the sayings of Mrs. Gamp, the proceedings in the house of Todgers, and the more creamy of the Pecksniff passages; an *Old Curiosity Shop* in which Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness were the central characters, in place of Little Nell and her Grandfather; a *Dombey and Son* whose interest centres in

the persons of Mr. Toots, Susan Nipper, the Game Chicken, Captain Cuttle, and the MacStingers; a *Bleak House* shorn of the Court of Chancery; and a *Nicholas Nickleby* whose essentials were Dotheboys Hall and John Browdie, Mr. Nickleby and Mr. Vincent Crummles, the Menwidges and Mr. Lillyvick. *David Copperfield* would probably stay almost as it is, for it has qualities as a story which in most of its companions are lacking: a convincing natural sequence of incident in place of the manufactured mosaic of events and character sketches which compose most the others. *David Copperfield* was so much more Dickens's own story: his invention was less severely taxed; hence *David Copperfield* alone of the Dickens novels can be read again for the story it tells. The others we read again and again, it is true; but we read them for the people in them rather than for the narrative. *Pickwick* also would stand as it was written. *Pickwick* is inviolable. In some future day an Oriental Max Müller will arise to include it in his edition of the sacred books of the West.

Our portrait is a reproduction of a painting made by Ary Scheffer when Dickens was forty-three.

SOME CHILD-CRITICS OF BROWNING.

A BOARD SCHOOL EXPERIMENT.

I HAVE before me some essays written by children in the Walworth Board Schools on the life and poetry of Robert Browning. They were prepared for a competition which culminated, less than a fortnight ago, in a distribution of honours, and my knowledge of the matter dates from the brief newspaper report of that ceremony. But it does not end with it. So much of Browning's mind had been hidden from the wise and prudent that it seemed to be worth while to discover how much had been revealed to babes; and I went to Walworth. There I found Mr. F. Herbert Stead in his large office in the Robert Browning Hall in York-street. With its rising shelves of books, its tables covered with papers, and its comfortable chairs for the committee, this room was alone an intimation of the work which Mr. Stead, the Warden of the Hall, and his fellow-workers of the Browning Settlement are carrying on in a dreary district. Mr. Stead spoke of working men who read "Abt Vogler" or "Paracelsus" with him, finding meanings that had escaped himself; of lectures and entertainments, of May Day festivals and summer outings, of Bible study, clubs, flower missions, and of many other agencies by which it is sought to let in light on the dark places of Walworth. And he said that the pivot, the magnet, the ever-useful pretext of it all was Browning's early connexion with the neighbourhood. Born in Camberwell young Browning came for years to worship with his parents in the Congregational Chapel which now, under the name of a hall, bears his name. Does not a placard—which the Warden hopes to convert one day into a marble tablet—point to the old Browning pew? Thanks to the Settlement the humblest folk in Walworth have learned

the name at least of Robert Browning. It is true that many of them begin by taking the "Settlement" for a charitable fund, and coming forward to claim their "share," but their disillusionment is the beginning of good. And the children?

Mr. Stead explained this development. While taking a holiday in the Lake Country he discovered that the Rydal and Grasmere children are carefully instructed in Wordsworth's life and poetry, each child growing up with some knowledge and love of the poet. Why—he exclaimed to himself—not rear Walworth boys and girls on Browning? The idea dwelt with him, and on his return to Walworth Mr. Stead went round the Board schools and broached his idea to the teachers. "You are bound by the Code," he said, "to give a certain amount of instruction in English literature; why not take up Browning, who was born and bred in Walworth, and in whom, therefore, it will be easy to interest Walworth boys and girls?" The teachers saw the point, and the thing was done. One difficulty, that of expense, had disappeared in the nick of time. A capital selection of Browning's poems had just been included in Mr. W. T. Stead's "Penny Poets," and this became the text-book on which his brother's scheme depended. After many days, or, to be precise, a year, Mr. Stead wished to see if the bread he had cast upon the waters was still bread. He accordingly organised an essay competition, in which a large number of children in the various Walworth Board schools took part. The ages of the children so competing ranged from eleven to thirteen years.

Florence Legge, of the Sayer-street Girls' School, was awarded the prize. An idea of her essay will be gained in the following extracts from it: "Robert Browning," writes Florence,

"... was born on May 7th, 1812, in Southampton-street, Camberwell. He was a handsome, fearless child, with a restless anxiety and a fiery temper. He clamoured for occupation as soon as he could speak. His mother could only keep him quiet by telling him stories (probably Bible stories) while holding him on her knee. He was very fond of animals throughout the whole of his life. He was very fortunate in having good parents. His mother was a Scotchwoman. Thomas Carlyle says that 'she was the type of a true Scottish gentlewoman.' Her son (Robert) said (with the honest pride of a good son) that 'she was divine,' while a gentleman friend of hers says that 'it was like heaven to be near her.'"

Florence's grasp of young Browning's home-life is quite equalled by her appreciation of his poetry.

"The poetry of Robert Browning is very different in style to that of any other English poet. He is very original. His poetry is real, and has entirely a new foundation. Browning's poems are difficult, and require a great deal of thought. . . . This great poet in all his poems teaches us to persevere and never to give up trying. . . . All great poets and writers are sent by God to deliver a message to us, which they do in the pleasant form of either poetry or prose. No poet or author is great unless he in his writings teaches the reader nobler ways of living. Browning, in his poems, teaches us to look after our souls, and not to let them die

away. He teaches us to be cheerful, and to remember 'God's in His heaven, all's right with the world.'"

Florence deserved her prize, though, in her very last sentence, she jeopardised it by the statement that Mrs. Browning wrote three verses of poetry about her husband's death!

Nellie Redfern, of the King and Queen-street School, who is only eleven years old, puts down a number of simple facts very clearly and correctly. "The poet," she says, "received some of his finest inspirations while roaming through the Dulwich Woods."

A. Hollyman, who goes to school in Southampton-street, says that the poet "was a patriot of his country, and a great admirer of Italy for its arts." He also states that "Robert received some of his finest inspirations whilst roaming through the Dulwich Woods."

At the same school Edith Isard is studying the poet. She writes:

"We ought to be proud of having such a noble and clever man born in this district."

That is exactly what Mr. Stead wants every Walworth boy and girl to feel. Edith is strong on the local Browning; she says that the poet "loved to wander through the Dulwich Woods, where he composed several of his poems."

James Rawlings, of Victory-place School, fills in the story of Browning's boyhood with this interesting information:

"He was a very shy boy, and had been seen to run away and hide himself when he was not quite dressed. He always refused to drink his medicine unless he was bribed by a newt or a frog which was picked out of the strawberry bed in his garden."

Master Rawlings hardly touches on the grown-up Browning, but he, too, tells us that "some of his finest thoughts were received whilst roaming in the Dulwich Woods."

"'God's in His heaven, all's right with the world,' sang the poor mill-girl, and Browning truly believed this to the end of his life," writes Nita Laurie Drake, also of Victory-place School, Standard VII.; and she adds: "It was while walking through the fields and leafy lanes of Dulwich that many of his best ideas came into his mind." Browning's child-critics are doing more to bring out this fact than all the Browning Societies put together. W. W.

THE BOOK MARKET.

"WHAT HAST HERE? BALLADS?"

IT was in Endell-street that I asked, in a less Elizabethan form, the Clown's question to Autolycus. Endell-street is one of those curious nondescript streets which seem to exist to accommodate special buildings, shops, institutions. These streets repair the omissions of the district around them. They are not necessarily dedicated to lumber, but there is usually a lumber-room flavour about them. They are always interesting. You know Endell-street? It is almost, but not quite, in a line with Bow-street.

A little shop on the left side of the street, as you go north, has ere now

attracted your eye by the display of old ballads which it makes in its window. Not old ballads only; for if you have an eye for shops and their meanings you must have smiled as you surveyed the stock which is here offered to the less affluent inhabitants of St. Giles's parish. It is a veritable village shop set down in the core of London. Here in little wire brackets eggs are peeping out among newspapers. Groceries, toys, and Eccles cakes mingle with penny fiction. Penny food and penny condiments dot the shelves, tiny bottles of sauce (the glory of a single dinner), and French capers, whatever they may be, in tiny quantities. Also there are pens and pencils, and stationery, and almanacs, and sweets for the youngsters; not town sweets, but sweets fit for a plough boy; none of your evanescent sugars, but great pebbly lolipops that require negotiating, aniseed bouncers, for instance, but—the Ballads!

The good woman of the shop was lading a pint of milk out of a great basin on the counter for a little girl, when I hinted that she had some old songs.

"Plenty," she said, and suspended the milk transaction to dump an irregular bundle of them, tied with old string, on the counter. They were a strange lot. They exhaled early Victorian jest and romance. I took them much as they came. The very top ballad of the bundle was sufficiently quaint. It was printed as a small broadside, with a large woodcut of a coach filled with the beaux and belles of fifty years ago. There were five beaux and five belles, the beaux all one side of the coach and the women on the other, all dressed alike, and sitting bolt upright without a sign that they were conscious of each other's presence. "Pleasure and Relaxation" was the title, and the merry thing opened with this verse:

"Oh, pomp and state bring nought but woe.
List to my song, and I will show
That all the high, as well as low,
Love pleasure and relaxation."

"The Duke of Wellington met one day
Sir Robert Peel, and said: 'I say,
I'm glad you, Bob, have come in my way,
To go to Greenwich fair so gay.'
Said Bob: 'Why, Arthur, just like you,
With long debates my brain's askew,
And so I don't care if I do,
For pleasure and relaxation.'
Oh, pomp, &c."

The Duke and Sir Robert did not go alone, for, by a happy accident:

"They had only got to Parliament Street
When Lord Broom they chanced to meet,
And he agreed to join the treat,
For pleasure and relaxation.
They got in a cart—began to joke—
Wellington with a short did smoke,
Which did Sir Robert much provoke.
'You're not in a campaign now,' said Peel,
'Though there you had smoke—a very great
deal.
You should take a segar—'tis more genteel,
For pleasure and relaxation.'
Oh, pomp, &c."

How they went to Greenwich Fair—picking up Dan O'Connell and Joseph Hume on the way—how they "talked to the pretty girls fair and dark," and "did regale," aye, and danced, you shall know in Endell-street for

a halfpenny. Hume didn't dance, but made a speech—"for pleasure and relaxation."

"And as his noise he would not cease,
And not for nobody keep the peace,
In walk'd some of the new police,
And walk'd him off without release;
Whilst Wellington hit out left and right,
Dan O'Connell slunk out of sight,
And said as he went 'I never fight.'"

There were more happenings, but another effusion had caught n. eye. It was "Sammy Slap the Bill Sticker." Sammy puts into rhyme his pride of calling, and enumerates his achievements to the chorus of

"With my paste, paste, paste,
All the world is puffing, so I paste, paste,
paste."

And there do not seem to have been many places where Sammy could not "paste, paste, paste."

"Round Nelson's Statty, Charing Cross, when
anything's the go, sirs,
You'll always find me at my post, a-sticking
up the posters.
I've hung Macready twelve feet high, and
tho' it may seem funny,
Day after day against the walls I've plastered
Mrs. Honey

With my paste, &c.

"In search of houses old and new I'm always
on the caper,
And wery kindly gives 'em all a coat or two
of paper;
I think I've kiver'd all the walls round
London, though I preach it,
If they'd let me kiver old St. Paul's so help
me bob, I'd reach it.

With my paste, &c."

What a trial Sammy would have been to the Kyrle Society!

Customers still came in to buy small articles and prolong my leisure. I glanced through an old ballad called "The Comic Divan." For Divan read Museum. You have paid your penny and had your peep. Well?

"Did you e'er see the Lord Mayor sup on
a mutton chop?
Did you e'er see a bull row a boat, Sirs?
Did you e'er see a Minister spinning a top,
Or Lord Brougham a-turning his coat, Sirs?
"Did you e'er see St. Paul's in a new pair of
shoes,
Or a married man given to roam, Sirs?
Did you e'er see a donkey when reading the
news,
Or Lord Melbourne dining at home, Sirs?
"Did you e'er see Wellington roasting a duck.
Or blind people leading the blind, Sirs?
Did you e'er see a Jew who was drawing
a truck,
And a Quaker a-pushing behind, Sirs?"

It was a good-sized bundle of ballads that I at last stuffed into my pocket. "Do you mean to tell me," I said, "that you have a sale for these old-fashioned things?"

"Ah—old-fashioned—that's just it, sir. Yes, we have."

"Well, but who round here wants these ballads in preference to the latest music-hall songs?"

"Plenty, sir. Why, we have folks coming miles and miles for them. They will have 'em. We've had to send them to all parts of the world, and Hong Kong. People out abroad get writing to their friends: 'Will

you get me that good old song?—whatever it is—something they used to hear when they were boys and girls in the old country, I guess; and, believe me, sir, their relations come miles to get 'em what they want."

"And who else buys?"

"Well, the clergy come and turn 'em over a lot."

"And do you see people who are really attached to these songs?"

"Attached! You've hit it, sir. Why, last evening I had a man in, a real white-haired old gentleman, with a hacking cough, and he wanted a song called 'The Big Meat Pie.' I never heard of it, and he looked for it a long, long time, but it wasn't there. 'The Big Meat Pie' was the title of it, sir, but I told him I never heard of it. He was disappointed. Daresay he did want it."

ART.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC ART AT THE GRAFTON GALLERY.

"**D**RAMATIC Art" (the rather ill-chosen description of the pictorial illustration of dramatic art) is, generally speaking, deplorable. It is all most interesting—as precious as an old play-bill, and with more to tell; but as *art* it sounds the depths of one of the most desperate of the many decadences that the history of painting and design have undergone. The downfall of everything in the first of the dark ages, and the childishness without a future that made strange paltry old age of the world before Christian art grew really young with Cimabue, was hardly a stranger sequel to the art of antiquity than the illustrations of the early century were to the art of Reynolds and Gainsborough. There are many savage nations that have more spirit and sense of design, more promise, and more observation, than England had in those days that were so near to her triumphs. Illustrations and current sketches of popular drama were not, we are well aware, practised by the painters of whom the country was like to boast; but all the more is such work a sign of the state of the general feeling and general criticism. The penny fan is not decorated by an artist of whom Japan makes much, but we take it as a national sign. There are extant little books giving portraits of the actors and actresses of 1825 and onwards, and nothing quite so bad is to be found among the uncivilised. Gross drawing, stupid feeling, the incapacity for character or beauty or humour, though there is an incessant illusion that what will pass for prettiness has been captured, and that what may be taken for fun abounds; these are only a few of the marks of English ordinary illustrations and character-portraits at one time of the nineteenth century. A great quantity of this art has been collected at the Grafton Gallery, and it is the most curious and distinctive part of the exhibition.

With regard to the serious art on view there, some few of the dramatic portraits of Sir Joshua Reynolds give a high note, but it is not sustained. It is evident that the

inevitable difficulties of a loan exhibition have hampered the collection over much; but where a famous picture was not to be had, shift has been made to show an engraving or a coloured sketch copy. In one way and another, and with the help of a great number of odds and ends, the exhibition has been made a delightful one, and old playgoers may remember their youth there and their fathers' stories of a youth before theirs. The exception to these records is perhaps Macready. There are two or three portraits—minor ones—of Macready, but there is little or nothing in the way of evidence as to what Macready did on the scene before he ran off and knocked people down in the wings on his way to his dressing-room. Macready filled the stage, if not in our fathers' eyes, in those of their fathers, and we are as credulous about him as children. We are not children in regard to Edmund Kean, nor in regard to Mrs. Siddons or to Garrick, for of these we have read and not heard.

Doubtless a man's contemporaries are important to him. But for Sir Joshua Reynolds we should never have had a glimpse of Garrick's eyes. For Zoffany, who painted him again and again, has rescued nothing of their fire. Nor would it be easy to imagine a more insignificant Macbeth than David makes in the large grasp of Mrs. Pritchard as Lady Macbeth (in the picture lent by Messrs. Colnaghi). And the famous Garrick of Hogarth, shown here by Lord Londonderry, is quite undramatic. This is the well-known sloping figure of Richard III. waking from his dream in camp; the accessories—especially the erected crucifix—slope in the same direction; Richard's hand is inexpressively thrust out; and, altogether, the composition, if one may say so of Hogarth, lacks a grip of the ground, and the expression does not go very far. The best Garrick portraits are the well-known Gainsborough, which shows the actor with his arm round Shakespeare's bust—the property of the Corporation of Stratford-on-Avon—and Lord Sackville's picture, in which Garrick is sitting over a prologue with the look of intelligence—not intellect—full in his vivid face. The "Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy" is represented by a copy. Of Mrs. Peg Woffington we get no very charming impression. All the portraits here and at the National Portrait Gallery agree in their report of a rather bleak, bald face, hard and unchangeable. Of Mrs. Abington we get all the presence and personality in Sir Joshua's beautiful picture (lent by Mrs. Hollins), showing the round, blunt features, very far from common and very far from dull. But no actress makes a better figure than Miss Mellon (Duchess of St. Albans) in Mr. Pawle's picture by Romney. Without rich and generous beauty Romney seems to have painted no woman, but to Miss Mellon he has given the character of her own fine and peculiarly well-contented face. "Mrs. Michael Angelo Taylor as Miranda," painted by Hoppner (Lord Londonderry), looks at the first glance like a fine Shannon; even in the refined devices of colour—the delicate blue in the powder-grey hair—some picture of Mr. Shannon's seems to be strongly recalled.

One of the loveliest of all Gainsborough portraits is the "Miss Linley (Mrs. Sheridan) and Her Brother," which the owner, Lord Sackville, has allowed to be seen more than once of late. Nathaniel Dance has painted the same beauty with her husband and child; this is not a fine picture, but it is interesting. The lenders are Messrs. Turner and Horsley. Actresses of our own day have been much less lucky as the sitters of Mr. Long, Mr. Sant, and Mr. Collier. Nor was Mme. Vestris fortunate whom Sir Thomas Lawrence sentimentalised. At the head of the pictures of our time stand easily Mr. Whistler's "Sir Henry Irving as Philip," Mr. Sargent's "Miss Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth," the curiously characteristic and delicately coloured "Coquelin Cadet" of M. Dagnan Bouveret, that very well-known and brilliantly simple piece of work, "M. Coquelin as Don César de Bazan," Mr. Shannon's sensitive and charming monochrome of "Joseph Hoffman" in profile at the piano, and his seated full-face of "M. Hollman," of which the glass allows us to see not much except the large masses of the painting of the head and hair and the action of the expressive hands at the violoncello. Mr. Herman Herkomer's portrait of "Mr. Beorbohm Tree as Gringoire" is an outbreak of energy that would merit to be called violent but for the real sweep of gesture; at any rate, it nearly takes the unprepared spectator off his feet, and that is more than one asks even of "dramatic art." Mr. Herman Herkomer is a painter of talent, and his work is far from vulgar; which cannot be said of some too conspicuous full-lengths near at hand, painted as no man untrained and untaught could paint them, but as cheap, after all is done, as an image in a very common kind of looking-glass.

It is not among these Academy pictures, but in the further gallery, among the cases of autographs and the intrinsically valueless old sketches and illustrations, that most time is spent. Here you may see how exceedingly foolish the great Liston would have been if he had acted as he seemed to a contemporary artist to act, how entirely undramatic everyone on the stage appears drawn by the cleverest hands of the time, how vulgar Taglioni, how dreary the beauty, how dull the comedian, how lifeless the group in action, and how hideous a Vestris can be if a George Cruikshank should get hold of her. It is not "art" that makes the relic; and, after the grotesque grimaces on the walls, it is a pleasure to turn to the autographs, locks of hair, and cuffs of lace in the cases. "Admit two to the boxes" in Garrick's handwriting attempts no art, nor does the play-bill of the first performance of "A School for Scandal." A long letter of Edmund Kean's shows a hand impetuous enough to satisfy the experts in handwriting. The truth is, that character is written out at full in every letter, but that there is no one in the world who can read it. "Every line has its spirit." In the beautiful hand of Charles Dickens is a letter describing, in the usual tone of too much vivacity, how he cheered up Macready with a little acting in the sick

room. Charles Dickens also describes his impression of the beauty of Miss Kate Terry's acting. The little green shoes of Miss O'Neill are here, and here the announcement, in 1812, that Mrs. Siddons would play no more, and the play-bill, in 1819, of what was in fact her last appearance. Perhaps the royal playbills, "printed on satin with bullion fringe," of recent and not illustrious plays might have been omitted. But the directors of this amusing exhibition are to be congratulated not so much on their selection as on the wise impartiality with which they have collected. There is nothing connected with the theatre that does not gain some charm from mere time—which may make amends for the dulness of the present.

A. M.

DRAMA.

ALTHOUGH Shakespeare is never long out of the bills, there may be something a little forced or fictitious in his present outbreak at the West-end theatres. The great Shakespearean characters are a standard to which the popular actor finds it convenient to resort from time to time to measure his artistic stature, to assure himself and perhaps his admirers that all is well with him, that his popularity has a substantial basis, and so on. Certain fossil plays like "The Hunchback" owe their occasional appearance to no other reason than that they enable a modern *débutante* to tread in the very footsteps of a Helen Faucit. Accordingly there is no need to look for a commercial explanation of Mr. Wilson Barrett's production of "Othello" for his last week's occupancy of the Lyric Theatre, or for Miss Janet Achurch's sudden transition from Ibsen to "Antony and Cleopatra." The demand for such revivals comes not from without, but from within, the theatre. Doubtless Mr. Ben Greet's season at the Olympic is an exception. It is an honest attempt to see whether Shakespeare will take at popular prices without "stars," without mounting, without music, without "editing," without new readings, without any of the artificial props and stays by which he is wont to be sustained at the Lyceum and other fashionable theatres. He has not always so taken. He "spelt ruin" to a famous management at Drury Lane. But every now and again the public conscience re-awakens with regard to the "national bard," as it pleases the profession to call him, and in that happy circumstance Mr. Ben Greet's enterprise may find its reward. They have also been playing "The Merchant of Venice," I see, with much acceptance, at the Novelty, which, of course, is only topographically speaking a West-end theatre. Apropos of this, a captious critic notes that when the music sounded to enable Bassanio to make a swan-like end, the band played "Onward, Christian soldiers." I was not there, but I am quite prepared to learn that this music produced the desired effect. Why not? It is no more modern than the accent and manner of the performers themselves, whose un-Venetian quality, even at the best theatres, never

disturbs the erudite observer. Truly a great deal of nonsense is talked and written about place and period in the drama. What *did* they play in Venice in the fifteenth century as an intermezzo? And supposing that to be ascertainable, how would it appeal to a Cockney public in Great Queen-street?

Mr. Wilson Barrett's "Othello," like his "Virginius," is sufficiently strong and original to stand him, professionally, in good stead. He would not be the ambitious actor-manager that he is if he did not attempt something that the genius of Garrick, Kean, Macready, Fechter and the rest never dreamt of. If Sir Henry Irving as Iago can pick his teeth with his dagger, surely it is permissible in a brand-new Othello to destroy the popular delusion that Desdemona was smothered with a pillow! Mr. Wilson Barrett teaches us that the Moor finished off his luckless spouse with a dagger. Over Desdemona's end there hangs a certain amount of obscurity which is always admitted, on the stage, by its being compassed behind a curtain. The known fact is, that Othello visits his wife's bed-chamber with murder in his heart. Would he, therefore, come armed? Probably. And if so, what more natural than that his chosen weapon should be a dagger? Assuredly Desdemona, although apprehensive, sees no weapon. That her language attests. Then Othello's first onset is ineffectual, since Desdemona after a short pause gives signs of life—a circumstance favourable to the suffocation or choking theory. It is at this point that Mr. Barrett's novel interpretation comes in. Hearing his lady's groans, the new Othello resolves to put her out of pain, and *flashing his dagger* he again passes behind the fatal curtain. Nothing more natural, I repeat, than this business with the dagger, except that Desdemona, still not dead, after a pause, calls out again. "Stifling" or "smothering," according to the stage directions, which vary in the different editions, might be a doubtful sort of death, whereas a dagger in the practised hand of the Moor, and with his impelling vigour of jealousy, ought to be sure and swift. Up to this point the presumption is rather against the dagger. But then, Othello, being about to kill himself, speaks of having "another weapon" handy—a Spanish sword, which he forthwith produces, the dagger, we may suppose, being left sticking in Desdemona's bosom. On the whole, this dagger theory is plausible enough, especially as it does not in the least matter to the dramatic value of the play how the misjudged heroine meets her death.

Two more innovations in the performance call for notice: Mr. Barrett's Othello has a "counterfeit presentment" of Desdemona—in other words, an excellent portrait of Miss Maud Jeffries as Desdemona, to which he addresses himself in his paroxysms of love and jealousy, and which, in one vehement passage, he is on the point of slashing with his dagger. This is a piece of "business" that strikes me as lacking in sincerity. Would a jealous husband rave and gesticulate before his wife's portrait? Not, I fancy, unless, like Mr. Barrett's Othello, he

were on the stage. The fond lover might certainly caress a portrait of the loved one, but in a fume, would his fancy play round it to the same extent? Hardly. There is more to be said for lightening Othello's complexion, as Mr. Barrett does, from the coal-black of the Christy Minstrel, which is the traditional hue of the Moor of Venice, to a chocolate brown. I am one of those who shudder at the thought of so fair and gentle a creature as Desdemona suffering the embraces of a blackamoor. I have never tolerated the negro Othello, whom so excellent a critic as the German Schlegel believed to be intended by Shakespeare. And this not on Desdemona's account alone. Would they have tolerated a negro generalissimo of the forces in Venice? Othello ought to be a shade or two darker than his fellow-officers, but we need not suppose him to be swarthier than a Saracen of the North of Africa, the hero of the tale upon which the play is founded; and this would justify the complexion adopted by Mr. Barrett. In dressing the Moor very simply, again, Mr. Barrett seems to me to be commendably rational. Lord Beaconsfield in one of his novels suggests that Othello's costume ought to be that of a Venetian magnifico of the fifteenth century, and this is also Sir Henry Irving's idea. But, for my part, I find a blaze of colour disturbing to the human interest of the character, while the Oriental draperies affected by the tradition-bound actor are certainly wrong, making of Othello, as they do, a sort of Bluebeard.

On its spiritual or moral side the embodiment is naturally limited by the actor's means—that is, by conditions of physique, manner, voice. It is always so; and that is why we have as many Othellos as there are actors essaying the part, and why they all differ from the critic's own particular Othello, which he, poor man, sets up as the best. Mr. Barrett's Othello is the lithe, active, excitable Southerner, with no sort of ponderosity about him. I have seen his prototype walking about in the streets of Seville and Granada, where after two centuries of incubation the Moorish blood is still strong. This rendering of the character gives us human interest, though it precludes greatness. The "calmness and grandeur" which the higher criticism has assigned to Othello in certain moods are difficult to attain in practice. Edmund Kean himself failed in Hazlitt's opinion to rise to the sublimest heights, and it need not be a reproach to Mr. Barrett that he has not done so. After all, tenderness is, in the main, a question of voice, accent, intonation; and nervousness is apt to rob an actor of his best effects in that respect on a first night. I have no doubt but that Mr. Barrett played Othello better in his study than he did on the boards, and that he has a still better conception of the part than he has been able to set before us, excellent as that is in the practical workaday aspect of human nature. The Iago of the cast is Mr. McLeay, a young American actor of marked ability in "character" parts. He gives us a dainty, mincing, elegant, dandified Iago, who appears to be actuated less by a deep fiendish hate than by a sort of feminine spitefulness.

I do not care for Miss Achurch's Cleopatra. It has been said that the Ibsen drama makes commonplace actors great. I am afraid it also spoils them for any other class of work, including the best. Miss Elizabeth Robins was a very useful actress in a general way until she took to Ibsen; and Miss Achurch is going the same road. The staccato utterance, the "pig's whisper," the soulful stare go very well with Ibsen. In Shakespeare, who is all nature and common sense, they put one out. J. F. N.

SCIENCE.

SCIENCE, as well as art, has suffered by the death of Sir A. W. Franks; and the nation has lost one of its most laborious and generous servants, as the long rows of admirably arranged cases in the British Museum show, with the ever-recurring label, "Franks Collection." On one occasion, it is related, when Sir A. W. Franks particularly wished the Government to effect purchases for the museum he loved so well, he offered to present works of art up to the value of what they expended. The anecdote has an unpleasant side to it. It shows how mean and parsimonious the Government is, in the eyes of those who are responsible for our art treasures, if such a bribe is necessary in order to induce it to spend money.

SIR A. W. FRANKS developed early in life the taste for mediæval antiquities on which he was such an authority. His own collections included rings, porcelain, pottery, enamels, Japanese and Chinese works of art, drinking vessels, gold ornaments, prehistoric relics and bookplates. The latter formed probably his latest love, and though he himself is credited with the finest collection in England, he has done much to foster one of the silliest crazes extant, poster-collecting always barred. In addition to the extensive and valuable contributions which Sir A. W. Franks continually made to the department of the museum under his charge, he had a talent for organisation which it will be difficult again to match. The rapidity with which he could arrange a new gallery was phenomenal, and once done it was complete in every detail, not needing to be revised and altered at intervals. The outside public, which is given to troubling on small pretext and addicted to silly questions, stood much in awe of Sir Wollaston Franks, who worked devotedly in its interests, but objected to come into personal contact with it.

A NEW exhibition of Silchester remains has just been opened at the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries, in Burlington House, representing the past season's excavations. A large number of interesting objects is to be seen, among other things some iron collars which were found laid in a cutting, and which had evidently formed the joints of a wooden conduit. A similar discovery was made more than a century ago in France, at a place called Chatelet, where an old Roman town had existed. Otherwise,

this form of conduit is probably unique so far as present excavations have gone.

DETAILED announcements are now being made with reference to the forthcoming meeting of the British Association at Toronto. Canada itself is making special efforts to act up to the occasion, which it properly regards as a compliment paid by the mother country. Many American societies have also fixed to have their summer meetings in or near Canada, so as to allow of their members joining the British Association afterwards. The Governor-General and Lady Aberdeen will hold a reception for the members of the Association, and a public banquet will be given in honour of Lord Kelvin, Lord Lister the President, and Sir John Evans the President-Elect of the Association. Among the excursions will, of course, be one to Niagara, under the direction of Mr. G. K. Gilbert, of the U.S. Survey, and other places of interest which will be visited are the Muskoka Lakes, the Don Valley, with its remarkable geological formations, and Scarborough Heights, famous for fossil beds. The Canadian Pacific Railway have arranged to convey members to and from the Pacific coast at an extremely moderate rate. A handbook containing full information on the country and its resources will shortly be published.

THE Friday evening discourses at the Royal Institution afford a curious meeting-ground for science and fashion, the combination dating from the birth of the Institution, and carrying on the tradition which was started by its founder, Count Rumford. On Friday last an unusual number of people assembled to hear Lord Kelvin lecture on "Contact Electricity," a treat not often accorded nowadays—except in connexion with patent cases. Lord Kelvin's theme was a glorification of Volta, whose early experiments on the electrical charge produced when two dissimilar metals are brought into contact and then separated were, he said, both correct and correctly explained. The text-books had since done their best to stultify Volta by giving all sorts of absurd explanations of the phenomenon. Lord Kelvin also showed some photographs taken with the fluorescent light given off by uranium, and described some of the properties of this metal, which formed an interesting study in the hands of the late M. Becquerel.

H. C. M.

MUSIC.

OPERA AND CONCERTS.

SATURDAY was the first great night at the opera house. Lohengrin was performed under the direction of Mr. Anton Seidl, and with an exceptionally fine cast. It is usual to speak of the conductor last, but I must mention him first. Mr. Seidl has not appeared in London since—many seasons ago—he conducted the Ring des Nibelungen at the old, Her Majesty's, theatre. He was

then well versed in Wagner's music; time and experience have, however, matured his gifts. He displays life, vigour, and marked intelligence; his beat is firm and clear; and he knows how to make his presence felt in the orchestra and on the stage. This is not the moment to compare him with other conductors who have made special study of Wagner; for the present it is sufficient to know that when he is at the head of the orchestra the Bayreuth master's music will be in good hands. Miss Eames sang well, and her acting, if not ideal, was certainly better than usual; the company by which she was surrounded probably exercised a stimulating influence over her. Miss Marie Brema's impersonation of Ortrud was exceedingly fine. Her declamation is powerful, her facial movements are most expressive, and her gestures always appropriate. The art may not always be perfectly concealed, but her natural gifts are great, and she will rise still higher. M. J. de Reske made his first appearance this season; he was in splendid voice, and achieved a brilliant success; his brother, as the king, was dignified as actor and impressive as singer. Mr. David Bispham impersonated Telramund with force and wonderful touches of realism; he must have made a deep study of the part.

MR. EUGEN D'ALBERT played last week at the Philharmonic a Concerto of his own composition, one which had already been heard at the Crystal Palace. This Concerto is not so dry as the Sonata of which I spoke last week, but the music leaves a very vague impression; and, curiously, so far as the solo part is concerned, it is certainly not highly effective. The pianist, however, afterwards performed Weber's Concertstück in F minor and major, and in this comparatively short piece he had a fine opportunity for displaying all his best qualities: there was delicacy without effeminacy, vigour without harshness, and intellect tempered by emotion. A truly magnificent rendering was, however, marred by a few virtuosic additions to Weber's text. If there was any gain in effect—which I much doubt—it was obtained by unlawful means. M. d'Albert is certainly one of the greatest pianists of the day; and he ought therefore to set a better example.

On the following afternoon he gave his second and last recital at St. James's Hall, when he played Beethoven's last two Sonatas (Op. 110 and Op. 111). His reading of both works was admirable, although I must confess I should have liked greater tenderness in the closing page of the C Minor, a Sonata, by the way, which sets one thinking of "The Tempest" almost as much as Op. 57.

THE programme of the first Richter concert last Monday included a Symphonic Poem by the young Capellmeister Richard Strauss, whose music has attracted considerable attention in his own country and abroad. As in his former tone-poems, so in the present one, entitled "Don Juan," the composer indicates the source whence he sought inspiration. The music is intended to illustrate a dramatic poem by Lenau.

No detailed programme, however is given, so that it must be judged from an abstract point of view. Some of the thematic material, if not strikingly original, is undoubtedly interesting, and the workmanship and orchestral treatment are, as one might expect, of a high order. But the work leaves one cold. It is scarcely fair to sum up new music after a first hearing, yet there is no harm in recording first impressions. This, indeed, is part of a critic's work; another part is to acknowledge any modification of opinion which he may experience later on. So far as I am acquainted with the music of Strauss, I feel that the manner is better than the matter.

The Tchaikowsky Pathetic Symphony—which, unfortunately for the novelty, was placed before it—was interpreted by Richter with his accustomed skill and earnestness; and again the work exerted its great power. During the second movement Richter ceased to conduct. It was a curious experiment, but it is to be hoped that conductors of lesser fame will not imitate him. Richter's men can be guided by eye as well as arm; the conductor always looks at his men, and they at him.

On Tuesday evening Saint-Saëns' third Violin Concerto was played at the Queen's Hall, and half an hour later at St. James's Hall. The first violinist was M. Emile Sauret, who interpreted the music with the skill and perfection of a master for whom difficulties have ceased to exist, and with the lightness and charm which it so imperatively demands. Miss Irma Sethe, the second interpreter, also displayed skill; she is, however, at the outset of her artistic career, and many excellent qualities which she possesses have not, as yet, been raised to their highest power. Then, too, she is, I am happy to say, exceedingly earnest, and the Concerto, a clever and often effective work, must not be taken too seriously. M. Sauret seemed to leave the music to speak for itself, Miss Sethe to be trying to get more out of it than was actually in it. German music at present suits her better than French; she is attracted by the subjective rather than by the ornamental.

MME. BLANCHE MARCHESI came, sang, and conquered. There may be points in her reading of this or that song with which one does not agree, but her pure singing, her fine declamation, her simplicity, her earnestness carry all before them. Whatever she sings is sure to give pleasure, though, of course, the finer the song the greater that pleasure. The way in which she adapts herself to various kinds of music is quite astonishing. She can interpret the light, graceful, or even humorous; also music which demands pathos and passion; it is, however, in the latter kind that I admire her most. At her first recital, on May 14, her programme was excellent, far better, indeed, than the one she gave the following week. Mme. Marchesi seems particularly fond of French songs, but her first selection was more effective than the second. "Le Rêve de Jésus," by Mme. P. Viardot, begins well, though it becomes melodramatic and weak. The Marie Antoinette

song likewise did not prove attractive. Then in the matter of variety the second programme left, as the French say, something to desire. I am writing frankly, for with such an accomplished vocalist it seems a pity that the programmes should not be of the best. Could not Mme. Marchesi give us more of Schubert and Brahms? Herr Bramsen, a clever performer on the violoncello, played solos at both concerts, yet they did not offer the right relief.

Mr. Bird displayed great ability at the pianoforte, and Mme. Marchesi must be glad to have such support. In many items of the two programmes his task was something more than mere accompanying.

J. S. S.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FATHER OF THE PIANOFORTE.

London: May 22.

In the south walk of the beautiful old cloisters of Westminster Abbey there is a simple gravestone lying flat on the ground, bearing the following memorable inscription:

"Muzio Clementi,
called
the Father of the Pianoforte;
his fame as a musician
and composer
acknowledged throughout Europe
procured him the honour
of a public interment
in this cloister.
Born at Rome 1752.
Died at Evesham 1832."

This tomb, which ought to be held dear and sacred by every true musician, and which I myself have reverentially visited on countless occasions, has now become so worn and dilapidated that it is with difficulty that one can decipher the inscription which I have just quoted. A complete renovation of this plain slab covering the remains of the immortal Muzio Clementi is therefore urgently needed, and I trust that the restoration may be taken in hand by the Westminster Abbey authorities without further delay.

ALGERNON ASHTON.

SHELLEY'S PORTRAITS.

Paris: May 24.

It would be of some interest to admirers of Shelley to know whether the portrait of the poet published in the last issue of the ACADEMY is that mentioned by Trelawny in his *Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron* as by Clint. The exquisite lithographic copy by Vintner of Clint's portrait in the volume before me does not coincide in every detail with the drawing photographed by H. H. Hay Cameron, but the general impression obtained from each is the same. As Trelawny says, Shelley never sat to a professional artist: "In 1819, at Rome, a daughter of the celebrated Curran began a portrait of him in oil, which she never finished, and left in an almost flat and inanimate state. In 1821 or 1822, his friend Williams made a spirited water-colour drawing, which gave a very good idea of the poet. Out of these materials Mrs. Williams, on her return to England after the death of Shelley, got Clint to compose a portrait, which the few who knew Shelley in the last year of his life thought very like him. The water-colour drawing has been lost, so that the portrait done by Clint is the only one of any value." Trelawny adds that Vintner's copy of Clint's portrait is published for the first time in the *Recollections*—namely, in 1858.

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REVIEWS.

THE NOVELIST AND THE APOSTLE.

A Study of St. Paul. By S. Baring-Gould.
(M. A. Isbister & Co.)

TO the jaded palate of the age such an incongruity as the life of an Apostle by a popular novelist should be stimulating. If it should fail to be so, it will be because the book does not fulfil the promise held forth by the bizarre association of ideas; not because it is not an able and interesting book, with certain limitations in its ability which might easily be foreseen. Mr. Baring-Gould explains in a preface what were his intentions in undertaking a life of St. Paul. He designed to regard the Apostle solely from the standpoint of a novelist and man of the world, a man necessarily having some acquaintance with the main-springs of human character and motive; a man, in fact, such as Mr. Baring-Gould undeniably is. But, in the first place, he cannot keep his limitations. A man is all that he thinks and writes, as well as all that he does; therefore, Mr. Baring-Gould has inevitably to devote a prominent space to St. Paul as a thinker, where the special advantages which he claims for himself avail him nothing. Moreover, he truly remarks that St. Paul the man was more than St. Paul the man; that he had a mystic side, and this mystic side is like the hidden side of the moon. In relation to a novelist and man of the world, it undeniably is. Apparently he feels only the embarrassment to which it puts him in his consideration of the man. But in truth it is thrice as fatal to him in considering the writer. Nor is his aim at all so original as he conceives, and as the reader is at first disposed to hope. It soon becomes evident that Mr. Baring-Gould has read Renan, and Renan's *Life of St. Paul*, and that we have here an attempt to adapt the methods of Renan for English readers—as our playwrights adapt the methods of the French

stage for English audiences—minus the infidelity, though with a considerable infusion of the naturalism of Renan. Mr. Baring-Gould's announced aim, moreover, is not single and dominant enough to unify the temper of his book. He has many sides, and they so intercross each other as to make of his work a very mingled yarn. There is Mr. Baring-Gould, the man of the world, and much of the book is very man-of-the-worldly; there is Mr. Baring-Gould the novelist, and not a little of the book smells strong of the novelist; there is Mr. Baring-Gould, the student of Renan, and we sniff now and again a distinct whiff of Renan. But such a phrase as "When I was a curate" reminds us that there is also Mr. Baring-Gould the clergyman of the Church by law established, and we are not suffered to forget that we must allow for yet another idiosyncrasy.

When we find the subject of the "Petrine" claims insisted upon with great cleverness and subtlety from the orthodox Anglican standpoint; when we find the writer rejoicingly strong upon St. Peter's wife, and St. Paul's lady-friends, and St. Paul's alleged marriage with Lydia, we are aware of the Anglican clergyman. The novelist comes to the front in a certain method of filling-in recorded facts with supposed details. When St. Paul is rescued from the Jewish rioters by the Roman soldiery, he is represented by the author as hoisted on their shoulders. "Then the Apostle, leaning down to the tribune, said in his ear, 'May I speak?'" Is this a passage from an intended historical romance? It has no foundation in fact. The same (we cannot but think) cheap manner of imparting colour by imaginary details is carried yet farther in the account of the riot at Ephesus. Here it is:

"Alexander, thrusting, elbowing his way through the crowd, scrambled on to the stage, signed with his hand that he desired to be heard, and gained an audience. But no sooner did the mob recognise that he was a Jew than their howls broke out again: 'Great Artemis of Ephesus!' At last, when they had yelled themselves hoarse, a lull ensued, and the magistrates seized their opportunity to send forward the chief municipal officer, the chancellor, who kept the town archives and was treasurer for the wealth of the Temple of Artemis. He came out from behind the side-scenes, and, stepping to the front of the stage, ordered silence."

Mr. Baring-Gould's account of the speech which followed, adhering for the most part to the Biblical language, concludes with this even ludicrously incongruous piece of modernism: "Since we are wholly unable to give any rational account of this mass meeting." There are some who will admire this kind of "picturesqueness." But there is either too much of it in the book or too little. If it was to be done at all, it should have been a main feature of the style, instead of cropping up spasmodically in unexpected places. When, again, St. Paul retires to Arabia after his conversion, we are told that it is possible he retired to an Essene community. There is not a fact alleged in support of it. It seems likely to the author's imagination, for reasons he gives. That is all. This method of padding a history where facts are meagre by "It is

possible," and "We may well imagine," is one which cannot be rebuked too strongly. The culmination was reached some years ago in a French ecclesiastic who gave us a *Life of the Good Thief* (the penitent thief crucified with Christ). It only remains for someone else to give us a "Life of Balaam's Ass," and the historical imagination will have reached its climax as a book-making faculty. Connected with this, but also with a savour of Renan, is Mr. Baring-Gould's way of emulating Falstaff's evolution of men in buckram. For instance, we have the moderate and unimpeachable statement that Christian writers have admitted certain grave disorders as having happened sometimes at the Agapes of the early Christians. But on the next page these certain grave disorders have swelled into "orgies." It looks as though his own moderation were every now and again pricked in the flanks by a resolve prepossessed to be original and tradition-breaking, to go as near the example of the French iconoclast as his reputable English orthodoxy would allow.

But we have done with picking of holes. This book is an interesting and valuable performance none the less. St. Paul's journeys are made vivid to us by skilfully realised descriptions of the countries and places through which he passed. Only once, in the author's desire to introduce modern vivacity, does he fall into such a slip as where he describes Corinth resounding with the voices of singers "running up and down the chromatic scales," as they no doubt would have done, only that chromatic scales were not then invented. Very felicitously he sets before us the way in which circumstances gradually forced on St. Paul the apostolate of the Gentiles. He does not repeat the common error of supposing that a great man sees his objective from the beginning, and that all his actions are dictated by a constant regard for it. In one respect, however, he ascribes a set and far-sighted plan to St. Paul; and his suggestion is at any rate original and valuable. He believes that the Apostle had conceived the design of stringing a set of Christian communities along the great trade-route between Syria and Rome, which ran through Southern Asia Minor. This, at any rate, he points out, is what the Apostle effected. Derbe, Lystra, Antioch, Colossæ, Laodicea, Ephesus, Corinth, and the communities established along the Egnatian road, followed this route, and secured the great highway for Christianity. Very clearly, also, he shows us the special nature of the difficulties with which St. Paul had to contend. He enters thoroughly into the standpoint of the orthodox Jews and Judaizing Christians who formed his adversaries. This is not surprising. Their standpoint was that of a man of the world, and a man of the world Mr. Baring-Gould proclaims himself. Indeed, one feels that had he lived in the Apostolic era he would infallibly have regarded the Apostle as an imprudent fanatic. But there is room for all diversities of temper; and we can be thankful for the disposition which enables Mr. Baring-Gould to put with such sympathetic insight the case of those whom others—wise after the event—represent as stupid or purely malicious.

Nor is he less successful in doing justice to the wisdom and forbearance of St. Peter and the other Apostles at Jerusalem, which allowed full scope to the fiery Paul, without disconcerting their own more centralised designs. He shows, we think truly, the vast importance at the outset of having a central body such as the Apostles at Jerusalem, influencing the Jews through their metropolitan synagogue, and sending forth, as from a heart, a constant pulsation of Christian influence to all the peripheral Jewish communities. Owing to their wise action in regard to St. Paul and the work among the Gentiles, this did not interfere with the extension of the Christian body at its peripheries. Again, Mr. Baring-Gould shows that St. Paul did not, except at Athens, preach to the heathen directly. He acted through the local Jewish community in each place he visited.

St. Paul the man is Mr. Baring-Gould's declared object of study. He presents us with a sufficiently vivid picture, in which he has thought for himself to an extent even aggressive. But because of this very determination to be original, to break through traditional modes of view, we doubt whether he quite knows the impression he creates. It is not exactly a pleasant impression—speaking for ourselves. This St. Paul of Mr. Baring-Gould's is zealous, self-devoted, absorbed in one idea—the propagation of the Gospel among the Gentiles; much-enduring, persuasive, patient with neophytes and submissive disciples; but masterful, overbearing, hot-tempered, impatient of opposition, ready to quarrel with all who thwart his will in the slightest degree, harsh and unconciliatory to all who do not see as he sees; a man more for respect and fear than love; having, moreover, a kind of pious *penchant* towards women, ripening on one occasion into a love-affair, and on another leading him to let a girl go about with him in man's clothes. It would seem that this is not the author's own view. In the close of his book he observes:

"It is the humanity of Paul that meets us and makes us cling to, listen to, and love him. In his wonderful epistles he had a word for everyone in all times—a word that went deep into every heart, met every experience, comforted in every sorrow, cheered in every discouragement, that braced every tired soul."

This comes upon the reader as a surprise. One is forced to the conclusion that Mr. Baring-Gould (after a manner very familiar to critics) in his desire to protest against and make his points against the routine view, has neglected to emphasise the points in which he agrees with the routine view; determined not to paint the Apostle smug and smooth, he has unconsciously turned out a portrait in which chiefly the unpleasant lines are marked. It remains that, having given us a study of St. Paul, he should give us an historical novel on St. Paul. We think he would develop his negative more according to his intention.

Many points in a book necessarily full of matter for controversy we have unavoidably omitted. Yet one point we must touch. Mr. Baring-Gould has been compelled to deal with St. Paul the thinker, and here his

limitations become marked. The man of the world and the novelist, even with the clergyman superadded, do not form a combination adequate for this portion of the task. The good-natured scorn with which he condemns the Apostle or sets him to rights, the air of "Hannibal, sir, was a very pretty fellow in his day," remind us of the superior Britisher in foreign parts. The tendency which produces the "damned nigger" attitude is a little too manifest, accentuated, it may be, by a wish to be daring and original. St. Paul's method, he says, is Oriental, not Occidental. Most true. What was needed, then, was for Mr. Baring-Gould to have entered sympathetically into the Oriental mode of thought and interpreted it, or else to have left this side of St. Paul alone as beyond his view.

But who says "Oriental," says confused and puerile, according to Mr. Baring-Gould's idea, says "damned nigger" in fact, though in a polished and cultivated way. He criticises the intellectual side of the Epistles from the standpoint of Western dialectics, regardless of his own admission, which is the very sign-post to those who would study St. Paul the thinker. His typical Western mind has no capacity to follow the Eastern mind. In one important case, as a result, he quite misses St. Paul's meaning—following a throng of Western critics in doing so. But for the most part he simply misunderstands the Apostle's aims and methods. He looks for dialectical proof, after the Western fashion, where the Apostle intends exposition and illustration. He finds St. Paul adopting the "textual method," and thinks that it must mean the reasoned proof from Scripture which it would mean in European controversy. Whereas it is an attempt to illustrate and develop the "lie" (so to speak) of the Apostle's position, from a mystical standpoint, by means of images and parallels from Scripture mystically interpreted.

This mystical use of Scripture was a thing universally accepted in St. Paul's day, based on certain defined principles, and handed down to the early Christian Church; from which it long survived in the Roman Church, and has, of late, begun to show a curious revival in modern sects which Mr. Baring-Gould has not, we should think, studied. The whole method, as is characteristic of the East and inherent in the mysticism beloved of the East, is poetical rather than dialectic. Indeed, the profoundest admirer of St. Paul as a thinker that we ever met was a distinguished modern poet.

On this aspect of St. Paul Mr. Baring-Gould is an unsafe guide; though we admire his boldness in saying so outspokenly what most Englishmen, it is likely, have thought about these subtle, difficult, and most un-English utterances. But, on the whole, he has written an interesting, picturesque book, in which he has thought for himself, often with very suggestive results. The value of the book, we may add, is increased by two clear maps of St. Paul's journeys, and by a complete index.

PROF. GARDINER ON CROMWELL.

Cromwell's Place in History. By Samuel Rawson Gardiner. (Longmans.)

THE historian and the biographer have been busy during the last few years with the name of Oliver Cromwell. Prof. Gardiner's slim little volume is a notable addition to the growing literature of a stirring subject. It is interesting also as the firstfruits of that curious monument of human vanity, the Ford Lectureship of English History at Oxford. In the autumn of 1896 Prof. Gardiner gave half-a-dozen lectures upon that foundation, and although they were delivered without manuscript, he has been enabled, through notes kindly put at his disposal by two girl students, to recast the argument of his discourse in book form. It need hardly be said that Prof. Gardiner is the greatest living authority upon the period of which he treats, and his deliberate judgment of Cromwell comes accordingly with great weight and significance. Of Cromwell, the member of Parliament, the captain of horse and the tactician, he has indeed already dwelt in detail in the volumes of his *History of the Civil War*; with Cromwell the statesman and the dictator he has still to grapple in the same thorough and exhaustive manner. In the present sketch he fore-shadows conclusions and appreciations which he will hereafter find opportunity to develop and support in a more substantial way. What Prof. Gardiner has now to say of the Cromwell of the Protectorate comes roughly to this, that in the end the reasoned verdict of history can only jump with the less judicious estimate of the popular imagination. The ordinary man thinks of Cromwell as the strong, often the somewhat lawless and uncompromising man of his hands. He was the victor of Marston Moor and Naseby and Worcester. He was the executioner of Charles. He held down Scotland and Ireland, not without brutality. He turned the Rump out of the doors of Westminster Hall. He gave the English arms a prestige by land and sea. And in effect, says Prof. Gardiner, this is about what he did do. In these "swift decisive hammer-strokes" his effectiveness lay. They were mostly negative in character and intention, emphatic Nays:

"Hostile armies were not allowed to be victorious. Kings were not allowed to wield absolute power in disregard of the conditions of the time or the wishes of their subjects. Parliaments were not allowed to disregard public opinion. Irishmen were not allowed to establish a government hostile to England. Foreign Powers were not allowed to disregard the force of England."

But Cromwell was not always negative, nor always, it must be added, swift and decisive; it was laid upon him to build up, to construct, as well as to destroy and to forbid. And about this statesmanlike task he set himself with a deliberation, a hesitation that forms a curious contrast to his swashing blow in the hours of action. He had great, and, as it proved, insuperable difficulties to contend with. Professor Gardiner is not of one mind with those who think that with twenty more years of rule Cromwell would

have succeeded in establishing his ideas permanently in England. There were seeds of disaster inherent in the attempt. Cromwell's authority rested on an armed force, and the English antagonism to armed authority he never did live, and never could have lived, down. Moreover, troops which had won their laurels against their own countrymen were personally unpopular, and no amount of successes abroad could give them popularity. Again, the rule of the Commonwealth was irrevocably bound up with Puritanism, and Puritanism, admirable as an engine of revolt, was not fitted permanently to direct the destinies of a growing, an expansive people. The divine right of the congregation, like the divine right of the king, was a principle incompatible with liberty; it could never become comprehensive. Prof. Gardiner concludes by pointing out that although Cromwell failed for the time in establishing his ideas, they were not, for this, condemned to perpetual infertility; one by one, they have returned, and have been taken up, under happier auspices, into the frame-work of the national life.

Prof. Gardiner has the reputation of a fluent and lucid lecturer; but we could wish that he would condescend to put his admirable subject-matter before us with a little more graciousness of expression. It is not really necessary, because you are learned to the finger-tips, to refrain from all attempt to throw your learning into inviting and picturesque form. And the career of Cromwell admits, nay, surely claims, an artistic treatment which Prof. Gardiner is careless to render it. It has its vivid contrasts, its electric moments. Prof. Gardiner, indeed, is careful to lay down in the beginning that not the biography of Cromwell, but his relation to the political and ecclesiastical movements of his time, is the theme before him. But surely this antithesis biography and politics, the inner life of character and the outer life of action, is a false and exploded one. They are inseparable, interacting in a thousand ways. And the one may fairly yield some of its glamour to light up the sober abstractions of the other. Prof. Gardiner diversifies with one good story his account of the curious relations of friendship between the Puritan Cromwell and Catholic Spain.

"The explanation is, after all, not far to seek. It is said that when, in the present century, Marshal Narvaez was on his deathbed, his confessor urged him, as in duty bound, to forgive his enemies. 'Enemies,' answered the dying man, 'I have none.' 'No,' he continued, when the priest had expressed astonishment, 'I have shot them all.' Even so Spain, in the middle of the seventeenth century, had no Protestants to persecute. She had burnt them all."

Prof. Gardiner's book is not—it does not profess to be—a complete or adequate account of Cromwell; but it is a luminous and masterly contribution to the final summing-up of one whom he believes to have been "in the world of action what Shakespeare was in the world of thought, the greatest, because the most typical, Englishman of all time."

THE HOUSE.

The Inner Life of the House of Commons—1860-1870. By William White. Edited, with a Preface, by Justin McCarthy, M.P. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

THE two volumes of this book give us in diary form a keenly observed picture of the House of Commons in the fifteen years which ended with the clash of arms between France and Germany. Mr. White, who died in 1882, was the doorkeeper of the House. Himself a good speaker, and a student of human nature and of literature, he could not but find in the progress of each Session a drama of men and forces well worth his study. He wrote down his impressions, and they appeared as a series of articles in the *Illustrated Times* and the *Illustrated London News*. There has been no unwise attempt to edit the sketches into less journalistic shape. The picture is printed, so to speak, from the original plates, and is the more convincing on that account. But, indeed, Mr. White's clear, serviceable style, and the significance of the scenes which he describes, are sufficient to lift his book to the level which his son claims for it—that of "a real contribution to the history of the times."

It is more than that; it is a contribution to our knowledge of personal dynamics in the contest of life. Here are success and failure in the making. The success is not always to be envied or the failure to be pitied, but these considerations only deepen the lessons of the book. As a record also of the great moments of a great assembly—and what makes better reading?—Mr. White's papers have a living interest. They contain a great deal of sound criticism of oratory. They preserve the personal traits of many remarkable men in bright, delicate descriptions. Nor is the play unworthy of a fine critic. The years covered by these volumes were great years; they were the years in which Palmerston, Disraeli, Bright, Cobden, John Stuart Mill, and Bulwer-Lytton occupied the seats of the mighty; and they were the years in which Sir William (then Mr.) Harcourt, and the Duke of Devonshire, then Lord Spencer Cavendish, delivered their maiden speeches. The hurly-burly of politics which these names recall may be conveniently evaded. Mr. White's is a book to which it is permissible to apply a selective method of review; and it will be neither unfair nor inappropriate to limit our attention to the careers of those literary men who were in Parliament in Mr. White's time and whose careers were narrowly observed both by him and by Mr. Justin McCarthy, whose supplementary recollections are of great interest.

It happens that Mr. White has drawn no member of these mid-Victorian Parliaments more lovingly than him whom he delights to call Sir Edward George Earle Lytton, Bulwer-Lytton. We meet the author of *Pelham* wandering about the lobbies in April, 1856, in his stooping, abstracted way, "his hat on the back of his head, his hands thrust into his trouser pockets, and his eyes cast downwards—looking for all the world

as if he fancied that he had lost something and was searching on the ground and feeling for it in his pockets at the same time." At this time Sir Edward's remarkable appearance was accentuated by his complete neglect of the hair on his face. It spread and waved over his features, hiding them, and producing "probably the most astonishing human face in the world." Later, Sir Edward took kindly to the scissors, and his features were discovered to be quite good. It was in his period of trimness and office (as Colonial Secretary) that Sir Edward rose to deliver his speech on the abortive Reform Bill introduced by Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli in 1859. This was a great speech, and when Sir Edward sat down "the cheering was beyond everything that we ever heard in the House or indeed elsewhere." A pleasant note in Mr. White's book is the vividness with which he recalls the gales of cheering and laughter that he weathered. On this occasion "it was literally a tempest of applause . . . rendered more effective by the members rising just then to go to dinner, and cheering as they rose." But Mr. White tones down the picture with the statement that the orator could not be properly heard in the Gallery, and he illustrates his criticism thus:

"On looking over Sir Edward's speech as reported in the *Times*, we find the following passage, than which few things finer have been uttered in the course of the debate: 'The popular voice is like the grave; it cries Give, give! but like the grave, it never returns what it receives.' Well, the condition in which this remark came up to us was something like this: 'The popular yah! is like the grah! it cried yah! yah! but like the grah! it never returns.' At the close of the sentence Sir Edward dropped his head so low that the last word or two went under the table."

Kinglake—"Eothen" Kinglake—entered Parliament in 1857. Mr. White writes him down a failure. His first speech was a breakdown, and another "completely wearied the House." Mr. McCarthy, however, declares his matter to have been excellent, but he had a wretchedly feeble voice and poor articulation. Mr. McCarthy has a good story about these defects. In a debate on foreign policy, which took place early in the sixties, Kinglake made a speech, but, as usual, it was smothered on his lips. A really fine peroration was simply thrown away. However, Sir Robert Peel, who had been able to hear it, was loth that it should be wasted. He had the bright idea to ask Kinglake to allow him to use his peroration as the concluding portion of a speech he was himself to deliver. Kinglake was sweetly willing, and Sir Robert, speaking on the following night, "brought the House down with the sentences which, delivered by their real author the night before, had fallen dead upon the audience."

Another literary man, Samuel Warren, the author of *Ten Thousand a Year*, is dismissed by Mr. White as "a good fellow, nevertheless, and clever too," the *nevertheless* referring to a previous account of Warren's general ineffectiveness in the House.

"Tom Brown" Hughes, as members called him, did better in his representa-

tion of Lambeth. This might have been expected in a man whose literary work was, after all, rather instrumental in his career than essential to it. Mr. White admired the temerity of Hughes in his "tilt at the great railway interest."

"Mr. Hughes might as well attempt to overthrow the great pyramid of Gizeh with his puny lance as to move this compacted, formidable, we had almost said omnipotent, railway interest. Like the Leviathan of Job, 'Darts it counteth as stubble. It laughs at the shaking of the spear.' Generous, kindly, impulsive, sanguine, is Mr. Thomas Hughes, but let him not attempt the impossible."

Mr. White's general belief seems to be that literary men are ineffective in Parliament. He pooh-poohs their literary aspirations more than once, and this despite the fact that Disraeli and Lytton loom so magnificently on his canvas. But with the data before us which the present and recent Parliaments supply, it is to-day hard to generalise on the performances of literary men in the House other than favourably.

The case of John Stuart Mill stands somewhat apart in Mr. White's pages, and we cannot do better than quote the spirited passage, long though it be, in which Mill first appears. On February 24, 1856, Mr. White wrote:

"Mr. John Stuart Mill has not failed, nor can he fail. To ascertain whether a man is a failure we must ascertain what he aims at. Mr. Mill never thought to startle and dazzle the House by his oratory as Disraeli did when he first rose to speak. Mr. Mill has no oratorical gifts, and he knows it; nor can he be called a rhetorician. He is a close reasoner, and addresses himself directly to our reasoning powers; and though he has great command of language, as all his hearers know, he never condescends to deck out his arguments in rhetorical finery to catch applause. . . . Mr. Mill did not succeed as an orator; but then he did not attempt oratory. He did not excite a furore of cheering; but then he neither expected nor wished for applause. Mr. Mill, we should say, cares very little for applause. Rapturous cheering, such as that which Mr. Horsman and Mr. Lowe can evoke, would, we venture to think, be an offence to Mr. Mill. He would perhaps ask with the old Roman orator, 'What foolish thing have I said that these people applaud?' And, indeed, we ourselves have, after long experience, come to think that applause in the House of Commons is often uproarious in proportion to the foolishness of the sentiment which calls it forth. Deep attention, broken only by significant murmurs, is, to our mind, far more complimentary to a speaker than fierce and uproarious applause. What Mr. Mill intended to do was to reason calmly with his opponents, and this he succeeded in doing."

Mr. McCarthy heartily endorses this view of Mill's Parliamentary performances, and says: "Many of his phrases still vibrate in the memory of the House, and are quoted again and again by people who have forgotten to whom the phrases owe their authorship."

Mr. Disraeli appears in these pages as a politician only; even the incidental mention of his novels here and there leaves us pre-occupied with the romance he brought to politics, not with the politics he brought to romance.

THOMAS WAKLEY.

The Life and Times of Thomas Wakley, Founder and First Editor of the "Lancet."
By S. Squire Sprigge. (Longmans.)

It is difficult to transport oneself back to the time, recent as it may be chronologically, when the medical profession was tyrannised over by a corrupt, greedy, and unscrupulous corporation, sodden with ignorance and addicted to nepotism in its fullest form. The life of Wakley, the founder of the *Lancet*, takes us back to that time, and is interesting chiefly from the vigorous conflict which went on for so many years between that reformer and the heads of the old system. The story of how Wakley was led into this track is curious. Trained himself in one of the hospitals, and under one of the great surgeons whom he afterwards attacked with such success, he had settled down as a prosperous practitioner in Argyll-street, when the Cato-street gang of conspirators were brought to trial and executed. The heads of the defunct criminals were condemned to be severed from their bodies, and from the skill with which this brutal act was performed rumour got about that a medical man had allowed himself to be employed. Mr. Sprigge establishes the real identity of the operator, but is unable to explain precisely how suspicion fell upon the innocent Wakley, or who were the perpetrators of the terrible outrage upon him, when his house was burnt down and he himself was stabbed and left for dead. An unfortunate lawsuit against the insurance office which covered his loss surrounded the affair with a halo of slander, and Wakley emerged from the trial with fury and bitterness in his heart. The first object of his reforming zeal was his own profession. He started the *Lancet*, which, owing in some degree to a plentiful crop of libel actions and suits to restrain, soon acquired as wide a circulation as it did notoriety. The hospitals in those days were a hotbed of abuses. People who raise complaints now on the slenderest provocation, and often enough on none, can have no idea of what went on in hospitals under the benevolent rule of the great surgeons who lectured while their less intelligent nephews hacked at the patients committed to their care. Wakley's outspoken comments on each bad case of malpraxis that came to his ears—and very few did not—soon caused him to be excluded from all the leading hospitals. But the *Lancet* was well served by a body of staunch volunteers, who sympathised with its objects, and reported for its columns. Often enough the attacks were scurrilous, for no epithet was spared on either side, and Wakley lost as well as won his actions; but the cause prospered in the main, and at last the *Lancet* came to grips with the chief offender in all this evil—the College of Surgeons itself. One of his principal grievances arose out of a by-law just passed, making it compulsory for medical students to attend the lectures of certain hospital officials.

"The hospital surgeons were also the authorities at the College of Surgeons—that is, they were the men who decided that the lectures of certain

gentlemen should be compulsory for all medical students. The compulsory lectures were delivered by themselves, their relatives, or their apprentices. It was this corrupt arrangement against which Wakley worked."

We have not space to follow the warfare into all its ramifications, and can but stop in passing to mention two salient episodes: the violent attack on Wakley's person, which was instigated by the Council, and the reformer's heroic but futile attempt to found a rival institution free from the taint of chartered impunity.

One result of Wakley's experience throughout this campaign was the conviction that no reform could be driven home except by force from a higher vantage ground, and with characteristic impetuosity he flung himself into politics. Twice he stood for Finsbury, and at the third effort was successful. The House expected a firebrand, but found in him, to the general surprise, a moderate and tactful advocate for such reforms as came within his scope. His biographer has taken the pains to rake out their details from oblivion, but we need not follow him. It is interesting, however, to note that he championed the abolition of the newspaper tax and earned the glory of promiscuous lampoons for a contemptuous attack upon writers of poetry. His real chance came with the appointment of a commission to inquire into the alleged abuses of the medical profession, and his biographer does full justice to the feelings of satisfaction with which he heckled his old antagonists the hospital surgeons and lecturers.

The joint occupations of a fighting editor and a laborious M.P. might well have satisfied a less thorough-going man than Wakley, but there was a third field of ripe abuses in which he desired to reap. The post of coroner in those days (1830-40) was usually held by men of little competence in ordinary affairs and no medical knowledge whatever. As a consequence there were frequent miscarriages of justice and suppressions of guilt. Wakley for a long time collected such cases in the *Lancet*, but was finally driven to put his preaching into force by standing for the coronership of West Middlesex. His strenuous methods were ill-appreciated, and for a time were the object of much misrepresentation. An inquiry into them, however, revealed the true nature of his reforms, and Wakley became a "strong" coroner. He rose to his zenith in the part over the pitiful case of a soldier who was flogged to death at Hounslow Barracks under the system which used to prevail. Flogging in the army was an old grievance with Wakley, and he had to run the gauntlet of endless accusations of bias. In spite of these he stood to his guns, and had the satisfaction of starting a movement which led to the abolition of this degrading practice.

"Great modifications were almost immediately introduced into this method of punishment. So great that when, in 1881, the Army Act formally abolished the practice, few knew that it was still sanctioned by the law of the land."

The case has an additional interest from the fact that it brought forward Erasmus

Wilson, then a young man of thirty-seven, who successfully controverted the necropsy undertaken by the army surgeons who reported upon the fatality.

Mr. Sprigge records two other remarkable cases which came under Wakley as a coroner, and in which his strong personality played a decisive part. One was the suicide of Mr. Sadleir, M.P., whose sensational frauds and reported escape to the Continent formed a theme for Miss Braddon's novel, *The Trail of the Serpent*. The other case was remarkable only for the fact that Charles Dickens sat on the jury and has recorded it with a characteristic mixture of humour and pathos. His tribute to Wakley's humaneness and impartiality, written after Wakley's death, is as strong a testimony as such a man could need.

Wakley's death, it need hardly be mentioned, came by overwork. Such men always die in harness. To the last he was conducting all his multifarious duties at once, and on the day of his first collapse had attended no fewer than seven inquests without taking food, and had wound up the day by an arduous evening in the House. He left this to attend to the *Lancet*, but was picked up on the pavement in a dead faint. An accident incurred during his convalescence did the rest, and Wakley died on May 16, 1862, at the age of sixty-seven. His biography is one that should certainly have been written, though the personalities in which he was involved all his life made earlier publication inadvisable. For the way in which Mr. Sprigge has carried out his work we have little but praise. It is well written, simple, and graphic. The minuteness of detail with which every episode is garnished becomes rather trying to the reader, for whom the facts themselves are obsolete, and we feel that Wakley's part in them might have been made clear with less. Still, it is easy to err on the other side, and Mr. Sprigge's narrative was doubtless shaped by the serial form in which it first appeared within the pages of Wakley's own organ, the *Lancet*.

THE MAKERS OF THE MACEDONIAN EMPIRE.

Philip and Alexander of Macedon. By David G. Hogarth. (John Murray.)

It is certain that we ought to feel more interest in Alexander's history than any other nation; for we alone among European peoples have followed in his footsteps, have made war as he did on the savage tribes of Afghanistan, Beluchistan, and Chitral, and have subdued Scinde and the Punjab. Yet the number of eminent English writers who have told the story of his conquests is markedly small, nor have their efforts always added much to the world's knowledge. Grote, whose authority in such matters was for long supreme in England, has persistently minimised the genius of the Macedonian kings—apparently because they were men of action instead of Parliamentary "hands" of the Manchester type. Prof. Mahaffy has, indeed, done them more

justice, but has dealt with them very slightly, having preferred to reserve himself for Alexander's successors. Hence, when we first heard of Mr. Hogarth's enterprise, we hoped that he, a scholar who in his capacity as explorer has been over a great part of the ground covered by Alexander's armies, was about to give us what should hereafter be the classic work on the Macedonian Empire. But a glance at his title-page destroyed these patriotic hopes. There he confesses only to "Two Essays in Biography," and the exhaustive history is still to be written. Let us hope he will become more ambitious as time goes on.

After this preliminary grumble, it may be said that Mr. Hogarth's essay on Philip is a very creditable piece of work. The first maker of Macedon has been so overshadowed by his glorious son that, in Mr. Hogarth's words, he "hardly lives outside the world of scholars." Yet it was plainly no ordinary man who in the space of a short life—he was only forty-six when he died—enlarged the frontiers of a Macedonia hardly bigger than Ireland until he held the whole of modern Greece, Bulgaria and Roumelia, with the greater part of Roumania and European Turkey, in the hollow of his hand. How he did this, working "by fraud when possible, but always by force at the last," Mr. Hogarth tells very clearly and well, and, when he has brought his hero down to the fatal marriage feast of the Epirote prince, there to perish "at the whisper of a woman and by the hand of an androgyne," there is very little left to be said. Nor does his estimate of Philip's character command our confidence less than his history. Without adopting the extreme views of Droysen and Holm as to the date and extent of Philip's designs, he tells us that

"Philip's claim to rank among great creative statesmen is not that he foreknew all the results of his action, but that he seized in their inception and directed successive developments. Both his ideal, and his knowledge of the means to attain it, grew with the growth of events. If, in 358, it did not rise above the consolidation of the military strength of Macedonia, and chance in the main made him the creator of Macedonian political unity, it is [not?] very certain that he had come to be possessed by a clear conception even of the unification of all Hellas, when he spent his last two years in enlisting the Greeks for common service with Macedonians in a great war."

That he never intended to enslave Greece, as the Athenian orators asserted, but to be her captain and leader in the great revenge against Persia which he was plotting at the moment of his death, Mr. Hogarth has no doubt. He probably is right, too, as to the almost passionate desire which Philip evinced throughout his life to obtain the good word of Athens—a fact which the eloquence of Demosthenes has led earlier historians to blink. For his military genius Mr. Hogarth has less to say; but, when we consider that the weapon which Alexander afterwards wielded was really forged by Philip, and that only before Byzantium did he meet with a serious reverse, it seems to have been inferior only to his son's.

Mr. Hogarth is less happy in dealing with the character of Alexander, perhaps, because he has not fully made up his mind in

regard to it. In the earlier part of his essay he credits him with perfections which have never at one time graced any human being, save in the imagination of a school-girl. Wise, prudent, chivalrous, continent, brave, it is difficult to recognise in Mr. Hogarth's fairy prince the furious reveller who slew his foster-brother in a drunken brawl, and owed his own death to the undue prolongation of an orgy. The eulogist himself seems to feel the inconsistency, but his way of accounting for it is an extraordinary one.

"His many hurts," he says, "had not been suffered for nothing—the stroke on the neck and head in the Balkans, the fever at Tarsus, the stab in the thigh at Issus, the almost fatal bolt-wound at Gaza. Every change in such a character as Alexander's makes for intensification; insensibility to pain becomes positive cruelty, impetuosity grows to foolhardiness, and diplomacy to deceit. . . . The cool deliberator of Arbela is become the almost suicide of Mooltan. . . ."

But this, as Mr. Hogarth must see on reflection, comes very near nonsense. A blow on the head may sometimes cause insanity, but that is plainly not the impression which he intends to convey. For he tells us in actually the next passage to the one quoted that Alexander's mental force was not abated, and later, after defending him with much skill from the charge of insanity, he asserts that he "was never in fuller possession of bodily and mental vigour than in his last two years." He must therefore mean, if he means anything, that Alexander allowed the pain of his many ailments to goad him to fury, which is quite inconsistent with everything he has before said as to the strength of his character. With regard to his deliberateness at Arbela, he again contradicts himself, for he tells, with some dramatic force, Quintus Curtius' story how Alexander led the pursuit after that battle with such impetuosity and with so few attendants that the flying Persians turned upon him in the night, and did not resume their flight until he had killed three with his own hand. A likelier explanation of the violence shown by Alexander on that and other occasions is that, like Nicholson, Hodson, and many other heaven-born leaders of men, he had a Berserk or wild-beast vein in him, which, although generally kept concealed by his iron will, was yet apt to show itself under extreme provocation and in certain circumstances.

This, however, is almost the only serious fault that we have to find with Mr. Hogarth. His account of Alexander's doings in India, of his plans for the conquest of the world—not half so unreasonable as they seem if the erroneous geography of the age be taken into consideration—and of the supreme effect which his work had in paving the way for the Roman Empire, are alike excellent, and the book in these respects can be ungrudgingly praised. But Mr. Hogarth would do well to rid himself of his striving after fine writing and bizarre verbal effects. "Aggressed" and "Hellenisticism" are not pretty words, and such expressions as "more than conqueror" and "erecting his tiara" have an odd sound. The book contains many portraits, a good map, and a sufficient index.

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

The Yellow Book. April, 1897. (John Lane.)

THE contents of the new number of the *Yellow Book* are more diversified than distinguished. Mr. Sidney Benson Thorpe's story, "An Immortal," is sad and squalid enough, but very well done; Miss Evelyn Sharp's variant of Mr. Aldrich's *Marjorie Daw* is clever, although lacking in lightness; Mr. Harland has another bright comedy in porcelain, as his very unreal studies in raillery might be called; and Mrs. Cunningham Grahame's treatment of an old legend is interesting. Among the essayists we like best Mr. Le Gallienne on Beauty. Mr. Francis Watt offers two examples of turpitude, or, as Mr. Charles Whibley would call it, scoundrelism. Mr. J. M. Robertson criticises Mr. Meredith with more outspokenness than that great writer is accustomed to, and Mr. R. V. Risley meditates somewhat jerkily upon Forgetfulness. The poets include Mr. W. B. Yeats, who might be more simple—the word "Rose," for instance, has for Mr. Yeats many meanings that are strange to the non-political mind, Mr. H. W. Nevinson, Mrs. Marriott-Watson, Mr. Douglas Ainslie, and Mr. J. A. Blackie, who offers scholarly, but what we might call *cul-de-sac*, verse. Indeed, the *Yellow Book* literature generally is *cul-de-sac*—it leads nowhere. Dr. Garnett's translations from Anthero de Quental have dignity; but it was unwise of the editor to remind us of Mrs. Browning by calling them "Sonnets from the Portuguese." The poem by Mr. Stephen Phillips is chiefly remarkable for its thoroughly Ibsenian subject. Altogether, we cannot but feel relief to think that the contributors of the *Yellow Book* have no hand in the control of this planet, so much in love with greyness are they, and so lacking in humour. If it were not for Mr. Le Gallienne and Mr. Harland there would not be a gay note among them. The "art" of the *Yellow Book* grows steadily worse. Once, whatever might be said of its subject-matter, it had distinction and it had merit; but the good things now are so rare that they astonish before they please. In the current number we find a drawing by Mr. E. J. Sullivan, called "The Mirror"; one by Mr. Patten Wilson, called "An Eastern Town"; one by Katherine Cameron, called "The Black Cockade"—and these alone seem to us worthy of their reproduction. Mr. Charles Conder is unintelligible in black and white, and the drawings by A. Bauerle and Ethel Reed are of the poorest. In the design for the cover Miss Mabel Syrett has manipulated two fighting cocks very deftly.

Ibsen on his Merits. By Sir E. R. Russell and Percy Cross Standing. (Chapman & Hall.)

THE authors of this book have attempted moderation and achieved confusion. They cavil at the rampant abuse, scarce worth quoting to-day, of Mr. Robert Buchanan and Miss Marie Corelli; they plead eagerly for Ibsen's morals or maintain that "where

work is great you cannot ostracise it"; they rejoice that young women have been awakened by *Nora*, young men by *Ghosts*. A curious detail of misplaced appreciation is Mr. Standing's discovery of rest and optimism, as opposed to the interrogative ending of the earlier plays, in the mission to poor children of *Little Eyolf*, and the handshake of the twin sisters over John Gabriel Borkman's corpse. He refers also to Borgheim as Asta's "true lover"!

This whole restatement of the "Ibsen formula," it may be seen, then, is elementary and unoriginal; it is supported by inconsequent analyses of several plays, and supplemented by the astounding admission that Ibsen is crude and provincial in his stage-craft, an "awkward youth" in workmanship, an artless artist!

We had certainly supposed that if there was one thing Ibsen *did* understand it was the mechanical construction of a play, the daring manipulation and masterly concentration of stage effects. This may be seen from the grip which he invariably maintains, when acted, over audience and performers alike. Whatever our feelings may be as the curtain falls, however hostile our temperament or our convictions, boredom is never the dominant note. The plays go from beginning to end.

Mr. Standing has also confronted his readers with an appalling suggestion for the founding of an Ibsen Society—for studying the master's works! We may be reduced to that.

A Short Popular History of Crete. By J. H. Freese, M.A. With an Introduction by P. W. Clayden. (Jarrold.)

FROM Mr. Freese's timely little book may be learned all that is necessary for most of us to know about this distressful land, from the days of the semi-mythical Minos to the present time. In spite of the Dorian colonisation more than a thousand years before the Christian era, we hear little of it in the days when the gallant little toy-states of Greece flourished. Even the Persian invasion awoke no sense of kindred blood. The island passed under the protection of Philip of Macedon; it formed the complement of the Roman dominion in Europe; it was conquered by the Saracens; for nearly five hundred years it was subject to the Venetians; and, finally, in the middle of the seventeenth century, it was won by the Ottoman forces after a campaign which lasted over twenty years, during which the victors lost over 20,000 men. The island's present conditions of trade and political aspiration are treated at length, and a score of pages are devoted to the *Ethniké Heteria*. The volume concludes with a collection of Cretan songs and legends, indifferently translated. Mr. Clayden's introduction gives a philhellene account of the events which have occurred during the last six months, in the course of which the writer maintains that "the political superstition of 'the integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire' has now its headquarters at St. Petersburg," since "a strong Hellenic kingdom would not only bar Russia's progress to warmer seas, but might compete with her for the

old capital of the Byzantine empire." We have no view whatever upon the subject: but we humbly suggest that if Russia has indeed been timorous of the military spirit and organisation of the Hellenic kingdom, the events of the last few weeks may serve as an agreeable sedative.

The Consolation of Philosophy of Boethius. Translated into English Prose and Verse by H. R. James, M.A. (Elliot Stock.)

ALTHOUGH nearly a dozen English translations of Boethius have been made Mr. James can justly plead the necessity for another. The translations of the last century, by Lord Preston, Causton, Ridpath, and Duncan, are necessarily scarce; and a work which could hold English readers from the days of Alfred the Great to Dr. Johnson will hardly fail of them now. Not that Boethius' book can be the chosen guide of the modern man, whose shattered faith it will not repair, and whose attention it cannot long arrest. Masterful actualities are our teachers now; teacher and lesson are one, and worship is passed into work. But if our consumption of philosophy is small, the demand keeps up, for we like the words of the wise to be at our hand. And a book like this of the unhappy Boethius is one to lay by against an hour not foreseen. Then we shall have a refreshing vision of this man of the sixth century who, after enjoying all that is best in life, came, like Bunyan, to a place where there was a den, and there, after some natural weakness, collected himself and attuned his mind to the eternal fitness of things.

To Boethius, stripped of honours, wealth, office, separated from his family, and sitting, a lonely prisoner of Theoderic, in his cell in Pavia,

"there appears the divine figure of Philosophy, in the guise of a woman of superhuman dignity and beauty, who by a succession of discourses convinces him of the vanity of regret for the lost gifts of fortune, raises his mind once more to the contemplation of the true good, and makes clear to him the mystery of the world's moral government."

Here, then, we have these discourses in modern English. To his readers of many centuries these rules have been more than they could be to Boethius. For Boethius had no sooner bethought him how life should be lived than he was led out to die. They put a cord round his forehead and tightened it till his eyes started. The wonder is that his scheme of life outlived him. But at the moment when the body of Anicius Manlius Severinus Boethius fell at Theoderic's footstool, a petty thing, his MS. had passed into the care of the wise world. And it is not trivial to remember that the book which a Roman king scorned an English king translated.

Mr. James's new rendering of Boethius, and the pleasing dress given to it by the publisher, are things to be thankful for. Our one complaint is, that Mr. James's account of the philosopher is somewhat meagre. He might have discussed the sources from which Boethius drew his ideas. A table of quotations and a few very brief footnotes indicate these too baldly.

THE ACADEMY FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1897.

NEW NOVELS.

Uncle Bernac: a Memory of the Empire. By A. Conan Doyle.
(Smith Elder & Co.)

The adventures in Mr. Conan Doyle's books go with so much swing, the air blows so bravely through his chapters, that I, for one, am always an eager reader of his novels. The construction of "Uncle Bernac," his latest, is curious. It is a melodrama and a spectacular play fused together. The spectacular section might be called "A Week in the Life of Napoleon"; the other, "Louis de Laval: the Adventures of his Twenty-first Year." To Mr. Conan Doyle the Napoleonic chapters probably made the strongest appeal, although he delays introducing the Emperor till half-way through the book; but, once arrived, the portrait of Napoleon, and the panorama of his court, are vivid, enthusiastic, and interesting. Nothing particular happens; everybody, everything is auxiliary to the little conqueror of thirty-six—his moods and his whims—during an inactive week in 1805, when the French army lay at Boulogne awaiting the psychological moment to attack England. The story is told by Louis de Laval, the son of a French Royalist *émigré*, who returns to France to offer his sword to the Corsican. Louis is made very welcome, promoted, and—well, that is about all. Oh, there is Uncle Bernac, a man cursed with quite a superfluity of naughtiness, over whom in the end Louis triumphs. His death was awful, even for a wicked uncle.

"He had never risen from his chair—perhaps he had been too paralysed by fear—and he still sat with his back to the door. But what struck the colour from our cheeks was that his head had been turned completely round, so that his horribly distorted purple face looked squarely at us from between his shoulders."

The scene where Louis first makes his uncle's acquaintance (it was in a ruined cottage on the waste French littoral) has movement, and a clean, wholesome horror that is not disagreeable. Louis has dropped into a nest of conspirators. Suddenly they know that they are being followed. They hear

"a clear, rising cry, beginning on a low note, and thrilling swiftly up to a keen, sharp-edged howl. . . ."

"As to Toussac, he stood before the fire, a magnificent figure, with the axe held down by his leg, and his head thrown back in defiance, so that his great black beard bristled straight out in front of him. . . . Lessage cowered up against the table, with his agonised eyes fixed upon the blue-black square of door. . . . And suddenly I became conscious that they could all see something which was invisible to me; I read it from their tense faces and staring eyes. Toussac swung his axe over his shoulder and poised himself for a blow. . . . There was a moist pattering of feet, a yellow streak shot through the doorway, and Toussac lashed at it as I have seen an English cricketer strike at a ball. His aim was true, for he buried the head of the hatchet in the creature's throat; but the force of his blow shattered the weapon, and the weight of the hound carried him backwards on to the floor. Over they rolled and over, the hairy man and the hairy dog, growling and worrying in a bestial combat. He was fumbling at the animal's throat, and I could not see what he was doing, until it gave a sudden sharp yell of pain, and there was a rending sound like the tearing of canvas. The man staggered up with his hands dripping, and the tawny mass with the blotch of crimson lay motionless upon the floor."

The chapters devoted to the camp at Boulogne are like a procession scene in a Drury-lane pantomime. Historic characters shoulder and jostle one another. They range from Talleyrand to Joseph Linden, who eased the Emperor's boots by wearing them beforehand; from Murat, with the black whiskers, the red, thick lips, and the brown of Egypt upon his face, to the cook, who, never knowing the hour when the Emperor might dine, was always roasting pullets that one might be ready for the royal appetite.

Here is a picture of Talleyrand:

"A singular-looking person was shuffling in our direction. He was a man about fifty years of age, largely made about the shoulders and chest, but stooping a good deal, and limping heavily in one leg. He walked slowly, leaning upon a silver-headed stick, and his sober suit of black, with silk stockings of the same hue, looked strangely staid among the brilliant uniforms which surrounded him. But in spite of his plain dress there was an expression of great authority upon his shrewd face, and every one drew back with bows and salutes as he moved across the tent."

Every member of this brilliant company is subsidiary to the figure of the Emperor, who broods over his warriors and courtiers like a thunder-cloud over a field of harvesters. With Louis de Laval the Emperor is much pleased, and exemplifies the Royal favour by pulling his ear. Here is a fragment of conversation:

"Do they seem frightened in England about my approaching invasion?" he asked suddenly. "Have you heard them express fears lest I cross the Channel?"

"I was forced in truth to say that the only fears which I ever heard expressed were lest he should not get across."

"The soldiers are very jealous that the sailors should always have the honour," said I.

"But they have a very small army."

"Nearly every man is a volunteer, sire."

"Pooh! conscripts," he cried, and made a motion with his hands as if to sweep them from before him. "I will land with a hundred thousand men in Kent or in Sussex. I will fight a great battle, which I will win with the loss of ten thousand men. On the third day I shall be in London. I will seize the statesmen, the bankers, the merchants, the newspaper men. I will impose an indemnity of a hundred millions of their pounds. I will favour the poor at the expense of the rich, and so I shall have a party. I will detach Scotland and Ireland by giving them constitutions which will put them in a superior condition to England. Thus I will sow dissensions everywhere. Then, as a price for leaving the island, I will claim their fleet and their colonies. In this way I shall secure the command of the world to France for at least a century to come."

The minor characters are modelled firmly and broadly, save Uncle Bernac's daughter. I am not interested in Mr. Doyle's heroines. But his men are men. Still, he should be careful not to give way too much to the temptation, so fatal to Dickens, of over-describing his puppets. Some novelists do their describing for once and for all at the outset. Mr. Doyle does it perpetually. Take Uncle Bernac, for example, the rascal with "the gentle voice." He is introduced as "a very ascetic-faced, yellow, hollowed-eyed man of fifty, with prim lips and a shrunken skin, which hung loosely over the long jerking tendons under his prominent chin." Further on there are references to "the thin man," "my thin friend," "his lean smiling face," "this little yellow flintstone of a man," "his dry chuckle," "that stern emaciated face," "the cold grey eyes," "his skinny brown hand," "his death's-head face," "my uncle's grim face," "the little yellow face," "his sibilant whisper," "his jaw muscles that still throbbed with that stealthy rhythmical movement," and so on till the type is so fixed in your mind's eye that you are inclined to say to every man of your acquaintance who has a lean smiling face and a dry chuckle: "You are like Uncle Bernac! You are a rascal!"

Soldiers of Fortune. By Richard Harding Davis.
(W. Heinemann.)

Mr. Richard Harding Davis is that admirable and uncommon combination of forces—the journalist-novelist. As journalist he knows what is interesting, as novelist he knows how to present it to best effect. Moreover, Mr. Davis has vigorous ideals—he is in love with strength and cleanness, with "grit" and resource, with heroism and courage, in men; with beauty and frankness, with freshness and

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

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The diseases under consideration are caused by an excess of uric acid in the system. This acid is a product resulting from waste and superfluous matters in the blood. If the system becomes generally deranged, plethoric, and adipose, uric acid is generated in excess, and unless the system is relieved from it disease results as a natural consequence. It also accentuates any existing tendency or predisposition to other disease. It is probably within the knowledge of the reader that both acid and alkaline treatments have their vogue in the treatment of gout and rheumatism, and uric acid diseases generally, and it is a matter of certainty that they have all more or less failed in attaining the end aimed at—viz., a curative or specific result by such treatment.

The best method of treating these diseases has hitherto been the resort to certain mineral springs, mainly on the Continent. Here the patient drinks several tumblers daily of more or less nasty-tasting mineral water. The water only holds a limited quantity of the salts in solution, necessitating very large quantities being drunk to obtain sufficient dosage.

But what of the man or woman who cannot afford the expense of a Continental health resort anyhow, and what of the wealthier and busier patient who can only afford the necessary time at the holiday season of the year? Naturally enough, resort is had to the mineral waters bottled at the various springs, and these are, and ever must be, subject to many disadvantages. At the best, a very large quantity must needs be drunk to obtain sufficient dosage.

They are unstable in composition, and subject to deterioration from the action of micro-organisms. Owing to the large dose they are dear in practice, and they are, moreover, either nauseous or unpalatable to the taste, while being generally drastic and griping in action.

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"This is very strongly recommended," says *Land and Water*, "by many acknowledged medical authorities for use by sufferers from rheumatism, gout, and disorders of the stomach, liver, and kidneys. It is also highly spoken of as a corrective medicine most suitable for people leading sedentary lives. We are informed that Kutnow's Improved Effervescent Carlsbad Powder has been prescribed for HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS the PRINCE of WALES and other members of the Royal family, which affords an indication of the opinion of the remedy entertained by the medical profession. We have seen a letter from the dispenser of the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest requesting further supplies of Kutnow's Improved Effervescent Carlsbad Powder, which had 'been used in the wards with success.' Having also seen autograph letters from the late Sir Morell Mackenzie to brother physicians of the highest standing, in which Messrs. Kutnow's preparations are spoken of in the most laudatory terms, we have no hesitation in bringing them to the notice of our readers."

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youth, in women; and liking these qualities he also likes writing about them. Hence to those who are of Mr. Davis's mind (as I am for one) Mr. Davis's books are always welcome; because, although he is not subtle, although he lacks the genius of his master in the craft, Mr. Kipling, Mr. Davis is a good fellow and a very delightful writer, and he has the art of making his stories "hum," as his countrymen say. "Gallegher" is one of the best short stories that we have, the Van Bibber episodes are a continual joy, and "The Princess Aline" has more charm than hundreds of more pretentious fictions. In the present volume, "Soldiers of Fortune," Mr. Davis has given us his first long romance, and I thank him for it unreservedly.

The hero of "Soldiers of Fortune" is Robert Clay, a young civil engineer of extraordinary force of character, cool, brave, long-headed, humorous, in every way admirable—the kind of man whom the boys, old and young, that Mr. Davis writes for will adopt as an ideal. Add to Clay two youths, MacWilliams and Ted Langham, both full of enthusiasm and nerve; Reginald King, one of the Four Hundred of New York, a yachtsman; Mr. Langham, an American financier; Alice Langham and Hope Langham, his daughters; and then transplant them all to a Spanish dependency in South America in a state of revolution, where Mr. Langham has acquired half-a-dozen mountains of iron ore, which are being worked under Clay's supervision. Then involve them in the civil war raging in the State, and after hairbreadth escapes and some good fighting, bring them safely through, with Clay as the accepted lover of the irresistible Hope. That is what Mr. Davis has done, and done excellently well, it seems to me. Now and then he strains a point. Clay, for instance, is a shade too near perfection, especially for a writer who laughs at Ouida's Crichtons (he was brought up before the mast on an ocean tramp, and quotes "The Last Ride Together"); but Mr. Davis's faults are all for the reader's benefit. He never gives short measure.

The principal characters of the book are so attractive that one parts from them with sorrow. This is how, in the words of the intrepid MacWilliams, Hope is described:

"'Fine, sweet girl!' growled MacWilliams. 'I should hope so. She's the best. They don't make them any better than that; and just think, if she's like that now, what will she be when she's grown up—when she's learned a few things? Now, her sister—you can see just what her sister will be at thirty, and at fifty, and at eighty. She's thoroughbred, and she's the most beautiful woman to look at I ever saw; but, my son, she is too careful. She hasn't any illusions, and no sense of humour. And a woman with no illusions and no sense of humour is going to be monotonous. You can't teach her anything. You can't imagine yourself telling her anything she doesn't know. The things we think important don't reach her at all. They're not in her line; and in everything else she knows more than we could even guess at. But that Miss Hope! It's a privilege to show her about. She wants to see everything, and learn everything, and she goes poking her head into openings and down shafts like a little fox-terrier. And she'll sit still and listen with her eyes wide open, the tears in them too, and she doesn't know it—until you can't talk yourself for just looking at her.'"

One of the finest scenes in the book is that in which when the three men—Clay, MacWilliams, and Langham—after the escape of Madame Alvarez, are exposed in the open to the fire of a band of soldiers, Hope rescues them.

"As he spoke they saw the carriage plunging out of the shadow of the woods, and the horses galloping toward them down the beach. MacWilliams gave a cheer of welcome. 'Hurrah!' he shouted, 'it's José coming for us. He's a good man. Well done, José!' he called.

"'That's not José,' Langham cried doubtfully, peering through the moonlight. 'Good God! it's Hope!' he exclaimed. He waved his hands frantically above his head. 'Go back, Hope!' he cried, 'go back!'

"But the carriage did not swerve on its way toward them. They all saw her now distinctly. She was on the driver's box and alone, leaning forward and lashing the horses' backs with the whip and reins, and bending over to avoid the bullets that passed above her head. As she came down upon them she stood up, her woman's figure outlined clearly in the riding-habit she still wore. 'Jump in when I turn,' she cried. 'I'm going to turn slowly; run and jump in.'"

Mr. Davis has the dramatic gift: he carries you along with him. One need not wish for a better story of action than this. It may not quite be life, but that is one reason why I like it.

A Fountain Sealed. By Sir Walter Besant. (Chatto & Windus.)

Sir Walter's taste for love-making is incorrigible; he confesses as much himself, or, which is, I suppose, the same thing, makes his autobiographical heroine confess it.

"This is a love story; for my own part I do not believe that any others are worth reading. I am indeed sincerely sorry for all poor women who have no love story of their own. One must not magnify the passion of love, but certainly there is no other passion that plays so important a part in this transitory life, especially for my sex."

In "A Fountain Sealed" the ideal society is that of the Quakers, represented by the heroine's brother, in whom religious fervour and shameless pursuit of worldly wealth go hand in hand. Sir Walter has not hit upon a very original treatment of his theme this time. The heroine breaks away from Quakerism to the outer world of London, and becomes the "divine Nancy," whom rumour assigned as an early flame to George the Third. Sir Walter reconstructs the story as he conceives it must have happened, and puts it in the mouth of the lady. This is her description of her lover.

"I declare that if any young man (whatever his rank) bestowed upon me his affections in the springtime of my days, when I possessed some charms of face and form, it was not on account of any allurements or snares, but solely on account of those perfections which a generous and noble soul (all out of his own nobility) imagined in a woman all imperfections. The more noble the lover, the more heavenly becomes the woman of his imagination. Such a young man sees in the woman he loves a Living Well of Virtue, a Sealed Fountain, a soul all beautiful within and without. Happy is the woman who is loved by so great a heart; for even before her death she may be led upward so as to become an angel of heaven."

I am bound to say that this does not fit in with my conception of George III.; the Hanoverians do not lend themselves readily to romance and sentimentalism. And it does not fit in with the conduct of the story either. The Prince woos Nancy, who is ignorant of his identity. Everybody else knows, but nobody has the decency to tell her. A marriage is on the very point of being celebrated, when the Prince learns the death of the old king, his father.

"My lover, my bridegroom, who was never to be my husband, stood with his face turned upwards—alas! away from his bride. And his face was changed. There was in it a new authority—a new majesty—that of the Sovereign: a new expression—that of Kingship.

"Love had gone out of that face. It was filled with a new emotion. The young king saw suddenly before him the vastness of his responsibilities, the burden of empire, the vast duties. What was the simple girl beside him, in presence of these kings? War and peace, prosperity and adversity, the happiness of millions or their misery, the sovereignty of a great, proud and free people, their love and loyalty, or their hate. How could love survive that sudden shock? In a moment the passion died out in his heart, though the memory of it might afterwards return. He was the king. Needs must that he marry in his own class.

"... 'Dei Gratia,' he murmured, 'By the grace of God.'

"Then he turned to me, and his brother rose. 'Nancy,' he said solemnly, 'Fate calls me. I am now the King—unworthy. Pray for me. My brother will see thee. What has passed I pray thee to forget. Thou art all goodness, Nancy. Farewell. Be happy.' He stooped and kissed my head—and I fell back."

Of course, the story is put in the mouth of a love-sick woman; but I should have been glad of a sign from Sir Walter Besant that he personally agreed with me in thinking that his hero behaved throughout, prince or no prince, as a common cad. But, alas! no. Sir Walter is capable of irony, but in this book irony is reserved, not for the lover, but for the Quakers. The historian has his somewhat heartless comment in the preface:

"Youth is attracted by beauty of whatever rank: it must be pleasant for a Prince to step outside his rank, and for a time to be treated as an ordinary gentleman."

A Story-Teller's Pack. By Frank R. Stockton. (Cassell & Co.)

If one had in a single phrase to describe Mr. Stockton's work one would say it was inspired nonsense. His characters are such idiots, but such attractive idiots. They do impossibly silly things in so earnest and matter-of-fact way. They are such slaves of precision,

so simple-minded and imperturbable, so far removed from any life save that of an asylum. Over and over again one is tempted to throw away the records of them with the determination to give no more time to such rubbish, but one is always prevented by curiosity to know what after all happens, for Mr. Stockton is never uninteresting. He is a master of circumstantial narrative, and though his style is as undistinguished as it can be, and his matter merely an agglomeration of trivialities, yet all the time (and one knows it) he is unfolding a whimsical idea which can be laid before us in its fulness only with the end of the tale. Hence we are bound to finish a story if once we begin it. And whimsical ideas are to some of us so diverting that we also are bound to begin the story. Mr. Stockton gives us what no one else can. He is the sole worker in his little field. That is his strength.

I cannot consider that "A Story-Teller's Pack" contains anything worthy to rank with Mr. Stockton's best. The level of "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," "The Dusantes," "Rudder Grange," "Negative Gravity" and "Asaph" is never reached. But this new book is good fun. Its idiots bear the old well-known brand: one man dwells in a hillside house which in the night slides down into the valley below, and is stopped only by another house in which (of course) dwells the girl whom he will marry. Another sees a balloon approaching, and catching it with the assistance of a kite, finds a letter in it imploring aid for an incarcerated heiress in a distant state; which he, of course, gives. Another lets his country mansion to a family of strangers at a ridiculously small rent, and then visits the place every morning in the small hours in order to deck out the garden for the eyes of the only daughter. And such is Mr. Stockton's gift for verisimilitude that we believe in all three. The most engaging of the ten stories in this book is, to me, "Captain Eli's Best Ear," which is salted with the quiet humour that Mr. Stockton keeps for his tales of seafaring men. The most quotable is "The Widow's Cruise." In this piece of broad farce we are introduced to the Widow Duckett and Dorcas, her satellite, who are shown entertaining four elderly captains to tea. After tea the captains smoke their pipes in the porch, and offer to tell of the strange things that happen at sea. The Widow Duckett says that they may, on condition that their yarns are truthful. This is the first yarn:

"There's nothing happened to me and my mates that isn't true," said Captain Bird, "and here is something that once happened to me: I was on a whaling v'yage when a big sperm whale, just as mad as a fiery bull, came at us, head on, and struck the ship at the stern with such tremendous force that his head crashed right through her timbers, and he went nearly half his length into her hull. The hold was mostly filled with empty barrels, for we was just beginning our v'yage, and when he had made kindling wood of these there was room enough for him. We all expected that it wouldn't take five minutes for the vessel to fill and go to the bottom, and we made ready to take to the boats; but it turned out we did not need to take to no boats, for as fast as the water rushed into the hold of the ship, that whale drank it and squirted it up through the two blow-holes in the top of his head, and as there was an open hatchway just over his head the water all went into the sea again, and that whale kept working day and night pumping the water out until we beached the vessel on the island of Trinidad—the whale helping us wonderful on our way over by the powerful working of his tail, which, being outside in the water, acted like a propeller. I don't believe anything stranger than that ever happened to a whaling ship."

The other yarns being like unto this the Widow Duckett retaliates with a story of a voyage that she herself once made: a fragment of perfect Stocktonese, which I recommend to all who are willing to be led into the pleasant paths of frivolity by this delightful writer.

The Last Entry. By W. Clark Russell. (Chatto & Windus.)

It is not difficult to understand the attraction which Mr. Clark Russell has for many, even adult, readers. A good deal of it—all the part about belaying-pins and cabooses—is double Dutch to me. When I hear that "the luffs of the jibs were trembling," or when the captain shouts, "Brace forward the topsail-yard! Ease away the weather braces! Get a drag on your jib-sheets!" I remain unmoved, because I do not know what the emotions appropriate to the situation are. Also I am pretty sure that the conversation of the sailors is as artificial as it is coarse, and that the characters and sentiments of all parties concerned come straight out of Adelphi

melodrama. But, after all, there is a yarn spun; and a yarn with plenty of vigorous incident, and some good knock-down blows will have its fascination to the end of time. This is the way a mutiny begins. The pork in the mess-kids is uneatable:

"Now, bullies, are we ready?" exclaimed Jones, in a voice of thunder; and he put the kid upon the deck. Dabb did likewise.

"Hurrah for a hot male of mate for the cabin!" shouted Simon Toole. "The boatswain and Dabb, each man in his boots, kicked. They kicked at the kids with all their might, and the wooden vessels rushed aft to the very feet of Captain Glew and Vanderholt, scattering their precious contents of pork and pea-soup over the smooth planks. Never was an uglier affront offered to the master of a ship. Never had mutinous insolence been carried to a greater height. Captain Glew turned white as milk, but not with fear. Well for him had he felt fear. Mr. Vanderholt was ashy pale. He called to his daughter to go below. She sprang up, but, instead of going below, went and stood right aft, beside the helmsman, to whom she said:

"What do these men want?"

"Their rights!" he answered, with a diabolical leer."

Besides the narrative faculty, Mr. Clark Russell has a breezy, wholesome love of the open seas and of the ships that ride thereupon. Some of his bits of seascape are almost literature:

"How dismal, flat, and gaunt looked the treeless Tilbury shore in that sad light! The very stars shining over it seemed to tremble with the spirit of mud and cold desolation. Shadowy shapes of ships went by, sometimes to a sound of music, as of concertinas and the like; tall phantasmal shapes, lifting spires as delicate as needles to the stars, loomed anear and afar. In the main silence lay upon that river, with its burden of living freights."

I should very much like to know what Mr. Rudyard Kipling thinks of Mr. Clark Russell.

East End Idylls. By A. St. John Adcock. (James Bowden.)

A not very fortunate binding, and a not very fortunate preface (contributed by another hand), nearly deterred me from reading "East End Idylls." But I found them much to my taste. These stories and sketches are clever, touching transcripts of East End life. They are not all "idylls," except as truth and irony may vary the meaning of the word. "Bob Harris's Deputy" is an idyll, and a rather touching one. Bob lived with his mother in a basement, and he was the best of friends to Dave Kirk, who lived in a room above. Dave had lost his legs in a gas explosion, and Bob, out of pure friendship, used to wheel him between Whitechapel and Dalston Station morning and night. Dave cleaned boots. I shall not tell how they both nursed a slow, silent love for Nell Wyatt, a sweet-minded work-girl, who lived under the same roof as these honest fellows, or how Bob asked Dave to sound Nell for him, or what came of it. It is, perhaps, the best story in Mr. Adcock's book. But "Salvation: His Holy War" is the strongest. It is the story of a coal-yard man who had joined the Salvation Army, and so won his nickname. Yet he gloried in his strength, and his ability to apply it scientifically.

"It's abart the on'y talent as has bin give me," was his way of regarding it, "an' I ain't goin' to git into trouble by wropping it in a napkin, like the man in the parable."

"Withal, he was perfectly sincere. He would sing hymns over his work, and take advantage of his mates being gathered together in the dinner-hour to harass them with extempore addresses, simply from a rooted conviction that it was his duty to do so. They relieved their feelings by chaffing him, and he bore it all good-humouredly; nevertheless, when Scotty, one of the gangers, took umbrage at a personal reference in one of his sermons, and proceeded to take off his coat, Salvation showed a very cheerful readiness to oblige him.

"Religion's give me a noo 'art," he explained, "but it's as plucky a 'art as the old one. I used to fight fast enough for the devil, an' I ain't agoin' to make no bones now abart fightin' fer the Lord. The child'en o' grace ain't goin' to sit out the dance when the child'en o' sin opens the ball. O Lord, strengthen Thou Thy servant's arm! Hallelujah! Come on, Scotty!"

"Scotty was much the bigger man of the two, but at the conclusion of the fourth round he declined to stand up again, saying he was more than satisfied with what he had already received.

"Shake 'ands, then, Scotty," cried Salvation genially. "I don't bear no malice; not me! Only let us understand—all of us—that religion ain't goin' to be made a fool of down this yard while I'm here."

But a doughtier champion of godlessness than Scotty, one Dick Fenby, who, from the elephantine caresses he bestowed on his children when they brought him his noonday meal, was called Fawther, appeared on the scene. The fight between Salvation and Fawther was a graver matter. Yet it wasn't this fight that revolutionised Fawther's way of life. Something else it was that conquered his healthy, heathen heart. One day he said to Salvation:

"'I s'pose there's nothin' as I ken do for yer, 'cept to join your dam army."

"That's abart the size on it, Fawther."

"Then blarse my bloomin' eyes, Salvation, I give in. You've licked me, you hev, matey, an' I'll join it."

"And he did."

Some of Mr. Adcock's stories are only episodes or sketches, but all are racy of East End brick, and most of them of East End squalor. "Helen of Bow"—the story of a young dressmaker who had to choose between Wat Bolter and his timid rival, George Amer—is capital.

Harvard Stories. By W. K. Post. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Mr. Benson has recently attempted to portray modern undergraduate life at an English university, and his book, "The Babe B.A.," has, I believe, been very popular in America. Mr. Post, in his "Harvard Stories," attempts to perform a similar feat with the American Cambridge, and does it, I think, with some success. That it is possible for any man to give a complete picture of so many sided a thing as university life in a single story cannot, I think, be maintained, and perhaps, therefore, Mr. Post was wise to try to do so rather by a series of independent sketches, in order to show as many phases as possible of the life of the Harvard undergraduate, but the net result seems to me to give a somewhat one-sided impression of that life. There is too much of bull dogs and bets and practical joking, especially the last; while one gets only an occasional hint of a different sort of life, less careless and light-hearted and irresponsible, perhaps, but one by no means to be passed over in any picture of university life on either side of the Atlantic. At the same time there is a fair amount of amusement and some instruction to be derived from Mr. Post's sketches, and university men in England will find pleasure in noting the points of contrast and resemblance between Harvard and our own Oxford and Cambridge. This, for instance, is interesting as a picture of Summer Term as enjoyed on the other side of the Atlantic:

"June, June, beautiful, glowing, fascinating June, no doubt thou art tired of hearing thy charms sung by lovers more eloquent than I, but forgive this outburst from one who has known thee in the shades of Cambridge. Never art thou more seductive than where the old walls and stately elm trees trace their cool outlines on the turf of the Yard, where the earnest, eager students, prone on the green sward, blow upon blades of grass between their thumbs, and bet on sparrow fights and caterpillar races. The tennis-courts are alive; there are ball games on Holmes's Field, and the river winding through the green-flowing meadow (the tide being high and the mud covered) is dotted with swift gliding shells. In the long-fading twilight the bright-beflannelled and straw-behatted groups sit upon the fences and lounge about the streets, trying to screw up enough energy to disperse to their rooms and study for the FINALS."

Allowing for differences of detail, this is very much the impression one gets of Oxford or Cambridge at the beginning of June. Presumably youth is pretty much the same all the world over. Mr. Post's style is vivid, if slangy, but he occasionally runs the risk of being somewhat unintelligible to English readers, which is a pity. Here, for example, is a slightly cryptic passage about a visit to Yale:

"'I beg pardon,' said Burleigh. 'When you get back, I suppose you will refer to the Porc as your "spot," and if any of us who are not members asks you anything about it you will cut him dead.'

"Don't make any breaks down there about queer pins and extraordinary buildings," said Stoughton.

"They are funny about those things, aren't they?" replied Rattleton. 'But I have no doubt they can laugh just as much at us about lots of things.'

"Of course they can," asserted Holworthy: 'vide the Dickey. That institution is quite as absurd as anything they do down there.'

"'Nonsense, Hol,' protested Stoughton; 'whoever thinks up here of taking the Dickey seriously. . . .?' &c.

This kind of thing would be all the better for a few explanatory notes. But I think the book worth dipping into none the less for those who would like a glimpse of American university life.

The Wisdom of Fools. By Margaret Deland. (Longmans & Co.)

"The Wisdom of Fools" is the general title of four short stories, each of which deals with some problem of life and conduct. The first story held me. It is called "Where Ignorance is Bliss 'tis Folly to be Wise." In it the author searches—she does not solve—the old recurrent doubt as to how far a man who is engaged to a good woman ought to confess the errors of his past. William West was a hard-working clergyman, but "men felt that he was a man before he was a clergyman." Amy Townsend had come on a visit to the village, and had plunged into church work with the cousins she was visiting. "She found life too interesting not to meddle with it." They were to be married on Thursday, Monday afternoon had come, and William found time to look into the drawing-room of good Mrs. Paul, who had made the match, or thought she had. They talked of wedding presents, but the talk took its own way, as talk does, and ran brightly into a discussion in the laws of truth-telling—the obligation to confess certain things at certain times. Amy enjoyed it, as she sat scribbling acknowledgments of wedding presents.

It was a stricken man who sat alone in the rectory study that night. "It must be five years since I've thought of it," West said to himself. To be married on Thursday, and to be thinking like this in the early hours of Tuesday morning was his rueful fate. But he arose at last, and said: "It is nothing now. A repentant man has no more to do with his sin, for which he has repented and made reparation, than a well man has to do with the disease of which he has been cured." William West decided not to tell Amy. Then like a lover he went and told her, and a pretty mess he made of it. "The things I could not forgive you could not do!" said Amy to him, not knowing where she stood. For she stood on the edge of an abyss. West said:

"This happened long ago, Amy; when I was nineteen. I forged a cheque for five hundred dollars."

"Forged!" Her lips fell apart; she sat staring at him."

There were no wedding bells on Thursday. Two years later John Paul walked home one night with a fellow-vestryman, and they fell to talking on the story of those withered nuptials.

When at last they parted at John Paul's door, they wrestled with each other for a solution of the crucial question:

"You mean, abstractly, is it right or wrong, under circumstances like these, where no third person is to be cleared or benefited, to tell? Does honour demand confession?"

"Yes," said the vestryman; 'was it a duty to speak, or a duty to be silent?'

"There was a moment's silence."

"Was West a fool or a saint?" insisted the young man."

"I'll be hanged if I know," said the senior warden."

And there Mrs. Deland left me to my own cogitations. I fear I have told more of the story than I ought. But there are a dozen reasons why you should read it. And the three other stories are as pregnant.

Only an Angel. By Francis Gribble. (A. D. Innes & Co.)

This is a story of a man who was rejected by a girl because he was not one of the World's Workers. He declines to become one, moreover; and retires to Switzerland, while the girl gets engaged to a Balliol man with a mission—the Toynbee Hall kind. The Balliol man also proves unworthy, and by the time she also gets out to Switzerland the girl has moderated her expectations. While her lover is climbing the Dent Blanche she discovers that ideals are not necessary to happiness.

"I don't ask you any more to do things to prove that you are worthy of my love. I know that you are worthy of my love, because I love

you, and I want no other reason. I should not really love you if I wanted reasons. And I do love you, and I want you to love me—to hold me tight and say that I am your darling little girl. You would have said it, dear. Were you not longing to say it all the time those people were cheering you up the village street? I knew you were. At that very moment of your triumph you were thinking that it was a poor thing to have climbed the Dent Blanche if, when you came back, you could not put your arms around your little girl.

"And all the while your little girl was longing for you, and crying for you, and could not let you know it. You thought that that other girl who stepped out boldly to meet you was the only girl in Zermatt who would be troubled if you slipped and fell, and the guides had to go and look for your body on the glacier."

Mr. Gribble puts his case plausibly enough, but I think I am on the side of the angels all the same.

CONCERNING THE SHORT STORY.

And by the short story, one does not mean the story that is merely short. The usual short story to be met with in the usual magazine is really a long story. Its author is a man of business, a manufacturer. He cannot afford to waste his raw material, he is concerned to make the very utmost of it. His raw material consists of things known in the trade as "ideas." Now when he is about to manufacture a short story he searches among the scraps, the odds and ends, the refuse of his "ideas," for the smallest and most worthless scrap that can, by hook or crook, be forced to serve his purpose. He picks up a meagre little incident, a meaningless little coincidence, a lifeless little invention; an "idea" of which, in conversation, he could give us the whole gist and substance in two minutes. But he must manufacture a short story from it. No, he must manufacture a long story from it. He must attenuate it to the length of twenty or thirty pages. And that, by dint of strenuous labours, by spelling out the obvious, by dragging in the extraneous, by insisting upon the irrelevant, he contrives—good man of business that he is—to do. Peace be with him; but the method of the short story, in the sense to which we will here make bold to confine the term, is a very different method.

You begin by taking not what they call an "idea" in the trade; not an incident, nor a coincidence; above all, not an invention. You begin by taking an impression. That is to say, you look about the universe, and you see something; and the thing you see produces within you a certain state of mind and a certain state of emotion. That state of mind and that state of emotion constitute between them an impression. But here is a curious circumstance: if you are a normal man, you are content with having got your impression—you stop there; while if you are an artist you are constantly possessed by a desire to give your impressions expression in the particular form of art it is your joy and your despair to cultivate. We are assuming that your particular form of art is fiction. Very good: that story is a short story, no matter how many pages it may cover, in which you have expressed your impression with the greatest possible economy of means. The manufacturer's economy was an economy of matter; the artist's economy must be an economy of means.

You start with an impression. But an impression is never a simple thing, which can be conveyed in two minutes' conversation. It is never an obvious thing. It is always a complex thing, it is always elusive. It is a thing of shades and niceties and fine distinctions. It is a thing in its very nature intensely personal; it is an intimate thing. And the artist who wishes to incarnate his impression in the form of a short story has a task of infinite delicacy before him. He has already felt his impression, but now he must understand it. He must study it, analyse it, dissect it, until he knows exactly of what elements it is made, exactly what elements they are that give it its peculiarity, that differentiate it from other impressions. He must dissect it, and study it, and understand it; and then he must put it together again. He must vivisection it, indeed; and then he must heal it, and see that it is still alive and whole. All this he must do before he begins to write. And now, when he does begin to write, his pre-occupation must be—the precise opposite of the manufacturer's pre-occupation. The manufacturer's difficulty was to make a small "idea," by dilution and adulteration, fill a large vessel. The artist's difficulty will be, by distilling and purifying his impression, to present it to us in a phial. Or, to drop metaphor, his difficulty will be, by selecting

the essential, the significant, by rigidly excluding the unessential, by trusting as much as ever he may to the experience and imagination of his reader, and, finally and chiefly, by bestowing unstinted pains upon his manner of writing, so that each phrase, each word, each comma, shall be indispensable and right and effective—his difficulty will be to present his impression in the briefest space in which it can be presented without losing any of its significance or any of its beauty.

It is common in England to speak of Guy de Maupassant as "the prince of short story writers"; and a prince of short story writers Guy de Maupassant in all truth was. But we have princes in our own country; we do not need to go to France; we have in England the supreme prince of short story writers—we have Mr. Henry James. It takes two to make a masterpiece in every art; in the art of fiction it takes a writer and a reader. But if master-writers are few in this weary world, neither do master-readers grow on every bush. Mr. James's work is not to be approached by people whose interest in literature is superficial or unenlightened. It is not work to be taken up when we are tired or feeble-minded, it is not work to be recommended either to the man in the street or to the man in the train. But it is work which, if people who are authentically and intelligently interested in literature will bring their best minds to it, besides all the pure æsthetic pleasure it must give them, will illustrate better than any other work the special character, the special qualities, and the special artistry of the short story. Besides the humour of them and the pathos of them, besides their immense thoughtfulness and insight, besides the extreme beauty and felicity, the constant delightful surprises, of their style, Mr. James's short stories, as models of structure, as living specimens from which the anatomy and physiology of the short story can be learned, are certainly the best we know in any language.

You start with an impression, and you endeavour to express your impression with the greatest possible economy of means. All impressions, as we have said, are necessarily complex. Mr. James's impressions are especially complex; they are especially elusive, especially marked by fine shades and distinctions; and they are, moreover, especially personal, intimate. His method of presenting them must therefore logically be a method of especial refinement, especial sensitiveness; just as his style must be especially flexible and sympathetic, inevitable, and right. He has two ways of achieving the requisite brevity. One way is to throw his story into perspective, to remove it a certain distance back in point of time; then to tell it as one speaking from memory, who sees his vision through a softening medium, which blurs what is trivial and unmeaning, but heightens all that is salient and suggestive. This is a very charming way of treating the short story, and very beautiful examples of it (to cite but a few) are Mr. James's "The Solution," "The Death of the Lion," "The Coxon Fund." Another very charming way of treating the short story (and at the same time of achieving brevity) is that pursued by Mr. James in "The Lesson of the Master," and in "The Altar of the Dead." Here he represents his drama as passing contemporaneously before us; but he omits, he leaves tacit, he trusts to our imagination, everything that is not absolutely requisite to its elucidation; so that what we get is the very soul of the matter, in a series of intensely vivid, immensely telling glimpses.

The short story has never been, and probably never will be, popular in England. This for a multitude of reasons—some of which are obvious, some of which may be divined, and some of which must be classed among the ultimate mysteries. One very obvious reason is the *vis inertia* of the British mind. 'Tis the first step that costs, the initial effort; and the honest British reader having taken that step, made that effort, loves to go jogging placidly on for an indefinite time, and feels that he is being trifled with if suddenly called upon to halt. For his taste, the short story comes to a termination too early and too abrupt; its end shocks him as untimely. But another, a deeper reason, is perhaps this: the beauty of the short story is a beauty not so much on the surface as in the fibre. It is not a beauty that "springs at the eyes." *Das Schöne muss gelernt sein*, say the Germans; and the beauty of the short story is a beauty that one must learn to see. But the average man—and it is he who, in England, determines the immediate vogue of works of art and forms of art—the average man naturally enough prefers surface-beauty to fibre-beauty, prefers the beauty he can perceive with half an eye to the beauty which he must learn to see. No wonder, then, that he does not take kindly to the short

story. The short story is no doubt a compliment to his understanding, but it is a compliment which he would rather do without than seek to merit. Of course, from the author's point of view, the short story is distressfully unremunerative. If you have got a "good subject," it will pay you better (and it will likewise be easier) to write a whole long book about it.

HENRY HARLAND.

BRUNETIÈRE ON ZOLA AND HIS SCHOOL.

M. Brunetière, editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and the dominant literary force at present in the French Academy, has been delivering a series of lectures in America. His discourse on novels was the one most expectantly awaited by his audience in Columbia University. We extract from the *Literary Digest* what the speaker had to say about the naturalistic school in France. The development of the school he attributes chiefly to Taine. He said:

"About 1875 the naturalistic tendency, by the aid of Taine, began to dominate. Zola knew his real origin, while Taine helped him, but as soon as he saw that Taine had ceased to be entirely wrapped up in helping him he turned against his critic, and took every occasion to attack him, while, on his side, Taine became somewhat startled at the kind of disciple he had produced, and his last years were poisoned by Zola's success.

"On the whole the school has produced more disciples than masters, more promises than fruit, and has been more fiery than fertile.

"I cannot protest too strongly against the picture of French society given in the novels of Zola. His dominant quality is force or vigour of imagination, especially constructive imagination, but it must be added that never was any observer less accurate, less conscientious, less true.

"The peasants of M. Zola are not French peasants, his working men are not French working men, his middle classes are not the French middle classes, nor are his soldiers and officers French officers and soldiers. We have faults in France, but we have not this sustained grossness, this absolute lack of morality, this perfect cynicism which Zola depicts.

"His French people are caricatures, pessimistic and calumnious caricatures. He has neither literary conscience nor æsthetic sense. I do not deny him talent, but it is difficult for me to value talent when it lends itself to such ignoble tasks.

"A pathetic example of Zola's malign influence was given in the last years of Edmond de Goncourt, when the old man, wishing to be famous as Zola was, turned away—sensitive, Japanese, genteel man of letters that he was by nature—to force himself to write novels which are among the coarsest in the language, and among the most tiresome in the literature of France. Some of us protested. Style, good style, the only real style, has nothing in common with this alternation of brutality and nervousness that makes the style of Zola and Goncourt.

"Those who mocked us began to see about 1880 that we were right. Sarcey himself—who never sacrifices in the slightest degree his own opinion to the beliefs of his fellow critics, but who gives up at once any belief if he but sees that the mob has changed its mind—Sarcey abandoned Zola, his own disciples left him, and the severest blow of all was dealt to him in the rising fame of three new novelists.

"Guy de Maupassant began his career with coarse works of a rather puerile pessimism, rather dangerous but less bold than displeasing, for there is no courage in putting immorality before the public, there is only bad taste. Happily for Maupassant, he was a true artist, and he became naturalistic in the genuine sense.

"Pierre Loti, happily, perhaps, for us, is a wholly different man. The first of his novels passed unnoticed, but the last three, *Le Mariage de Loti*, *Le Roman d'un Spahi*, *Pêcheur d'Islande*, restored to us what I may call the poetic novel. His descriptions are incomparable, and they are never inventories, like the description of Zola and Balzac, and to this gift of description he adds the gift of genuine feeling. To see his descriptions equalled we must go as far back as Chateaubriand. Naturally, he was the kind of man to make us tired or sick of Zola.

"The career of Paul Bourget is the opposite of the other two. He is in cultivation and in curiosity among the foremost observers in contemporary literature. His two greatest faults are that he is too Parisian and at the same time too cosmopolitan. He does not know the French provinces, and even in Paris all that he knows well are the intellectual world and the fashionable world. Although he has travelled a good deal, he hardly comes any nearer than Zola to knowing what a peasant or a working man is; but he is superior to Zola in this, that he does not try to put them on his stage.

"His novels belong to the fashionable world, but they have psychology which gives them their originality. In that they are the exact opposite of Zola, whose personages have no thoughts, no reason, no conscience, and, while they may have physical appetites, have no other human characteristics."

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Nervous Disorders distinctly referable to Indigestion are very many, thus Neuralgia, Migraine, Chorea (St. Vitus' Dance), Hysteria, Hypochondriasis, Atrophy, and Degenerations. The Muscular System wasted through want of *pabulum*, and the "whole Head is sick, the whole Heart is faint." Such are a few of "The Results of Indigestion."

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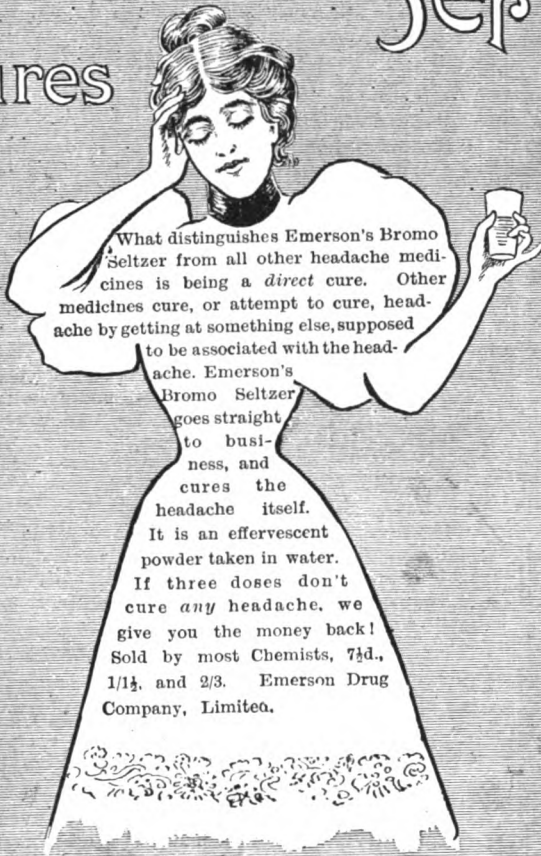
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Offices: 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.

THE WEEK.

CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

[This article is a chronicle of books published during the week. Reviews will follow in due course.]

THE week's arrivals cannot be described as important. Neither are they many. The Jubilee is producing much literature and stifling much. But one book which it has helped to call forth would be welcome at any time. This is Mr. Percy W. Ames's edition in facsimile of *The Mirror of the Sinful Soul*, as translated from the French of Queen Margaret of Navarre, by Princess (afterwards Queen) Elizabeth when she was eleven years of age. Her Majesty the Queen has accepted the dedication of this interesting work by her great predecessor. Mr. Ames gives us a facsimile of Princess Elizabeth's translation in her own writing, which is the bold unsophisticated hand of a child. The MS. is in the Bodleian, where Dr. Furnivall pointed it out to the editor. Mr. Ames gives us this pretty account of the Princess's effort.

"This translation, made by Queen Elizabeth during her early childhood (which is in some respects the most attractive period of her life), constitutes an interesting illustration of her precocious ability. It is rather remarkable that this, her first literary work, should have received so little attention. It is not even mentioned by the majority of her numerous biographers, and in Strickland's *Lives of the Queens of England* it is incorrectly referred to as 'her elegant translation from the Italian.' The translation was undertaken during one of the many clouded periods of Elizabeth's youth. Some time in the year 1543 the little Princess had the misfortune to fall into disgrace at Court, and her royal father's displeasure occasioned her banishment for an entire year, during which time, as she mentions herself, she 'had not dared to write to him.' In the summer of 1544 King Henry went to Boulogne, and

Elizabeth, on being informed that her step-mother, Queen Katherine Parr, had remembered her every time she had written to the King, wrote to her one of her earliest letters thanking the Queen, and beseeching her to recommend her to His Majesty, praying for his sweet benediction. Shortly afterwards, in September, the King intimated his forgiveness in a general blessing to all his children, and at the close of that year Elizabeth sent her translation, in all probability bound with her own hands, as a New Year's gift to the Queen. It may therefore be regarded as an offering of grateful affection."

It should be mentioned that the translation is in prose, whereas the *Miroir* of Margaret of Navarre is a poem.

Another book, which is composed partly of print and partly of facsimiles of handwriting, is *A Description of the Wordsworth and Coleridge Manuscripts in the Possession of Mr. T. Norton Longman*. Mr. W. Hale White, who edits the collection, hopes that these facsimiles of "The Brothers," Coleridge's "Love," and a portion of "The Ode to Immortality," will be useful to students, who will find that "the intermixture of handwritings, for example, is remarkable evidence of the intimacy of the relationship between Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Dorothy, and shows how much the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1800 owed to love and friendship."

The third volume (for March) is issued of the new edition of Mr. S. Baring-Gould's *Lives of the Saints*. In this volume will be found the lives of St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Gregory the Great, St. Patrick, St. Cuthbert, and St. Benedict. The frontispiece is "The Annunciation," after Francia, in the church of St. John Lateran in Rome.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

[In the following list prices are given where they have been supplied by Publishers.]

BIBLICAL AND THEOLOGICAL.

- THE PRAYER-BOOK ARTICLES AND HOMILIES. By J. T. Tomlinson. Elliot Stock.
WHO WAS JESUS CHRIST? AND OTHER QUESTIONS. By F. W. Aveling, M.A. Kegan Paul. 6s.
THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS. Vol. III. New edition. By Rev. S. Baring-Gould, M.A. John C. Nimmo. 5s.
HELPS TOWARDS BELIEF IN THE CHRISTIAN FAITH. By C. G. Griffinhoofe, M.A. Ward & Downey.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- LADY HAMILTON AND LORD NELSON. By John Cordy Jeaffreson. Hurst & Blackett. 6s.
FOUR GREAT RELIGIONS. By Annie Besant. Theosophical Publishing Society. 2s.
GABRIELLE VON BULOW: DAUGHTER OF WILHELM VON HUMBOLDT. Translated by Clara Nordlinger. Smith, Elder & Co. 16s.
THE MEMOIRS OF LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD. By Thomas Moore. With a Preface by Martin MacDermott. Downey & Co. 6s.
THE MISSION OF ST. AUGUSTINE TO ENGLAND, ACCORDING TO THE ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS. Edited by Arthur James Mason, D.D. Cambridge University Press. 5s.
THE RISE OF THE EMPIRE. By Sir Walter Besant. Horace Marshall & Son.
AN OLD SOLDIER'S MEMORIES. By S. H. Jones-Parry, J.P. Hurst & Blackett. 12s.

POETRY.

- THE SONG-BOOK OF BETHIA HARDACRE. By Ella Fuller Maitland. Chapman & Hall. 6s.
IN LONDON, AND OTHER POEMS. By C. J. Shearer. Elliot Stock.
ENGLISH MINSTRELRY. Vol. VII. Edited by S. Baring-Gould, M.A. T. C. and E. C. Jack (Edinburgh).

BARDS OF THE GAEL AND GALL. Done into English after the Metres and Modes of the Gael. By George Sigerson. T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d.

ART, BELLES LETTRES, DRAMA, ETC.

ESSAYS FROM THE CHAP-BOOK. By many Writers. Gay & Bird.

L'ART ANCIEN À L'EXPOSITION NATIONALE SUISSE. Genève. A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WORKS OF WILLIAM MORRIS. Geo. Bell & Sons.

GLEANINGS FROM IBSSEN. Selected by Emmie A. Keddel and Percy C. Standing. Elliot Stock.

THE TEMPLE CLASSICS: THE ESSAYS OF MICHAEL LORD MONTAIGNE. Translated by John Florio. J. M. Dent & Co. Book II. Vol. I. 1s. 6d.

FICTION.

DREAM TALES, &c. By Ivan Turgenev. Heinemann.
THE FOLLY OF PEN HARRINGTON. By Julian Sturges. Constable.

FROM THE FOUR WINDS. By John Sinjohn. T. Fisher Unwin.

A STORY-TELLER'S PACK. By Frank R. Stockton. Cassell & Co.

HIS DEAD PAST. By C. J. Willis. Chatto & Windus.

THE WHITE HEATONS. By W. C. Scully. Methuen. 6s.

THE TOMBSTONE TREASURER. By Fergus Hume. Jarrold & Sons.

THE WAY OF A WOMAN. By L. T. Mead. F. V. White & Co.

THE WOOING OF MAY. By Alan St. Aubyn. F. V. White & Co.

MRS. KEITH'S CRIME. By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. New edition. Fisher Unwin.

PACIFIC TALES. By Louis Becke. Fisher Unwin.

SALTED WITH FIRE. By George MacDonald. Hurst & Blackett. 6s.

A ROSE OF YESTERDAY. By F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan & Co. 6s.

TWO SINFERS. By Lily Thickness. Downey & Co. 6s.

A FLEETING SHOW. By G. Beresford Fitzgerald. Digby Long & Co.

SHARLETTOWN. By Captain Marryat. Illustrated by H. R. Millar. New Edition. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF GEORGE DRIFELL. By James Payn. New Edition. Smith, Elder & Co. 2s. 6d.

SCIENCE AND EDUCATION.

A GEOGRAPHY OF EUROPE. By Lionel W. Lyde. A. & C. Black. 1s.

LESSONS IN ELEMENTARY PRACTICAL PHYSICS. By C. L. Barnes, M.A. Vol. III. Part I. Macmillan & Co. 4s. 6d.

DYNAMOS AND ELECTRIC MOTORS: HOW TO MAKE AND RUN THEM. Edited by Paul N. Hasluck.

THE STUDY OF FRENCH. By Alfred F. Eugène and H. E. Durian. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.

THE OUTLINES OF PHYSICS: AN ELEMENTARY TEXT-BOOK. By Edward L. Nichols. The Macmillan Co. 7s. 6d.

TRAVEL AND GEOGRAPHY.

SIAM ON THE MEKONG: FROM THE GULF TO AYUTTHIA. By Maxwell Sommerville. Sampson Low. 14s.

BLACK'S GUIDE TO THE TROSSACHS. Edited by A. R. Hope Moncrieff. A. & C. Black. 1s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MOLIÈRE AND HIS MEDICAL ASSOCIATIONS. By A. M. Brown, M.D. The Cotton Press. 6s.

FROM OUR DEAD SELVES TO HIGHER THINGS. By Frederick James Gant. Baillière, Tindall & Cox. 3s. 6d.

NAVAJO LEGENDS. Collected by Washington Matthews. American Folk-lore Society.

THE LONDON HANDBOOK: JUNE, 1897, TO MAY, 1898. The Grosvenor Press. 1s.

THE MIRROR OF THE SINFUL SOUL. A Prose Translation from the French of a Poem of Queen Margaret of Navarre, by Princess (afterwards Queen) Elizabeth. Edited by Percy W. Ames, F.S.A. Asher & Co. 10s. 6d.

SOME OBSERVATIONS OF A FOSTER PARENT. By John Charles Tarver. Archibald Constable & Co. 6s.

THE DOLMENS OF IRELAND. By William Copeland Borlase, M.A. 3 vols. Chapman & Hall. 5s.

RAMEAU'S NEPHEW: A TRANSLATION FROM DIDEROT'S AUTOGRAPHIC TEXT. By Sylvia Margaret Hill. Longmans, Green & Co. 3s. 6d.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE WORDSWORTH AND COLERIDGE MANUSCRIPTS IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. T. NORTON LONGMAN. Edited, with Notes, by W. Hale White. Longmans, Green & Co.

A SHORT GRAMMAR OF THE BULGARIAN LANGUAGES. By W. B. Morfill, M.A. Kegan Paul. 5s.

THE REAL HISTORY OF MONEY ISLAND. By Michael Flürscheim. Clarion Office.

A DOCTOR'S IDLE HOURS. By "Scalpel." Downey & Co. 6s.

NOTES AND NEWS.

IN honour of the Diamond Jubilee, the *New Review* becomes, with true loyalty, an illustrated magazine. By way of frontispiece, Mr. Henley offers a coloured drawing of the Queen from life by Mr. W. N. P. Nicholson. The world just now is full of portraits of Her Majesty, but nothing that we have seen so convinces the spectator of its truth to ordinary life as this *tour de force*. The Queen is walking out, accompanied by a Skye terrier; there is a hint of a back ground; and that is all. It is a perfect symphony in black and brown, and a work of very exceptional skill.

OXFORD's official ode, in honour of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, has been written by Prof. W. J. Courthope, who holds the chair of Poetry. It will be issued directly from the *Clarendon Press*. The publication will follow, in point of topography, Prof. Palgrave's Jubilee Ode in 1887.

MR. STEPHEN CRANE's account of his deliverance from the shipwreck of the *Commodore*, which is printed in the June *Scribner*, is a marvellous piece of narrative. The author and three other men—the captain, who was wounded, the cook and an oiler—escaped in a dingy. Mr. Crane begins his narrative on the afternoon of their third day. They were washed ashore the next morning. Mr. Crane's story is a remarkable study in impressionism.

IN referring to Prof. Sully's forthcoming book, *Children's Ways*, we said that it would be virtually a new work distinct from *Studies in Childhood*. This is not the case. It should properly be described as selections from *Studies of Childhood* with new matter. There is an amusing juxtaposition of announcements in Messrs. Longman's list which contains this intimation. Thus *Children's Ways*, by Prof. Sully, is followed by: "In the Press—*The Professor's Children*."

MESSRS. BELL have in preparation two historical works on architecture. The more advanced of the two, the publication of which will probably take place in September, is *A History of Renaissance Architecture in England*, by Mr. Reginald Blomfield. He takes up the subject from the first infusion of Italian influence into the sixteenth century Gothic, and brings his history down to the end of the eighteenth. The volume will be profusely illustrated with pen drawings by the author as well as by facsimiles of drawings by Inigo Jones, Wren, and others, preserved at All Souls and Worcester Colleges and at the Soane Museum, and also by reproductions from photographs of noted examples of building. The other volume is a history of English Gothic architecture by Mr. Edward S. Prior. Beginning with the transition from Norman architecture, it will exhibit the genesis of English Gothic and its relations to, and differences from, that of Northern France, vindicating its claim to originality and to independent development. The illustrations will consist entirely of draw-

ings executed purposely for the work by Mr. Gerald Horsley.

MR. THOMAS HARDY is said to be meditating a return to his earlier methods, as some concession to that section of the public which is opposed to the treatment of sex problems in fiction. For his forthcoming novel, which is nearly completed, Mr. Hardy is still seeking a title.

SOME Scott MSS. of great interest are to be sold by Messrs. Sotheby during the month. There should be spirited bidding for *The Lady of the Lake* holograph. With it will be offered the MSS. of *Tales of a Grandfather*, *Old Mortality*, *Castle Dangerous*, and other writings of less interest. The authenticity of the MS. of *The Lady of the Lake* is attested by the statement, written in Scott's hand on the fly-leaf: "This is the original MS. of *The Lady of the Lake*." It contains notes in the handwriting of his wife.

THE announcement that a "Kailyard" version of the Song of Solomon is about to be issued by a North-country firm of publishers does not excite our enthusiasm. The charm of the old Scotch psalms is not likely to be repeated in this violent attempt to bring the Song of Songs into line with *The Stickit Minister*. A verse in the last chapter will read, we understand, as follows: "Mony waters canna slochen luv', neither can the spates droon it; gin a man wad gie a' the haudin's o' his hoose for luv', they wad be althegither scorned."

MRS. OLIPHANT's new book, *The Ways of Life*, which has been praised in the highest terms, seems to us notable rather for its preface than its fiction. The two stories of which it is composed are not in the best manner of this sagacious writer, but the words which introduce them and endeavour to justify them have much interest. Mrs. Oliphant thinks it time that more attention was paid by novelists to the sere and yellow stage of life: to what she calls the ebb. The conventional novel is concerned with the flood; but the ebb is as rich in material. She does not necessarily mean "the decline of life, the approach of age, or any natural crisis, but something more poignant—the wonderful and overwhelming revelation which one time or other comes to most people, that their career, whatever it may have been, has come to a stop." This is, indeed, a moment which makes a good starting-point for a story; and if it has been so much neglected by novelists, we must suppose that the reason does not lie in any poverty of the subject, but in the difficulty of treating a period of decline with vivacity.

"I HAVE often felt," adds Mrs. Oliphant, "while sick or sorry, and craving a little rational entertainment and distraction—which, in my opinion, it is one of the highest aims of the novelist to supply—that the everlasting treatment of the primary problem of youth, as if there was no other in the world, was at once fatiguing to the

reader and injudicious on the part of the writer. When we want to be taken out of ourselves by the lively presentment of other people's difficulties and troubles, it is tiresome to be always turned back to the disappointments or the successes of eighteen, or—in deference to the different standard of age held to be interesting by this generation—let us say five-and-twenty."

"SINCE the public is fond of such small revelations," says Mrs. Oliphant, after a discussion on happy endings, "I may here confess that I have often begun a story with the determination to be high-minded—to treat my young lovers without indulgence, and either kill them or part them in deference to the rules of Art. But my heart has generally failed me, and I have rarely found courage to do them any harm."

IN the interview with a ballad-monger, which we published last week, mention was made of the rather pathetic search of an aged man for "The Big Meat Pie," a song published many years ago. The world proves too small for a song to be lost in it. For G. E. D. writes: "I remember the song alluded to, in 1850, and it was probably then rather new. The title was, I think, 'The Stunning Great Meat Pie.' It began, 'You've heard of the wonderful crocodile.' The song is very stupid, and has no merit whatever, either literary or musical."

TO-DAY will be published Dr. Copinger's exhaustive work, *The Bible and its Transmission*, on which he has been engaged for many years. Mr. Sotheran, the publisher, issues only 220 copies, of which only 150 are for sale. The book is enriched by twenty-eight facsimiles.

MR. E. F. BENSON's story of the Greek War of Independence is to bear the title *The Vintage*.

A NEW volume of poems, by "A. E." author of *Homeward: Songs by the Way*, will be published by Mr. John Lane under the title, *The Earth's Breath*.

AMONG the anthologies which the autumn is to bring forth is one by Mr. Frederick Wedmore, which will have for title, *Poems of the Love and Pride of England*.

Pearson's Magazine, which published Mr. Kipling's *Captains Courageous*, has secured a new short story, by the same writer, entitled *The Tomb of his Ancestors*, for its Christmas number.

Pre-Reformation Worthies is the title of a new book of biographies by Mr. William Cowan, announced to be published by Messrs. Elliot Stock very shortly. The volume will, among others, contain Lives of Bishop Grossetete, Thomas à Kempis, and John Staupitz, and it will have a Preface by the Bishop of Derry.

THE lady who has taken the pen-name of "George Fleming," and has written under it some clever novels, has collected from the

old *National Observer* and *New Review* a number of short stories, which Mr. Grant Richards is to publish. *Little Stories about Women* is the title.

It is Mr. Unwin's intention to issue a set of ten volumes in which the whole story of the expansion of the Queen's Empire will be adequately narrated. Major M. A. S. Hume will contribute the first of these, a biography of "Sir Walter Raleigh." Other volumes promised are "Sir Thomas Maitland: the Mastery of the Mediterranean," by Mr. Walter Frewen Lord; "John Cabot and his Sons: the Discovery of North America," by Mr. C. Raymond Beazley, M.A.; "Lord Clive: the Foundation of British Rule in India," by Sir A. J. Arbuthnot, K.C.S.I., C.I.E.; "Edward Gibbon Wakefield: the Colonisation of South Australia and New Zealand," by Dr. R. Garnett, C.B., LL.D.; "Rajah Brooke: the Englishman as Ruler of an Eastern State," by Sir Spenser St. John, G.C.M.G.; "Admiral Philip: the Founding of New South Wales," by Mr. Louis Becke and Mr. Walter Jeffery; and "Sir Stamford Raffles: England in the Far East," by the editor, Mr. H. F. Wilson.

A NEW series, entitled the "Sylvan Series" will be inaugurated almost immediately by Mr. Grant Richards with a new volume by Mr. R. Murray Gilchrist, author of *A Stone Dragon*, &c., entitled *A Peakland Faggot: Tales Told of Milton Folk*. It deals entirely with the lives of the peasantry round the Peak of Derbyshire.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS have completed an arrangement with the City of New York for printing in their Knickerbocker Press a limited edition of the *Records of the City of New Amsterdam*. The set will be issued under the editorial supervision of Mr. Berthold Fernow, and will be comprised in six volumes of text and one volume of index. The records cover the entire period of the municipal life of New Amsterdam during the control of the Hollanders—that is to say, from 1653 to 1664 and from 1673 to 1674. The first volume is expected to be in readiness for delivery to subscribers in the course of May.

MESSRS. HENRY & Co. will issue at once a new holiday library, to be entitled "The Random Series," in twenty-six volumes, in which they propose to include a number of their most popular publications in fiction. The series will be published at two shillings per volume, in a uniform binding.

THE third part of the late George John Romanes' *Darwin and After Darwin* is in the press. The subject-matter consists of post-Darwinian questions, Isolation and Physiological Selection.

MRS. HODGSON BURNETT is making a further experiment with the eighteenth century manner. Her new novel, which bears a close relation to *A Lady of Quality*, will be called *His Grace, the Duke of Ormonde*.

PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

M. EDMOND DEMOLINS, in *A quoi vient la supériorité des Anglo-Saxons*, in his searching study of English superiority over the unhappy Gauls, betrays a fierce contempt of all the things the French, with lamentable levity, have hitherto been content to shine in: the elegant arts, cookery, the vaudeville, and the genius of dressmaking. M. Lemaître is eloquently remorseful of his appreciation of these futilities, which did not impede the German invasion, and have not prevented the incontestable superiority of the proud Saxons in all the sterner resources of a nation. To possess in the extremest perfection the art of writing will not, alas! stem the current of national disaster and incompetence, and while the vaudevillists are making us laugh at the traditional and undignified mishaps in marriage, and teaching husbands and wives the adequate measure of faithlessness they are to expect mutually, the enterprising English, M. Demolins proves, are marching across the face of the world, atrociously strong and flourishing and successful. They dominate Europe and the universe in commerce, industry, and politics. Meanwhile the frivolous Gaul wastes his youth in a vain search of pleasure, and middle age in a mean search of a *dot*. The *dot* is the real root of the evil. Poor or rich, a Frenchman demands of his wife not beauty, distinction, breeding, charm, talent, but a fortune equal to or greater than his own, with the result of an indescribable sordidness in family life. How can parents live decently with the future grasping son-in-law to satisfy? M. Lemaître would suppress military service as well, and the entire method of administration, and then plaintively asks, would all that suffice to transform a poor devil of a Latin or Celt into a fine Anglo-Saxon ogre? The book is a sort of political *Sandford and Merton*, or a tale of the idle apprentice and the good boy. One's sympathies, with an elasticity born of distrust and indignation, go naturally to the "bad subject," the unlucky poor devil who has the art of pleasing and of making us laugh, while the "good subject" quotes the Bible and seizes the gold mines of Golconda.

A new book by M. Paul Hervieu is an event of sufficient importance in this world of letters. Unhappily, his latest, *La Bêtise Parisienne* is but a collection of papers more or less fugitive, and only of relative value. There is, of course, the distinctive touch of Paul Hervieu to arrest attention; his mordant irony and original observation to procure us something new. The first slight essay, *L'Artiste Rouge*, comes appropriately from the author of *La Loi de l'Homme*, as strong and fierce a piece of work as ever has been written on the sex question in favour of trodden woman, which so recently took male Paris by the throat. It is a grim comment on the 11th Article of the French Penal Code: "In the case of adultery, the husband's murder of his wife, as well as of the accomplice, is excusable." Such a murder

he qualifies as "a crime, a cowardice, an abominable self-fanaticism," scouting the middle ages, the jungle and alcohol, Visigoth and Ostrogoth. These brilliant little essays, more or less subtle and odd, show M. Hervieu at his clearest and lightest in style. The sentences are not overpacked and dense, as in his sterner novels. Their form is considerably less complicated, and here and there he yields prettily to a taste for colour and flow in phrase.

On matters of love and society, as might be expected, he has not yet exhausted his capacity for astonishing the amiable bourgeois. This peaceable and uninteresting personage seems to be the torero's cloak—for the modern French writer; and like the irritated and frantic bull, he must charge for the object. Every irregular situation finds him lenient, which, after all, is a reversion to the unpractised theory of Christianity. Christian law is nowadays on the side of the scribes and Pharisees, and the sinners and publicans are out of favour. M. Hervieu wages a fast war against the Pharisees, and holds the hand of brotherhood out to the feminine sinners. This is as it ought to be, according to the New Testament. Unfortunately, the average reader who goes to church or mass, and imperfectly understands, or does not even read the New Testament, will pronounce M. Hervieu to be a shockingly immoral writer. After literary art, a sense of justice is the last thing the average reader looks for in a writer; and both of these qualities are flagrantly evident in M. Hervieu's work. Subtlety, too, will be found an irritant, but the satire, being more obvious, and a grosser appeal to our judgment, will secure a fair attention. His definition of those two exciting new words, *musferte* and *rosserie*; vices as old and vulgar as society itself, will be useful to the English reader curious about modern fashionable slang. *Musferte*, according to M. Hervieu, is specially masculine; *rosserie*, feminine. There is more grossness in one, more malice in the other, but our own hideous word "cad" may fitly be applied to the "mufte" and the "rosse."

Writing of woman's conquest of the bicycle and the divided skirt, he says:

"Besides, women are in the habit of getting the best of public ridicule and of laughing it down. In the eighteenth century it was their initiative that determined the use of the umbrella. This invention—of a genius as simple as that of the bicycle—was adopted by them and then imposed by them, while its inventor died crushed beneath invectives, jeers, and all the enraged and defensive manoeuvres of the conservative instinct."

From every point of view M. Hervieu is a "feminine."

Forçats et Proscrits, by Paul Mimande, is an extremely bright and interesting account of a visit to the French penal settlements in South America. Whatever may befall one, there is some alleviation of the worst prospective misery in the knowledge that one is never likely to be sent to Cayenne. It is amazing that even in this cravatted and civilised period of humanity any portion of the inhabited globe should be able to gather such an accumulation of horrors about it as French Guiana. There is apparently not

much to choose between the fate of underpaid official, proscribed, or prisoner. All enjoy the privilege of unlimited discomfort. One dreams of tropical splendours below the equator, but M. Mimande very lucidly and ruthlessly dispels all such naïve illusions. Filthy little towns, abominable prisons, the home of every foul disease, abject populations, burning and desert isles, miserable officials, leprosy, malaria—every evil odour of man and nature, scarce and pestiferous water, snakes and serpents! The book would be a just and kindly one but for the spiteful and needlessly cruel pages about Dreyfus, who reached Cayenne for deportation to the Isle of Salvation, one of the worst of the group in Guiana waters, while M. Mimande was making his tour of the settlement. The unfortunate man has surely been cruelly enough punished. A compatriot might pass that dark and silent figure condemned to such solitude at least in silence. But the arrival of Dreyfus is a dramatic and powerful touch in a series of bright descriptions.

H. L.

NEW BOOKS.

La Bêtise Parisienne. Paul Hervieu.*Forçats et Proscrits.* Paul Mimande.*A quoi vient la supériorité des Anglo-Saxons.* Edmond Demolins.*La Macédonie.* Victor Bérard.*Madame Geoffrey et sa Fille.* Pierre de Ségur.GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO'S
"TRIUMPH OF DEATH."

WITH the quality of this young Italian as a literary artist, English criticism will have to deal seriously before long. In Paris his works meet enthusiastic appreciation, while at Boston the social Puritan has demanded, but not obtained, their prohibition. Evidently an English translation exists, but it does not appear to have found its way into this country. Our information is mostly drawn at second-hand from reviews, notably the eloquent and interesting article by Ouida in the *March Fortnightly*, wherein D'Annunzio's work finds an effusive welcome such as she does not always extend to promising youth of her own nationality.

It was in complete freedom from any prepossession that the present writer attacked *Trionfo della Morte* in the original. The impression left after a fairly careful reading is on the whole one of tedium and monotony. Not many of the qualities essential to a great novelist are to be discerned in it, and those which we miss are of a kind which no amount of toil and travail can supply. There is complete want of constructive power, of ability to "tell a story" and make it move; and the character-drawing is weak. That the art of its author has been slowly built up—a thing of pains and labour—is manifest without the evidence furnished in the introduction. This last is extremely well worth reading for its discussion of the possibilities of Italian prose, and the statement of the author's aspiration to

bring about a renaissance. With its exquisitely selected words and carefully modulated rhythms, this prefatory essay presents itself as a model of beautiful, if slightly self-conscious, prose.

But, indeed, no words are strong enough to express the seriousness with which D'Annunzio takes himself. The book, he tells us, is concerned with but one *dramatis persona* and his "individual vision of the universe." It must be admitted that by sheer piling up of detail a certain picture is achieved of the "hero" and "heroine." No great exploit surely for the painstaking artificer of a narrative in which the remaining characters avowedly are neglected! In the last catastrophe and in one or two situations which serve as foretaste of it, there is evidence of considerable dramatic power. The scenic accessories are worked up with picturesque vividness, if usually at excessive length. The evening scene with Ippolita and the tortured moth is overlaid with poetic glamour and with a weird symbolism. That D'Annunzio is accomplished in "realistic" scene painting might be expected, this trick being common to his school. In the elaborate study of a wonder-working sanctuary in South Italy, with its exhaustive cataloguing of foulness and disease, not one noisome sight or smell which belongs to sick and swarming humanity is spared us.

As psychologist, practised in minute and searching analysis of intellect and emotion, D'Annunzio stands high. But his appeal to us is clearly meant to be that of artist rather than scientist. And from an artistic standpoint we are justified in demanding more varied—we had almost written a less uniformly revolting—material for his masterly talent. From the main theme—an adulterous intrigue, culminating in murder and suicide, a case common in the annals of crime—the only distraction consists in a series of tedious and disjointed episodes quite insufficiently justified by the sidelights they throw upon the character of the "hero." Rarely, if ever, is situation or character illumined by graphic touch or flash of insight such as we meet in Stevenson or Kipling. The effect is mainly the result of accumulation, a heaping up of epithet and detail and analysis. Of humour there is absolutely not a trace. Any strong sense of it would be fatal to appreciation of this work. The picture which the introduction suggests of the artist burning his midnight oil through four and a half years over the architecture of his mellifluous periods, takes a grotesque hue as we realise that the subject of it all is practically the amours of a lunatic and an epileptic! Or, putting the case less coarsely, let us say that the minute dissection of the mind of a "degenerate"—a young man under thirty, hovering on the ill-defined boundary between reason and insanity—is not, whatever its philosophical or pathological merit, in itself sufficient to constitute an epoch-making novel. While avoiding the vulgar habit of confusing a writer's personality and opinions with those of his characters, may we not fairly ask that these should sometimes appeal to other than emotions of contempt or loathing? From the first page to the last, not one sign

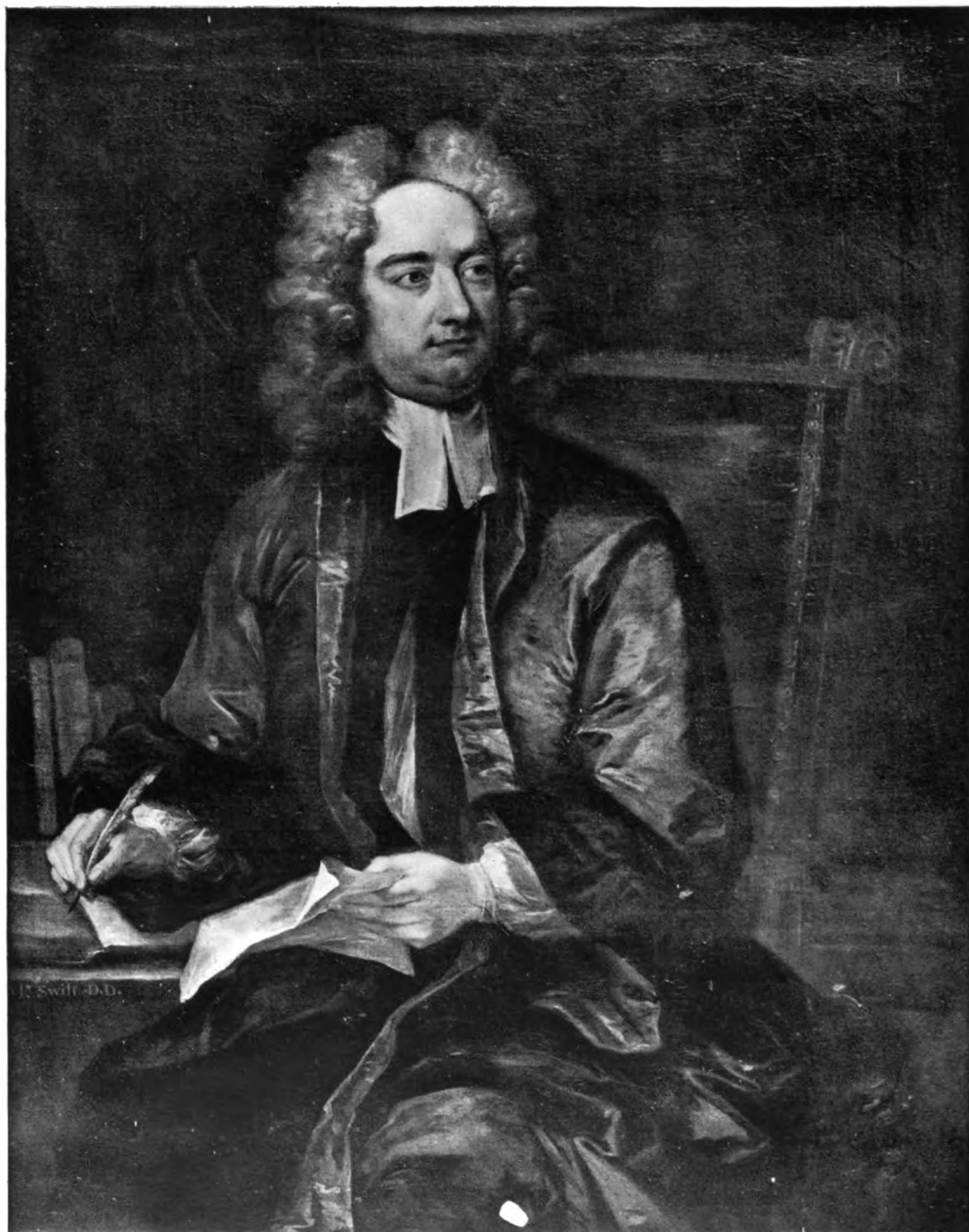
of courage or generosity or unselfishness is traceable in the character of G. d'Aurispia, no, nor of the energy, the useful attributes, which, according to the theory of his master, Nietzsche, alone are worthy to be praised. How can one even pity less sympathise, with the selfish, potent, despicable voluptuary, who only whine and cry and retire to bed when the mother appeals to him in her bitter distress and finally bolts without any real effort to give her help and redress? All the artistic and philosophical sensibilities with which this "hero" is credited are insufficient to win us. We have a conviction that these are mere drapery, garments which belong to Gabriele D'Annunzio, if loaned to a temporary purpose to Giorgio d'Aurispia.

The real tragedy of the narrative is the fate of poor Ippolita. Health had been taken back to her, she had begun to drink deeply of the joy of life, when she is forced out of it by the brute who had brought about her moral corruption. His grotesque obsession by the notion that Ippolita had corrupted him is probably an accurately observed feature of mental derangement. It is curious that Ouida should describe Ippolita who has but partially recovered from her serious maladies, as a woman of "splendid vitality"!

The disproportionate space given in the book to what may be called scenes of "chambering and wantonness," and the importunate obtrusion of their nauseating details, have driven even the French literary public to demand an expurgated translation. To an average Anglo-Saxon, nothing is more surprising in the imaginative literature of the Latin races than the assumption that these things can supply engrossing occupation to normal people during long tracts of their lives.

It is to be wished that D'Annunzio would turn to other purposes his remarkable mastery of prose. As critic and essayist he should rank very high. Embedded in the *Trionfo* are several critical essays, the subtle and suggestive thought of which is clothed in language of surprising felicity and charm. The best of these deal with music and metaphysics and the borderland between them. On mysticism, too, he evidently has much to say. The chapter on "Bayreuth and its Orchestra" and on "Tristan und Isolde" is a masterpiece of Wagner criticism, full of insight and intelligence.

Disquisitions like these are quite justly condemned by Ouida from the standpoint of one who credits D'Annunzio with the capacity to produce first-rate imaginative work. Her knowledge of his writings as a whole entitles her opinion to respect. But judging from this one romance, which is evidently regarded as a supreme effort by his admirers, the present writer can view him only as a critic who has mistaken his vocation. Is it possible that other readers of *The Triumph of Death* may have felt an impulse to destroy their copy, after extracting two chapters to be bound separately—the chapter on Bayreuth, and that which deals with antique custom and religion, their changelessness throughout the ages and their abiding impenetrable mystery?



JONATHAN SWIFT

From the Picture by Charles Jervas in the National Portrait Gallery

ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

XXX.—JONATHAN SWIFT.

OF some authors it may be said that they and their books are one: their books are themselves. Of others, that they are less than their books; and of still others, that they are greater. Swift was greater; he was all that his books are—independent, fearless, straightforward, plain, a friend of liberty, a champion of the oppressed, witty, caustic, harsh. He was all this, and he was more besides: he was tender, he was pious, he was playful. "I love only individuals," he once said, and such individuals as he loved he loved with all his might. The "animal called man" roused him to such heights of hatred that he could write *Gulliver*; yet all the time his affection for a few men and women steadily grew. In the biographical introduction which Mr. Lecky has written, or more correctly, has rewritten, for the new edition of Swift which Messrs. Bell & Sons are adding to Bohn's Library, we are glad to find the humaner side of Swift insisted upon. It is too common to dismiss the great satirist as a black hater of his kind, unilluminated by any gentle ray. Mr. Lecky, in the small space at his command, accumulates testimony to Swift's fidelity as a friend, scrupulousness as a clergyman and the head of his household, generosity as an almsgiver, and thoughtfulness as a patron. Personal facts concerning Swift are few in number, and it is, after all, from one of his writings—a work, however, not intended for the public eye, and not, strictly speaking, literature at all, and therefore not, in the true sense, one of Swift's books—that we obtain much of what we know of his tender, playful, loving side. In the *Journal to Stella*, that running account of his life in London, of public affairs, of statesmen and wits, which for three years he kept for the entertainment of Esther Johnson and Mrs. Dingley, this side is uppermost. Swift put into the journal everything likely to interest its two readers, and with it the kindest part of himself. Without it our conception of him would be dark indeed; but with it we know him in his completeness, a man capable of rare sweetness and gaiety. Mr. Lecky, we might remark, disbelieves the story of the marriage of Swift and Stella, and he is severe upon Swift for his treatment of Vanessa.

It is pleasant to dwell on the sunny side of Swift's private life. So gloomy was it in the main, so darkened by moods of depression, so poisoned by misanthropy, that the bright days may well be given disproportionate attention. For a man of his temperament it can often have been no small effort that was required to bring him to the task of making merry for the enjoyment of Stella and her friend. Mr. Lecky, we are glad to say, also places himself between Swift and those who attack him over-zealously for obscenity. Swift's coarseness, says Mr. Lecky, is not the coarseness of vice.

"He accumulates images of a kind that most men would have regarded as loathsome, but there is nothing sensual in his writings; he never awakens an impure curiosity, or invests guilt with a meretricious charm. Vice certainly

never appears attractive in his pages, and it may be safely affirmed that no one has ever been allured to vicious courses by reading them. He is often very repulsive and very indecent, but his faults in this respect are rather those of taste than morals."

Faults of taste and faults of morals are too frequently confused.

After a clear and concise account of Wood's Halfpence and the Drapier Letters, Mr. Lecky comes to this summary of Swift's literary style:

"Swift," he says, "was admirably calculated to be the leader of public opinion in Ireland, from his complete freedom from the characteristic defects of the Irish temperament. His writings exhibit no tendency to rhetoric or bombast, no fallacious images or far-fetched analogies, no timid phrases in which the expression hangs loosely and inaccurately around the meaning. His style is always clear, keen, nervous, and exact. He delights in the most homely Saxon, in the simplest and most unadorned sentences. His arguments are so plain that the weakest mind can grasp them, yet so logical that it is seldom possible to evade their force. . . . It has been often remarked that his very wit is a species of argument."

These remarks, although they bear upon all of Swift's work, have special reference to the pamphlets written for the benefit of the Irish people, of which to-day less is, of course, known than of *Gulliver* and the writings of more universal interest.

"Few things in the Irish history of the last century are more touching," says Mr. Lecky, "than the constancy with which the people clung to their old leader, even at a time when his faculties had wholly decayed; and, notwithstanding his creed, his profession, and his intolerance, the name of Swift was for many generations the most universally popular in Ireland."

So it is to be a misanthrope! On one occasion, it is told, Swift gave a guinea to a maid-servant to buy a new gown, bidding her to be sure it was "good Irish stuff." When he afterwards reproached her with not having spent the guinea as he directed, the girl produced a set of his own writings, saying that she had used the money for them—the "best Irish stuff" she knew. It is a good story to associate with Swift.

THE BOOK MARKET.

A PUBLISHER FOR BOYS.

CROWN-COURT, in Chancery-lane, has a very small entrance, but by asking people the way, and not taking their advice, I found the court at last. The editor of "The Boys' First-rate Library" was in.

"You publish a great many boys' books," I said.

Mr. Bubb looked as though he knew it. "Yes," he said, "we have several large libraries in hand. Here are some of our 'Boys' First-rate Library.' It is a penny series, and is our most popular stock."

"And is the demand for these stories as large as ever? Do boys really still revel in stories like this one, say, of *Don Diablo*, the *Planter Corsair*; or, *Denver Doll*, the *Detective Queen*?"

"Oh, dear, yes; they revel in them. But we cannot now print such large editions

of these books as formerly. That is not so much because the demand for such reading has fallen off, but because we are obliged to be continually producing new stories which, when they begin to compete with each other, lower the average demand for single stories. We used to print editions of eighty thousand copies of the *Deadwood Dick* stories, of which there are many, but now we print only forty or fifty thousand copies of any new story."

"And do you have to reprint?"

"Well, we might do so in many cases. But our practice is to have one large edition and let it run out. A great many of our stories do run out of print; but we supply their places with new ones."

"And at what rate are you producing these penny—penny shockers, Mr. Bubb?"

"Well, we publish eight at a time; we publish eight stories about every six weeks. Here are eight new ones we are issuing to the shops. They are numbered, you see, 321 to 328, and they are *Old Weasel Top*; or, *Sandy Andy's Life Run*; *The Land of Pirates*; *The Sierra Shadow*; *Powell's Pard*, or, *the One-Armed Giant*, &c., &c."

"Who writes these stories?"

"Well, so many of them come from America that we do not always know. But we have our own writers. One, who is very useful to us, is a barrister. Mr. Harcourt Burradage, too, is very popular with our boys as a writer of school stories."

"And the covers, Mr. Bubb, who turns out these wonderful covers?"

"They are the work of one artist, and we know of no other man who understands the work so well."

"He must produce pictures which will make boys flatten their noses against shop window-panes?"

"That is the test, no doubt."

"I see. Now tell me, What is the prevailing taste just now among boys? What kind of thrill does it pay you best to transmit to them, if I may put it so?"

"Well, Frank Reade is the hero now. You have, perhaps, not heard of him, but he vies with even *Deadwood Dick* and *Buffalo Bill* in popularity. He is far ahead of them in resources, being an inventor who out-Vernes Jules Verne. All the Reade stories open at Readestown where Frank Reade, jun., has his great factory. Here, with the aid of a staff of scientists, he invents extraordinary vehicles, and then mans them, equips them with a pneumatic dynamite gun—his own invention—and goes off on some expedition. For instance, he builds an electric air canoe, and starts in search of the Valley of Diamonds, which is in the heart of Brazil, but is so beset with perils from savages, pythons, and gorillas that no one dares approach it. Yet it is known to be 'literally strewn with diamonds in the rough.' Here is the description of the start of the air canoe from the factory yard:

"A sort of ovation was given the young inventor in honour of his departure. The band played, salutes were fired, and cheers given."

"Barney and Pomp were already aboard the air canoe. Barney was in the pilot-house with his hand upon the lever which was to set the rotascopes in motion. He waited only for the signal."

"Frank Reade, jun., now lifted his hat to the crowd, and stepped over the rail. He motioned to Barney. Down went the lever, there was a whirring of machinery, the hissing of the rotascopes, the air-ship trembled for an instant, and then leaped into space. A mad yell went up from the crowd, cannons boomed, and Frank Reade, jun., fired a dynamite projectile from his gun, which exploded in mid-air. Then the electric air canoe set a course to the southward, and half-an-hour later Readestown had entirely disappeared from view. The great journey was begun. The air canoe was sailing like a bird through the air."

"And the boys like that?"

"Like it! I have letters from boys every week congratulating me or asking questions. They are just now much interested in a story which is concerned with a 'New Electrical Terror' called *The Thunderer*, on which Frank Reade sets out to rescue a beautiful girl from the hands of Mardo Turgi, a Tartar brigand. Well, you can guess boys like it. Open it anywhere. Here is a fight going on:

"But all to no avail. The voyagers with their Winchesters kept up a fusillade, and Frank once was able to sight the electric gun. A dynamite projectile piled the Tartars up in a heap, and then Frank essayed new tactics."

"He let the *Thunderer* forge ahead at lightning speed."

"Through the ranks of the foe it tore its way with irresistible force."

"They might as well have tried to hold a cyclone."

"Clear of the gang, Frank let the *Thunderer* run ahead for three hundred yards. Then he sent a projectile back from the pneumatic gun. It created havoc in the ranks of the Tartars, and they fled into the darkness, cowed and whipped."

"The battle was won."

"And does Frank Reade keep on inventing these terrific things?"

"Well, yes! His *Steam Horse of the Great American Desert; or, the Sandy Trail of Death* was a success; and his kite with which he performed a six weeks' flight over the Andes was distinctly appreciated."

"How many copies of cheap books of adventure do you issue in a year?"

"Oh, taking everything, that is to say, love stories and adventures in paper covers, ranging from a penny to sixpence in price, I should say between three and four millions."

"One word more, Mr. Bubb. What may I conclude regarding the—er—well, my editor might press a question, you know, as to the moral effect of these stories on the minds of—"

"Oh, that is all right. We are careful to see that vice is punished."

"Yes; but there is so much of it."

"And virtue rewarded."

"But there is so little of it."

"The proportions are much better than they used to be. Why, in the old Deadwood Dick days—"

"Deadwood Dick is alive still?"

"No, no; Deadwood Dick is dead; it is his son who now holds the field. Deadwood Dick—the old man—was a bit of a highwayman. I admit we had to get rid of him."

"And Deadwood Dick, jun., is moral?"

"He is a detective."

FOR A VILLAGE LIBRARY.

AMERICAN SUGGESTIONS.

LAST January the New York State Library, situated at Albany, issued a list of 489 of the leading books published during 1896. This list, which we extract from *Current Literature* was submitted to 800 librarians, with a request for an expression of opinion respecting the fifty which would be the most valuable for a village library. The lists thus marked were to be returned by March 1. About 200 librarians complied with the request, and the fifty books, divided into groups, are as follows:

FICTION.

Barrie. Sentimental Tommy.
Mrs. Ward. Sir George Treasady
Gilbert Parker. Seats of the Mighty.
Hopkinson Smith. Tom Grogan.
Kate Douglas Wiggin. Marm Lisa.
John Watson. Kate Carnegie.
S. O. Jewett. Country of the Pointed Firs.
Stimson. King Noanett.
Clemens. Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc.
Felix Gras. Reds of the Midi.
Robert L. Stevenson. Weir of Hermiston.
Frank R. Stockton. Mrs. Cliff's Yacht.

JUVENILE.

E. S. Brooks. Century Book of Famous Americans.
Andrew Lang. Animal Story Book.
Norah Perry. Three Little Daughters of the Revolution.
W. J. Rolfe. Shakespeare, the Boy.
E. O. White. Little Girl of Long Ago.
Crockett. Sweetheart Travellers.
G. A. Henty. At Agincourt.

BIOGRAPHY.

Morse. Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes
Barrie. Margaret Ogilvy.
F. C. Lowell. Joan of Arc
Woodrow Wilson. George Washington
P. L. Ford. The True George Washington

DESCRIPTION AND TRAVEL.

R. L. Stevenson. In the South Seas
Mrs. Earl. Colonial Days in Old New York
R. H. Davis. Three Gringos in Venezuela and Central America.
Lascadio Hearn. Kokoro

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

F. A. Walker. International Bimetallism
Herbert Spencer. The Principles of Sociology.
E. L. Godkin. Problems of Modern Democracy
M. P. Pollett. The Speaker of the House of Representatives

AMERICAN HISTORY.

Edward Eggleston. Beginners of a Nation.
E. B. Andrews. History of the Last Quarter Century in the United States.
J. G. Bourinot. Story of Canada.

RELIGION.

Andrew D. White. History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom
Lyman Abbott. Christianity and Social Problems
John Watson. Mind of the Master.

BELLES LETTRES.

Kipling. Seven Seas.
Eugene Field. Songs, and Other Verse
George Saintsbury. History of Nineteenth Century Literature.
Hamilton W. Mabie. Books and Literature

OTHER BOOKS.

Mrs. F. T. Dana. Plants and Their Children
E. A. Martin. Story of a Piece of Coal
C. M. Skinner. Myths and Legends of Our Own Land.
N. S. Shaler. American Highways
H. E. Krehbiel. How to Listen to Music.
D. C. Beard. Outdoor Games for All Seasons.
Poultney Bigelow. History of the German Struggle for Liberty
N. T. Peck. Harper's Dictionary of Classical Literature and Antiquities.

DRAMA.

FROM the elaborate preparations made for the production of Mr. Sydney Grundy's adaptation of the elder Dumas's play "Un Mariage sous Louis XV.," at the Haymarket, it is clear that romantic drama is going to have one more favourable opportunity of proving its alleged hold upon the public. At the Haymarket they do these productions excellently well. Moreover, Mr. Sydney Grundy, if not a creative genius, is an expert craftsman, and the dramatic material that he has to work upon in this instance is the work of the stupendous "Alexandre." If in such circumstances the romantic drama does not assert itself to some purpose, then it is, indeed, as its enemies allege, moribund. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones compares its *dramatis personæ* to so many pink dolls, from which the sawdust trickles as they walk. Notoriously, the author of "The Dancing Girl" and "The Physician" is also the author of a theory of the renaissance of the drama which has not been realised. Hence the tears that he sheds in after-dinner speeches and book prefaces at the contemplation of the drama in its present phase. For my part I am not disinclined to apply the puppet theory to all plays, including Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's. The immortal Punch and Judy drama, which has maintained its hold upon the public ever since its importation from Italy, hundreds of years ago, is carried on by avowed puppets, from which the sawdust does occasionally trickle; but that circumstance has not affected the popular patronage of the show, which still, in a humble way, competes with the Lyceum and the Haymarket. All stage characters must be, more or less, of the puppet order, and it matters little in principle whether the puppets are pink or drab—i.e., romantic or realistic. Nevertheless, it is quite possible that we are nearing the end of the romantic régime, though it is still too early to say what will follow it. The unvarying law of the stage is change. School succeeds school, and style style; the one thing certain being, that when the public are tired of one *genre* they turn to another, regardless of theory. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones had the good fortune to enter the dramatic calling at a time when the play of modern character was coming into vogue, and it was natural enough on the part of that vigorous and ambitious young author to fall into the same error as the fly on the wheel. Despite his efforts (and those of Mr. Pinero in his later or didactic vein) the play of modern character was ousted, to a great extent, by musical comedy and romantic drama, both being manifestations of a popular taste for colour, or what in one word may be called the picture drama with a musical accompaniment. This, too, in its turn is showing signs of going. To be succeeded by what?

Time will show. So excellent a judge as Mr. George Edwardes thinks the popular taste is veering round in the direction of comic opera. It is certainly contrary to experience that the drama of modern character with which Mr. Jones's reputation is bound up should so soon come into favour

again. That the drama will in due time "renascé" as before, one need not doubt, but, probably, several of its familiar phases will be traversed first.

Meanwhile, one incidental form of drama that has been struggling for a foothold during the past few years may be dismissed as among the unfit: I refer to the wordless play. Now that "Chand d'Habits," the latest specimen of pantomime, has been brought, presumably, into perfect working order at the Haymarket, where it was an avowed failure on its first performance, I looked in upon it again the other night; and I do not imagine that this sort of drama, at its best, can ever be more than a *succès de curiosité*, of which the curiosity is soon exhausted. Thanks to certain accessories, which are rightly deemed inadmissible in this country, the piece enjoyed a considerable degree of popularity at the Folies-Bergère and elsewhere in Paris. The original Pierrot's dalliance with the operadancer would assuredly have been cut out by the Lord Chamberlain (whose authority, contrary to the general impression, is not confined to the spoken word), and the murderer's sufferings in hell (last scene of all!) would have come at least into the category of bad taste. All the essentials of M. Catulle Mendès' little drama remain in the Haymarket version. The murder of the old clothesman by Pierrot for the sake of a fancy ball outfit, the murderer's constant remorse, his visions of his victim armed, his subsequent scenes of gaiety, and finally his death at the hands of his ghostly persecutor—all these episodes are told clearly enough. But the effort on the part of the players to be understood, and on that of the public to understand, is too great. The dumb-show artistes indulge in a prodigious amount of pother with very little result; the spectator's attention is strained to catch the purport of a situation which a word would make clear. In fact, the most obvious feature of the wordless play is the shocking waste of energy that it involves. Consulting the "argument" afterwards, one is always made painfully aware of how much of the intention of both author and actors the most assiduous watchfulness has failed to detect. At all events, that is my experience of the pantomimic art. The playgoer who visits a wordless play is like the pugilist who goes into a fight with one hand tied behind his back. He voluntarily deprives himself of one of his most useful faculties, hearing; and a curious effect of this is, that he dare not take his eyes off the performer, even to exchange a word with his neighbour, on pain of losing the thread of the wordless discourse. Finally, there is the headache to reckon with that the unwonted strain upon the attention inevitably produces. No; the wordless play can never be aught but a curiosity. It is no vital section of the drama, and can only be tolerated when, as in the *ballet d'action*, it is supplemented with dancing and music.

WHAT with Mlle. Jane May, who is already giving her French repertory at the Royalty, and Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and Mme. Réjane, who are presently coming—the

one to the Adelphi (of all places in the world) and the other to the Lyric—there will be something like a surfeit of French plays at the latter end of the season. There is also an Austrian Company expected, with a repertory of German plays. Added to which we have the excellent American Company playing in "Secret Service," and Daly's Company, also hailing from New York, who are about to put in an appearance. "Something too much of this," surely! The Diamond Jubilee is bringing crowds of strangers to London; but if their taste is for the theatre, it must be English plays more than any other that they wish to see. And so far the Jubilee seems to be taking public attention away from the theatre. On all hands the cry is raised that theatrical business is bad. This is probably the result of permanent causes as well as of the interest excited by the celebration of the sixtieth year of the Queen's reign. The craze for bicycling and other kinds of athletics now withdraws from the theatre nightly thousands of people who ten or fifteen years ago would have sought their amusement there. For many years past the theatrical season has sought to keep pace with the fashionable season. Presently, theatre managers may be constrained to revert to the custom of thirty or forty years ago, when in summer and autumn the shutters were put up for months at a stretch at all the higher class houses. J. F. N.

MUSIC.

"L'ATTAQUE DU MOULIN" was performed at Covent Garden on Saturday evening. When M. Bruneau's earlier work, "Le Rêve," was produced here, now some seasons back, few admired it, while many abused it. The composer, carried away by his story, certainly wrote, regardless of all musical grammar, chords and progressions which caused capellmeister hair to stand on end, and which offended even critics of very liberal views. But the dramatic power of the music was great. "L'Attaque du Moulin" is an exceedingly clever work, although, in spite of its many interesting points, it does not appear to me so spontaneous, so *entrainant* as its predecessor. The mystic story of "Le Rêve," as one would imagine, lends itself more directly to music than that of the Mill, with its sights and sounds of horrid war. The one tends towards the ideal, the other towards the real. Whatever one may think of the "Attaque du Moulin," as the work of an earnest, able composer, it well deserves to be heard. The performance on Saturday, with M. Scaramberg as Dominique, M. Noté as Merlier, Miss Palliser as Françoise, and Miss Brema as Marcelline, was under the careful direction of M. Flon, but it did not come up to the high standard reached when the work was produced here three years ago. I wonder when "Le Rêve" will be heard here again. The fact that it originally caused such diversity of opinion seems to argue in its favour. Why should the work not have another trial?

DR. RICHTER gave his second concert at St. James's Hall on Monday evening. The announcement, even of a new Cowen Symphony and a pianist hailing from the north, would not have tempted me from "Die Meistersinger," announced at Covent Garden for that evening. But Mr. Jean de Reszke was indisposed, and the opera changed to "Tannhäuser"; and thus, after all, I heard the new Symphony and the new pianist. To the latter was assigned an earlier place in the programme, and I therefore deal with him first. There are so many pianists nowadays, and so many good ones, that a new comer must really be something quite out of the way to attract general attention. M. Gabrilowitsch, a pupil first of Rubinstein and afterwards of Leschetitzky, played Tchaikowsky's Concerto in B flat minor in so intelligent and brilliant a manner that he at once took his audience; as it were, by storm. The Concerto itself, with its characteristic thematic material, its ruggedness, fire, and, at times, pathos, is highly interesting, and yet in the piano-forte solo part the bravura element is so conspicuous that it is no true test of a player's intellectual and emotional powers. In all matters relating to technique, M. Gabrilowitsch, although quite young, is a master. He performs great difficulties with surprising ease, while to agility he unites precision. He is not lacking in power, and yet plays at times with extreme delicacy. So far, his success is great, and it only remains to be seen whether he will give as good an account of himself in music of a severer stamp. Mr. F. H. Cowen's Symphony is his sixth, and it bears the title "Idyllic." The composer has given no programme. Mr. C. A. Barry, the analyst, has, however, suggested a line of thought more or less in keeping with the music. Mr. Cowen can write gracefully, and he has good feeling for tone-colour, yet these qualities do not go far in the making of a symphony. His material is not strong enough, his developments are not rich enough, for music of this kind. I feel convinced that if Mr. Cowen had entitled his work a *Suite*, had written with greater freedom, and condensed the third, and especially the closing movement, the result would have been far more satisfactory. The performance under Richter's direction was only moderately good. On the other hand, the conductor's rendering of Dvorák's three overtures—"In der Natur," "Carneval," and "Otello"—was excellent. Richter's programmes are, as a rule, of reasonable length; this one, however, was too long. It is better, to say nothing of quality, to give too little than too much.

THE last Symphony Concert of the present season was given on Saturday at the Queen's Hall. It is not a fortnight back since Tchaikowsky's "Pathetic" was performed under Richter's direction. Mr. Wood has, of course, studied the German conductor's rendering, and to such good purpose that, if I had never heard Richter's reading, I should be exceedingly pleased with that of Mr. Wood. On Saturday, however, the comparison was too close to be altogether comfortable. If Mr. Wood considers Richter

so good a model as regards reading—and certainly he could not have a better one—he might at the same time try and copy his quiet, dignified manner. Earnestness may excuse Mr. Wood's mannerisms, but the sooner he gets rid of them the better. With such a man plain speaking is the only course; he is highly gifted, and has a splendid opportunity, of which he ought to make the best possible use. Mme. Marchesi sang Saint Saëns' "La Fiancée du Timbalier." This fine setting of Victor Hugo's famous ballad, composed nearly twenty years ago, was heard for the first time in London. The admirable declamation of the vocalist, and the effective rendering of the picturesque accompaniment, were fully appreciated by the audience. Mme. Marchesi was less successful in a Recit and Aria from Berlioz' "Les Troyens," but this is music which loses much apart from the stage. M. Gregorowitsch, a clever, though somewhat impulsive player, gave a highly successful performance of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto.

MR. SEVADJIAN is a pianist of considerable attainments. He has a sympathetic touch, also good technique, though by his peculiar style of playing he scarcely does justice to himself—to say nothing of the masters whose music he interprets. His reading, for instance, of Schubert's B minor Menuet, at his second concert on Tuesday, was altogether spoilt by jerky movements of the hands and by over-refinement. He played a very long Liszt piece entitled "Après une Lecture de Dante," which, were the poet unknown, would scarcely tempt anyone to study his works. Liszt at his best is highly attractive; at his worst he is most aggravating. M. Sevadjian played some "Airs Arméniens," arranged for piano. The melodies and rhythms, thoroughly Eastern in character, proved interesting; but one cannot properly judge of national music thus presented in transcription form.

MISS CLARA MAISEY and Mr. Alfred Maurice gave a concert at the Steinway Hall, on Tuesday evening. The lady, who studied at the Royal Academy of Music, and who won a gold medal, has a contralto voice of good, sympathetic quality. She sings with much taste, and her clear enunciation of words certainly deserves mention, for it is a quality none too common. Mr. A. Maurice has a sonorous voice, which was heard to advantage in Allitsen's "Song of Thanksgiving." Miss J. Crompton opened the concert with short pianoforte solos. She has good execution, but her playing lacks warmth.

SCIENCE.

BY an oversight I alluded last week, in speaking of Lord Kelvin's discourse, to M. Henri Becquerel as "the late M. Becquerel." I regret that I did not become aware of the slip until it was too late to correct it.

THE report of the medical superintendents to the Metropolitan Asylums Board, on anti-toxin, which was issued last week, has been looked for by many to whom the results of the previous year (1895) had appeared promising, but not entirely convincing. In the words of the superintendents themselves, the results go to show that in anti-toxin "we possess a remedy of distinctly—we might now say much—greater value in the treatment of diphtheria than any other with which we are acquainted." As compared with 1894 (the year immediately preceding the introduction of the serum treatment in the hospitals belonging to the Board) the total percentage of mortality in diphtheria cases has fallen from 29.6 to 20.8, and the infant mortality alone from 47.4 to 30.2. The most remarkable diminution, however, lies in the cases following scarlatina, where the mortality which has stood for five years prior to 1894 at 50 per cent. drops suddenly to 5. There is only one hospital out of all those governed by the Metropolitan Asylums Board in which the diphtheria mortality shows no improvement, and that is one in which the serum treatment is little employed. The report is distinctly encouraging, and leads one to hope that with still more experience, and greater facilities for grappling with cases in the earliest stage, this deadly disease will in time be shorn of its terrors. As Mrs. Garrett Anderson, speaking to the East Anglian branch of the British Medical Association, said,

"it does not need much imagination to realise how the world would be helped and its sorrows lightened if cancer, consumption, and diphtheria could be brought under control in the same measure as small-pox, thanks to Jenner, has been brought."

There are many ways of forwarding this end, but one of them is not to rail at and abuse the men who with their lives in their hands are working out its accomplishment.

THE case of the Western congregation which sued and recovered damages from a preacher, for injury to lambs caused by his praying for rain, is a rare instance of contact between human professions and practice. It is paralleled in a sort of way by the action of a local government auditor in declining to pass the fees paid by the Urban District Council of Amptill, in Bedfordshire, to a professional "water-diviner." Most people, probably, are inclined to believe that there "is something in water-divining," because it is so ancient, and because it sounds so absurd that if there were nothing in it it could not possibly exist. The proceedings of the medium in question were

"to spread his arms out, and walk slowly over the ground. Suddenly he would stop as though he felt a shock, and it was there that he located a spring. He would then step backwards and forwards to ascertain the depth of the spring, and the volume of water."

We miss the familiar peeled rod which waggles and bends automatically when water is reached, but doubtless the outspread arms are a good substitute, especially as the diviner "guaranteed his business to be genuine." Unfortunately the objectors

produced stern geological plans and sections to show that if the diviner's recommendations were carried out the council would have bored into a stratum of Oxford clay, of which the depth had never been ascertained before 700 feet, and then without finding water. The auditor's ruling, however, was based on simpler grounds than this: he objected to speculative experiments, and quoted judgments to the effect that "the pretence of power, moral, physical, or supernatural, was intent to obtain money, was sufficient to constitute an offence within the meaning of the law."

ONE more refractory gas has yielded to the liquefying influence of extremely low temperatures. In a communication made this week to the Académie des Sciences at Paris, M. Moissan announced that he and Prof. Dewar had succeeded in liquefying fluorine at about minus 185 degrees centigrade. The fluorine is first passed into an apparatus kept by means of liquid oxygen at a temperature of minus 180 degrees. At this point it will not liquefy; but when a lower temperature still is reached by exhausting the gas above the liquid oxygen, liquefaction of the fluorine sets in, and a clear yellow mobile fluid is obtained. This fluid lacks many of the distinguishing characteristics of fluorine gas. It does not attack glass, silicon, sulphur, or phosphorus. It retains, however, its affinity for hydrogen, and attacks carburetted hydrogen. Prof. Dewar may be congratulated on being able to assist M. Moissan in the really remarkable investigations which have won for him a Royal Society medal, and which henceforward no doubt will bear the joint names. In the same way his apparatus has proved most useful in enabling Prof. Fleming to extend his valuable researches on the electrical behaviour of metals at different temperatures. H. C. M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. FRANCIS THOMPSON'S "NEW POEMS."

In his wish to display Mr. Thompson pre-eminently as a teacher, your reviewer, it feels, was tempted to pass over qualities of the young poet's work which some of his admirers consider of higher importance than his "essential Christianity." After all, a poet's first message is beauty. It is beauty, either of thought or form, which the reader of poetry desires, and which carries the poet into our hearts and homes. Mr. Thompson's mysticism is for the few: his noble phrases and swift similes are for the many; and I cannot but wish that your reviewer had pointed to more of these. Here and there in reading Mr. Thompson's *New Poems* one is struck by extraordinary subtleties of vision, and exquisite or tremendous collocations of words—a circumstance which, taken with the too poetic and consciously architectonic character of his spiritual verse, makes him for the present, a poet of lines and passages rather than a poet of poems (if this distinction is clear). It is because I want him to be also a poet of poems, haunting or helpful, that I regret that so much was said in your critic in praise of his mystical and personal side, to the exclusion of any words urging him to a more universal utterance.

What we want from a poet—the anointed man—is poetry touching experiences that are common to us all. Mr. Thompson gives us glimpses of his power to supply this need. Here are in this book a few lyrics, simple in conception and treatment, of a kind with which his name is not usually associated. I cannot help regretting that your reviewer gave no attention to these poems. For example, there is a wonderful love fragment, fit to be remembered with the famous scene of Sebald and Ottima in *Pippa Passes*, called “Love Declared,” of which these are the opening lines:

I looked, she drooped, and neither spake, and cold,
We stood, how unlike all forecasted thought
Of that desired minute! Then I leaned
Doubting; whereat she lifted—oh, brave eyes
Unfrighted:—forward like a wind-blown flame
Came bosom and mouth to mine!

That falling kiss

Touching long-laid expectation, all went up
Suddenly into passion; yea, the night
Caught, blazed, and wrapt us round in vibrant
flame.”

There is a charmingly fanciful “Nocturn,” perfect in its daintiness, wherein the poet shows all nature mated save himself:

“The heaven hath the earth
Its own and all apart;
The hushed pool holdeth
A star to its heart.”

There is a matter of twenty-two lines, delicate as point-lace—a miracle of workmanship—called “To a Snow-flake.” There is a “May Burden,” with the very pulse of May in it. Compared with the altitude to which Mr. Thompson soars in his “spiritual” poems, these pieces are lowly indeed; but they are universal, and I wish that your reviewer had counselled Mr. Thompson to clip his wings a little, and stoop oftener to this humbler plane. He needs such a stimulus; the temptations of resonance and metaphysics combined may be too much for him; and we, moreover, are in want of another true poet!

L.

SCOTS DIALECT.

Your critic of to-day is good enough to tell me that Mr. Ross's speech in *A Rogue's Conscience* may be Choctaw but is not Scotch. He cites certain words in which the short *e* is substituted for the short *i*, and one in which the short *a* is broadened into *ah*. That these are among the commonest characteristics of Scottish speech everybody whose ears are of the average length and delicacy knows. If your reviewer has been hurled into his London exile by a catapult, and has had no time to note these matters in his too rapid progress southwards, I shall be glad to instruct him. I phoneticise his dialect as it sounds to a cosmopolitan ear. It is excusable in him to be ignorant, but it is not worth his while to display ignorance publicly, or to be complacently insolent in its manifestation.

DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

Our Reviewer, to whom we submitted Mr. Christie Murray's letter, writes in reply:

To the delicate humour of Mr. Christie Murray's criticism I have but one word in reply. The writing of dialect, and especially of a classical dialect like the Scots, has been conventionalised—that is, certain words are spelled in a half-phonetic way, and the broader pronunciation of the other words is assumed. To carry the phonetic principle to the extreme is not only to exaggerate the dialect, but to

apply a principle which would be ludicrous if used in ordinary English. The dialogue of Scott and Stevenson is a more accurate presentment of the Scot tongue than Mr. Murray's, simply because they recognise the convention. I say nothing of the plain fact that Scots words have acquired a certain fixed appearance to the reader's eye from his familiarity with them in literature, and every educated man, whether or not he be a “cosmopolitan,” must be offended by such an ugly barbarism as “tahnlged.” Finally, such an effort as Mr. Murray's “rizzonable” does not represent even the phonetic spelling of the word as it is pronounced to-day in any part of Scotland.

THE REVIEWER.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

In the pages of the *Saturday Review* Mr. Frank Danby opines that “insignificant as was the impression produced upon the public mind” by the publication of Miss Stisted's

Real Life of Sir Richard Burton, “Mr. Wilkins has done his cause [i.e., Lady Burton's] harm rather than good by recapitulating the ‘three specific charges.’” The critic thinks that he has erred in denying bad faith in the matter of Burton's alleged conversion to the Catholic religion, “for many of his efforts to illuminate the character of his heroine would have been assisted by his boldly admitting her incontestable spiritual fervour for the Romish Church. Of the autobiographical fragments incorporated in the volume he writes: ‘For years she had nothing but dreams to feed upon, yet her diary during this time is worth a hundred of Marie Bashkirtseffs.’ ‘Hers was a poor nature, perhaps, to begin with; she had but little education; she was narrow and prejudiced, but she loved grandly, and the grandeur of her love, and the big brain of the man that fed it, swelled hers from a limpid little stream into a vast flowing river. . . . The story of the ‘Evolution of Isabel’ . . . is a fascinating one; it is a human document of great value and interest. . . .” “Though eclipsed by . . . her husband,” writes the *Pall Mall*, “Lady Burton, as the story of her life, told in part by herself, and in part by a biographer of rare sympathy and judgment, convinces us, was a woman whose strong and beautiful character . . . might boldly have faced the judgment of posterity alone. . . . Her story . . . was a love idyll, which stood the stern test of thirty years of married life, a life chequered by glowing sunshine and sombre shadows, by great achievement and chilly disappointment. . . . As the story of a brave Englishwoman, of a clever woman of the world, of a high-minded Christian, tolerant yet sincere, but the devoted wife of a man to whose greatness . . . we are learning to pay a tardy recognition, this biography of Lady Burton is as fascinating as it is ennobling.” As to the destruction of *The Scented Garden*, “whether her decision be justifiable or not, fair-minded people will,

with her biographer, honour her motives.” A provincial journal applies to this act a phrase used by Bentley of a lady who burnt a trunkful of the famous Lord Rochester's letters: “‘for which,’ he used to say, ‘her soul is now burning in heaven.’” “It is a life-history,” says the *World*, “which, being once read, will be turned to again and again for pleasure; for from end to end it exhales an atmosphere of romance, and between the lines . . . one catches glimpses . . . of the rare personality, the brilliant resource, and indescribable courage of this remarkable wife of a remarkable man.”

HAVING praised the magnanimity which distinguishes Mr. McCarthy's treatment of his opponents, the *Pall Mall* writes: “Superficial though the earlier volumes . . . were, they contained many bright and clever passages, and they fairly covered the ground under review. But, alas! Mr. McCarthy's style has been attenuated, and he has been guilty of some almost incomprehensible omissions.” The critic concludes: “. . . The thing is not history: it is merely the calves-foot jelly of journalism.” The *Westminster* adds a list of omissions to the *Pall Mall*'s, but “the interest never flags, the style is fluent and agreeable, and the impartial attitude is heroically maintained.” “The book of the season,” thinks the *Chronicle*, but “he does not look sufficiently below the surface of things, and he altogether ignores movements which have done much to mould the thoughts and control the actions of men during the time covered even by this volume.” It is a history “written too exclusively from the point of view of a mere politician and man of letters.” Though his book displays the journalistic instinct for selection, “he has none the less given us an imperfect record. For instance, he devotes three or four pages to the performance of Mr. Blondin, but he does not consider the lifework of men like Huxley and Robertson Smith worth notice.” But “though his horizon is limited, he sees clearly all within it, and is as impartial as it is possible for a man of known strong political convictions to be.” The *Daily News* bestows unstinted and unqualified praise: “The touch is still as light and sure as ever. It is history from an arm-chair by the very inventor of the method—table-talk with a beginning, a middle and an end, by a man of culture and a man of the world. Nothing can surpass Mr. McCarthy's narrative style—his way of winding into his subject and taking the reader with him in sustained interest to its close. . . . Mr. McCarthy has elevated tolerance to a fine art. . . . The touch of his controversial weapon is so light, and yet so sure, that it falls like the sword of Siegfried, which could dismember without leaving its victim conscious of a wound. This is an indispensable qualification for a writer who has to draw a series of characters.” “The present volume,” writes the *Manchester Guardian*, is quite equal to its predecessors.”

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"of the pure Reason which united in itself the entire system of Platonic Ideas; and this Reason, again, or Logos, as it was called, the emanation of the Eternal One, the Good, the Primitive Unity, which was neither Reason nor World-Soul, but included them both, and was itself the Unthinkable, the Unspeakable One" (p. 70).

We are here already on the threshold of Christianity, which is now easily reached by transforming this philosophic Trinity of essences into the three persons of the Christian Trinity. In a word, the vague abstract essences of philosophy become the living concrete personalities of the Fourth Gospel.

A mere reference must suffice to the process by which the primitive Hindu religion passes through Brahmanism to Buddhism. But here a protest must be raised against the long chapter devoted to "Modern Theosophy," which cannot but be regarded as a mistake. There is no kind of historical or logical connexion between Sakya Muni and the "Mahatmas," who, strange to say, seem to be here accepted as real personalities. Dr. Crozier makes "no apology for treating the matter seriously, ridicule of the system having already had its day"; and he is apparently unaware that the system has been killed, not merely by ridicule, but by a crushing exposure of the charlatanism and rank impostures with which it is inextricably associated, and which are all directly traceable to a notorious Russian adventuress. And is it not somewhat preposterous to speak in the same breath of Mr. Herbert Spencer's philosophic writings and Mr. Sinnett's *Esoteric Buddhism*?

In following up the natural development of Judaism and Christianity the author also commits himself to several statements to which exception will certainly be taken. Thus, it seems to be assumed that "the Jewish people were destined in the order of Nature or Providence of God to be the organ of introducing a new and higher religion and morality into the world" (p. 167); the overthrow of Sennacherib is "foretold by the Northern prophets" (p. 169); after the dispersion of the ten northern tribes, the two others can be reformed "only by removing them bodily and once for all from the polluted soil, and giving them a fresh start elsewhere" (p. 173); hence the Exile, and so forth. In the Christian system "science is directly stimulated and encouraged for the sake of its practical results; and would be more so, indeed, were it not for the fear of its speculative effects on the Mosaic Cosmogony with which Christianity happens [*sic*] to be bound up" (p. 118). What will the "Higher Criticism" say to this? And the

shades of Galileo, Giordano Bruno and Huxley? By some unaccountable slip the human embryo is described (p. 82) as passing "rapidly through the lower stages of fish, vegetable [*sic*], and mammal," and again (p. 85) "through the lower stages of a dog or pigeon." It is noteworthy that there are no references to authorities beyond general lists of names at the beginning of the several sections. Among misprints attention may be called to *vovs* for *voûs*; *ψυχη* for *ψυχή*; *ἀπειρον* for *ἀπειρον*; *entrée*; *être*; and *stolidity* obviously for *solidity* (p. 50). In a revised edition the index might be advantageously enlarged.

JOURNALISTIC HISTORY.

A History of our Own Times. Vol. V., From 1880 to the Diamond Jubilee. By Justin McCarthy, M.P. (Chatto & Windus.)

THE *History of our Own Times* is known now exactly for the Irish pamphlet that it is; but the very defects apparent in the work prevent the author from recognising this. He cannot sufficiently detach himself from his surroundings to trace out the true tendencies and characteristics of his time, or fix upon the men who are really making history. We give him the fullest credit for good intentions, but a writer needs strength of mind and imagination as well as rectitude to take a wide and impartial view, and our author is hopelessly bogged in Irish mud.

What is the historical value of this Home Rule movement that bulks so largely in Mr. McCarthy's pages? In the eighties it brought to Westminster a contingent of Irishmen who distinguished themselves by producing rowdy scenes and all-night sittings in Parliament. Their watchword was obstruction, their line of policy to embarrass the Government and belittle England. Those of us who were proud of Mr. Gladstone, as we are proud of every great Englishman, were unfeignedly sorry to behold his later and failing days clouded by alliance with such a party—a party, too, without cohesion and torn by internecine squabbles. It brought temporary ruin on the Liberal party; and the General Election of 1895 was the death-knell of Home Rule. We would not have touched on the matter here if Mr. McCarthy had not chosen to call his narrative of this abortive movement a *History of our Own Times*, and to represent Messrs. Parnell, Dillon, and Davitt as the heroes of the last seventeen years. Nor can we praise the trustworthiness of an account that describes the outrages in a sentence or two, and to the extent of many pages enlarges upon coercion. The man to whom Ireland owes her present content is not the uncrowned king, but Arthur James Balfour.

In his previous volumes Mr. McCarthy wrote with a certain cleverness and vivacity, although even at his best you never felt with him that you were under the guidance of a strong, elastic mind, whose natural sparkle cheered the journey, but rather that the writer had the mechanical liveliness of a public performer. Still there was a brightness that carried many a one

through a first reading. It makes no show in this volume. Here garrulous and monotonous journalism is at its worst; and one would think that Mr. McCarthy had not waited to see how the incident that bulked so largely in the morning paper would look at a little distance. There is no proportion observed. "The Bradlaugh episode" occupies a chapter to itself, and might have gone into a paragraph to make room for some of the things not mentioned at all in the book. "Parnellism and Crime," too, which is important only in the Irish imagination, has a still larger space devoted to it. On the other hand, the author is steadily oblivious of such a characteristic feature of the last decade as the labour movement. He has much to say on the Irish Land Question; that there has been an English Land Question, a crisis in agriculture, and an Agricultural Commission, does not appear from his pages. Of the Parish Councils Bill he has nothing to say, except that it afforded Mr. Gladstone occasion to warn the House of Lords—we have not a word of the agitation leading up to it. He has not gratified Mr. Cunningham Graham and Mr. Stead by so much as mentioning Bloody Sunday and Trafalgar Square. One would have thought that a political historian would have had a word to say or a theory to offer about a phenomenon so striking as Scotland's rightabout from Gladstonism to Unionism; but no, this is no part of the *History of our Own Times*. Even the cry for Scottish Home Rule has no interest for Mr. McCarthy! But it would be tiresome to recount the things he has left undone in this truly astonishing tome. As an illustration of his judgment, we shall quote this from the last page of his book: "Greece is at the present moment thrilling to complete what she not unnaturally thinks her national destiny." This, we may assume, was written just after Mr. McCarthy had appended his signature to a certain famous document. Poor Greece!

Weary of Mr. McCarthy's politics we turn to his literature, only to find a falling away here also. In the earlier volumes he managed, with no little dexterity, to present in a tolerably lively manner the commonplace views of writers to be gathered from the chatter of clubs and society. But he has since grown more careless as well as more prolix. Why should he hold forth to the extent of two pages on Mr. Freeman and utterly ignore as historians Mr. Froude, Mr. Lecky, and Mr. J. R. Green? Mr. McCarthy's criticism of the poets is still more palpably undistinguished. From his obituary notice of Browning we select one sentence: "If it were possible to suppose that one did not know who he was, one might have met Browning again and again without having the faintest idea that he was meeting a great poet." What we would like to know is, whether this compliment is intended for the poet or for "one"? From that on "R. L. S.," extending to several pages, it is impossible to extract a phrase that is worth the attention of a moment. And of the development of new ideas in the last two decades, of the evolution of new tastes and tendencies, of the new men rising to fill the places of the veterans, he is silent.

To proceed were only to enumerate more omissions, the sum total of which proves that here Mr. McCarthy has undertaken a task far beyond his powers. Indeed, there is absurdity in the attempt. The task is not for a man inclined to retire from the fray; one, too, whose nature, not uncommonly sympathetic at any time, is out of touch with what is young and fresh in life. What Mr. McCarthy could have done was to compose a record and chronicle of his time, but his pre-occupation with the Irish question has been in the way of his doing even that. A history will be satisfactorily written only by those whose plastic minds are capable of not only recognising facts, but of being impressed by the greatness and peculiar romance of our time, a romance not of genii and wizardry as in the *Arabian Nights*, not of battle and adventure as in days of chivalry, but of labour and wealth and science and machinery.

A FRENCH CRITIC ON THE ENGLISH STAGE.

The English Stage: being an Account of the Victorian Drama by Augustin Filon. Translated from the French by Frederic Whyte. With an Introduction by Henry Arthur Jones. (John Milne.)

THIS book deserves to be widely read, and has everything in its favour. It is excellently printed on good paper, agreeable both to eye and hand. M. Filon's criticism is not only sympathetic and interesting, but brilliantly written and lucidly arranged; lastly, it is singularly well translated. Mr. Whyte, perhaps, overstrains the licence of retaining French idioms: *à bout portant* and *n'est-ce pas un comble*? for instance, might have been easily rendered. One phrase, at least, *le drame noir*, needs explanation; but upon the whole he has kept the spirit of the French style, without failing to write English.

M. Filon does not notice in his text anything later than the "Masqueraders." Since then, as Mr. Jones laments in his spirited introduction, there has been a marked change. It must frankly be said that M. Filon's cheerful predictions do not seem in any way to be fulfilled. Since "Mrs. Tanqueray," which he regards as the one finished masterpiece that our modern stage has produced, there has been nothing of equal merit. That, perhaps, is natural enough; masterpieces do not come every season; but the awkward thing is, that since then certain plays, by general consent much above the ordinary run, have obtained less than the ordinary measure of success. The most notable instance was Mr. Jones's "Michael and his Lost Angel"; another, to which this book should really contain some allusion, if only in a footnote, was Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man"; add to this the fact, sufficiently notorious, that Mr. Shaw, about whose brilliancy there can be no question, has written several other plays, none of which has found a manager to produce it. Obviously, then, something is wrong. The drama, instead of progress-

ing from the point to which it had attained three years ago, is stationary or retrograde. Is it the fault of the public? as Mr. Jones seems to think, or is it the fault of the dramatists? It is a pity that M. Filon's book, though appearing now, makes no comment on this stagnation; but possibly from his acute criticism one may infer the opinion that he would give.

Was the success of "Mrs. Tanqueray" a good thing for English drama? It was undoubtedly a success on French lines. Mr. Pinero's method in that play resembled the method of Dumas *filé* rather than of anyone else. The French ideal is an ideal of logic. In a good play of Dumas, actions follow inevitably from the relation of the characters; arbitrary coincidences, and the force of external circumstances, play a very small part in the drama. In "Mrs. Tanqueray" all that happens might have been foretold, except the collision which results when the daughter's fiancé proves to be the step-mother's old lover. But, after all, some such collision, some such resurrection of the past was inevitable for a woman with that history; Mr. Pinero merely put the contingencies in an extreme form. The whole drama was a logical development of the situation. Naturally, a crop of imitations, more or less explicit, more or less conscious, followed; all of them going back, through Mr. Pinero or directly, to the French. Now M. Filon says, and it is a remarkable view for a Frenchman to take, that the French influence has been harmful to English dramatists though excellent for actors; and the thing is natural enough. A modern play must turn on the sex interest, on the attraction between man and woman; and between the French and English views of sex relations there is an irreconcilable difference. They have the Latin ideal, we have the Teuton. One sees the discrepancy in Tacitus's comment upon the position of German women, one sees it in Taine's stupefaction at Shakespeare's heroines. Study of the French drama inevitably leads to the result that problems and circumstances present themselves to the English dramatist as they would to a French one; he begins to see through French spectacles. Grant the original position in "Mrs. Tanqueray," and there is nothing to object to; but it is very difficult to conceive of any Englishman doing what Tanqueray did. On the other hand, Ibsen's psychology is, as M. Filon sees, perfectly intelligible to us. Allmers in "Little Eyolf," Torvald in the "Doll's House"; Borkman in the last play, are recognisable at once by us. It does not strike us as unnatural that Rita Allmers should put her husband before her child, though it is inexplicable to the French. There are many things in Ibsen's psychology that we cannot accept; but the virtue of the English drama has never been logical consistency. Imagination, not analysis, has been its principle; and the French ideal is hostile to imagination. Mr. Jones, who, as M. Filon shows in an excellent passage of criticism, is far more English and far more in touch with contemporary thought than Mr. Pinero affords plentiful examples. If you want him at his best, one would say, take the

third act of the "Middleman"—the scene in which the old potter burns his chairs and tables to keep the furnace going. That is an imaginative conception of character, much nearer to poetry than prose; but if you analyse the "Middleman," the plot is a mere piece of stage carpentry. Mr. Jones has progressed since then, but unhappily he suffers for his models. He wants to concentrate the mind of his audience upon problems which do not naturally engage their attention as problems. The conflict between inclination and the marriage tie exists everywhere, but it is nowhere so much the subject of discussion as in France. If you force it on English audiences you either bore or shock them. The English mind has always craved realism in details, but not truth in analysis or probability in construction.

The public will not decide anything, or, rather, will not dictate beforehand what it requires, for it does not know. But dramatists might learn something from studying the successes of novelists. Stevenson's morality was surely not what Mr. Jones calls a "wax doll morality," neither is Mr. Kipling's, yet they are read. The Saga spirit is strong to this day in our literature, and it is a pity to decide that the drama of adventure, the romantic drama if you will, is an impossible form. Why does not M. Filon notice Dr. Conan Doyle's play, "A Story of Waterloo"? It is small and slight, but so is one of Musset's *proverbes*, and most of us would as soon have written it as *Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée*. One is perfectly English, the other perfectly French, each a little masterpiece. But if English critics decide, on the one hand, that romantic drama is necessarily fustian, while, on the other, the public will not allow the representation of sexually immoral persons or motives on the stage, there is nothing for it but to choose between farce and Ibsen. The virtue of the French mind has always been clearness of outline and logical thoroughness; qualities which it is hopeless to engraft upon so national a product as drama. The English have always excelled in the imaginative presentment of character and, if we must have plays of modern domestic life, Ibsen is, with limitations, the congenial model.

A PASSING WORLD.

A Passing World. By Bessie Rayner Parkes. (Ward & Downey.)

It is long since Mme. Belloc wrote *Vignettes* under her maiden name of Bessie Rayner Parkes; then, after a long lapse of years, she lately published *In a Walled Garden*; and now, in *A Passing World*, she appeals again to her world of readers—a passing world, no doubt, but one not likely to be past, in her case, with the moment of publication. For Mme. Belloc—who is a granddaughter of Dr. Priestley—has a very pretty knack of reminiscence-writing. Her new book contains eleven papers, varying in character and also, we must say, in interest. It has been hastily put together perhaps,

but some of the materials are of enduring excellence. The first paper of the series gives its title to the volume: Mme. Belloc looks back on the world of English life as she knew it when she first had opportunity to become an observer, very shrewd yet very indulgent. That was forty years ago, when *Vanity Fair* and *Jane Eyre* suggest to Mme. Belloc comparisons with the present-day works that are in all readers' hands:

"Seldom," she says, "has there been such an extraordinary outburst of many-sided human ability as in the earlier days of the Victorian era. Nor was this true only of the literary or political spheres; Millais and Leighton were beginning to be famous before Turner laid down the brush."

And so on. "Say not thou that the present times are worse than those that went before." That is an injunction of ancient wisdom which no writer of Reminiscences ever can be expected to observe. The reason, perhaps, is on the surface. What is seen and heard in youth comes to us more vividly than any later impression comes—for us, at any rate, those times of revelation appear better than their successors of mere confirmation. So that the generation now young will be inhuman indeed if, forty years hence, it does not defy the young men of that day to show forth a Sargent among painters, a Stevenson or a Kipling among men of letters. The talk of palmy days will go on for ever—palmy days, nevertheless, that have no date.

Great are the memories of Mme. Belloc, for all that. She knew Rossetti and she knew Browning, and from each of these poets a characteristic letter appears in her pages. That from Browning deals with the publication of the Froude memoirs of Carlyle:

"I do, indeed, regret deeply the conception, execution, and publication of those Memoirs, equally unwise in their praises and unworthy in their blame; but I knew the extraordinary limitations of my dear old friend and of his 'woman,' too, just as well fifty years ago as to-day. His opinions about men and things one inch out of his own little circle never moved me with the force of a feather—or I should hardly have lived five minutes of my whole life as I have done, and, for the remainder of it, please God, shall do. But we must not ourselves prove ingrates for a deal of love, or at least benevolence, in deed and wish; I must not anyhow; so I am on the committee for erecting a monument to 'True Thomas'—whose arm was laid on my shoulder a very few weeks ago."

That is a very interesting piece of autobiography, wholly creditable to Browning's purpose as a man and his tolerance as a friend. It is followed by a passage akin to it in this respect, but with an added interest for the student of human inconsistency:

"He confessed once to me," continues Mr. Browning, "that, on the first occasion of my visiting him, he was anything but favourably impressed by my 'smart green coat,' I being in riding costume; and, if then and there had begun and ended our acquaintanceship, very likely I might have figured in some corner of a page as a poor scribbling man with proclivities

for the turf and scamphood. What then? He wrote *Sartor*, and such letters to me in those old days!"

He wrote *Sartor*, but he judged, and misjudged Browning straight off by his clothes!

Of that almost impersonal woman to the present generation—Mrs. Dante Rossetti—Mme. Belloc has something to tell. Her face has been an influence on a school of English painting. It lives, not only in Rossetti's pictures and Sir B. Burne-Jones's but in Millais's "Ophelia." The circumstances of her death and burial have their place in the history of the great English poetry of this generation. Those who have written most of Rossetti, though they dwell on the interment of his MSS. in his wife's coffin, and the subsequent recovery of them, did not personally know, as Mme. Belloc did, the shop-girl whose face was her only introduction to Rossetti, but who was received "by the ladies of her husband's family with a sweet welcome which did honour to all parties." So, indeed, you would suppose of Miss Christina Rossetti and the rest; but you are glad, in a world in which living act and written word are so often at war, to know of their household charity as a fact. Of Miss Siddal, Madame Belloc says:

"She was not of his own rank of life, and I did not think her in the least like 'a countess'; but she had an unworldly simplicity and purity of aspect. She had the look of one who read her Bible and said her prayers every night, which she probably did."

The letter from Rossetti to Mme. Belloc is concerned with the health of Miss Siddal during the term of their long engagement, health that filled him with alarm even then. It is couched in those terms of old-world courtesy, rather stiff in expression, which mark most of the letters of Dante Rossetti, whose amazing mobility is all in his poetry and never in his prose.

Of the other chapters, that on Dr. Samuel Parr is the best. It is so good, indeed, that we regret the appearance in the same volume of anything so inconsequent as "The Two Fredericks." At her best Mme. Belloc is very good indeed; and the reader has within himself the power—almost an intuition in some cases—of judicious selection.

"CHRISTIE'S."

Memorials of Christie's: A Record of Art Sales from 1766 to 1896. 2 vols. By W. Roberts. (George Bell & Sons.)

We make it our duty to point to the publishers' share in the production of these splendid volumes. For splendid they are—not with gold and ornament, but in sheer quality of paper and print, in their illustrations, in the simple dignity of their binding, and in the unity and fitness which do not fail once between their covers.

Particularly happy is the frontispiece of the first volume, a reproduction in colour of a portrait of James Christie the First, by Dighton, leaning over his rostrum in a blue

coat and white lace neckerchief and cuffs, his spectacles pushed up on his high, straight forehead, his hammer held delicately in one hand—a keen, bland, and businesslike figure. "The Specious Orator" the artist calls him, and puts in his mouth the words: "Will your Ladyship do me the honour to say £50,000—a mere trifle—a brilliant of the first water—an unheard of price for such a lot, surely." Rowlandson's drawing of "Christie's" is reproduced, and shows us the mart about the time when its first picture sale took place—*i.e.*, 1767. Also a photogravure of the picture by Gebaud of the sale of Sir Joshua Reynolds's "The Snake in the Grass." Gebaud's work, which was purchased by Messrs. Christie in their own sale room in 1875, contains portraits of Sir Robert Peel, the Marquis of Stafford, Prince Paul Esterhazy, Lord Morgan, and others. The reproduction, however, is reversed, and hence in the description of it quoted from Mr. Humphry Ward "right," should read "left," and *vice versa*. Sir Robert Peel, said to be in the right, must be looked for in the left corner. He was the purchaser of the picture, which is now in the National Gallery. Most of the illustrations are photogravure reproductions of famous portraits, vases, and pieces of furniture which have come under that hammer—tiny, but a very Nanny in its effects—which has been wielded by successive hands at Christie's.

Mr. Roberts has been able to write an interesting biographical sketch of James Christie the First. He was a Scot, and left the navy for the auction room before he was twenty to assist an auctioneer named Annesley in Covent Garden. In 1766, or maybe earlier, he set up for himself in Pall Mall as an auctioneer, devoting himself at first to the sale of estates and houses. Pictures hardly entered into his transactions. James Christie seems to have been liked and honoured by a large circle of friends and customers. There are stories about him. One of them says that he called all his porters together, and, arming them with sticks, sallied out at their head to disperse a mob that was attacking the house of Admiral Sir Hugh Palliser in Pall Mall. The mob dispersed like chaff. James Christie's social tact and courtesy were powerful aids to his success in business. Once when he had a specially good collection of pictures to offer he bethought him how he could make their importance generally understood. He went to the Earl of Chesterfield—Johnson's Chesterfield—to whom he was known, and told him about the pictures, asking him at the same time to be so condescending as to look at them:

"His lordship promised to attend the public view, and gave Mr. Christie leave to announce his intention among his friends, or wherever he thought proper, and in order to give *éclat* to the occasion he promised to come in state. On the day appointed, therefore, the room was crowded in the expectation of seeing this venerable and celebrated nobleman, who arrived in a coach and six, with numerous attendants. The company gave way, and afforded a convenient space for his lordship. He was attended by Mr. Christie, who took the liberty of directing his lordship's attention to some pictures, and requested to be favoured with his

opinion of the chief productions in the room. . . . The auditors pressed as near as respect for his lordship would permit them, in order to hear and circulate his opinion."

There is a fine eighteenth century atmosphere about all that.

James Christie *primus* died in 1803 at a good old age. Gainsborough painted his portrait "avowedly for the purpose of drawing the public attention to his name as a portrait painter," and by his request it was hung in the sale room. The second James Christie was a highly cultivated man, a member of the Athenæum and of the Dilettanti Society. He died in his house in King-street in 1831, leaving two sons, of whom George Henry Christie, J.P., entered the firm, retiring in 1863, when he was succeeded by his son, Mr. James H. B. Christie, who retired in 1889.

The firm became "Christie & Manson" in 1831, but there are now no Christies and no Mansons in the King-street business. The present head of the firm is Mr. Thomas H. Woods, who became a partner in 1859, and there are several other partners.

It would not be profitable to attempt either a summary or a selection of the records of sales which have been compiled with so much industry by Mr. Roberts. They afford material for many kinds of inquiry, and they are interesting to many kinds of collectors. For many years sales of first-class importance were nothing like so frequent at Christie's as they have been in the last half century. Yet in the first volume it is interesting to note the sale of Hogarth's series of pictures, "Marriage à la Mode," and the sale of 411 pictures comprising the collection of Sir Joshua Reynolds. These fetched £10,319, and a supplementary sale of sketches fetched £4,536. The first great Christie sale in this century was that in which Mr. William Young Ottley's pictures were offered. Ottley had just purchased the pictures from the Colonna, Borghese, and Corsini palaces; and their appearance in London was accounted for by Mr. Christie in language which recalls Burke bewailing the wrongs of the princesses of Oude:

"It is to the era of fatal revolution in Italy; it is to the oppressive spirit of its invaders; it is to the fallen grandeur of the nobles and princes of Rome; it is to their extreme need and distress, that is to be attributed finally their parting with what they so long possessed and so highly valued."

In this sale the great National Gallery landscape of Salvator Rosa was included, and was bought by Sir M. M. Sykes for 1,550 guineas. The entire collection fetched 22,000 guineas. But it is perilous even to continue dipping into these voluminous records. The second volume exceeds the first in bulk. Here the collector may revive his memories of the sale of the Blenheim Palace collection, the Murietta sales, the Lyne Stephens sale, the Goldsmid collection, and scores of others, earlier and later, small and large, down to the last sales of 1896. Hardly had this work appeared when the brilliant sale of Sir John Pender's collection established "record" prices at Christie's for paintings by Turner.

ITALIAN ARCHITECTS.

Architecture in Italy, from the Sixth to the Eleventh Century. By Raffaele Cattaneo. Translated by the Contessa Isabel Curtis-Cholmeley in Bermani. (Fisher Unwin.)

THE work of Raffaele Cattaneo has been before the world for more than seven years, and though marred by the truculence of his criticisms, it is a monument of painstaking observation and synthetical ingenuity. Though here and there one may quarrel with a conclusion as to the age of this or that monument—the sarcophagus of the Exarch Isaac at Ravenna is a case in point—the accuracy of the author's main conclusions cannot, we think, be disputed. His divisions of indigenous or quasi-indigenous art into Latin-Barbarian and Italian-Byzantine, while he relegates the foreign art intermediately practised in Italy to the separate category of Barbarian-Byzantine, may not be always differentiated by very sharp lines of demarcation. But they represent real movements and real influences, and even if there be some overlapping of the sections, the utility of this classification is obvious. But our knowledge of the relics of those genuinely dark ages, the seventh and eighth centuries, owes much to Cattaneo's prolonged personal observation, quite independently of what it owes to his analysis, and he has thrown a perfect flood of light on the remains of the two twilight centuries that followed. He will always be famous for having given the *coup de grâce* to the pretensions of the Lombard spoiler to have possessed any indigenous art at all. Incidentally, too, the claim of the Irish artists, to have been the inventors of the various stone decorations of the knotted and braided and basket-work types, falls to the ground on an examination of the collected evidence of its Byzantine origin. This has been fully dealt with in the admirable work on the Irish Saints written by Miss M. Stokes, though, in truth, it is but a by-product of Cattaneo's laborious investigations.

The idea, of offering to the English student, ignorant of Italian, a translation of a work to which we owe so much, was exceedingly happy. It is, however, greatly to be regretted that the work of translation was not placed in the hands of some one conversant with the English idiom. It is distressing to read of the "fond of an altar" of "a little subterranean," and of monuments "attributed in that wretched (Lombard) time." It is hard to suppress a smile when we are told of a sculptured lion surrounded by "volatiles," of Saracens who learned "constructive organism" from the Byzantines, and of the island (the Rialto) which, *circa* 810, "was sufficiently populous to merit the Tribunal seat." What will the wretched student make of a "fragment of a cornice existing in the State archives of the Frari," described as "a gorge, gracefully carved with small palms in the Greek style, enclosed by listels and cubic notching?" The proper names, too, are dealt with on no rational system, nor, indeed, on any system whatever. Sometimes they are given in Latin, sometimes in modern Italian,

sometimes in modern French, sometimes in English, sometimes in a mixture of languages. King Desiderio (who occasionally becomes Desiderius) and King Astolfo jostle King Luitprand and King Theodoric: French S. Ambroise and French S. Aquilin are to be set off against English S. Michael and English S. Lawrence. Pope Giovanni II. pairs with Pope Gregory IV., S. Celso with S. Satyrus, till we get to S. John in Valle and S. Simeon piccolo. The famous eunuch Narses becomes "Narsete," and one result of his victories is, that the Byzantines "hold an Esarch" in Ravenna. Finally, while the English word apse is puristically written apsis, the almost equally familiar narthex becomes narteci! All this is the more vexatious, because the book is excellently got up, handsomely printed, and superbly illustrated; and, if only it possessed a sufficient index, it would, even with its present faulty text, be a valuable adjunct to the archaeologist's library.

JUBILEE LITERATURE.

The Life of Queen Victoria. By Millicent Garrett Fawcett. (W. H. Allen & Co.)

The Victorian Era. By P. Anderson Graham. (Longmans & Co.)

The Rise of the Empire. By Sir Walter Besant. (Horace Marshall & Son.)

MRS. FAWCETT's biographical sketch of the Queen, first published in 1894, is reissued for Jubilee bookbuyers with a new portrait of Her Majesty. In a preface written two months ago, Mrs. Fawcett reminds her readers that the impossibility of being exhaustive has led her to dwell on "what may be considered the formative influences on the Queen's character in early life." The limitation need not be regretted now; this is the very time to remind people that the Queen was once a little girl. Stories of the Queen's childhood that at other times might seem too trivially petty have piquancy; and if we can magnify the significance of small incidents in our own early years, why not in Her Majesty's?

But Mrs. Fawcett tells also the story of the Accession, and of the happy period when "love and politics" began to mingle in the Queen's life; she sketches the Queen's relations with Lord Melbourne, Baron Stockmar, and Lord Palmerston; and devotes chapters to the Crimean War and to the great loss that came to Her Majesty in mid reign. A pleasing freedom marks Mrs. Fawcett's narrative: her loyalty is naïve and womanly.

The Victorian Era is a very child of the Jubilee. Mr. P. Anderson Graham has written it for boys. He just sketches the Queen's private life, and then we have the regulation chapters on Railways, the Post Office, Ironclads, the Progress of Medical Science, and other developments of the last sixty years. We think this book has been put together hurriedly. The Notes at the end have no proper beginning; and what kind of boy will be benefited by notes such as these?—"Affectionate; loving." "Ludi-

crous spectacle: a sight to be laughed at." "Gesticulated: moved body, arms, and legs to give force to what he was saying." "Afghan borders: in the north-west of India." "Aldgate: in London." "Genteel society: well-to-do people of good manners and breeding." We demur altogether to the last definition. The book is nicely printed and illustrated.

Sir Walter Besant's contributions to pleasant superficial history multiply apace. He now writes on *The Rise of the Empire* in a little volume, which inaugurates a new "Story of the Empire" series. Sir Walter begins at the beginning in his chapter on "The Making of a People," and there is some aptness in his illustration of the way in which village communities began to seek help from each other. Had they been self-sufficient they might have shrunk within their own bounds, but they were always less than self-sufficient, and the want of two things only—salt and iron—would bring them together for purposes of barter. It is a far cry from this quest of salt and iron to our present commercial conditions, but Sir Walter trips along like a schoolmaster trying to make his lesson pleasant, and succeeding. We have chapters on "The Empires of the West," "East," and "South"; on "The Empire of the Isles," on "Our Heritage," and on "The Future of the Heritage." In the last named chapter Sir Walter pleads for Federation, "an everlasting alliance, offensive and defensive." He also has wise words about the relations between this country and the United States which we hope will be quoted on the other side.

Various albums of photographs, inspired by the coming event, are before us. *Temple Bar and State Pageants* (Partridge & Cooper) is a shilling book in paper covers containing a record, with illustrations, of State processions to the City of London, and the ceremonies which used to delay them at the spot where the Griffin now stands. *The Queen's Pictures* (Cassell & Co.) is a reprint of a collection published in the Jubilee year of 1887, but time has given a new cachet to the letterpress, which is from the pen of Mr. Richard R. Holmes. The illustrations are after portraits and paintings executed during the Queen's reign and now hanging in the various Royal galleries. The same publishers issue a covetable album entitled *Pictorial England and Wales*, and dedicate it to the Queen. The photographs are nearly all of merit, and they bring towns, villages, and scenery vividly before the eye. Under the title of *The Queen's Empire*, Messrs. Cassell issue also a photographic album in parts, each part illustrating some aspect of life under the Queen. Part 2 illustrates methods of travel throughout the empire. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge issues a handsome album of photographic views called *The Queen, Her Empire, and the English-Speaking World*. The latter half of the title of course covers such photographs as those of Niagara and the Capitol at Washington. But surely these have no real place in an album designed for a festival which, in one aspect at least, is a great stocktaking of British possession.

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

Chap-Book Essays. (Gay & Bird.)

THIS is the title of a random selection of papers which have already appeared in the *Chicago Chap-Book*. Some of them will strike the reader as a little belated, as, for example, the amusing little essay on "Degeneration," by Alice Morse Earle, who also contributes a comical little sketch of her experiences with a "bureau of literary revision." Mr. Edmund Gosse writes on the "Popularity of Poetry," and from him you may gather that no man should take up the profession of verse-making unless he have a private income, though "to last forever, as a specimen, by the side of Lovelace or of Wolfe, should be better worth working for than to earn five thousand pounds as the author of a deciduous novel about the 'new woman.'" What, by the way, is a "deciduous novel"? A feminine appreciation of Verlaine by Mr. Reginald de Koven is well written and interesting. But readers on this side of the Atlantic will probably turn first to the short paper on Robert Louis Stevenson by Eve Blantyre Simpson. Herein we get some delightful glimpses of Stevenson in his early days in Edinburgh. For example:

"He was very sore, and somewhat rebellious, writing not being considered a profession, and having to bend to his good father in so far as to join the Scottish bar. For long 'R. L. Stevenson, Advocate,' was on the door-plate of 17, Heriot-row. The Parliament House saw him seldom, never therein to practise his bewigged profession. We frightened him much by avowing that a clerk was hunting for him, and even the rich library below the trampling advocate's feet could not wile him into the old Hall for some time after that false scare."

Here is another peep at the youthful Stevenson:

"He certainly liked to be noticed, for he was full of the self-absorbed conceit of youth. If he was not the central figure, he took what we called Stevensonian ways of attracting notice to himself. He would spring up full of a novel notion he had to expound (and his brain teemed with them), or he vowed he could not speak trammelled by a coat, and asked leave to talk in his shirt-sleeves. For all these mannerisms he had to stand a good deal of chaff, which he never resented, though he vehemently defended himself or fell squashed for a brief space in a limp mass into a veritable back seat."

Finally, the book is well printed and daintily dressed in a pictured cover, which would make a first-rate "poster."

My Life in Christ. Extracts from the Diary of the Most Rev. John Ilytch Sergieff ("Father John"). Translated by E. E. Goulaeff. (Cassell.)

FATHER JOHN is a pope of the Russian State Church, far renowned for learning and piety. He has the reputation, probably not without good reason, of possessing a gift of healing ("If I wish to cure an illness," he confidently writes, "I cure it"); he attended the late Tsar upon his death-bed, and administered to him the last sacraments;

and he has kept an intimate diary over a wide space of years, from which voluminous extracts have been made by Mr. Goulaeff and, for the benefit of the British race and of Queen Victoria (to whom the volume is dedicated), have been translated by him into indifferent English. We do not say that the task was not worthy to be undertaken, but it may be thought that the editor has suffered his enthusiasm to leap somewhat ahead of his discretion. Quite one-fourth of this bulky book might have been produced with profit; the remainder consists of pious commonplaces which, however fruitful to the mind which bore them, are altogether too conventional to merit that they should be spread abroad among a people which cannot find time to read the *Imitation*. Here is a mystical passage, which, in spite of its muddlesome metaphysic, was quite worth preserving:

"Man is a small world. As the soul is in the body, so God is in the world. When the soul leaves the body it immediately crumbles to pieces. Likewise, when the Spirit of God leaves the world it will immediately crumble to pieces. The soul is throughout the body, but especially in the heart; and God is throughout the world, but especially in heaven and in temples."

As a monument of personal piety the book is edifying; but it cannot be said of it that it throws new light upon the spiritual problems which perplex the modern soul, or that it so abounds in graceful and illuminative fancy that as literature it may gratify the curious dilettante of religion. Nevertheless, to that section of the Church of England which is looking to the East for countenance and recognition it will be of supreme interest, as reflecting the spiritual side of Oriental orthodoxy.

Soldiering and Surveying in British East Africa. By Major J. R. L. Macdonald, R.E. (Edward Arnold.)

MAJOR MACDONALD's business was to survey the country which lies between Mombasa and the Victoria Nyanza, in preparation for the railway that is to be; his recreation was to shoot lions and to outwit treacherous niggers; he has crowned his achievements, scientific and adventurous, by writing them out at length in a book. Chance involved him in the complications which within the last decade have made Uganda the cockpit of three alien and rival religions. Accordingly he has thought fit to embody in his narrative a full account of the troubles and conflicts which resulted in a re-partition of that country and its settlement under a British Protectorate. The chapters devoted to the consideration of these matters are distinguished by good sense and moderation. While his sympathies are strongly with Captain Lugard, he does not think it incumbent upon him to sneer at missionary enterprise in general, or at either of the religious bodies concerned in particular; on the contrary, he bears a high testimony to the self-sacrifice of the missionaries and the civilising influence they have been able to acquire over the native mind. The story of these two and a half years is well told, and is illustrated by maps and plans; and

if the narrative gains nothing from the author's literary accomplishment, it is too full of lively incident ever to be dull reading. Putting aside many passages clamorous for quotation, we select what we may call a social incident. Captain Pringle

"had experienced a little trouble from the Masai of Kedong, who carried off three of his donkeys. He retaliated by securing about twenty women, who were trading in camp, and threatened to carry these off unless the missing property was returned. As next day this was not done, he marched off with his prisoners, and demanded six donkeys for the trouble that had been caused. This brought the Masai to their senses, and the six donkeys were soon produced. The women were then liberated, and, being evidently struck with Pringle, insisted on his spitting on each individually in token of friendship."

We commend the incident to the attention of Mr. Rider Haggard.

* * *

English Army Lists and Commission Registers, 1661—1714. Edited and Annotated by Charles Dalton. Vol. III. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.)

We congratulate Mr. Dalton on proceeding so steadily with his great work of putting into print the earliest MS. records of the British army. The period covered by the present volume includes the first four years of the reign of William and Mary, which was a period of continued fighting. It is sufficient to mention the battles of Killiecrankie and the Boyne, Steinkirk and Landen. Except for a brief expedition to the south of Ireland, Marlborough was not employed on active service; and, indeed, most of the generals in command were Dutchmen. Very curious is the detailed report on the English regiments under Schomberg at Dundalk in 1689, which shows the contempt of a veteran for amateur officers and unseasoned recruits. Though in form a mere catalogue of names, the book is full of historic interest. Here may be found an account of the first regiment of Highlanders in the British army, which was raised, it seems, by the Earl of Argyle in 1689, and almost entirely composed of Campbells; and also of the Earl of Angus's Regiment of Foot, otherwise "The Cameronians," which had a minister of its own persuasion and an elder to each company. Here also may be found the commissions of the Rev. George Walker, to be colonel of the Londonderry Volunteers; and of Albert Borgard, a Dane who became nestor of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, to be "fire-master of the tin boatmen." We presume that a "tin boat" would now be called a pontoon. Mr. Dalton has spent infinite pains in identifying the names in these often mis-spelt lists, and in tracing their family history and subsequent career. He deserves the warmest thanks of all those who are concerned with either history or genealogy.

* * *

Round the Year: a Series of Short Nature Studies. By Prof. L. C. Miall, F.R.S. (Macmillan & Co.)

THESE descriptive chapters are meant for young naturalists, and treat of subjects

suggested by the natural events of the year. Taking any point that occurs—gossamer, ichneumons, the flowering of plants, snow crystals—the Professor probes the questions which arise on it to the very bottom, and his reader is permitted to see his thorough methods of research. This constitutes the value of the book, which is great. Prof. Miall is not satisfied with traditional examples from nature or traditional explanations. He has read Darwin and *Nature* to some purpose, and greatly enlarges the horizon and the interest of young people thereby. They are taught much learning of a suggestive kind from buds and catkins alone. Turning to a more recondite example, the fruit of *Saccoglottis amazonica*—which we gather has once been drifted into an English bay from tropical America—is treated in the fullest manner, and illustrated (as are other of these articles) in a manner which does illumine the text. The account of a day spent in the moon most realistically elucidates the phenomena of that planet, and is a favourable example of Prof. Miall's writing. He thinks that the young cuckoos emigrate in succession "probably as soon as they are capable of taking care of themselves"; others, however (including Prof. Newton), believe that they leave England about the beginning of September. Prof. Miall apparently identifies Tennyson's "sea-blue bird of March" with the kingfisher. There can be little doubt that the wheatear is meant. But it is a point on which poetic naturalists will always wrangle. No one who is fond of using his eyes and his wits on the sights and problems of nature will take up this book without a large increase of pleasure and knowledge. It is quite superfluous to recommend it. Rather it is one of the few books which demand thankfulness.

* * *

The Observances in Use at the Augustinian Priory of Barnwell, Cambridgeshire. Edited, with a Translation and Glossary, by J. W. Clark. (Macmillan & Bowen.)

THIS book of "Observances," discovered upon the spot where it was written, in the ruins of the building where, until the dissolution of the Religious houses, men lived their lives in accordance with its discipline, forms a curious commentary upon the "Rule" of St. Augustine from which it was evolved. With the progress of centuries the precepts of the founder, bearing mostly upon spiritual dispositions in all the religious families, were subject to a process of concretion: reverence to superiors must show itself in definite acts of inclination and obeisance; the principle of subordination must express itself by resignation of the keys into the hand of the newly elected superior; purity of heart and life, similarly, must be manifested in outward demeanour—even the manner of entering their beds was prescribed to the brethren. The methods of assisting at the divine office and at holy mass were a tissue of complicated injunctions, which to the modern reader would seem incompatible with inward attention; but, indeed, it may be that the concentration of

instructions applying to all the contingencies of a lifetime into a single volume gives an impression of formalism which the deliberate process of daily life would not suffer to be sensibly experienced. No details of daily life were too minute for regulation. These philosophers had discovered the intimate bond between the infinitely solemn and the minutely trivial, and in them no cheap sense of humour discerned anything ludicrous in the juxtaposition of provisions for the sufficient supply of warm shaving water and the profoundest of spiritual exhortations. The editor's very adequate Introduction gathers from the diffuse yet allusive "Observances" a fairly complete synopsis of the Canons' order of life. His translations, printed side by side with the originals of the "Rule" and the "Observances," are, upon the whole, highly to be praised; but there is manifest a tendency to shirk difficulties just in those places where the ordinary reader will look to the translation to clear up an obscurity. Also, if the brethren were to "lie prostrate" throughout the canon of the mass, it is not easy to understand in what sense they were to "bend the knee" at the elevation. It is obvious that *proni* here signifies not "prostrate," but merely "inclined." But it were ungracious to prolong particular fault-finding in the case of a volume for which every ecclesiastical antiquary has reason to be grateful, as representing a vast amount of diligent and very competent labour, and offering in a convenient form a human document of extreme interest.

* * *

Outlines of the History of the Theological Literature of the Church of England from the Reformation to the Close of the Eighteenth Century. The Bishop Paddock Lectures, 1896-97. By John Dowden, D.D., Bishop of Edinburgh. (S.P.C.K.)

THE Bishop of Edinburgh has contrived to present a general view of the stream of Anglican literature, and more particularly of Anglican controversial literature, that will be apt to persuade his brethren to a more careful study of their own sadly neglected divines. His acquaintance with the great writers of the Anglican Church is wide and intimate, his reverence for their words is profound, and he has scant patience with the minimising controversialists of to-day. He knocks the bottom out of the mistaken notion that the theological pronouncements of the reformers dealt merely, or even chiefly, with popular misconceptions of Catholic doctrine, upon which Tract XC. so largely built, which theory in the hands of less responsible persons than its author has served to take the sting out of any of the Articles seeming to smack too distinctly of Geneva or Augsburg. One cannot but admire the audacity of men like Ussher, who at the age of twenty could resolve to read through the whole of the Christian Fathers, and after eighteen years of labour could accomplish it—of men who, so far from pleading with Rome for the recognition that a rich man unwillingly bestows upon a poor relation, dared to flout the great mother church of the West, and declare in the face of its hierarchy, "You are

heretical in this matter and in that: it is quite doubtful whether you should be esteemed a part of the Church of Christ." But Dr. Dowden allows his own strong anti-Roman feeling to carry him off his feet now and again. It is, for instance, very doubtful whether Parsons and Allen were cognisant of the plot against Elizabeth's life, and it is quite impossible to prove it; and when a writer speaks of the principle of "probabilism" as "vicious," we take leave to doubt whether he perfectly understands what that principle is.

* * *

Snarleygow. By Capt. Marryat. Edited by David Hannay. (Macmillan & Co.)

THIS is the latest addition to Messrs. Macmillan's library of standard novels. *Snarleygow*, originally called *The Dog Fiend*, appeared in 1837, the same year which saw the publication of Marryat's *Code of Signals*; and Mr. David Hannay, who edits the reprint, suggests that the story was written "not only because Marryat was, as he candidly confessed not long after his time, 'somewhat in want of money,' but as a relaxation from the really considerable toil of compiling his code." *Snarleygow* is in part an historical novel. When he wrote it, says Mr. Hannay, Marryat "probably felt that he had used up, at any rate for the present, the navy of his own time, and he turned to the past for a new field." But the story "is in reality a fantastic tale which Marryat made up partly, no doubt, out of his reminiscences of the time when he was cruising against smugglers in the Channel, partly, and in a much smaller degree, out of books, but most of all, as the children say, out of his own head." *Snarleygow* has something in common with *Poor Jack*, inasmuch as it is in these two books that Marryat's verse can be best studied. The song, "The Captain stood on the Carronade," from *Snarleygow*, was included by Mr. Henley in his *Lyra Heroica*. The present edition is illustrated with fair success by Mr. H. R. Millar.

THE BOOK MARKET.

A CHAT WITH MR. L. UPCOTT GILL.

"I HAVE come, Mr. Gill," I said, "to ask you some questions, if I may, about your books. You publish books about Coin Collecting, and Canaries, and Ticket-writing, and Mushroom Culture, and Bent Iron Work, and Goat-keeping for Amateurs, and How to Vamp, and I think yours must be a very interesting business." I said this while Mr. Gill was courteously handing me a chair. We were in his private room above the publishing office in the Strand, next door to the Strand Theatre.

"I see," said Mr. Gill; "and you want me to tell you something about it all. My difficulty is to know where to begin. You see the basis of all our business, or of nearly all of it, is our paper, *Exchange and Mart*. You perhaps know it?"

"Mr. Gill, I have never held it in my hand, but from my boyhood up I have

known that if I want to exchange a barometer for a pair of fantail pigeons, or —"

"I see," said Mr. Gill smilingly; "that would not be one of our normal transactions, but you have the idea. And, by the way, here is our current issue."

"Then, Mr. Gill, will you tell me the story of this paper. It must have a story."

"A very simple one it is. The *Exchange and Mart* was started by the late Serjeant Cox, of the *Law Times* and the *Queen*, in 1867. The idea of it came to him like this. Mrs. Cox was a great invalid, but a wise one; she knew how to make the best of a maimed life; and she took up the collecting of lepidoptera and microscope work. She soon knew enough to write a nice little book, called, I think, *Our Common Insects*. Her collection of moths and butterflies, too, increased to a very respectable size, and then she began to find, as all collectors do, that she had some duplicate specimens and some crying wants. Well, it just occurred to Mrs. Cox to advertise for the specimens she wanted, offering in exchange those she could spare; and so one fine day there appeared a new kind of advertisement in the *Queen*. Mrs. Cox got what she wanted; and, what is more, her notion caught on. The very next week, and for many succeeding weeks, advertisements of the kind crept into the *Queen*, until there was a column of them, and until Serjeant Cox awoke to the fact that a great opportunity had been delivered into his hand. He broached to me the idea of the *Exchange and Mart*, and we started it right away. I will show you No. 1."

Mr. Gill got up and drew from underneath some bookshelves the first volume of his paper.

"This is the dust of ages—literally," he said, as he made it rise. "You see, it is but four pages, a good deal of it 'faked'—we all know what starting a paper is. Our price was a penny for a few months. But a penny didn't pay; we soon made it twopence and doubled the number of pages. And then the public wanted a lot of educating—an extraordinary deal of educating. In fact, they seemed as if they wouldn't be educated. However —"

"It is now a huge success?"

"Well, we issue the paper thrice a week now, and at busy times each issue may contain sixty-eight pages."

"Of which the bulk are filled with advertisements?"

"Yes, four-fifths."

"And now, Mr. Gill, may we come back to your series of 'Practical Handbooks'?"

"Yes, certainly. Their connexion with the *Exchange and Mart* is a very close one. In the first place, the innumerable transactions of exchange and purchase which are done through the paper introduce me to classes of collectors and amateurs to whom we can appeal. Secondly, the majority of these books are reprints of articles that have appeared in the paper."

"How does this apply to, let us say, your *Guide to the Coins of Great Britain and Ireland*?"

"Well, that is a good instance. The coin advertisements in the paper have always been numerous, and nearly twenty-five

years ago I got the late Mr. Wundt to write me a series of articles on Coin Collecting for us, stipulating for the copyright. These I republished as a book. Some years later I had another series of articles on Coins written by the late Colonel W. Stewart Thirburn, and he revised and enlarged Mr. Wundt's book. At the present moment Mr. Gruber, of the British Museum, is preparing me a third revised edition of this very handbook."

"Some of your books," Mr. Gill, "reveal to me the existence of publics I have never suspected. It would not surprise me to find one man in a lifetime whose hobby was working in Bent Iron; but do you mean to tell me that there are enough of such persons to induce you to publish a handbook on the subject?"

"Oh, yes. But the Bent Iron workers are ladies. The work is a light, easy imitation—it is only an imitation—of mediæval and Italian wrought-iron work. The iron is sold in specially prepared strips, and it is all a matter of twisting and turning with the pincers and other light tools; very effective it is too. You see, there is always some hobby going. A few years ago the home-keeping young lady's solace was china painting, and we told her how to do it; then she wanted to paint on mirrors, and we got out a handbook for her; and then it was leather work, and we came to the rescue; and now she twists iron from our directions."

"Well, but you actually have a handbook on Pet Monkeys?"

"Yes; it goes slowly, but it goes."

"And on the Management of Goats?"

"Yes, for country people, who keep a goat nibbling about for the sake of the milk; it is they who buy that book."

"And on Firework Making?"

"Oh, that sells well; and I may anticipate one doubt that is probably in your mind: I never heard of an accident resulting from the carrying out of the directions in this book."

"And can you sell *Practical Taxidermy*?"

"Oh, dear, yes."

"And are there still amateur ventriloquists?"

"Hundreds."

"Indeed! and who write window tickets?"

"Country shop-keepers and their assistants."

"And who are the people who want to know 'How to Keep Lizards and Snakes Satisfactorily in Confinement'?"

"Well, I know two or three personally. You will notice that this book is only announced, yet my subscription list for it is a very fair one already."

"Do these handbooks make collectors as well as aid them?"

"Oh, decidedly. The sight of one of these books to-day makes a man a hobbyist to-morrow. Many men grow tomatoes from seeing our shilling book on how to do it."

"Then do you think, Mr. Gill, that when the millions of this great city see your cheap book on 'How to Keep Snakes in Confinement' —?"

Mr. Gill smiled; and feeling that enough was as good as a feast, I bade him good morning.

THE ACADEMY FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1897.

NEW NOVELS.

A Rose of Yesterday. By F. Marion Crawford.
(Macmillan & Co.)

Mr. Marion Crawford is one of the few novelists whom one cannot take for granted. Other men have their brands and are true to them; before we open their books we know what to expect; but Mr. Crawford is continually producing a surprise. He has now pulled out yet another new stop, and in "*A Rose of Yesterday*" we are offered sheer Ibsenism. The Rose of Yesterday is Mrs. Harmon, whom we meet at Lucerne, travelling with her son Archie, a half-witted youth of exceptional strength. Mrs. Harmon is the wife of a man who took to drink, became brutalised, ill-treated his wife, lost his reason, and was confined in an asylum. Enter Colonel Wimpole, the old lover of Mrs. Harmon. He never told his love, but she is aware of it and silently returns it. They discuss Harmon and his possible recovery, and the Colonel, without success, urges her to take divorce proceedings. This is in the morning; and in the afternoon of the same day Mrs. Harmon hears that Harmon has recovered, and receives from him a letter asking her forgiveness, and making plans for the restoration of their home life. Her struggle over the reply to this request is the kernel of the book. She cables the word "Forgiven," and then for the first time learns from Archie a true account of his relations with his father. In this scene Mr. Crawford reminds one not a little of "Ghosts," and the total effect produced is very similar to that left by Ibsen. Archie, who is but a child in intellect, is led to tell the story of his father's cruelty. The man had continually hit him with the knob of his stick on the back of the head. The narrative proceeds:

"Once, when you were off somewhere for two or three days on a visit, he came at me with a poker. That was the last time. I suppose he had been drinking more than usual."

"What happened?" asked Helen.

"Oh, well, I'd grown big then, and I got sick of it all at once, you know. He never tried to touch me again, after that."

"Helen recalled distinctly that very unusual occasion when she had been absent for a whole week, at the time of a sister's death. Harmon had seemed ill when she had returned, and she remembered noticing a great change in his manner towards the boy only a few months before he had become insane."

"What did you do?" she asked.

"I hit him. I hit him badly, a good many times. Then I put him to bed. I knew he wouldn't tell."

"Archie smiled slowly at the recollection of beating his father, and looked down at his fist. Helen felt as though she were going mad herself. It was all horribly unnatural—the father's cruel brutality to his afflicted son, the son's ferocious vengeance upon his father when he had got his strength."

"You see," continued Archie, "I knew exactly how many times he had hit me altogether, and I gave all the hits back at once. That was fair, anyhow."

"Helen could not remember that he had ever professed to be sure of an exact number from memory."

"How could you know just how many times?" She spoke faintly, and stopped, half sick.

"Blocks," answered Archie. "I dropped a little blot of ink on one of my blocks every time he hit me. I used to count the ones that had blots on them every morning. When they all had one blot each, I began on the other side, till I got round again. Some had blots on several sides at last. I don't know how many there were now; but it was all right, for I used to count them every morning and remember all day. There must have been forty or fifty, I suppose. But I know it was all right. I didn't want to be unfair, and I hit him slowly and counted. Oh"—his eyes brightened suddenly—"I've got the blocks here. I'll go and get them and we can count them together. Then you'll know exactly."

"Archie unpacked the toys in silence and arranged the blocks all on one side in a neat pile, while on the other he laid the soldiers and the little cart with the few remaining toys. Helen's eyes became riveted on the bits of wood. There were about twenty of them, and she could plainly distinguish on them the little round blots which Archie had made, one for each blow he had received. He began to count, and Helen followed him mechanically. He was very methodical, for he knew that he was easily confused. When he had counted the blots on each block he put it behind him on the floor before he took another from the pile. He finished at last."

"Sixty-three—ju—!" He checked himself. "I forgot. I won't say 'jukes' any more. I won't. There were sixty-three in all, mother. Besides, I remember now. Yes; there were sixty-three. I remember that it took a long time, because I was afraid of not being fair."

This is gruesome enough, and something new from the author of "Dr. Claudius" and "Mr. Isaacs," "A Roman Singer" and "Zoroaster." Mrs. Harmon is moved by her son's story to write her husband a long letter, in which she offers again to live with him, but states that love is impossible. Another scene with Colonel Wimpole follows, in which he pleads for her and her frustrated life, but she refuses to be diverted from what she believes to be her duty. On returning to the hotel they find a telegram announcing Harmon's death. Such is Mr. Crawford's theme, or all of it that need be told. There are two other characters and a parallel story, but they are of no importance.

The object of the book appears to be ethical: a contribution to the solution of the problem of duty before desire. In his concern to find an answer, Mr. Crawford has forgotten that it is the duty of the novelist to put his reader's pleasure before philosophy. I cannot describe "*A Rose of Yesterday*" as either a good story or a good tract. It makes me long for the Mr. Crawford who is now retreating farther and farther into the past.

* * * * *
Pacific Tales. By Louis Becke.
(Fisher Unwin.)

It is impossible (for me, at least) to write with any enthusiasm of Mr. Louis Becke. His work is satisfying, like porridge; but, like porridge, it does not stimulate—much less "over-stimulate." It is possible that knowing he came in on the Pacific tide of the other Louis—the lost Wizard of Samoa—I have come to him with too great expectations; but, however that may be, he has fallen somewhat short of my hopes. Yet he has respectable qualities. These *Pacific Tales*, which he has just published, I find admirable in the way of colour. And by "colour" I do not mean the cheap substitute commonly distinguished by the adjective "local," which can be gained in a fortnight's holiday, and the cost of acquiring which can be counted in terms of deduction from the Income Tax, but the quality which has been soaked up by living for years in a certain milieu, and which is expressed in a man's writing, for the most part, unconsciously. That is your only true "colour," and for permanence and depth of tint and charm of effect it is, compared with the other, as wine to a solution of Condry's Fluid. It goes without saying that that kind of colour is manifest, not only in descriptions of scenery and in the mere aspect of things (which varieties of colour can be tolerably produced by the cheaper imitation), but also more effectively and poignantly in the intimate details of life and sentiment. Where "colour" thus interpenetrates and pervades all it is difficult to quote by way of illustration; but take the following from "The Shadows of the Dead":

"At a little distance from the beach stood a tiny thatched-roofed house with sides open to welcome the cooling breath of the land-breeze that, as the myriad stars came forth, stole down from the mountains to the islet trees and then rippled the waters of the shining lagoon. . . . Rolled up and placed over the crossbeams were a number of soft mats,

and as Denison returned, Kusi took these down and placed them upon the ground, which was covered with a thick layer of pebbles. Throwing himself down on the mats, Denison filled his pipe and smoked, while Tulpé and the child made an oven of heated stones to cook the fish they had caught. Kusi had already plucked some young drinking cocoanuts, and Denison heard their heavy fall as he threw them to the ground. And only that Kusi had brave blood in his veins, they had had nothing to drink that night, for no Strong's Islander would ascend a cocoanut-tree there after dark, for devils, fiends, goblins, the ghosts of men long dead, and evil spirits flocked to and fro amid the boscage of the islet once night had fallen. And even Kusi's, despite the long years he had spent among white men in his cruises in American whale-ships; in his younger days, chid his wife and child sharply for not hastening to him and carrying the nuts away as they fell."

That is the kind of colour which gives to these *Pacific Tales* their one remarkable and valuable quality of verisimilitude. They appeal to you as real stories—as, in fact, "yarns," artless and unadorned. Sometimes the "yarn" is so artless as to be little more than a pointless reminiscence, like the one called "In the Evening"; but few are of that sort: most of them contain at least a moment of dramatic action. "In the old Beach-combing Days" may be cited as giving instance of that. There it is told how Togusa, the king, with the aid of the old beach-comber Westall, received the missionaries who proposed to make his people Christians. The missionaries, or "Christ-men," have brought into the presence of the king a native minister to interpret. The minister is discovered to be a wretched slave from a neighbouring tribe, and the king is incensed, and commands the creature to be seized. Then Togusa proposes to the leader of the missionaries a simple, savage test of a cardinal doctrine of the Christian faith:

"'Christ-man, answer me this. This dog here'—and he pointed scornfully at the grovelling figure of the native minister—'this dog sayeth that he will live for ever by reason of the new faith he hath gotten from thee.'"

"'Man,' said the missionary [to the old beach-comber, who interpreted] . . . 'tell him that Lakolalai, God's minister, will have eternal life hereafter, even if these godless heathens now take his life.'"

"Then Westall turned to the king. 'The Christ-man sayeth, O Togusa, that this man, Lakolalai, will have life for ever.'"

"'Ha,' said Togusa, 'now we shall see if this be true.'"

"Two men advanced, and, seizing the native minister, stood him upon his trembling feet. 'Stand aside, gentlemen, if you please,' said old Westall quietly to the missionaries. They moved aside, and then Togusa, calling to Sikra the chief, pointed to the wretched Lakolalai.

"'Take thou thy spear, Sikra, and thrust it through this man's body. And if he live, then shall I believe that he will live for ever.'"

"And Sikra, with a fierce smile, seized his heavy, ebony-wood spear, and as he raised his right hand and poised the weapon the men who held Lakolalai's arms suddenly stretched them widely apart. The spear sped from Sikra's hand, and, spinning through the convert's body, fell near the feet of the Reverend Gilead Bawl and his brethren at the other end of the room."

You may note, even from these two quotations which I have presented, that Mr. Becke's writing is lacking in character and distinction. Not only is his language not choice, but (as you may see) it is also frequently incorrect and ungrammatical. He has no feeling for *la mot juste*; but he has colour and reality. He provokes in us no delight in his art, for he has none himself, but he gives a tolerable amount of interest and amusement; and for these gifts—all too rare, spite of the marvellous multiplication of books—let us be thankful.

* * * * *

Symphonies. By George Egerton.
(John Lane.)

Both the limitations and the very considerable gifts of "George Egerton" are displayed in this book. One story, at least—"At the heart of the Apple"—is daring and original, beyond anything of "George Egerton's" that I have met with before. In the other six, for the most part, if she has learned little or nothing, she has, at least, unlearned none of the literary deftness which made "Keynotes" a notable book of its year, and justified the selection of it as the typical volume of a series that seldom contains an undistinguished work.

In the portrayal of individual character the author, it appears to me, reaches her limitations most readily. The indolently chivalrous, rather slangy man, into whose mouth are put the two

stories, "Sea Pinks" and "A Nocturne" (which are, in their essentials, only two settings of the same idea), is rather unconvincing. Many women much less clever than "George Egerton" have represented the mannish attitude more faithfully. But when it is a question of conveying to the reader's imagination the atmosphere of a place—the general tone of some little community—the author achieves considerable success, by means in themselves restrained and legitimate. Take, for instance, the Irish village-folk in "Oony," a story which, though loose in construction and crowded with irrelevance, contains some of the most skilful detail in the book. The child of a murdered emergency-man is placed, after a legal contest arising out of the religious question, in charge of

"a 'votene' of the worst description. The whole place reeked of dirt and neglect. The bed-linen she had brought Jack as a dowry had been turned into nether garments years ago: and no bed in the house could boast a 'screed' of white on it. The entire family, except the two elder boys, slept in the end room; and they threw their clothes, as they took them off, up on to the faded moreen canopy."

With the "boys" aforesaid the orphan speedily quarrels, the difference arising, characteristically, out of a prayer.

"'What are ye going to ask for?' queried Jamsie coaxingly. Oony hesitated; then she said softly, 'I'm going to pray for me poor Ma's soul, to get her out o' purgatory.' . . . 'Faith, then, ye might as well be prayin' for Musheragh mountain to move down to the meadow beyant. She never seen purgatory; cock her up with it, an' she a black Protestant! It's in hell she is for all eternity!' The child flushed, and her lip quivered; she sprang and struck him, with her thin little fist doubled, square on the mouth, calling: 'Ye lie, ye lie, ye lie, ye little blackguard!'

"Jamsie screamed, and hit her back. Noreen seized her by the hair behind. The ducks quacked and scattered the mud; and Mrs. Jack and the family gathered to witness the scrimmage. 'Mush, my God, childre, what the devil ails ye? Lave go, will ye, ye young divil! Quit, I tell yez, Jamsie, quit now!' . . . 'She sed she was goin' to pray for her ould Protestant mother's soul,' explained Noreen; 'an' poor Jamsie only sed she was burnin' in hell, an' she wint for him wid her fishts.' 'I told ye the black drop 'ud come out,' said Miss Mary Kate. 'She's damned crabbed intirely; look how she bit his hand!' Mrs. Jack dropped her beads, and, seizing the child, belaboured her with a round stick that served as a potato masher. 'I'll tache ye better manners, ye little bitch [whack]; where else would she be [whack], only in hell; an' out av hell there's no redemption.' The child shrieked between her pain. . . ."

Hardly anything could be more convincing, and so, throughout, whether the author writes of a Chilian town, a Norwegian islet, or her favourite Basque villages, the whole atmosphere of the place is created with the same precision of touch. The Norwegian story alone (though not precisely *virginibus puerisque*) would redeem the collection from mediocrity: and all the stories are worth a second reading. I do not see why they are called symphonies; there is nothing symphonic about them; but perhaps after "Keynotes" and "Discords" it was inevitable.

* * * * *

The Winds of March. By George Knight.
(Jarrold & Sons.)

Mr. George Knight has turned to the familiar contest between flesh and spirit in a young priest. The theme is so old that I cannot but admire the author's temerity in venturing upon it; but, in the main, he has succeeded in treating it with freshness and some distinction. It is a pity, I think, that he should have made Bab an illegitimate child—a pity, because so unnecessary—and one wonders still more why Magnus's mother should have been made so unholy a woman. However, having made his choice, the author has handled his material deftly enough.

Bab gave the Rev. Anthony Magnus tea in her workroom at the top of the house, and that infatuated gentleman was induced to hide in a cupboard because Bab's aunt (and the curate's landlady) was heard coming upstairs. When he was released—

"Magnus stepped out into the late sunlight, and stood brushing the dust off his coat.

"'There's no one else in,' Bab told him. 'Susie the maid's on her day off. You can go down and begin to study; and, remember, you've not been out since I let you in.'"

"He started to go without speaking to her.

"'You'll have to take your boots off,' commanded Bab, with secret amusement.

"'Why?'

"'Auntie's an awfully light sleeper,' she answered. 'Take them in your hand.'

"Magnus stooped and drew off his shoes.

"'Good-bye,' said Bab; 'I hope you enjoyed your tea.' He turned on her a face of such shame and sorrow that her conscience smote her. Then, like Pharaoh of old, she hardened her heart.

"'Good-bye,' she bade him again.

"He opened the door and went noiselessly out.

"When he had been gone a moment, she ran to the balusters and looked over. He was picking his way down the last flight with steady caution.

"Bab clapped her hands noiselessly, but there were tears in her eyes. She brushed them away.

"'Oh, ho!

You must know,

The tears were running down,'

she adapted, humming the air to herself.

"The curate of St. Mark's walked vaguely into his study and restored his shoes to their proper position. Then he crossed to his desk, sat down, and in the same vague fashion commenced to write.

"Suddenly he scanned what he had written—mere aimless scratchings of the pen.

"He dropped his face into his hands and began to weep with great convulsive sobs."

In the chapter which follows this, I regret to say that Magnus entirely ceases to be a gentleman and becomes a cad. It is impossible to believe that Mr. Knight convinced himself that his hero could have talked to any girl in such execrable taste. For the rest, the book is interesting and clever, with touches of true pathos and a sense of atmosphere and life.

* * * *

Dracula. By Bram Stoker.
(Constable & Co.)

Anyone, I think, who has watched with any attention the tendencies of recent fiction will have noted an increasing taste for what I may call "horrors." One sees the same thing, of course, in journalism. Crimes, floods, fires, "horrid details" of all kinds sell more editions of an evening paper than far more important and edifying matters. Many of the magazines, too, seem to rely on attracting readers by stories that are gruesome or revolting rather than by more cheerful reading. That the tendency is a particularly good one I cannot venture to assert, but it exists and must be taken into account. Mr. Bram Stoker's new book, *Dracula*, is an example of this school of work. The story is one long nightmare, full of mad-house imaginings, vampires, and everything that is likely to keep nervous people from sleep at night. It is a curious compound of realism and sensationalism; but though it does not belong to a school that I admire, it is written at times with considerable power. The descriptions of Count Dracula's Transylvanian castle, and, indeed, the whole picture of Jonathan Harker's experiences in the Carpathians, are done with a vivid impressionist touch which strikes home at once to the imagination, while the supernatural element of horror is so skilfully worked in the earlier chapters as to be, for the moment, quite convincing. Here is an effective passage:

"At last there came a time when the driver went further afield than he had yet gone, and during his absence the horses began to tremble worse than ever, and to snort and scream with fright. I could not see any cause for it, for the howling of the wolves had ceased altogether; but just then the moon, sailing through the black clouds, appeared behind the jagged crest of a beetling, pine-clad rock, and by its light I saw around us a ring of wolves, with white teeth and lolling red tongues, with long sinewy limbs and shaggy hair. They were a hundred times more terrible in the grim silence which held them than even when they howled. For myself I felt a sort of paralysis of fear. It is only when a man feels himself face to face with such horrors that he can understand their true import."

The middle part of the book, where the scene is mainly in England, strikes me as less good. Vampires need a Transylvanian background to be convincing. The witches in "Macbeth" would not be effective in Oxford-street. (And Mr. Stoker's method of telling his story by extracts from different people's diaries, letters, and the like unduly prolongs the book and makes the incidents less easy to follow.) He is best in his most nightmarish moods.

"I knew that there were at least three graves to find—graves that are inhabit; so I search, and search, and I find one of them. She lay in her vampire sleep, so full of life and voluptuous beauty that I shudder as though I have come to do murder. Ah, I doubt not that in old time, when such things were, many a man who set forth to do such a task as mine found at the last his heart fail him, and then his nerve! So he delay, and delay, and delay, till the mere beauty and the fascination of the wanton Un-dead have hypnotise him; and he remain on and on till sunset come, and the vampire sleep be over. Then the beautiful eyes of the fair woman open and look love, and the voluptuous mouth present to a kiss—and man is weak."

The speaker is Dr. Van Helsing, which accounts for the curious English. I have written enough, I think, to show my readers what to expect from *Dracula*. If they want their flesh to be made to "creep" Mr. Stoker will be able to manage it for them.

* * * *

In Vallombrosa. By Adeline Sargent.
(F. V. White & Co.)

It is one of the drawbacks attached to the vocation of the novelist that he must, even on holiday, bear the professional eye about with him. To him travel means local colour, castles are viewed from the point of view of their adaptability to love-scenes, and when the lark sings he makes a note of it for future reference. So, Miss Adeline Sargent has been to Vallombrosa, and the world knows of it through this book. She will not, I fancy, claim for her holiday task a more honourable title than "pot-boiler." We are introduced to a Mrs. Marchmont, who, through negligence rather than by intention, has been generally supposed a widow. She has, in reality, a not too attentive husband in England, who, being stricken with a fatal malady, comes presently out to Vallombrosa to ask her forgiveness. He lives long enough to make an edifying repentance, and dies in the hope that his wife will marry the better man whom the novelist has provided for her.

"When it was quite dark Anthony spoke in a hushed voice:

"'Cecily, when I am gone—'

"'Don't—don't speak of it, Anthony.'

"'I must, my sweet. I want you to remember what I say. Will you promise me to remember?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well. . . remember, I should like to think of you as happy. I don't know whether I shall know what you are doing; but if I know, I'm sure it will be a pleasure to me that you should have a happy life. So don't turn away from any chance of happiness with the feeling that you would be wronging me, or doing what I should not like.'

"She could not speak.

"'This man—that loved you,' he began.

"'Anthony, I have put him out of my life for ever.'

"'Not for ever, I think, dear. If he is worthy of you, I hope he will come back again, and make you his wife. Yes, I hope it. It will be better for you to marry, dearest, and find some compensation for all I have made you endure. I should be a churl, indeed, if I grudged you any happiness in the future.' But his voice trembled a little. After all, it was hard—it was hard! And Cecily clung to him closely still.

"'You do not think I could forget these days together,' she said. 'You have been to me so much more than ever before—'

"'No, don't forget them,' he said tenderly. 'Don't forget me, either. I should like you to think of me—to pray for me even, if you think prayers are of any use to the dead; to remember me with your sweet forgiveness and charity all the days of your life.'

"'I shall never forget,' she murmured."

The very thin thread of the story is twined rather deftly round a saintly legend of the locality; and, as might be expected, the descriptive element bulks largely. It would, perhaps, be better if good novelists like Miss Sargent would give us only masterpieces; but I suppose novelists must go on writing, and few of them can afford to tear up at the end the story which has not fulfilled the promise of its conception.

* * * *

In the Tideway By Flora Annie Steel.
(Constable & Co.)

In this book Mrs. Steel leaves the Land of the Five Rivers for that other portion of her kingdom, the cold, moorish, seaboard of north-west Scotland. Roedaray is a shooting-box on a wind-swept island, with the sound of Atlantic breakers always in the air, and in front of it, "right out in the sunset like Avilion," *Eilean-a-varai*—

Isle of the Dead. Thither come an English shooting party, and there, in that land of ancient memory and wild tales, Fate comes out of the sea for some of the number, and the tragedy of life is played out on the salt sands against the background of the moors.

The tale is quaintly fantastic, for an old folk-legend is woven in with the fact. Indeed, the book is very unlike Mrs. Steel's other work, with its sober air of reality and elaborate plan. It is far different even from her previous Scotch story, "Red Rowans," for there she had a large canvas and many figures. There is nothing in this book so humorously conceived as "Blazes," so subtly and adequately drawn as "Lady George," or even so pathetic as "Marjory Carmichael." It is a mere sketch—a study in melancholy sentiment and lost hopes, with hints of a great life-tragedy underlying the half-jesting conversation of the actors. When Lady Maud dies in the quicksand you feel that it is a mere freak of fate, but such is the author's skilful use of the old stories and the mystery of the land that the thing does not surprise or offend. Had the scene and atmosphere been different I should have asked to hear more about her cousin Eustace and her husband, to have a fuller account of her progress in emotions. As it is the book is a sheer triumph of skill, one degree, perhaps, less valuable than a fully conceived presentation of the actual, but none the less admirable, within its limits. There is care shown in every character. Miss Willina is delightful; Captain Weeks, Cynthia Strong, and the artist Lockhart are vividly done for all their slightness. But the real art, perhaps, lies less in the sequence of events or the portrayal of character than in just this subtle suggestion everywhere of the abiding causeless mystery of land and sea.

* * * *

Little Stories about Women. By George Fleming.
(Grant Richards.)

It is from a dingy palette that these impressions are spread; they are keyed down to the patience of the most morose pessimism; but they are truth (that side of it), and life (at its most lamentable). In the career of human beings there arrives a moment when the soul comes to the surface; and the careful watcher may discern in the meagre spectre the never realised notion after which its Creator fashioned it. George Fleming is this careful watcher. She knows how to capture the moment, she is cunning to unveil it. Her method reminds one more than a little of M. Marcel Prévost. I select "A Contemporary." It is the reverie of a woman upon what had *not* passed six years before, upon the day when, by way of a final indulgence of an unlawful passion, she had given her lover a farewell rendezvous: That meeting never took place.

"... They had been prevented by the commonest, the most obvious of accidents. It had simply rained all day long. . . . She had so vehemently persuaded herself that the very completeness of the sacrifice—the manner in which she sent him away for ever—could propitiate fate, cheat justice, turn this last poor self-indulgence into a mere question of compensation for the pain they suffered. And then it had rained all day."

We look into the woman's mind while the fictitious details of that sterile day stream through it, just as, by a more familiar device for securing the perspective of which Mr. Harland writes as so effective an element in the successful treatment of the short story, we have been shown the intimate leaves of the *carnet* or of familiar correspondence. She arrives at the station for Stonehenge (so runs the story which she tells herself for the hundredth time) and finds him awaiting her. In the lumbering hired carriage he was by her side.

"His love was there. . . . And in an instant a feeling of absolute satisfaction, the rest, the contentment of a natural completion, filled all her heart and being; stilled it; filled it; rising, rising like water in a lock."

(That trick, by the way, of doubling a word, either to give a sustained effect or for intensity, is throughout the volume over-indulged.) They send the carriage away and lunch.

"And then . . . she told him the whole story, rapidly, impetuously, without stopping to pick words; as if some secret barrier between their minds were for the first time broken. 'I was twenty-two, nearly twenty-three. And there were so many of us at home. I was so pleased not to wait; to be the first of all to marry. . . . I liked all the things he gave me. Roger, now—*now*—at the present moment—I like having those things still.'"

But this was not all that held her. When she was most nearly softened recurred the knowledge that

"... sometime, somewhere, there would come a certain day, a certain hour, when he ceased [*sic*] to care for her as he cared now . . . And nothing could prevent it—nothing. . . . It was not even his fault . . ."

As they neared the terminus he made a last appeal, and as he knelt

"... she laid her other hand upon his bowed head. What was there left to say? She loved this man with all the force of which she was capable. . . . But she had grown up in a society which discourages sentiment and holds many material satisfactions for those who are successful after its own fashion."

Her husband fusses in upon the finish of the vision. The impression is of a little nature fenced into the strait path of social sanction by no principle of religion or of ethics, but by its essential defects of courage and confidence, subject, therefore, to every temptation, empty of all satisfaction—a strong and clear impression caught at the moment when the woman knew herself. Of the eleven other stories—and none of them falls below a high standard—"A Woman with No Nonsense About Her" and "For Ten Francs" are remarkable. Of all I may observe that they are not work to be recommended either to the man in the street or the man in the train.

* * * *

Audrey Craven. By May Sinclair.
(Blackwood.)

Fiction appears to be looking up. During the last three or four weeks I have come upon at least as many novels of real merit, all of them deserving to be classed as serious attempts at literature and not mere imitations of other men's vogue. Not the least notable of these is "Audrey Craven." If this is Miss Sinclair's first book, as I suppose it is, she has my warmest congratulations on a most admirable opening to her career. The writing is excellent and without affectation, and every character in the book lives. In *Audrey*, especially, Miss Sinclair has given us a fine character-study in the deliberate analytic style of Mrs. Humphry Ward, although *Audrey* is perhaps conceived with more of deliberate hostility than Mrs. Ward generally permits herself towards her puppets. Beautiful, vain and shallow, impressionable, and with only a rudimentary conscience, she goes far to ruin two men's lives before she falls into the hands of Langley Wyndham, and becomes the copy for his next novel. Here is a specimen of Miss Sinclair's handling of *Audrey*, full, it seems to me, of fine irony, and written with unstrained ease and distinction. One of *Audrey's* discarded lovers has died of drink. Katherine is the woman who really loved him:

"Katherine could bear it no longer, but she managed to control her voice in answering: 'Why do you tell me these things? Do you suppose I care to hear about your "feelings"?—if you do feel.'"

"If I do feel? Kathy!"

"Well, why can't you keep quiet, now it's too late?"

"Because—because I wanted you to know that I loved him."

"There was silence. Presently *Audrey* put one hand on Katherine's knee.

"Kathy—"

"I'd rather you didn't call me that, if you don't mind."

"Why?" *Audrey* stared with large, incomprehensive eyes.

"I can't tell you why."

"Katherine, then—it is prettier. Do you know I sometimes think it's better, oh, infinitely better, that he should have died."

Katherine rose from her seat, to end it, looking down on the kneeling figure, as she answered bitterly, "It was indeed—infinitely better."

"But irony, like so many other things of the kind, was beyond *Audrey*."

"I suppose I ought to go now," she said rising.

Katherine made no answer.

"*Audrey* went away to get ready a little reluctantly, for she had so much more to say. It had never occurred to her to be jealous of Katherine. That may have been either because she did not know, or because she did not care. She had been so sure of Vincent."

Presently she came back with her hat on. She carried her bear-skin in her hand, and under the shade of the broad black beaver her face wore an expression of anxious thought.

"Katherine"—she held out her cape and muff, and Katherine remembered that they were those which Vincent had given her—"I suppose I can wear my furs still, even if I am in mourning?"

"There was neither scorn nor irony in the look that Katherine turned on her, and *Audrey* understood this time. As plainly as looks can speak

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it condemned her as altogether lighter than vanity itself; and while condemning, it forgave her.

"He gave them to me, you know," she said at last. Audrey's pathos generally came too late."

A good foil to Audrey is provided in Katherine Haviland, true artist and true woman, who is most delicately and sympathetically done.

* * * *

The Old Ecstasies. By Gaspard Trehern.
(Bellairs & Co.)

This is a book in the *Ercles* vein. The author has a curious style. His familiarity with the reader is so great as to become offensive. He has no hesitation in addressing him, in the course of a purely imaginary controversy, as "Bah, man!" and he ends one chapter with the urgent query, also addressed to the world at large, "Why don't you spit on me?" It is, perhaps, unfair as a rule to cite particular phrases as samples of a book, but in the present case it is the shortest method of giving an idea of a book which is all gasps and ecstasies. Mr. Trehern, for example, is fond of the word "confab"; he even uses "confabbed" as a verb. "My dear little jumble girl" is his way of referring to the heroine. Another of his ladies is given to self-criticism. "You will find in me," she says, "a want of bay and promontory, hill and dale, we all like so to see in a woman." Somewhat in the *Marie Corellian* line is this outburst: "Consistent? Detested cant word of the critics. The critics? Rule of thumb jugglers with dead inkpots and pens. Who are they to talk to me about being Consistent? They were not there. I was! My God—I was there!" In his more restrained moments the author enunciates, through the mouth of one of his characters, the striking doctrine that "sin develops the heart and makes ye believe in God." The story of the book hardly counts; though towards the end a situation is developed which, in the hands of a more discreet author, might be powerful.

A GUIDE TO DICKENS.

The Novels of Charles Dickens. By Frederic G. Kitton.
(Elliot Stock.)

Mr. Kitton has produced a pleasant compilation of the facts concerning the writing, publication, and characters of Charles Dickens's novels. He adds to them new minor facts that have arisen, and of these there is a constant supply. The number of men and women who have personal recollections of Dickens, or were known to him, is still large. Mute things still wear the charm with which he invested them. People die whom he sketched, and buildings fall that he peopled. Being dead he yet speaketh, not only in his books, but in the streets of London and in the speech of daily life. Mr. Kitton is keen to note these adumbrations of Dickens's power. He reminds us of the revival of the eternal Jennings's case last October, in the Court of Chancery, when that prototype of "*Jarndyce v. Jarndyce*" was before Mr. Kekewich. He notes that in December of last year Mr. Cluer adopted, at the South Western Police Court, the ruling of Mr. Justice Stareleigh in "*Bardle v. Pickwick*," that "what the soldier, or any other man, said is not evidence." He quotes from a recent discussion in the *Daily Chronicle* on boys' literature the letter of an "Ex-Arab," who read the *Bleak House* chapter about Jo when he was living Jo's pitiful life. He reminds us that the original of Nicholas in *Nicholas Nickleby*, Mr. Henry Burnett, died only four years ago. He describes the present state of Tom All-Along's, near Drury-lane. Thus his book is salted with facts that are within the younger reader's knowledge, while those which are not so are clearly stated.

The identification of Dickens's characters with their prototypes in real life has received much attention from Mr. Kitton. There was never any difficulty in making these identifications, except such as arose from the eagerness of people to claim they had been in Dickens's eye. Many Yorkshire schoolmasters were anxious to be regarded as the true Squeers! Mrs. Nickleby was based on the author's mother. Miss La Creevy, the miniature painter, was Miss Rose Emma Drummond, who painted Dickens's portrait on ivory in 1835. The wretched Newman Noggs was portrayed after "an impoverished gentleman, Newman Knott, whom Dickens saw at the office of Messrs. Ellis & Blackmore, during his own

clerkship days." The Cheeryble Brothers were the brothers Daniel and William Grant, of Ramsbottom, near Manchester; Dickens knew them only through others, but he did not exaggerate their benevolence. William Grant's papers showed, after his death, that he had given away £600,000 in charity. The original of Barnaby Rudge is thought to have died recently. "He was a peculiarly eccentric young man named Walter de Brisac, who lived at Chatham—a pedlar by profession." When Dickens's attention was first drawn to him he was wearing a suit of clothes suggestive of a remote period of antiquity, and was clad in the same garments when he died, suffering from wretchedness and destitution. In the same novel we have Lord Chesterfield described under the name of Sir John Chester. Mr. Pecksniff was thought to be Mr. S. C. Hall, editor of the *Art Journal*. Poor little Paul Dombey was the novelist's nephew, Harry Burnett, and of other characters in *Dombey and Son* Mr. Kitton writes:

"There can be no doubt that the novelist in portraying Mr. Dombey had in view a particular City magnate, as he expressly wished Hablôt Browne to get a glimpse of a certain merchant, because he was 'the very Dombey'—that is, externally. Carker was connected, through his father, with an eminent engineering firm, and lived in Oxford-street, where he prowled about. The original of Mrs. Skewton was recognised at the time in a Mrs. Campbell, a lady well known at Leamington; she was so tightly laced that the slightest exertion caused her to pant for breath. It is also said that her daughter stood for the second Mrs. Dombey. Captain Cuttle was one David Mainland, master of a merchantman, who was introduced to Dickens on the day when, accompanied by Thomas Chapman, Maclise, Leech, Rogers and others, he went to see Crosby Hall, Bishopsgate-street, the restoration of which had then been completed. . . . The old nautical instrument maker Sol Gills found his prototype in Mr. Norie, of the firm of Norie & Wilson, Leadenhall-street, in front of whose small shop stood the Little Wooden Midshipman, since removed to the Minorities."

Similar pedigrees are supplied by Mr. Kitton to many other characters in the novels. The prices of early editions, of which Mr. Kitton gives particulars, form a set of facts of less general interest. But every page of this unambitious sketch of the novelist deepens one's impression of the prodigious activity of Dickens's head and heart. It is well, too, to be reminded how marvellously he was helped, and how men's sympathies became tributary to the deep stream of his own sympathy with humanity. The thanks that were given him, the letters that were written to him, the coincidences in his career, all go to swell and authenticate his triumph. Such things are the accompaniment of every strenuous life; in Dickens's life they were daily as the sunshine.

THE GREATEST MAN.

On a second-rate planet there lived some men who Did Things. They cut down great forests and tilled the soil, so that they and their fellows might have food. They dug coal and iron from the earth, and with forges and furnaces wrought wondrous machines. They built broad smooth highways, spanned rivers with strong bridges, and tunnelled through high mountains. They led vast armies in battle, sailed huge structures of wood and iron across mighty seas, built million-peopled cities, and published Sunday newspapers with coloured supplements. Thus in many ways did they show that they were no mean persons.

And there were also some men who Wrote Things. They in well-phrased sentences described how the men who Did Things worked. They told of the craft of the woodsman and of the sailor's perils; of the brave men who fought in battle and how the peaceful farmer gathered his harvests. Everything that men did found someone who wrote about it.

Because the people on the second-rate planet were very wise they agreed that the men who wrote about things were far wiser and greater than the men who only did things. Therefore the choicest pleasures of life were given to the writers-about-things.

So in the course of time there grew up men who wrote only about the writings of the men who wrote about things. And these men were also held in high honour. When finally there was discovered a man who wrote only about the men who wrote about the writers-about-things, a happy planet declared him to be its chief Critic and Greatest Man.—(W. Graham in "*The Philistine*.")

MR. G. W. CABLE.

The surroundings of Mr. George Washington Cable, says *The Bookman* (New York), best known as the novelist of the Creoles, are very different to-day from those of his early years, for he is a Southerner and spent the best part of his life in New Orleans, where he was for a long time engaged in business. The innumerable opportunities which the city of New Orleans and the State of Louisiana afford to the novelist were not missed by Mr. Cable, whose delicate art has enshrined the old Creole life in stories of which the North as well as the South may be justly proud. Dr. Robertson Nicoll, who, in company with Mr. Barrie, visited Mr. Cable in his home in the New England town of Northampton, wrote:

"We visited New Orleans and saw the French quarter, which, amid the many changes in other parts of the city, remains practically unaltered. There you may see the house of Mme. Delphine, the haunted house, and the scenes of much besides in Mr. Cable's stories. There you may see the French life flowing beside the American, and hardly mingling with it yet. Mr. Cable naturally took the side of the South, and when a mere boy was a Confederate soldier, like his brother. They saw much of the war, and Mr. Cable was severely wounded. Among his most precious treasures is a collection of letters written by himself and his brother during the war. They are sure to be published some day and to take a prominent place in the literature of the subject."

As is well known, Mr. Cable was early tempted to portray the Creole character, but did not succeed in pleasing the Creoles. Dr. Nicoll had a talk at New Orleans with a lady of long Creole descent, who complained somewhat bitterly of this.

"I replied that to us it seemed that the Creoles Mr. Cable drew were perfectly delightful people, and that if he had underrated their merits they must be the very chosen of the world. She was somewhat propitiated by this, but remained still unsatisfied. A journalist told me that there was something effeminate about the Creole character which Mr. Cable had faithfully rendered, and that the Creoles did not like to have it pointed out. I should have said feminine rather than effeminate, but in any case there should be little reason for complaint. For delicate insight and unerring workmanship there are very few short stories in the English language that approach them. *The Grandissimes* is also a very gay, brilliant and tender book. *Dr. Sevier* is more of a novel with a purpose, but it, too, abounds in fine things, and there is a vein of sweet and serious thought through it all."

Mr. Cable is more than a novelist. He has been from the first an earnest philanthropist, deeply interested in the welfare of his kind. Among his recent undertakings has been the encouragement of home-culture clubs, and it was in behalf of this organisation that the unfortunate *Symposium*, which had a short-lived career, was started. These clubs have done a great deal in America, especially in the country districts, not only for culture, but for the bridging of the gulf between the rich and the poor. It has been already stated that Mr. Cable will visit England in the autumn and give readings from his works, as he has done for a long time in America. He interprets his own writings with consummate ability, and surely no American author is more entitled to, or more assured of, a cordial reception. Mr. Cable has lately assumed the editorship of *Current Literature*, in which he also conducts an editorial symposium.

With the exception of a book of short stories which he is now putting together, Mr. Cable has no immediate literary plans for the future. We understand that the Messrs. Scribner are preparing a holiday illustrated edition of *Old Creole Days* for next Christmas. An English edition of *The Grandissimes*, with an introduction by Mr. J. M. Barrie, is also being projected. Mr. Cable and Mr. Barrie met for the first time last autumn, although the latter had been an ardent admirer of Mr. Cable's work ever since he made the acquaintance of *Old Creole Days*, some five or six years ago.

NEW FICTION OF THE WEEK.

LITTLE STORIES ABOUT WOMEN. By GEORGE FLEMING. (Grant Richards.)

DREAM TALES. By IVAN TURGENEV. (Heinemann.)

A TALE OF TWO TUNNELS. A Romance of the Western Waters. By CLARK RUSSELL. (Chapman & Hall.)

A TRICK OF FAME. By H. HAMILTON FYFE. (R. Bentley & Son.)

FATHER HILARION. By K. DOUGLAS KING. (Hutchinson & Co.)

THE LARRAMAYS. By GEORGE FORD. (Hutchinson & Co.)

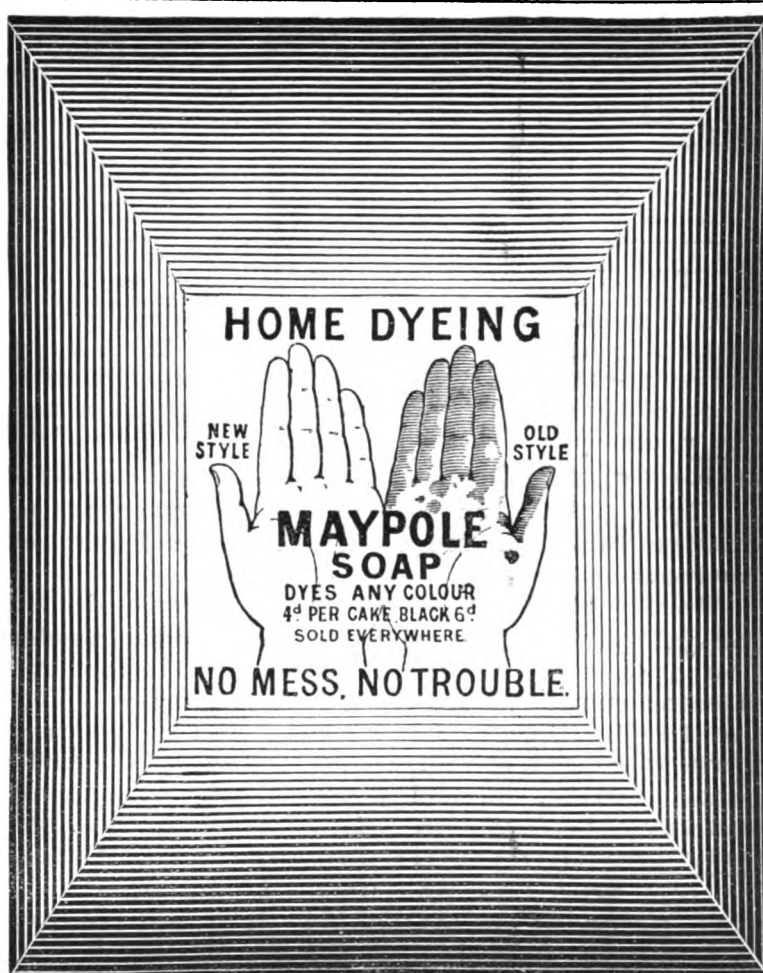
A PEAKLAND FAGGOT. Tales Told of Milton Folk. By R. MURRAY GILCURIST. (Grant Richards.)

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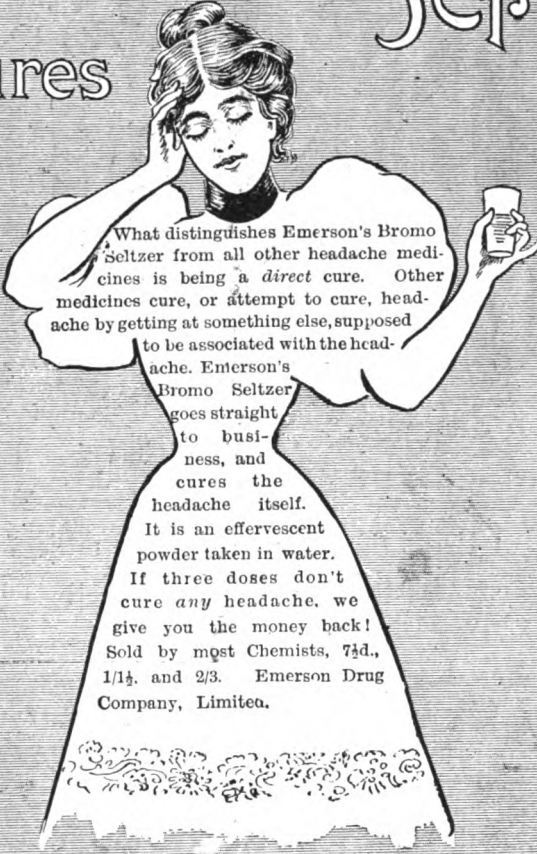
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THE ACADEMY is published every Friday morning. Advertisements should reach the office not later than 4 p.m. on Thursday.

The EDITOR will make every effort to return rejected contributions, provided a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

Occasional contributors are recommended to have their MS. type-written.

All business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., should be addressed to the PUBLISHER.

Offices: 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.

THE WEEK.

CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

[This article is a chronicle of books published during the week. Reviews will follow in due course.]

IT might have been thought that Dr. Birkbeck Hill's *Johnsonian Miscellanies*, which were published a few days ago, would be the completion of his life's work. But this is not so. Dr. Hill set aside another project—the editing of a new edition of the *Lives of the Poets*—to compile these interesting volumes. We may yet have the *Poets*, but here are the *Miscellanies*. They are the logical complement of the eight volumes in which Dr. Hill has edited Boswell's *Life*, and Johnson's *Letters*; an edition of the *Lives of the Poets* would have been only supplemental. One feels, therefore, with Dr. Hill himself, that the advice he received from Mr. Leslie Stephen to edit the *Miscellanies* first was sound. Dr. Hill is now far advanced in life, and, unfortunately, his health does not permit him to reside much in this country. These *Johnsonian Miscellanies*, he tells us,

"would have been ready for publication three years earlier had I not been delayed by illness, and by the necessity I have been under of passing all my winters abroad. On the banks of the Lake of Geneva, or on the shores of the Mediterranean, an editor, however much he may be supported by the climate, has to struggle against difficulties which might almost overwhelm him. Many a day he 'casts a long look' towards the Bodleian and the British Museum."

A glance through these volumes assures us of their interest and value to every Johnsonian student. The first volume opens with that strange, sad document, Dr. Johnson's *Prayers and Meditations*. Boswell, it will be remembered, often quotes it, but

in its entirety it is little known. Yet in it Johnson opens his heart to himself and his Maker. Then follows the chapter of autobiography which Johnson would have committed to the flames with a mass of other papers a few days before his death. The fragment here given was kept back by Johnson's black servant, Francis Barber. Mrs. Piozzi's "Anecdotes" of Johnson is the next item. It has elicited many various opinions, most of which condemn its presentation of Johnson as inaccurate. The book appeared in 1786, and was sold out within three days. Arthur Murphy's biographical essay prefixed to his edition of Johnson's works (1792) concludes the first of these volumes. The second is more a collection of snippets. We have a number of "Apothegms," taken from John Hawkins's edition of Boswell, and a great many sets of anecdotes from the memoirs of Johnson's more or less illustrious contemporaries; also a number of Letters, mostly, Dr. Hill thinks, printed for the first time. Among the more amusing contents of the volume are the two Dialogues in which Sir Joshua Reynolds parodied Dr. Johnson's conversation and illustrated his own remark that "Dr. Johnson considered Garrick as his property, and would never suffer anyone to praise or abuse him but himself."

Mr. W. E. Henley's "Tudor Translations" series has been enriched by a new edition of Thomas Danett's translation of the famous *Chronicle* of Philippe de Comines. Danett published his version in 1596, and his present editor, Mr. Charles Whibley, has high praise for his work. He writes:

"When Comines wrote his *Chronicle*, he hoped no more for it than that the Archbishop of Vienne should turn it into Latin; and within a century it was part of four literatures! Moreover, so great is the superiority of a living over a dead language that, while the Latin version of Jean Sleidan is forgotten, the English of Thomas Danett is a masterpiece untouched by age. It possesses all the virtues of majestic speech: written at the time when all men handled English prose with freedom and strength unparalleled, it is distinguished by the rich cadences and the wealth of imagery which are the glory of our Authorised Version. To criticise it were superfluous, since it carries its virtues upon the surface. It satisfies the wisest canons of translation. It is neither slavish nor diffuse; the English is no mere echo of the French; but the sentences are admirably turned from one idiom into the other. . . . You may read his history from end to end with a pleasure which comes rather from the music of the phrase than from the simple statement. And he is a true Elizabethan in his preference for a fat, sonorous prose before the stern and careful elegance of Philippe de Comines."

The two volumes of the present edition have the lightness and the nobility of type common to the "Tudor Translations."

The arrival of four large volumes in a blue canvas binding cannot but excite curiosity. They turn out to be the *Memoirs of Bertrand Barère*, now first presented in English. Mr. Payen Pain has translated them from the French edition of 1843, for which M. Hippolyte Carnot, the son of Barère's well-known colleague on the Committee of Public Safety, and the father of the late President Carnot, was responsible. The *Memoirs* of a man so intimately concerned

in the French Revolution may not prove superfluous even at this day. Barère, moreover, is interesting as a hater of England. It must be confessed that Macaulay gave Englishmen their revenge—had they desired it—in a summary of Barère's character which he wrote in the *Edinburgh Review*. Here it is:

"Our opinion, then, is this: that Barère approached nearer than any person mentioned in history or fiction, whether man or devil, to the idea of consummate and universal depravity. In almost every particular sort of wickedness he has had rivals. His sensuality was immoderate; but that was a failing common to him with many great and amiable men. There have been many men as cowardly as he, some as cruel, a few as mean, a few as impudent. There may also have been as great liars, though we have never met with them or read of them. But when we put everything together—sensuality, poltroonery, baseness, effrontery, mendacity, barbarity—the result is something which, in a novel, we should condemn as caricature, and to which, we venture to say, no parallel can be found in history."

M. Carnot portrays Barère more favourably, and we may hope that he therein portrays him nearer to the life.

Another book of the week that surprises at first sight is *The Naturalist in Australia*, a large and sumptuous square quarto, profusely illustrated by photographs and coloured drawings. The binding is embellished with four comic lizards. We thought they were meant to be comic until we found the drawings repeated in the book, with the information that they are from instantaneous photographs. The Australian frilled lizard walks erect, and with airs and graces and occasional dance attitudes that must be intensely ludicrous in life. One lizard is apparently performing an eccentric dance that would be the making of an Alhambra ballet. The walk of another proclaims him a born fop, and a third is running with the air of a policeman who is making speed with dignity. We see that the author, Mr. W. Savile Kent, devotes chapters to "Insect Oddities" and "Vegetable Vagaries." Many of the photographs would give ideas to Caran d'Ache or Oberländer, those past masters of comic zoology. The work, as a whole, is, of course, a serious contribution to science.

A Jubilee book that should find favour is *Women Novelists of Queen Victoria's Reign*. It is a series of appreciations of deceased women novelists whose work fell entirely within the present reign. The contributing writers are all women. Mrs. Oliphant writes on The Sisters Brontë, Mrs. Lynn Linton on George Eliot, Miss Edna Lyall on Mrs. Gaskell, and Miss Adeline Sergeant and Miss Charlotte M. Yonge each have three short appreciations of women novelists. The book is in quarto size, and handsomely published.

The members of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society listened last autumn to five lectures, having for their object "the extension of the conception of Art, and, more especially, the application of the idea of beauty as well as of utility to the organisation and decoration of our greater cities." These lectures are now issued in a neat volume by Messrs. Rivington, Percival & Co.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

[In the following list prices are given where they have been supplied by Publishers.]

BIBLICAL AND THEOLOGICAL.

- THE MODERN READER'S BIBLE: EZEKIEL. Edited by Rev. R. G. Moulton, M.A. Macmillan & Co. 2s. 6d.
 ST. JOSEPH'S ANTHOLOGY. Edited by Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J. M. H. Gill & Son (Dublin).
 LIFE OF ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS. Compiled and translated by David Lewis, M.A. Thomas Baker.
 SAINT COLUMBA: A RECORD AND A TRIBUTE. By Duncan Macgregor. J. G. Hitt (Edinburgh).
 ANCIENT ENGLISH HOLY WEEK CHERNOMIAL. By Henry John Feasey. Thomas Baker. 7s.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- MEMOIRS OF BERTRAND BARÈRE. Now first translated by De V. Payen-Payde. 4 vols. H. S. Nichols.
 JOHNSONIAN MISCELLANIES. Arranged and edited by George Birkbeck Hill, D.C.L., LL.D. 2 vols. Clarendon Press. 28s.
 HISTORICAL MEMORIALS OF ELY CATHEDRAL: TWO LECTURES. By Charles William Stubbs, D.D. J. M. Dent & Co.
 MY FATHER AS I RECALL HIM. By Mamie Dickens. The Roxburghe Press. 3s. 6d.

ART, POETRY, BELLES LETTRES, ETC.

- ART AND LIFE, AND THE BUILDING AND DECORATION OF CITIES: A COURSE OF LECTURES. By T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, Walter Crane, and others. Rivington, Percival & Co. 6s.
 WOMEN NOVELISTS OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S REIGN. By Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Lynn Linton, and others. Hurst & Blackett.
 ENGLISH MINSTRELSIE. Vol. VII. Edited by S. Baring-Gould, M.A. T. C. and E. C. Jack (Edinburgh).
 BACKWARD LOOKING: VERSES OCCASIONAL AND MISCELLANEOUS. Anon. Wm. Pollard (Exeter).
 QUEEN-EMPEROR AND EMPIRE: 1837-1897. A Poem. By George Francis Savage-Armstrong. Marcus Ward & Co. 5s.

TRAVEL, TOPOGRAPHY, ETC.

- DIARY OF A TOUR THROUGH GREAT BRITAIN IN 1795. By Rev. William MacRitchie. Edited by David MacRitchie. Elliot Stock. 6s.
 THE NEW AFRICA: A JOURNEY UP THE CHIBE AND DOWN THE OKOVANGA RIVERS. By Aurel Schulz, M.D., and August Hammar, C.E. William Heinemann.
 GRANT ALLEN'S HISTORICAL GUIDES: CITIES OF BELGIUM. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.

NATURAL HISTORY.

- THE NATURALIST IN AUSTRALIA. By W. Saville-Kent, F.L.S., F.Z.S. Chapman & Hall.
 THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS: AN ATTEMPT TO REDUCE AVIAN SEASON-FLIGHT TO LAW. By Charles Dixon. Horace Cox.
 THE WOODLAND LIFE. By Edward Thomas. Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 6s.
 IN GARDEN, ORCHARD, AND SPINNEY. By Phil Robinson. Isbister & Co.

EDUCATIONAL.

- CICERO: CATO MAIOR DE SENECTUTE. With Notes by Charles E. Bennett. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn (New York). 60 cents.
 ST. JOHN IN THE DESERT: AN INTRODUCTION TO BROWNING'S "A DEATH IN THE DESERT." By Rev. G. U. Pope, D.D. Oxford University Press. 2s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- THE KLEESDORF GOLD FIELDS. By G. A. Denny. Macmillan & Co. £2 2s.
 WASTE AND REPAIR IN MODERN LIFE. By Robson Roose. John Murray. 7s. 6d.
 ELY CATHEDRAL. By Rev. W. E. Dickson, M.A. ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL. By Rev. W. C. E. Newbolt, M.A. Isbister & Co., Ltd.
 THE EASTERN CRISIS OF 1897, AND BRITISH POLICY IN THE NEAR EAST. By G. H. Pettis. Chapman & Hall. 3s. 6d.
 IMPRESSIONS OF TURKEY. By Prof. W. M. Ramsay. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.
 CABOT'S DISCOVERY OF NORTH AMERICA. By G. E. Wear. John Macquenn.
 THE VICTORIAN ERA. By P. Anderson Graham. Longmans, Green & Co. 2s. 6d.
 BOB-MOVS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Edited by Walter Jarrold. J. M. Dent & Co.
 THE PLACE OF DEATH IN EVOLUTION. By Newman Smith. T. Fisher Unwin.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. W. E. HENLEY has at last completed the edition of Burns which he has been engaged on for so long in collaboration with Mr. Henderson. The third and last volume will contain Mr. Henley's essay on the genius of the poet.

It is stated that the name of Mr. George Smith, the senior partner in the firm of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., will be found in the list of Diamond Jubilee honours. This choice will be popular among literary men. By his public-spirited enterprise in undertaking, at his own cost, the *Dictionary of National Biography*, which is now so near completion, Mr. Smith has performed an action which merits notice from the English throne.

MR. J. M. BARRIE has finished the dramatic version of *The Little Minister*.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. are preparing an English edition of *The Choir Invisible*, the historical novel of Kentucky, by Mr. James Lane Allen, which all Americans are now reading. Mr. Allen has been writing for some years, but he has only lately found his public. His other books are *A Kentucky Cardinal*, *Aftermath*, *Summer in Arcady*, *The Blue Grass Region of Kentucky*, and *Flute and Violin*. One critic has said of *The Choir Invisible* that it is the most considerable American work of fiction since *The Scarlet Letter*; another has grouped it with *Esmond*. We shall see.

WITH the July number Messrs. Dent & Co. become the publishers of *Natural Science*. Among those who will contribute papers to this number are Dr. John Murray, Prof. Ray Lankester, Dr. Bashford Dean, Dr. P. L. Sclater, Mr. Lewis Abbott, Mr. R. Lydekker, and Mr. F. R. Weldon. All communications for the editor or for the publishers should in future be sent to the editorial and publishing offices, 67, St. James's-street, S.W.

MR. HENRY JAMES is now the London correspondent of *Harper's Weekly*.

THE *Chap-Book*, after commenting upon the war correspondence of Mr. Stephen Crane, which it describes as a failure, owing to the conquest of the eyesight of Mr. Crane the reporter over the imagination of Mr. Crane the artist, continues thus:

"The literary honours of the war belong easily to Mr. G. W. Steevens, of the London *Daily Mail*, who within the past year has won the reputation of being the best special correspondent to be found in England. His fortunate ignorance of tactics and strategy kept him from spoiling the easy, pointed vivacity of his personal impressions by any display of amateur technique. Only one man could have excelled him, but though Mr. Rudyard Kipling announced his readiness to serve, no paper was able to make any definite arrangements with him."

THE letter summing up his impressions of the war which Mr. G. W. Steevens contributed to the *Daily Mail* of June 10 is one of the best of a remarkable series. In this article Mr. Steevens reproduces the effect of war upon the civilian accustomed to the machinery of quiet life. Here is a passage:

"Saddest of all were the foals. The new dropped foals, whose mothers had been taken straight away to carry cartridges, went trotting up and down the line of march calling to them. You know the slightly querulous, expectant expression of a foal's hairy little face. The baby was getting very hungry and tired. He was quite confident of finding his mother—she was there only an hour ago; where could she have got to meanwhile, and why didn't she come to comfort him when he cried? They all starved. And I saw the poor little bit of a chestnut filly foal trying to struggle up a slope of the Furze Path with a fore-foot lopped off at the pastern. Some devil must have done it to prevent her from following her dam. She tumbled over and whinnied, jumped up, hobbled a foot or two, and tumbled over again and moaned. To the soldier was only a devil in that he should have shot her through the heart instead of cutting off her foot. For the chestnut filly had to die anyhow. She was part of the inevitable wastage of war."

A RECENT OCCURRENCE at Filey, in Yorkshire, has turned attention to the clockmaker mentioned by Byron in *Don Juan*—

"Even his minutest motions went as well
 As those of the best timepiece made by Harrison"

—who has been identified as John Harrison, of Hull, who in 1767 received a reward of £20,000 from the Board of Longitude for a valuable discovery. In cleaning the clock of Filey Church the other day, an inscription was found, stating that £10 and a silver medal had been awarded to John Harrison by the Society for the Promotion of Arts. Filey is not a little proud of possessing this record of Byron's Harrison.

MR. CHARLES MORLEY is revising for the press his series of articles, "Archie; or the Confessions of an Old Burglar." The stories are from life, and are founded on actual facts, though the treatment is imaginative. The hero of the sketches, "Dad," spent forty years in Her Majesty's convict prisons, was flogged eight times, fifty lashes each time; he suffered in all 400 lashes with the cat. The volume will be published from the offices of the *Westminster Gazette*.

ON the anniversary of the death of Charles Dickens this week, a number of persons visited his grave in Westminster Abbey; among them one who wrote on his visiting card the suggestion that the day should in future receive national attention. The idea is worth careful consideration. Dickens was English through and through; and it would be peculiarly appropriate to connect his name with a yearly festivity. But is it not rather too soon?

BUT the following announcement from America makes, we think, for error: "The Story of Oliver Twist," condensed for

home and school reading by Miss Ella Boyce Kirk, with an introduction by Dr. W. T. Harris, is published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co."

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. will publish within the next few weeks an account of the recent war, by Mr. Clive Bigham, to be entitled *The Campaign in Thessaly*. Mr. Bigham, who has served in the Grenadier Guards and in the British Embassy at St. Petersburg, was present during the entire campaign as Special Correspondent for the *Times* with the Ottoman Army.

THE sumptuous monograph on Queen Victoria which Mr. Holmes, the Royal librarian, has been writing to form the third volume in the series which contains Dr. Creighton's *Elizabeth* and "Shirley's" *Mary, Queen of Scots*, is now finished. Her Majesty herself is reading the proofs. Copies of the book are to be obtained at prices which can compare only with those asked from Americans for seats in St. Paul's Churchyard.

MR. JOHN BUCHAN, exhibitioner of Brasenose College, Oxford, won the Stanhope Historical Prize this week. Mr. Buchan is a promising and ambitious writer, and, though he has published two books and edited two others, he is only in his twenty-second year. He was born in Perthshire in 1875: was educated in Glasgow University, where he obtained a scholarship in philosophy, and at Brasenose. He intends to devote himself to the legal profession.

FOUR years ago Mr. Buchan edited a small volume of Bacon's essays, which Mr. Walter Scott published. He appeared next in 1893 as a story-teller with *Sir Quizote of the Moors*, which bore Mr. Unwin's imprint. He subsequently found his way to the "Bodley Head," which issued his *Scholar Gipsies* (1896), and his angling anthology, *Musa Piscatrix*. Mr. Buchan's later literary labours for the most part have not yet met the public eye. They include an ambitious historical romance, a collection of moorland stories, and a Jacobite novel.

MR. ANDREW LANG has made for the *New York World* a very charming translation, in the eighteenth century manner, of the Pope's new poem. His Holiness's theme is the praise of frugality, and he has written, in Latin, in the manner of the epistolary Horace, addressing his homily to Fabricius Rufus. We quote the first half of the poem, which has reference to the diet of the wise:

"What diet lends the strength to Life, and frees
The flower of health from each malign disease,
The good Ofellus, pupil from of old
And follower of Hippocrates, has told.
Rating base gluttony with anxious air,
He thus laid down the laws of Frugal Fare:
Neatness comes first! Be thy spare table
bright
With shining dishes and with napkins white,
Be thy Chianti unadulterate,
To cheer the heart, and raise the spirit's
weight,
Yet trust not much the rosy god—in fine,
Be sure that you put water to your wine.

Picked be thy grain, and pure thy home-made
bread,
Thy meats be delicate and dairy-fed;
Tender, nor highly spiced thy food; nor tease
Thy taste with sauces from Ægean seas.
Fresh be thine eggs, hard-boiled, or nearly
raw,
Or deftly poached, or simply served *au plat*,
'There's wit in poaching eggs,' the proverb
says,
And you may do them in a hundred ways.
Nor shun the bowl of foaming milk that feeds
The infant, and may serve the senior's needs;
Next on the board to Heaven's gift, honey,
placed,
And, sparing, of Hyblæan nectar taste:
Pulses and salads on thy guests bestow—
Even in suburban gardens salads grow—
Add chosen fruits, whate'er the times afford,
Let rose-red apples crown the rustic board.
Last comes the beverage of the Orient shore,
Mocca, far off, the fragrant berries bore,
Taste the dark fluid with a dainty lip,
Digestion waits on pleasure as you sip.
Such are my precepts for a diet sage,
That leads thee safely to a green old age."

In the second half of the poem a wanton feast is described and the moral pointed.

AN examination of recent book-titles in the possessive case brings to light a curious change in the nomenclature of novels. An American librarian has compared 101 titles in this case taken from a catalogue dated 1889 with 101 titles in the same case taken from a catalogue covering the years between 1895 and 1897, and the result is the discovery that the use of the direct possessive is passing away in favour of the objective with "of." Out of the 101 novels of 1889, 71 used the direct possessive and 30 the objective with "of." But of the 101 of the last two years only 41 use the direct possessive. Half of the 60 that remain, says the librarian, would be distinctly improved by the change to the direct possessive, among them being: *The Island of Dr. Moreau*, *The Damnation of Theron Ware*, *The Courtship of Morris Buckler*, *The Death of the Lion*, *The Soul of Pierre*; which the critic would like to see altered to *Dr. Moreau's Island*, *Theron Ware's Damnation*, *Morris Buckler's Courtship*, *The Lion's Death* and *Pierre's Soul*.

THE contention that in ten years from now we may hear about "the breaking of the arm of John Smith" and "the hat of Tom" is not sound. As the editor of the *Book-Buyer* points out, the objective case with "of" is chosen for its greater power to arrest the attention, which is needed in a title.

THE director of the New York Library has discovered a disinfectant for books, which he claims to be perfect. He places the volume in an air-tight box, with a sauce of solution of formalin, and in an hour's time the vapour has saturated every leaf and has destroyed every germ. Trials of this system have been wholly successful.

IN the preface to the new, the sixth, edition of *Mrs. Keith's Crime* Mrs. Clifford lets the reader into the secret of the origin of the story and the manner of its growth;

and it will be seen that she answers those critics who complained of its being written in the present tense:

"The first half of the book was written in Italy, in the spring of 1884. To me it was never a story that I had imagined, but a real one that circumstances in my own life made me seize upon and watch with breathless eagerness. Day by day, as if the unseen woman, or some strange mirage of her walked beside me, I saw and heard all that is written here: it seemed to be taking place. How, then, could it be told differently? If one looked on at a play, with a view to describing it to a companion who was blind, one's words would naturally take the present tense; and so did mine in telling this story . . . in fact, it was in the present tense that from beginning to end I saw Mrs. Keith. I wrote so swiftly that my hand often ached, but with a certainty of what must be told that made the concluding chapter an agony, and it took all the time that she suffered for my pen to set it on paper. It was done on my knees, or while I walked up and down, listening and seeing, and feeling as if unknown—always unknown to herself—she used my pen to tell the desperation and the anguish that drove her to that last act."

A feature of this edition of Mrs. Clifford's curious story is an "imaginary portrait" of the heroine by the Hon. John Collier.

IN amplification of Prof. Max Müller's remark, in his recently published reminiscences, that Emerson and Ruskin did not get on too well together, the following opinions expressed by the two illustrious men to friends after their meeting have been ranged side by side:

Ruskin wrote: "Emerson came to my rooms a day or two ago. I found his mind a total blank on matters of art, and had a fearful sense of the whole being of him as a gentle cloud—intangible."

Emerson said: "I had seen Ruskin at Oxford, and had been charmed by his manner in the lecture-room, but in talking with him at his room I found myself wholly out of sympathy with Ruskin's views of life and the world. I wonder such a genius can be possessed by so black a devil. I cannot but pardon him for a despondency so deep. It is detestable in a man of such powers, in a poet, a seer such as he has been. Children are right with their everlasting hope. Timon is always inevitably wrong."

AMONG the twenty-six books which will form Messrs. Henry's two-shilling Random Series will be three collections of Mr. Barry Pain's stories: *In a Canadian Canoe* (his first book), *The Kindness of the Celestial*, and *Stories and Interludes*. It was *In a Canadian Canoe* that brought Mr. Lang into conflict with what he called the New Humour. We shall be glad to see the book again, if only for the two delightful fancies: "The Celestial Grocery" and "The Camel who Never got Home." Mr. Barry Pain's merits as a deviser of humorous and whimsical tales have never, we think, received full justice.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK announces a treatise by a well-known prose writer, who has taken the pseudonym "Oxonensis," dealing with the question of religious belief in University circles of the present day. The title will be *The Test of Truth*.

JESTS AND JEST-BOOKS.

IT is notorious that no variety of book is quite so enervating as the jest-book. The good things which, when spoken, set the table in a roar are apt, when collected, to set the reader yawning more effectively even than a sermon. One reason probably is that the reader expects nothing much from a sermon, and a great deal (so persistent is hope in the human mind) from a jest-book. Another reason is the feebleness of the spoken witticism when printed. A literary joke, a joke prepared by the pen, is often good. But a joke begotten of the moment, dropped swiftly from the tongue in the midst of conversation, must lose its spirit when it is translated into type, and all the original conditions are wanting, especially the speaker's personality. Among the many reflections that jest-books give rise to, not the least prominent is wonder (and envy) at the splendid luck which attends upon the wit. Wherever he may go, there the way is made easy for a good thing. His jokes become almost automatic, so kindly is fate. Opportunities are thrust upon him. For example, a barrister having entered the Court with his wig awry, and having endured chaff from everyone that he met, at length turned to Curran, saying, "Do you see anything ridiculous in this wig?" What could Curran reply but, "Nothing but the head?" The joke was made for him. It is well known that the man who has prepared an impromptu never has long to wait before an opening occurs for it. The gods stand up for humorists. When Erskine was retained, says Mr. Jerrold, in defence of a man named Tickle, he began his case by saying, "Tickle, my client, the defendant, my lord—" At this moment the judge interrupted him. "Tickle him yourself," he (of course) said. An ordinary man would never have such chances as these; or, if he took them, the joke would go unrecorded. For the wit is fortunate, not only in opportunities, but in his friends. It is given to but few to have their good things reported; although to have them repeated is common enough. We meet but seldom the man who has the courage to disclaim the authorship of a witty remark which he has borrowed. Johnsons are rare, but Boswells are rarer.

And this leads to another reflection which always accompanies the perusal of a man's witty sayings, and that is that in many cases he must have put the remark on record himself. There is no reason why he should not. Lamb has shown us conclusively that a man may laugh at his own joke, and to report it is but a step farther. Yet one prefers that the chronicler should be someone else. The wit, however, who does not advertise has not a chance. A good example of a jest which only the maker could have spread abroad is the story of Saphir, the Austrian journalist and the man, an old enemy of his, whom he met in a narrow passage: "I'll not make room for a fool to pass," said the man, blocking up the way. "But I will," said Saphir, backing into a doorway. Only Saphir could have reported this. Thus we see that the complete wit must choose the right companions.

One other feeling that must often occur to the reader is doubt as to the genuineness of these stories. It is so easy to light upon a neat thing and give it an appropriate and credible setting, that we are convinced it must often be done. Mr. Barrie indeed once produced a number of *bon-mots* suitable for quotation as from Carlyle and other men. Here, for example, is a story which, on the face of it, is as worthy of belief as any of Mr. Jerrold's: Mr. Thornton, one of the dons, who was most zealous in denouncing Shelley's *Queen Mab*, had a reputation for amateur cookery. Being at a party, not long after Shelley's expulsion from Oxford, he was asked casually by his hostess if he had ever boiled a fish. "No, madam," he replied, "but I lately had much satisfaction in foiling a Bysshe." Why should not that conversation have taken place? Yet it did not, for we have just invented it.

The compiler of a jest-book cannot hope to please everybody. He is certain to come into conflict with every reader sooner or later, either because he has told a story wrongly, or has attributed it to the wrong man. We have all of us our favourite stories, and we cannot endure to have them mis-related. In the little books before us,* which are edited by Mr. Walter Jerrold, the bearer of a surname honoured among wits, our own quarrel is on account of the treatment of the beautiful story of Sydney Smith and the draught. Mr. Jerrold gives it to Paley. In our version Sydney Smith requested a waiter to shut the window behind him, and open another behind "one of the curates." Mr. Jerrold makes Paley say "behind some curate," which is not so funny. We also are disposed to be vexed with Mr. Jerrold for his italics. In *Punch* we respect italics—they make up a large part of its fun—but not in books. Mr. Jerrold should give his reader credit for more penetration.

We consider, also, that Mr. Jerrold has too high an admiration for puns. Puns rarely are *bon-mots*; but Mr. Jerrold seems to have been impressed by Erskine's foolish remark (which he quotes as a *bon-mot*) that a pun, because it is the lowest form of wit, is therefore the foundation of all wit. Hence we find such a *bon-mot* as the following: A certain author informed Foote that a passage which he found fault with might be justified as a metaphor. "Is it so?" said Foote, "then it is such a one as truly I never met before." We all can do this sort of thing, which is a result not of wit, but mechanism; yet heaven forbid that our efforts should reach the dignity of type! On the other hand, there is a form of pun, the pun that cuts both ways, which is a genuine product of wit. Curran's remark to a certain hanging judge, who asked if a piece of beef near Curran was hung beef, because, if it was, he meant to try it, is to the point. "I do not know," Curran said; "but if you do try it, my lord, it is sure to be." Again, take Fox's explanation of the passage in the Psalms: "He clothed himself with cursing like as with a garment."

* *Bon-Mots of the Eighteenth Century.* Edited by Walter Jerrold. (J. M. Dent & Co.)
Bon-Mots of the Nineteenth Century. Edited by Walter Jerrold. (J. M. Dent & Co.)

"The meaning," said he, "is clear enough: the man had a habit of swearing." Again a member of the Foley family having hurried across to the Continent to avoid creditors, "It is a pass over," said Selwyn, "that will not be much relished by the Jews." These are good; but the ordinary pun is no *bon-mot*, far from it. Nor is Hunt's savage remark to a lady who asked him what answer she ought to make when her age was inquired, a *bon-mot*. "Madam," he said, "answer that you are not come years of discretion." This is too savage. Dr. Johnson's curt dismissals or discouragements of his opponents are not *bon-mots*, although often witty. A true *bon-mot* is more happy, more urbane; it may be severe, but it must be just; the true *bon-mot* does not wantonly wound. A large number of the jokes in Mr. Jerrold's collections are too cruel to answer to his title at all. One quality which in great wits is so often wanting is fun. The presence of fun predicates a humane nature: wit is often merciless and unscrupulous. Lord Chesterfield was witty, but he had no fun. His wit was always at some one else's expense: his victims could never laugh too. Johnson had little fun. Jerrold had none. On the other hand, Sydney Smith was full of it, and so was Hood. Curran, Erskine, and Lord North all had fun.

The gems of Mr. Jerrold's collections are the witty remarks that proceed from a brain where fun is enthroned. Erskine's comment after a bad night at an inn, that if only the fleas had been unanimous they would have had him out of bed; Curran's answer during his last illness to his doctor, who remarked that he coughed with more difficulty: "That's rather surprising, doctor, as I've been practising all night"; Lord North's reply on being taxed by a speaker with being asleep during his speech—"I wish I was"; Curran's explanation of the reason of an Irishman's habit of lolling out his tongue as he walked—"I expect he's trying to catch the English accent"—these have fun at the back of them.

ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

XXXI.—WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

NOT the least interesting period of Thackeray's career was his association with the *Cornhill Magazine* in the capacity of editor—a post which, as events showed, he ought probably never to have accepted. Illustrious though his term of office undoubtedly was, there is no question but that the duties brought injury upon his nervous system, embittered his nature, and had a harmful effect upon his work.

The letter from the editor to a friend and contributor which prefaced the first number was dated November 1, 1859, when Thackeray was forty-eight. *Cornhill* began with the year 1860. In this letter Thackeray explained the character of the magazine, as concisely as was possible to a man so in love with digression and playful asides. In the first of the "Roundabout Papers," which formed the concluding paper of No. 1 of *Cornhill*, he settled more congenially

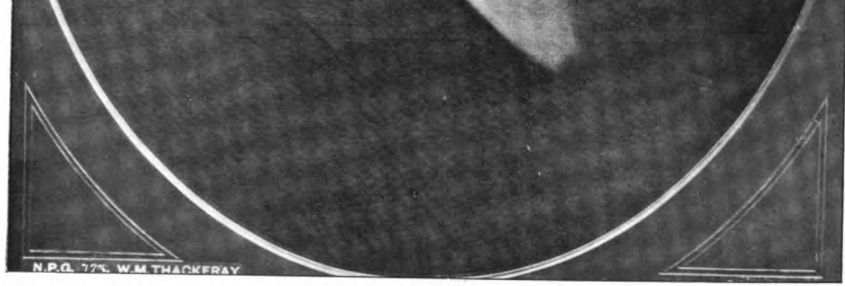
...but Mr. Jerrold seems his tongue as he was
 ...by Erskine's foolish trying to catch the lips
 ...as a *bon-mot*, that have fun at the back of
 ...the lowest form of
 ...foundation of all wit.
 ...*bon-mot* as the follow-
 ...informed Foote that
 ...found fault with might
 ...aphor. "Is it so?"
 ...such a one as truly I
 ...We all can do this sort
 ...result not of wit, but
 ...even forbid that our
 ...the dignity of type.
 ...is a form of pun,
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 ...Curran's remark
 ...who asked if a
 ...was hung beef,
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 ...He clothed him-
 ...with a garment."

ACADEMY RE

XXXI.—WILLIAM MUR

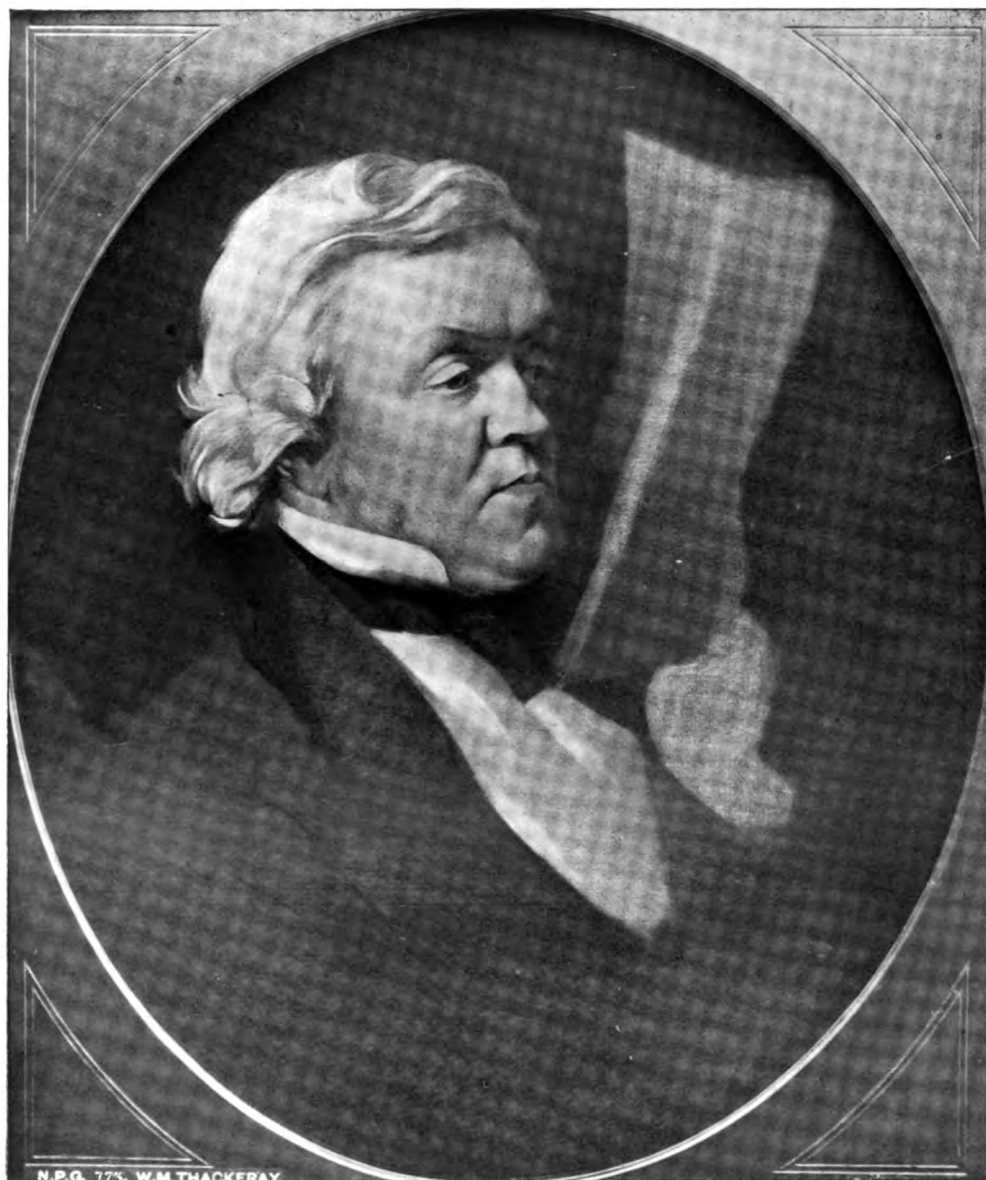
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W. M. THACKERAY

From the Picture by Samuel Laurence in the National Portrait Gallery



W. M. THACKERAY

From the Picture by Samuel Laurence in the National Portrait Gallery

the task of introducing the new venture. In this charming essay, "On a Lazy Little Boy," the kindly, humorous giant was at his best. The lazy little boy, observed reading a book at the side of the river that runs through the town of Chur, in the Grisons, was most skilfully used. He stands between Thackeray and the reader. "What was the book?" asks the great, beaming editor.

"Do you suppose it was *Livy*, or the Greek grammar? No; it was a NOVEL that you were reading, you lazy, not very clean, good-for-nothing, sensible boy! It was *D'Artagnan* locking up General Monk in a box, or almost succeeding in keeping Charles the First's head on. It was the prisoner of the Chateau d'If cutting himself out of the sack fifty feet under water (I mention the novels I like best myself—novels without love or talking, or any of that sort of nonsense, but containing plenty of fighting, escaping, robbery and rescuing)—cutting himself out of the sack, and swimming to the island of Monte Cristo. O Dumas! O thou brave, kind, gallant old Alexandre! I hereby offer thee homage, and give thee thanks for many pleasant hours."

And so on. Thus was the subject of fiction introduced. Then came a little apologue, and then this statement:

"Novels are sweets. All people with healthy literary appetites love them—almost all women; a vast number of clever, hard-headed men. . . . Judges, bishops, chancellors, mathematicians, are notorious novel readers; as well as young boys and sweet girls, and their kind, tender mothers."

And hence there will be novels in *Cornhill*! Could anything be more delightfully, gracefully done? And so the *Cornhill* ship was gallily launched.

At the end of the first six months, in the fourth "Roundabout Paper," Thackeray passed from the humorous consideration of the Sayers and Heenan prize-fight to the magazine again:

"The victories which I wish especially to commemorate in this the last article of our first volume are the six great, complete, prodigious and undeniable victories achieved by the corps which the editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* has the honour to command."

It had been, indeed, a shining success, and MSS. were coming in at the rate of a hundred a week!

But the fifth "Roundabout Paper" was the famous "Thorns in the Cushion." Thackeray had begun to find editing a little irksome. He was never over fond of method, and also it seemed hard, when his fame was at its ripe, that he should be subjected to the annoyances which no editor is without. "Before I was an editor," he wrote, "I did not like the postman much—but now!" Some of the "thorns" were letters—begging-letters, fault-finding letters, unjust, hasty, foolish letters, which Thackeray might easily have avoided by the simple device of handing them to a discreet person to open and suppress. But he read them himself and permitted them to distress him.

"Ah me! we wound where we never intended to strike; we create anger where we never meant harm; and these thoughts are the thorns in our cushion. Out of mere malignity, I suppose, there is no man who would like to make enemies. But here, in this editorial business, you can't do otherwise; and a queer, sad, strange, bitter thought it is, that must cross

the mind of many a public man. 'Do what I will, be innocent or spiteful, be generous or cruel, there are A and B, and C and D, who will hate me to the end of the chapter—to the chapter's end, to the *Finis* of the page—when hate, and envy, and fortune, and disappointment shall be over.'"

At the end of the second six months Thackeray again wrote a few words of satisfaction; but his tone was less jubilant, and he had drawn for the initial letter of the article, which is about Thomas Hood, a picture of a galley slave! And then, on March 18, 1862, Thackeray wrote the letter to contributors and correspondents, which appeared in the April number:

"Ladies and Gentlemen (who will continue, in spite of the standing notice below, to send papers to the editor's private residence), perhaps you will direct the postman to some other house, when you learn that the editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* no longer lives in mine. My esteemed successor lives at Number . . . ; but I will not intrude upon the poor man's brief interval of quiet. He will have troubles enough in that thorn-cushioned editorial chair, which is forwarded to him by the Parcels (Happy) Delivery Company. . . . I believe my own special readers will agree that my books will not suffer when their author is released from the daily task of reading, accepting, refusing, losing and finding the works of other people. To say No has often cost me a morning's peace and a day's work. I tremble *recenti metu*. Oh, those hours of madness spent in searching for Louisa's lost lines to the dead Piping Bullfinch, or Nhoj Senoj's mislaid essay! I tell them for the last time that the (late) editor will not be responsible for rejected contributions, and herewith send off the Chair, and the great *Cornhill Magazine* Tin box, with its load of care."

So, with a little too much grizzling in public, ended Thackeray's twenty-eight months' editorship of *Cornhill*, and in less than two years after his resignation his early death occurred: an unmistakable case of cause and effect. During his *régime* he put into the magazine some admirable work, although it cannot be said that he proved himself an editor of genius. His own writings were "Lovel the Widower," "The Four Georges," "The Adventures of Philip" (with Fred Walker's drawings), and the "Roundabout Papers"; among other contributions were Tennyson's "Tithonus," Anthony Trollope's "Framley Parsonage," Mrs. Stowe's "Agnes of Sorrento," and Sala's papers on Hogarth. The miscellaneous articles were not of the highest merit, but they supplied ballast. Thackeray was succeeded by Mr. Leslie Stephen, and "Philip," when it came to an end, was followed by "Romola."

DRAMA.

IT is curious to note how completely the resources of the stage fail to render the illusion of a horserace. The trick has often been attempted, but it is no more successful this week on the expansive boards of the Princess's Theatre (where a racing drama of American origin, called the "County Fair," is being played) than it was twenty years ago in "The Flying Scud" of Dion Boucicault. In "The Flying Scud" they

had puppet horses running jerkily upon wires and doing violence to the perspective of a painted racecourse. Pretty much the same mechanism is still employed, with the exception that the *ficelle*, as the French say, is less apparent. The illusion is no better, and apparently it never will be. With the fatuity of the modern theatrical realist, who holds that an object or a human being is the same on and off the stage, and that there is no world of illusion behind the curtain at all, the late Augustus Harris tried more than once the running of live horses at Drury-lane. He could only show the tips of the animals' ears and the head and shoulders of their jockeys over the enclosure of the ring as they were supposed to be passing the post, the race having to be taken for granted. Perhaps no closer approximation to reality can ever be obtained under the circumstances, and there may be two opinions as to whether the puppets or the live horses convey the most graphic idea of the well-known scene at Epsom. I am inclined myself to award the palm to the puppets. There is very little illusion conveyed by a live horse on the stage. He is simply an actor who does not know his part and who is unable to accommodate himself to the *optique* of the scene. Mechanical speed, such as that of a running horse, it seems to be beyond the capacity of the stage manager to represent; and another nut too hard for him to crack is mechanical weight. If there is anything more ludicrously ineffective than a stage horserace it is a stage railway train. The spectators' sense of weight and force is not in the slightest degree appealed to. Nor is it easy to suggest how it can be, except by the old device of leaving something to the imagination—that is, by placing the train in the wings, where, like Wordsworth's cuckoo, it may be heard rather than seen.

Occasionally it would be well if this method of dealing with moral forces were also resorted to. Great men like Cromwell and Napoleon, or, may one add, Joan of Arc (on the principle of the Act of Parliament that man implies woman) are nearly always belittled when brought upon the boards. The scene, the details of the story, and, above all, the sentiments they speak dwarf them morally—a remark, by the way, which has no reference to the Lyceum version of "Madame Sans-Gêne," where avowedly only the trivial or domestic side of Napoleon's character is exhibited. One of the most effective stage exhibitions of Napoleon that I recall was his appearance in a pageant as a purely lay figure on horseback, with nothing to say and nothing to do, except bow his thanks to an applauding public. There the imagination of the spectator had scope.

As puppets of the modern stage-manager the racehorse and the railway engine are probably incapable of improvement, but with regard to the personality of great men much, of course, depends upon author and actor. While one ineffective piece may appear to bring the whole theory of stage effect into contempt, the born dramatist plays upon the emotion of his audience as easily as he might upon a pipe. Of this elementary fact one is reminded by "Un Mariage sous Louis XV.," which has been

awkwardly rendered at the Haymarket into "A Marriage of Convenience"—the school-boy translation of a *mariage de convenance*. What life, what vigour, breathes through this old work, which, taken down from its upper shelf and dusted, proves to be as fresh as any production of the day! The hand of the master is felt here. There is nothing exceptional in the story, which tells how two young people, drawn into a loveless marriage, learn to love each other and to hug their chains. The spell is woven in the dialogue. Human nature in its weakness and its strength, worldly wisdom, wit, and a score of good qualities peep out at every turn to refresh and invigorate the jaded soul of the playgoer, surfeited with the inanities of musical comedy. The great dramatist reminds one of a skilful whip; he can do what he likes with his team, driving safely over treacherous ground and past risky corners where the ordinary equipage would come to grief. In "A Marriage of Convenience" (hateful phrase!) there are one or two such places, notably where husband and wife go off to a masked ball—the one with a mistress on his arm, the other on the arm of a *soupirant*. But tact and style bring the author safely through. After having had so much of the drama of incident, it is delightful to come across a play of pure sentiment like this; it is here, indeed—in the domain of sentiment—that the true springs of human nature are to be found. For to speak of the drama of powder and patches as necessarily artificial is to confound the husk with the kernel. If the hearts of real men and women do not beat underneath those externals, then the dramatist has failed in his task.

It is said that the tradition of the grand manner of Old Comedy is preserved only at the Comédie Française, and that even there it is failing, the actors of the younger school being infected with the conversational style of the modern drawing-room. I am afraid that, like other good things, the grand manner was occasionally over-done. It became an end instead of a means. Except for a little awkwardness in the manipulation of their swords, the Haymarket Company make as brave a show of the Louis Quinze theory and practice of life as need be. Mr. William Terriss has learnt his art in all schools, including the Lyceum, and knows that, though its expression changes, its principles remain ever the same. So sound and well-graced an actor as he is equal to all emergencies. Mr. Cyril Maude, the would-be lover of the story, has brought into this part something of the clownishness which he was called upon to exhibit in "Under the Red Robe." This is a pity. One may be foolish without being boorish, and foolishness is the note of the swaggering chevalier. As for Miss Winifred Emery's girl-wife, it is true that she shows little of the *grande dame* of tradition; but why should she? She has just emerged from the convent to be married, and, at school, girls must have been girls, even in the profligate, degenerate, heartless Louise Quinze period. Miss Emery's heroine is youthful, naïve, full of curiosity with regard to the ways of the wicked world and apt at learning them, but transparently honest and good-hearted

too, and that is better than being the *grande dame* of convention. It is strange that so witty and interesting a play as "Un Mariage sous Louis XV." should have found its way to the top shelf. Now that Mr. Grundy has rescued it from that dusty limbo, it ought to find a more or less permanent place in the working repertory of the stage independently of the general fluctuations of taste. It is a costume play. True, but it is not to be classed with the picture-drama exclusively. It contains some of the permanent elements of drama animated by the *souffle* of genius.

J. F. N.

ART.

MR. MORTIMER MENPES repeats, with interesting variations, the very valuable and artistic work he did in Japan some years ago. The paintings and drawings now on view at the Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries, Bond-street, are small and spacious, brilliant with both colour and light, and proving the rare and sensitive feeling for place in composition. In general terms, the feeling for place is claimed by every designer, but the Japanese has touch of the relations between size and distance, and of the delicate increase of weight that comes with the remoter position, as when you move a single weight further upon a rod and so give it equivalence to a greater mass. It is a kind of buoyant measurement, and the swing of a composition is as tender and light as might be the equipoise of slender lanterns upon a bending staff. Whether Mr. Menpes sought Japan with its simplicity and its space because of his sense of the significance of position, or whether he improved that sense by the example of the art and the landscape there, with their few things justly appraised, it is certain that he has this special Japanese faculty, and with it an eye for colour of unusual vivacity, and a perception of the human but alien character of that trivial people. It is hard to believe that any man used to the liberal arts of European antiquity and to the passionate arts of the European Middle Ages should hold the Japanese as anything but a trivial race. He can hardly, for instance, readjust his idea of the human figure so as to find beauty in the Japanese proportions; and the nude and the spiritual, it seems, are to be foregone in Japan. There is inevitably a kind of indulgence in the Western treatment of Japanese character, a confession of the grotesque, mingled with the respect due to Japanese delicacy and fastidiousness. An Englishman in Japan must have an uneasy consciousness of the decorations he has left behind him—of the vulgarisms of the European world, of its wholesale trimmings, and its shouldering manners; and yet he must needs feel that Greece and Rome are in the ancestry of this dull and rough world, and are absent from the ancestry of that gentle and exquisite world of the extreme East, and that Japanese gentleness, nimbleness, instinct, and art are to us, as we have said, alien from the beginning.

Mr. Menpes has painted the Japanese in the daily chances of colours and lights.

Many of his pictures are studies of vivid firelight on the figures and faces of the little people circling round some roadside flame. The soft, tender light of the coloured lanterns, when the evening is full of blue air, and blue and purple flowers hang darkening in the dusk, is another illumination treated with fine skill; there is, in particular, a field under the early moon, which a girl crosses, carrying a lantern on a delicate rod. In the later night scenes the lanterns burn with a more fully coloured light. But king of all these lights is the Japanese sunshine, and Mr. Menpes has painted this, in clear noon, and with the sparkle of morning. Children are his favourite subjects, and he does not tire of the sleeping baby tied up to its squat little mother's back. He draws it with the sure hand that gives the weight and solidity of the sleeping head, as the large round cheeks are bent over upon the little woman's shoulder. There are studies of actors upon the Japanese stage. From these and from other inscrutable faces it would seem that the absence of expression—or perhaps the difference of expression—is the most persistent sign of a people of strangers. Ignorance of the language can be but little in comparison with ignorance of the eyes, and the eyes of the Japanese keep secret even the suggestion that there is anything to hide. They make denials of all mystery. The whole broad face utters a foreign language, but so habitually do we look for communication from the eyes that Japanese eyes seem to us to refuse all utterance whatever. Mr. Menpes has, nevertheless, given a far better idea of Japanese dignities than we have ever before seen presented, in his several pictures of processions. These are very curious, and the groups have a gravity that is all their own, and is not made grotesque even to the haughty judgment of the West. But, after all, it must be the works of Japanese man—his art, his illumination, his garden, his selection, the fewness and the charm of his adornments of labour and life, his delicate buildings, his planted flowers, that make the beauty of the country—these, and not his own monotonous little form and his unclassic presence. A gentle rosy lantern, a luminous white iris and a purple, a twilight moon—such things make the touching beauty of this ultimate East, where the temperate climate is unsmirched, the earth sweetly cultivated, the mountain forms strange, and the sky that of the ocean side of the globe. No one has done so much as Mr. Menpes to give us the pictorial vision of a country where—to the stranger at least—vision is everything.

As one of a series of permanent records of the Swiss National Exhibition of 1896, M. Camille Favre has issued a magnificent catalogue - album, illustrating by photographs and colours the complete history of the arts in Switzerland from the Roman period onwards. It is, perhaps, only in Switzerland itself that all the originality and distinctness of art and handicraft is thoroughly recognised in the national work; one reason for general ignorance being the frequent mis-naming of Swiss specimens as German, even in some of the national

museums. Swiss work, however, is by no means unrecognised in this country, and South Kensington possesses a certain number of examples of Swiss windows—one, especially fine, from the Valais. The Swiss artist, through several centuries, keeps his own character, even while confessing the influences of Germany, Burgundy, France and Italy, active and various neighbours. The Roman period yields chiefly bronzes and ivories, in some of which the Teutonic grotesque spirit is already most curiously perceptible. The paintings and designs date generally no earlier than the latter part of the fifteenth century, and comprise the vivacious pastels of the eighteenth. But the collection of MSS. and illuminations begin at the ninth century, and are of the first importance. The ceramic specimens are generally fine, but Swiss art seems to be most full of life and enterprise in the paintings on glass. Of these, obviously, coloured reproductions give the least satisfactory representation; but what a reproduction can do has been well done, and the designs are so interesting, apart from the colour, that these plates have every possible value. The metal work is full of Germany, with a local difference, and among the textile fabrics are fine examples from ecclesiastical needlework from fourteenth century convents. The album has a European importance, for Switzerland illustrates the general history of the arts of a score of schools and the even more significant history of races.

MR. RALPH RICHARDSON has made a catalogue (Elliot Stock) of George Morland's pictures, with a history of each and a reference to the present possessor or the museum into which it has been gathered. It is the first effort to catalogue this painter's works, and Mr. Richardson has fulfilled the task with so much care and research as to give his book authority. It will be a valuable reference for students of Morland's rich rusticities, and a good guide for collectors on the track.

MORE or less to the class of art-books belongs *Echoes*, by Josephine Curtis Woodbury, decorated by Eric Pape (G. P. Putnam's Sons). It is certain that Mr. Pape's drawings are not decorated by Miss Woodbury's verses, and of these we need say no more than that the writer might do well to learn the rules of rhyme, and yet this for reading poetry rather than for writing it. Mr. Pape's work is at its best in the outlining of leaves and berries—there are some charming branches from nature to accompany the lines called "The Innocents." A drawing of "Mid-Ocean" gives to the waves the Japanese curl—hardly to be imitated, surely, by a hand of another race. It cannot be interesting to see the Japanese convention assumed, ready-made, by one who must himself have some difficulty in reading it. There are many things to be profitably learnt from the Japanese before seizing upon their most arbitrary signs—finely formed writings rather than drawings—of natural fact. It is, moreover, in natural fact that Mr. Pape has his best chance. He would do well (the advice

if not necessarily for others) in using it very simply; in giving his sense of decoration chiefly by placing and arrangement, and his love of choice by a more and more fastidious simplicity. This process will probably give him what play for art he needs, without laying hands upon the Japanese for waves.

A. M.

MUSIC.

DR. PARRY conducted a new work of his at the fifth Philharmonic concert on Thursday, June 3. In the article "Variations," which the composer wrote for Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians, he expressed the opinion that "the Variation still affords one of the most favourable opportunities for the exercise of their genius by composers of the future." It is not surprising, therefore, that the new work should be cast in Variation form. It consists, in fact, of a dignified theme, followed by variations, only the latter are grouped so as to represent, or correspond to, the movements of a sonata. Monotony of tonality is a weak point in the variations of the old classical masters; and to our ears accustomed to bolder chord progressions, to more sudden and frequent modulations, that monotony, even in the most skilful works, always proves a stumbling-block. Beethoven already felt the necessity of some change, and in his Variations in F (Op. 35) presented a scheme of modulation both original and effective. And in other sets he sought to develop his thematic material so that the old might appear actually new; in the variations of his predecessors one knew more or less in outline the character of each one from the opening bars. Dr. Parry has sought relief from key monotony by writing each of his groups in keys which would be suitable to the movements of a sonata. It will be readily understood that it is the *tempo* and not the form which suggests those various movements. The composer is skilled in his art, and the variations are in his best style. Yet I am disposed to think that the experiment rests on fancy rather than fact. This new sonata in variation form seems no real living organism. Why Beethoven seemed to regard even the sonata itself, especially one in four movements, as a thing scarcely worth preserving! Dr. Parry's venture if not satisfactory, is certainly interesting. At this concert Senor Sarasate played the Mendelssohn Concerto, but with more refinement than power. And the speed at which he takes the Finale gives no time for clear proper phrasing.

DURING the past week I have heard two pianoforte recitals. The first given by Mlle. Ella Pancera last Thursday week was actually her second. She played Schumann's Fantasia in C (Op. 17), and certainly displayed considerable intelligence, taste, and skill. And yet there was a want of poetry, and of true passion. It was the reading of an attentive, earnest pupil, rather than that of an independent thinker; it was satisfactory as far as it went, though not convincing. The dexterity with which

the difficult second movement was given deserves note. Then Mlle. Pancera played the "Paganini" Variations of Brahms with commendable skill and clearness. Such a work, however, demands for its proper effect the exceptional technique, the superb ease of a Rosenthal. Is it right, it may be asked, to compare a young pianist at the outset of her career with a player endowed with special gifts, matured by time and experience? My answer shall be likewise in question form. Is it right for young artists thus to expose themselves to direct comparison? These remarks are of general application; the programmes of most pianoforte recitals run in a certain groove; the special capabilities and characteristics of the player are seldom taken into consideration. Mlle. Pancera interpreted various short solos with taste and delicacy.

On Tuesday afternoon M. Gabrilowitsch, who in Tchaikowsky's Concerto achieved such signal success at a recent Richter Concert, gave the first of two recitals at St. James's Hall on Tuesday afternoon. His reading of Beethoven's "Adieux" Sonata (Op. 81A) was marked by intelligence and feeling. At times, however, the sentiment was certainly exaggerated. In this work one may forgive here and there a momentary excursion over the border line which separates sentiment from sentimentality; there are, however, sonatas of Beethoven in which no such liberty can be taken without detriment to the music. The pianist also played Schumann's "Faschingsschwank" (Op. 26); but, after the remarkable precision and crispness of his playing in the Concerto, the performance was a disappointment. The programme opened and closed with a Liszt transcription: the first, Bach's Prelude and Fugue in A minor for organ, one of his cleverest; the second, a transcription of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" and Fairy music, one of his worst. In both M. Gabrilowitsch exhibited the excellence of his technique; but in the latter piece the good playing only intensified the vulgarity of the transcription.

MISS ADELA VERNE gave an orchestral concert at the Queen's Hall last Friday week at which she performed Chopin's Concerto in E minor and Saint Saëns in G minor. Her rendering of both works was in many ways praiseworthy. She has a good touch, clear technique, and understands what she interprets. A little more charm in the beautiful slow music of the Chopin, and a little more dash in the second work would have proved acceptable. The most interesting item of the programme was a Concerto in E flat for two pianofortes, with orchestral accompaniment by Mozart. The work is practically unknown to the present generation of concert goers, and it well deserved revival. It appears not to have been given in London since 1863. The Finale may not be very strong, but the opening and slow movements represent Mozart at his best. The orchestra was under the careful direction of Mr. Henschel, whose clever interesting Prelude to *One Way of Love*, a one-act piece by Miss L. Alma Tadema, was well performed.

On Monday afternoon I went to hear "En Bonne Fortune," a play without words, by Th. Massiac, with music by Grillet. The little piece was well given by Mlle. Jane May and her excellent company. Pieces of this kind are of special interest to musicians in that they show how large a part gesture plays—or rather should play—in musical drama. The music of M. Grillet, if not strong, is fairly appropriate to the action. How well the system of representative themes would be to pieces of this kind, though, of course, only in moderate and fairly simple measure.

J. S. S.

SCIENCE.

I HAVE a vivid recollection of once undertaking an inquiry in Edinburgh, on behalf of the S. P. R., into certain alleged psychical phenomena. Nothing came of it beyond a loss of time and temper, and a cursory acquaintance with some dazzlingly stupid people. This, I am afraid, is generally the way with such inquiries. The circumstance is recalled to my mind by a long letter in the *Times* describing the writer's impressions of a "haunted" house which has been hired by Lord Bute for the purpose of investigation, and incidentally of the method in which such an investigation is conducted by the rank and file of the Psychical Society. To put the matter briefly, it implies that Lord Bute has been grossly imposed upon, that the noises, &c., are due to the house being constructed like a sounding-board, and that the major part of the stories going about are pure fabrication.

ALL the same, it requires a strong nerve to face ghostly associations at night. If ghosts be a purely subjective illusion, the nocturnal terror of them, which is inborn in the human race, is sufficient excuse for their creation. The writer referred to above admits no such terrors. Making all allowance for a clear conscience, and digestive powers well under control, his callousness is brutal. He hears loud and sudden noises which he contemptuously says would have frightened most people. His active mind attributes them at once to the fireplace or the waterpipes.

"Presently, he says, a deep buzzing sound indicated that a servant was drawing some water, probably in the distant wing, and was duly followed by a resonant bang, showing that the Thomson patent tap had not been fitted to the pipes in the house. These were all the noises I heard in the most haunted room of 'the most haunted house in Scotland.'"

It is certainly rather a come-down when ghostly manifestations can be explained by the absence of a patent tap. Yet many such have proved to be due to causes of no greater complexity. The writer, however, does more than suggest possibilities; he accuses the investigators of bolstering up their suspicions with unfounded gossip, and of displaying simply childish credulity. "I was told," he says, "an impressive story which illustrates the way of working up a noise into a manifestation":

"On a day when the late proprietor was to leave home for London, he was talking to his

factor in the library, when a tremendous crash was heard on the table between them. 'For God's sake,' cried the husband, 'don't mention this to my wife.' He went to London, and next day was killed by a cab accident. Before the news reached his family an appalling noise was heard in the room he usually occupied, but, as the reader will expect to hear, everything was found undisturbed. This circumstantial story is false in every detail. There was no table, there was a bureau; there was no crash, but the lid of the bureau having been imperfectly closed slipped into its place; the husband did not mention either his Maker or his wife or the trivial noise; he was not killed till three weeks afterwards, and no mysterious sound in his room heralded the news."

If this is the kind of stuff out of which the S. P. R. reports are concocted by sympathetic believers, then the S. P. R. itself would seem to be in need of some such investigation as was applied to the notorious Eusapia Palladino. I have reason to know that the heads of the society pursue very different and more discriminating methods; but these things are carried out by the bulk of the members, and they make one shudder to think how much nonsense may be incorporated in the volumes of the *Proceedings*.

THE Royal Archaeological Institute in Hanover-square has recently held an exhibition of ancient flint implements discovered by Mr. Seton-Karr in the Eastern desert of Egypt, mostly at a distance of about thirty miles from the Nile. These implements were found in workings along the face of the cliff, in a position which made it probable that they were the original and long-lost flint mines of Egypt. Some of the finds were palæoliths of immense antiquity, but the majority belonged to a slightly later date, and included forms which are new to science. Signs of prehistoric life or of hasty departure were to be seen on the spot in the form of clubs and bludgeons distributed near certain central spaces which had served as workshops. Mr. Seton Karr has also made extensive discoveries of flint and quartzite implements in Somaliland—a fact which, according to Sir John Evans, may turn out to have an important bearing on the home of the human race. Man must have started life in a part of the world where the climate was mild and means of subsistence plentiful. Many ages were required before he could have been fit to cope with the rigours of the glacial period in Europe. The Somaliland flint-shops may not impossibly turn out to be the earliest source of supply for the whole world. Such a common source would well account for the uniformity of shape and manufacture which prevailed everywhere.

H. C. M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WHY THE NIGHTINGALE SINGS AT NIGHT.

Siena: June 2.

I owe you an apology for a *svista* in my letter of May 10. The verse about the nightingale should run:

"Se la vite non mi legasse;
Se la serpa non mi mangiasse,
Dormirei fino al giorno chiaro-chiaro-chiaro-chiaro-chiaro."

DOROTHY H. CORNISH.

DARKING—AN OLD YORKSHIRE WORD.

Glasgow: June 1.

"When I come on a new word," said the late Prof. Blackie, "I lift it up before me and say: 'Who, to the devil, are you?'"

Repeatedly have I found myself saying to the old Yorkshire word "darking," "Who are you?" till one day I overheard a mother say of her infant, as it was peering with wide-open eyes: "Look at her darking!" Now I have it, thought I; "darking" is the Homeric Greek *δερκωμα*, with its derivatives *δερκας*, a gazelle—i.e., the animal with bright open eye—and *δερκω*, the creature with bright look. It is akin to the Sanskrit "dar" = see; and on the slopes of the Himalayas our Aryan cousins say: "Decko" ("Look here!").

Full of my discovery, I submitted my philological gem to the inspection of Prof. Max Müller, who, alas! returned it to me as counterfeit. "Dear sir," he wrote, "darking = *δερκωμα* is impossible, because any Greek's name in Anglo-Saxon, be it—e.g., *δωο* = two; &c."

Though disheartened that so high an authority should, by the test of Grimm's law, stamp my philological gem as spurious, I still cherished the thought that I was right, and that "darking" belonged to a field unknown to Grimm, and hence beyond the scope of his law.

On a railway journey to the Highlands, my companions were enthusiastic botanists from Glasgow, intent on seeing the Alpine flora on the summit of Ben Lawers—the survival, they said, of a primæval table-land, that stretched from Ben Lawers to the Matterhorn. Might "darking" not likewise be a survival of that Celtic, or Gaelic, speech once spoken universally from the Pyrenees to the Pentland Firth? The *δωο* of Greek is = two of Anglo-Saxon. Yes; but it is *dha* in Gaelic; and if "darking" was a Gaelic survival, it could hold *δερκωμα* by the hand, in spite of Grimm's law.

A Highland girl on the shores of Loch Etwe said she thought there was some such word in her native language, though not in ordinary use; while a Glasgow policeman—regarded among his Celtic brethren as an authority—unable to recognise the word from my pronunciation, directed me to McAlpine's dictionary. There, among a posy of the same family, and trying to look Highland, was my Yorkshire acquaintance—"Dearnaid," scrutinise keenly, criticise"; "Dearc, look steadfastly, piercingly, fix the mind intensely"; "Dreach, hue, complexion"; "Dreagh, a meteor"—i.e., a bright object. Also, we have two Bens Deargh—the red mountain—one in Ross-shire, the other further to the south. In spite of Grimm's law, then, "darking" can keep its place, and need not be ashamed of its Gaelic ancestry among the Angles and Danes of Yorkshire.

JAS. WALLACE.

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REVIEWS.

THE PAMPHLET.

Political Pamphlets. Selected and Arranged by A. F. Pollard. (Pamphlet Library, Edited by Arthur Waugh: Kegan Paul & Co.)

THE vogue of the pamphlet is ir retrievable. It has had its heyday, and must now submit to be jostled aside by the hurried and breathless newspaper. Mr. Gladstone will probably go down to posterity as the last of the pamphleteers; yet even Mr. Gladstone's pamphlets could only be regarded, but for the glamour of his great name, as a curious and rococo survival. A hundred years ago, or, so far as the region of theological controversy is concerned, even fifty years ago, a notable pamphlet might mould the minds of men and sway the course of events: to-day a very similar production has all the effect of a somewhat fantastic personal manifesto. The pamphlet is indeed still, as managers of political vans will tell you, largely used for the dissemination of ideas: it is given away gratis, and as a literary species is indistinguishable from the tract. But as a means for the formation of ideas, for the ventilation and discussion of new political and social and ecclesiastical theories, it is as extinct as the dodo. These things, like poetry and like fiction, have been absorbed by the omnivorous, relentless magazine. We do not live in a leisurely age, and the pamphlet, in its preparation, its distribution, and its consumption, was essentially and emphatically an affair of leisure.

Since, then, we have ceased to read pamphlets actually and for the conduct of life: it is quite time that we should turn back and read them retrospectively, with an eye to their historical and literary value. As historical documents, specimens of fossilised controversy, they often repay careful study. It is wise, however, to regard them as records, less of facts, than of ideals or the

glosses which from time to time men have wished to put upon facts. And too often it is the function of the historical critic to strip off the tinsel and the draperies, and to point to the marked difference between the naked truth and the truth as it appears dressed out in the rhetoric of the pamphleteer. Mr. Waugh's "Pamphlet Library" may, therefore, in the hands of competent editors, serve a very useful purpose. It is to consist, we gather, of several volumes, of which the present, devoted to *Political Pamphlets*, is the first. Later numbers of the series will contain respectively literary, theological, and dramatic pamphlets. The editing of the *Political Pamphlets* has been entrusted to Mr. A. F. Pollard, who has performed his task on the whole with care and discretion. His difficulty has, of course, been mainly one of selection. Nineteenth of the important pamphlets are directly political in character, and many others, which may be classed as primarily theological or literary, have at least a political side. Many, again, of the very best, such as Bolingbroke's *Idea of a Patriot King* or Halifax's *Character of a Trimmer*, though they well deserve reprinting by themselves, are far too bulky to find a place in such a collection as that before us. Mr. Pollard has been obliged to content himself with printing the dedication to Steele's *Crisis* and some extracts from Burke's *Present Discontents* and *Letters on a Regicide Peace*: in all other cases he has been able to find complete pamphlets at once sufficiently short and sufficiently representative of their authors. These include Saxby's *Killing No Murder*, Halifax's *New Model at Sea* and *Cautions for Choice of Members of Parliament*, Arbuthnot's *Art of Political Lying*, Swift's *Thoughts on the Present State of Affairs*, Bolingbroke's *State of Parties at the Accession of George I.*, besides one of Swift's *Draper's Letters* and three of the *Letters of Junius*. It is somewhat surprising to find nothing of Milton and nothing of Defoe; probably the gap will be filled up in later volumes, the *Areopagitica* being classed as literary and the *Shortest Way with Dissenters* as theological. In other respects the choice is an excellent one, though one might have wished that room could be found for examples of the rugged eloquence of Cobbett and of the polished eloquence of Fletcher of Saltoun. The conditions of space are, however, tyrannous, and there is nothing in the book that could well have been spared. We have, however, a complaint against Mr. Pollard's introduction. So far as matter goes, it is sensible, though slight; and Mr. Pollard's historical knowledge, here and in the few notes which he gives, is evidently adequate. To speak, plainly and nakedly, of "Bishop Gauden's Εἰκὼν Βασιλική" is, perhaps, to show an ignorance of the latest trend of competent opinion upon the debated and debateable subject of Gauden's claims. This is not of much importance, but it is of importance that a volume containing some of the masterpieces of prose style should be introduced in a style which itself has some decent pretensions, if not to elegance, at least to grammatical accuracy. Mr. Pollard's manner of writing is clumsy throughout, and occasionally

he falls into a solecism. "The genius of Defoe and Steele paled their ineffectual fires before that of their great antagonist Swift" is the sort of thing which is set for correction to schoolboys in the lower standards of a Board school; nor will you find a better specimen of the mis-related participle than occurs in Mr. Pollard's account of Bolingbroke: "Dazzling as an orator, Chatham declared that he would rather recover one of Bolingbroke's orations than the lost books of Livy, or all the gaps in Greek and Roman lore."

We are grateful to Mr. Pollard for reprinting two admirable and little known pamphlets by George Savile, Marquis of Halifax. The *Cautions for Choice of Members of Parliament*, in particular, is one of the wittiest and most pointed pieces of political writing known to us. And its wisdom is no less than its wit. Written in the last decade of the sixteenth century, it abounds with shrewd and practical comments which are as valuable, even to-day, as they are disregarded. Its fault is that it is written in sentences rather than in paragraphs, and has therefore the jerky effect of a string of maxims rather than the orderly development of a treatise; but for the neat turn of the stinging sentence, for the rapier-thrust of keen and polished irony, for the felicity of apt and easy illustration, it is surely unequalled in the annals of controversial literature. "I will tell you," says Halifax to the electors, "whom not to elect"; and proceeds to a scathing analysis of the various types of self-seeking or merely stupid politicians to be found in the parliaments of his own and of every day. A few of his criticisms will bear quotation, even in our own age of enlightenment and public virtue:

"A very extraordinary earnestness to be chosen is no very good symptom. A desire to serve the nation in Parliament is an Englishman's ambition; always to be encouraged, and never to be disapproved. . . . But there is a wide difference between this and the deciding a kind of petty war in the County or Corporation, entering the lists rather for a combat than an election, throwing fireballs to put men into heat, and omitting to spread no reports, whether true or false, which may give an advantage by lying a blemish on a competitor.

"These methods will ever be suspicious; it will never be thought a natural thing for men to take such extravagant pains for the mere sake of doing good to others."

And again:

"Next to these may be ranked a sort of super-fine gentlemen, carpet-knights, men whose heads may be said to be only appurtenances to their perukes, which entirely engross all their care and application. Their understanding is so strictly appropriated to their dress that no part of it is, upon pain of their utmost displeasure, to be diverted to any other use.

"It is not by this intended to recommend an affected clown, or to make it a necessary qualification for a member of Parliament that he must renounce clean linen or good manners; but surely a too earnest application to make everything fit right about them striketh too deep into their small stock of thoughts to allow it furniture for anything else.

"To do right to these fine-spun gentlemen, business is too coarse a thing for them, which maketh it an unreasonable hardship upon them to oppress them with it; so that in tenderness

to them, no less than act of care to the public, it is best to leave them to their tailors with whom they will live in much better correspondence when the danger is prevented of their falling out about privileges."

Of carpet-baggers Halifax will have none, for to choose men unknown is "more like choosing valentines than members of Parliament"; nor of lawyers, for "if lawyers have great practice, that ought to take them up; if not, it is no great sign of their ability." It must be admitted that Halifax's doctrines are rather of the nature of counsels of perfection. Even in our legislators we have occasionally to put up with the second best, and if we reject, as Halifax would have us reject, all the pushful, the indolent, the busybodies, all nominees of peers, all drunkards, club wits, blockheads, boys and barbers' blocks, all lawyers, military men, and non-residents, all the extravagant, the unjust, and the poverty-stricken, and, lastly, all men of marked party leanings, it must be admitted that, in our author's own words, we should "do terrible execution."

MILL FOR BEGINNERS.

The Ethics of John Stuart Mill. Edited, with Introductory Essays, by Charles Douglas. (Blackwood & Sons.)

THERE seems just now to be a revival of interest in the writings and opinions of J. S. Mill, very gratifying to those who feel that the best part of their intellectual culture comes from his teaching. Among other symptoms of this revival may be mentioned a German edition of the essay on Liberty, annotated for the use of schools, which has appeared since the publication of the present volume. Dr. Douglas does not exactly address himself to schoolboys, but he believes that "for those who are beginning the study of moral science there is no better introduction to this subject than an accurate knowledge of Mill's ethical theory." So far as the theory is embodied in the "Utilitarianism" we quite agree with this opinion. One of the earliest readers of that small but golden work is said to have exclaimed, "I felt like a jelly-fish that was getting a backbone," and many subsequent readers must have felt the same. Mill was before all things a practical reformer, and as such he carefully kept in touch with the unorganised mass of popular sentiment and opinion. Hence he acquired an influence more direct and rapid than has perhaps been wielded by any other thinker of the century. Hence also it may be said that, while Mill addressed himself to the educated public at large, all subsequent writers on ethics have addressed themselves to Mill's disciples. Of those disciples Dr. Douglas is not one; but, as an accomplished Neo-Hegelian—for such we take him to be—he is less concerned to confute utilitarianism than to pick up some admissions let fall by its most illustrious exponent, and to make them serve as germs or hints whence a larger philosophy may be deduced. How far he or any other critic

has succeeded in this dialectic process, and how far utilitarians in general are pledged by the master's admissions, are points that must be reserved. But while Dr. Douglas has done excellently well in reprinting the "Utilitarianism," and in illustrating it with numerous parallel passages from Mill's other writings, we may doubt the expediency of including in the same volume as part of his ethical theory that section of the "Logic" which deals with the method of the moral sciences. The chapters in question seem to us quite the weakest portion of that great work, and whatever may have been their value originally, they are now strangely out of date. Mill's attempt to distinguish between Determinism and Necessarianism may once have comforted a few, but it will not stand serious examination. The determinist predicates unconditional sequence of human actions and human motives; and if necessity does not mean this, what does it mean? Is it, as Goldwin Smith once wittily asked, to be turned adrift on the dictionary without a meaning? Again, however promising Mill's proposed science of ethology may have seemed half a century ago, it has not been taken up by the new school of psychologists; nor does there seem any likelihood of our being able to deduce the empirical laws of human nature from the general laws of association—even if those laws should hold their ground as first principles of mental science. The evolutionary method, which Mill ignores, holds out much brighter hopes. But to overestimate Mill's labours is a fault on the right side; and our thanks are due to Dr. Douglas for his able contributions to the study of one from whom the world has learned much and from whom it has still something left to learn.

THE TURKISH CHARACTER.

Impressions of Turkey during Twelve Years' Wanderings. By W. M. Ramsay. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

MR. RAMSAY'S impressions of Turkey would have been of greater interest to the general reader had the plan of the book received more attention. At a first glance it appears to consist of somewhat heavy magazine articles dished up for the European market in order to catch the psychological moment. But it would be unfair to Mr. Ramsay to convey this impression of his work without giving him credit for the great diligence and sobriety which he brings to bear on the Turkish question. That he has his own particular prejudices is perfectly evident; but he would be more than human if he could live in Turkey for so many years without having very strong feelings on the subject. A long residence in the East generally makes Europeans more fanatical than the Turks themselves. Once they have resolved to like "the irrepressible," and in some aspects he is very likeable indeed, they can see nothing wrong in either his manners or morals. With regard to the latter, it would have been interesting

could Mr. Ramsay have enlightened us a little more, particularly in regard to the women; but, beyond a rather cheap pity at the expense of their hard lives, he seems to have had a somewhat pronounced fear of Eastern women in any shape or form. Whenever he wanted to arrange about copying inscriptions or purchasing stones pertaining to antique monuments, he feared lest the women should come along and upset the bargain; and in many instances experience justified his fears.

Disregarding Mr. Ramsay's somewhat prolix and uneventful searches in quest of the antique, it is interesting to note the tact with which he endeavoured to understand the Turkish character and to put himself in sympathy with it. As he very truly implies, a little careful consideration on this point may save the would-be traveller from a vast amount of discomfort. Everyone who has lived in the East knows how fatal it is to set about anything in a hurry. The mere sight of such misdirected energy annoys the Turk; he wants to smoke over it and try to invent excuses for not doing anything you particularly wish him to do. If you smoke with him, leisurely combat his excuses, and hold out the hope of *bakshish* when the thing is done, then your average Turk reluctantly understands that he will save himself a good deal of trouble by agreeing to your proposal. But the average European fails to understand this method. He wants "yes" or "no" at once, and, in consequence, generally receives "no" for an answer when the exercise of a little tact and ingenuity would have enabled him to carry his point.

For the Turk Mr. Ramsay has evidently a strong affection. And the reason is a very curious one. The average Turkish peasant is honest; the Armenian is not conspicuous for his honesty; and it is this somewhat doglike, unreasoning honesty of the Turk which atones for his shortcomings in other directions. The average Turk is incredibly stupid; he can do nothing that is not absolutely simple. Once his lust for blood is roused, however, he can be very unpleasant indeed. Yet he is frugal, straightforward, and would be industrious were it not useless to produce more than enough food to support a bare existence. Should he grow more, the tax-gatherers rob him of it, or the Greek and Armenian money-lenders get this poor, good-natured, hulking fly into their clutches and suck his juices at their leisure. There is also a great distinction between the average Greek and Turkish villages, which accounts for a good deal of the physical and moral deterioration of the Turk. Turkish women are mere beasts of burden, tillers of the soil—human animals, in fact—with whom their lords and masters do not condescend to bandy words. But in all the Greek villages the women live on terms of perfect equality with the men, and are of magnificent physique: while the poor, down-trodden Turkish women are slight, stunted, and impoverished. This, more than any other reason, accounts for the steady degeneration of the Turk. It is true that the Turks recently thrashed the Greeks; but the reader has only to compare the relative numbers of the contending armies, and to remember how large

a share artillery, directed, it is asserted, by German officers, played in the struggle, to understand the poor show made by the Greeks.

Mr. Ramsay is very emphatic when describing the results wrought by the American missionaries in Asia Minor. The present writer has also had an opportunity of studying these results. It appeared to him that every Armenian who became a Christian went to New York directly he could raise funds to pay his passage money, and either remained there or else collected subscriptions to relieve the wants of his own people. Some Armenians do, of course, return to their own country; but most of them find it very much to their advantage to stay away from it. As a characteristic instance of Armenian dishonesty, Mr. Ramsay describes how he bought twenty pairs of socks made from the wool of the beautiful Angora sheep, at the house of an Armenian merchant. The socks were delivered just as he was leaving the place. On the following day he discovered that each pair was so arranged that one sock concealed the other. In every pair the inner sock was a mere tattered rag of common wool; the Armenian had procured twenty worn-out socks, washed them, and made ten good pairs into twenty. This is only a small instance, but it is typical.

Mr. Ramsay believes that in agreement with Russia against German influence in Turkey lies our only rational hope, and thinks that such a course is not likely to be taken till "Lord Salisbury has given place to a successor." Though Mr. Ramsay has picked up much useful information during the course of his twelve years' wanderings, the ideal book on the East still remains to be written.

A NEGRO POET.

Lyrics of Lowly Life. By Paul Laurence Dunbar. (Chapman & Hall.)

SOME little while ago, America was startled by the appearance of a negro poet. Negro orators there had been in abundance, and negro prose writers were not unknown; but a negro poet was something new. There is no reason whatever why a negro should not be possessed of the poetic sense, for his race is singularly addicted to rhythm of movement, and plantation lullabies are rich in natural poetry; but Mr. Dunbar—for that is his name—the son of slaves, and himself an elevator-boy and mechanic, came as something peculiarly novel to a people continually on the search for novelty. Mr. W. D. Howells, who is the friend of young talent, took the dusky singer under his wing, and his work crept into the magazines. In course of time Mr. Dunbar embarked for England on a lecture tour. He gave a few recitals with but indifferent success, and now we have this volume containing those poems which he considers representative.

These lowly lyrics, although Mr. Dunbar has mingled them indiscriminately, fall naturally into two divisions: verse descriptive of negro life and standpoint, which could have been written only by a negro; and

verse after a more ordinary pattern, which is within the scope of any sentimentalist with a gift for rhyme. With the latter section we need not concern ourselves; but the negro poems are well worth attention. Here, for example, is a little poem of friendliness, which has the genuine ring:

"AFTER A VISIT.

"I be'n down in ole Kentucky
Fur a week or two, an' say,
'T wuz ez hard ez breakin' oxen
Fur to tear myse'f away.
Allus argerin' 'bout fren'ship
An' yer hospitality—
Y' ain't no right to talk about it
Tell you be'n down there to see.

"See jest how they give you welcome
To the best that's in the land,
Feel the sort o' grip they give you
When they take you by the hand.
Hear 'em say, 'We're glad to have you,
Better stay a week er two';
An' the way they treat you makes you
Feel that ev'ry word is true.

"Feed you tell you hear the buttons
Crackin' on you're Sunday vest;
Haul you roun' to see the wonders
Tell you have to cry for rest.
Drink yer health an' pet an' praise you
Tell you git to feel ez great
Ez the sheriff o' the country
Er the gov'nor o' the state.

"Wife, she sez I must be crazy
'Cause I go on so, an' Nelse
He 'lows, 'Goodness gracious! daddy,
Cain't you talk 'bout nuthin' else?'
Well, pleg-gone it, I'm jes' tickled,
Bein' tickled ain't no sin;
I be'n down in ole Kentucky,
An' I want o' go ag'in."

It is curious how true the dialect poem nearly always rings. It seems as if a man does not write in his own *patois* unless he has sincerity. If one would be moved readily to tears, or to that kindly laughter which lies not far from them, let him turn to the poems of Edwin Waugh and T. E. Brown, Col. John Hay and William Barnes, J. W. Riley and, we may add, Mr. Dunbar. Here are a few stanzas from a piece of genuine sentiment—"When Malindy Sings":

"Ain't you nevah hyead Malindy?
Blessed soul, tak' up de cross!
Look hyeah, ain't you jokin', honey?
Well, you don't know what you los';
Y' ought to hyeah dat gal a-wa'blin',
Robins, la'ks, an' all dem things,
Heish dey moufs an' hides dey faces
When Malindy sings.

"She jes' spreads huh mouf and hollahs,
'Come to Jesus,' twell you hyeah
Sinnahs' tremblin' steps and voices,
Timid-lak a-drawin' neah;
Den she tu'ns to 'Rock of Ages,'
Simply to de Cross she clings,
An' you fin' yo' teahs a-drappin'
When Malindy sings.

"Oh, hit's sweetah dan de music
Of an edicated band;
An' hit's dearah dan de battle's
Song o' triumph in de lan'.
It seems holier dan evenin'
When de solemn chu'ch bell rings,
Ez I sit an' ca'mly listen
When Malindy sings.

"Towsah, stop dat ba'kin, hyeah me!
Mandy, mek dat chile keep still;
Don't you hyeah de echoes callin'
F'om de valley to de hill?
Let me listen, I can hyeah it,
Th'oo de bresh of angels' wings,
Sof' an' sweet 'Swing low, sweet chariot,'
Ez Malindy sings."

We cannot go so far as Mr. Howells does in his introduction to this volume, and describe Mr. Dunbar as an author

"whose brilliant and unique achievement is to have studied the American negro objectively, and to have represented him as he found him to be, with humour, with sympathy, and yet with what the reader must instinctively feel to be entire truthfulness."

A much wider range of emotion and thought would need to be covered before such praise were applicable. But Mr. Dunbar has displayed certain sides of the negro character very charmingly. Let us take leave of him by quoting the most individual piece in the book—a drily humorous dissertation on the old question of Responsibility:

"ACCOUNTABILITY.

"Folks ain't got no right to censuah othah
folks about dey habits;
Him dat giv' de squir'ls de bushtails made
de bobtails fir de rabbits.
Him dat built de great big mountains
hollered out de little valleys,
Him dat made de streets an' driveways wasn't
'shamed to make de alleys.

"We is all constructed diff'ent, d'aint no two
of us de same;
We cain't he'p ouah likes an' dislikes, ef
we'se bad we ain't to blame.
Ef we'se good, we needn't show off, case you
bet it ain't ouah doin',
We gits into su'ttain channels dat we jes'
cain't he'p pu'suin'.

"But we all fits into places dat no othah ones
could fill,
An' we does the things we has to, big er
little, good er ill,
John cain't tek de place o' Henry, Su an'
Sally ain't alike.
Bass ain't nuthin' like a suckah, chub ain't
nuthin' like a pike.

"When you come to think about it, how it's
all planned out it's splendid.
Nuthin's done er evah happens, 'doubt hit's
somefin' dat's intended;
Don't keer what you does, you has to, an'
hit sholy beats de dickens—
Viney, go put on de kittle, I got one o'
mastah's chickens."

GREEK CIVILISATION.

A Survey of Greek Civilisation. By J. P. Mahaffy, D.D., D.C.L. (Macmillan & Co.)

THIS is a book which, though it is learned, and, in the rhetorical Irish manner, well-written, we confess to laying down with some feeling of disappointment. The title raises expectations which the contents do not, and do not even attempt to, gratify. The past decade has been prolific in Hellenic lore. To the already existing evidence of the texts has been added that of archaeology in its many branches. Coins, inscriptions,

funeral monuments, folk-lore—the study of all these has thrown a flood of new light upon this most unique and potent of civilisations. Schliemann and Dörpfeld have revolutionised innumerable preconceptions. We no longer talk of the tale of Troy as a Sun-myth, for we have traced the succession of cities upon the plain of Hissarlik. We no longer think of Attic temples as candid and built upon a system of rigid straight lines; for we know that they were glowing with colour and composed of infinitely subtle curves. Aided by the comparative method of religious study, we are rapidly decomposing the complicated structure of poetic mythology into its constituent elements and its successive strata. But hitherto it has been all piece-meal work, the labour of highly specialised students, each grubbing away in his own little hollow of excavation. But of attempts to estimate the total outcome, to sum up the meaning of Hellenism, its value and its message for the world-spirit, as, for instance, Matthew Arnold in a certain famous essay summed up the value and message of Celticism, of these there have been comparatively and lamentably few. Yet this is what we want from time to time, if research is to be kept clear-headed and English scholarship saved from irretrievable Teutonicisation. Matthew Arnold himself did the thing, of course, a quarter of a century ago, but Matthew Arnold's conclusions and formulas, true as they probably are in the main, require their revision in the light of the modern learning. Prof. Butcher, in his *Aspects of Greek Genius*, and Mr. Pater in his *Greek Studies*, have dealt admirably with isolated facets of Hellenism, while the latter great critic, in his *Plato and Platonism*, has given a magnificent interpretation of a whole important side of the problem. We had hopes that Prof. Mahaffy would prove to have tackled his subject in the same comprehensive and illuminating spirit. He has many of the qualifications for the task. He has approached Greek history and literature from many and diverse points of view; he has borne his share of the burden of research, and yet has escaped the researcher's narrowness by attaining to the platform of broad and liberal culture. And, therefore, we say that we are disappointed when we find that Prof. Mahaffy has conceived his subject on much slighter and less helpful lines. He has written, indeed, as he himself admits, a "personal and partial book." He has not risen to the endeavour to envisage Hellenism in its totality, but has been content to lead his readers through a sketch of Greek civilisation from Homer to Plutarch, dilating on such points as happened to please him, and neglecting others, on which he had nothing particular to say at the moment.

"Had I," he says, "attempted to touch upon even a tithe of the many topics that crowded upon me from the literature in which I have spent my life, the book would have been a mere kaleidoscope of colours, and would have left no permanent impression. It was imperative, therefore, to make a selection, and in so doing I have been led by my own fancy, by the preference with which my own mind, without any suggestion from books, brought up one topic and neglected the others."

Built upon these principles, the book is naturally discursive, fragmentary. It is, indeed, not much more than a summary of previous works of the author, from some of which several pages at a time are incorporated in the text. And it has the further defect, that it is professedly addressed to the illiterate. It is clear, from several allusions, that it was written in the first place for an American audience, and Prof. Mahaffy's readers are told in a footnote that they are not expected to know Greek. If this is so, surely a systematic outline was all the more desirable, for Prof. Mahaffy cannot count upon having the gaps in his treatment filled up for him. But, frankly, is not the attempt to instil any real knowledge of Hellenism into those ignorant of Greek a hopeless one, by whatever method it is pursued? "Oh, Danaides! oh, Sieve!"

It is fair, however, to say that within its limitations Prof. Mahaffy's book contains much that is interesting, and is marked by a fresh and often original treatment of the selected topics. We often disagree with the writer, but we always recognise an antagonist who has an adequate knowledge of his subject and can make out a plausible case for his wrong-headed views. A good instance is afforded by his vindication of Greek tyranny, in which he makes the point of a true Unionist that a measure of material benefit may well be held to outweigh the degrading effects of political subjugation. As an example of Prof. Mahaffy's style, we may quote his account, half false, half true, but, in any case, well expressed, of one with whom he has but little sympathy, "the master of those who know."

"I cannot but instinctively regard him as a great outsider, combining many narrownesses, indeed, of his age and race with a certain cosmopolitanism which was no small agent in breaking down the peculiar virtues as well as the weaknesses of Hellenism, and changing it into the broader, shallower, more commonplace Hellenism, which we shall consider in a subsequent chapter. As in his personal appearance, so in his writings, there was an almost total absence of beauty, and the recovery of his lost work on the constitution of Athens has not altered that judgment."

"What place can a man devoid of this feature have in a study of Greek culture? None, I think, but that of a strange and notable exception, given us, as it were, to show that even in scientific severity, in cold reasoning, in complete absence of any relaxation of thought and of life, the Greeks were our masters, and equalled the best modern men here, as they surpassed them in manifestations of the beautiful. For there never was any single man who had a greater effect in promoting the knowledge of his own and of succeeding generations. It may even be said in proof of his greatness that he also retarded more than any other man ever did the course of scientific discovery. For he bound the learned man of the Middle Ages by the superstitious veneration for his words which they accepted as almost inspired. In the thirteenth century he was all but canonised as a saint by the Roman Catholic Church. And so modern thinkers found it their hardest task to break through the bonds of Aristotle, whom early thinkers had failed to follow in his marvellous investigations. Were there ever stronger or more inconsistent evidences of human greatness?"

WAGNER AS CRITIC.

Richard Wagner's Prose Works. Vol. V. "Actors and Singers." Translated by W. A. Ellis. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

SLOWLY, yet steadily, Mr. W. A. Ellis is labouring at his herculean task of translating Wagner's writings; the fifth volume, entitled *Actors and Singers*, has just appeared. It opens with "A Capitulation," a piece of satire which must have intensified the anti-Wagner feeling which existed in Paris long before the Franco-German war. Mr. Ellis, in his interesting preface, mentions that some "who can see no farther than their noses" have attributed this attack to revenge for the failure of "Tannhäuser" at Paris in 1861. It may be true up to a certain point to say that "the ridicule cast upon the French is meant as a more effectual mode of shaming their German imitations." We do not doubt that Wagner had such a motive in view, yet it is difficult not to believe that the unfair reception given to his "Tannhäuser" had something to do with the piece. Revenge is sweet; and, after all, Wagner, although a genius, was human—nay, very human. The "Capitulation" is followed by the Essay "Beethoven," written in celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the great master. It is a thoughtful, though perhaps in some respects an extravagant, essay, as, for instance, the "skeleton outline" of the C sharp minor Quartet.

While on the subject of Beethoven, mention may be made of another article in the volume on the "Ninth Symphony," which originally appeared in the *Musikalisches Wochenblatt* in 1873. Wagner maintains that in certain passages of that Symphony Beethoven's intentions are not fully represented by the written notes. In one passage the master was hampered by limited compass of the flute, and in another by the "natural" trumpet. Wagner therefore proposes to modify the score, and suggests how this should be accomplished. Such tampering with the text of Beethoven naturally called forth bitter opposition. Only fancy at the present day a musician, not of world-wide fame—and in 1873 Wagner had not won the commanding position which he afterwards held—suggesting, on similar grounds, some alteration of the scoring in "Die Meistersinger" or "Parsifal." In these Wagner-fever days it would be better for that musician never to have been born. The question of altering, by even a single note, the scores of the great masters is beset with difficulty. There are, undoubtedly, weighty arguments for and against such a course. This is not the place to discuss that momentous question, and yet just a word or two may not be amiss, as Wagner's attempt to improve Beethoven's score has been the subject of interesting comment in a letter recently published by Sir G. Grove in the *Musical Times*. Wagner's true admiration for Beethoven and his mastery of orchestration give weight to his words, even if his arguments fail entirely to convince; also it should be remembered that Beethoven himself, when the compass of the keyboard of the pianoforte was extended during the composer's lifetime, referred to certain passages in his

is pursued? "Oh, certain point to which upon the French's actual mode of character-izations." We do not see that is a motive to view a fresh and often original of the selected topics. We are with the writer, but we have an antagonist who has knowledge of his subject and a plausible case for his wrong-
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interest. For is not Bayreuth now the centre, as it were, of the musical world? It is natural to suppose that Wagner, in planning the Bayreuth Playhouse, was largely occupied in making known his own works. As with Bach and Beethoven, so his own greatness absorbed much of his attention. Still it is clear, from the "Final Report," that the Bayreuth Theatre was not intended to be what it has now become—i.e., solely a Richard Wagner Theatre. Mr. Ellis has provided this fifth volume with an interesting preface, an index, and a useful summary of contents.

THE MEASUREMENT OF TIME.

Chronologies and Calendars. By James C. Macdonald, F.S.A. (William Andrews & Co.)

WHY must those who were born on the 29th of February wait till 1904 to celebrate their next birthdays? This little book will answer that and many other curious questions. The Roman pontiffs had corrupted the Calendar Rolls—for instance, ordaining special intercalated days to favour a moneyed friend who wished to retain office. At last the seasons fell months out of time, so that the festival of spring was celebrated in July. Julius Cæsar unmade this confusion, decreeing that the year 46 B.C., then current, should contain 445 days, and instituting leap years, though he never lived to see one. How difficult the counting of days must be when historical and astronomical events have to be compared. Cæsar's orders were misread, and for the next thirty-seven years every third instead of every fourth year was made a leap year;

eight days each and one month of twenty-nine days, except in leap year, when the thirteenth month would have thirty days.
Dates for the Creation range from the 7382 B.C. of Josephus and 3760 B.C. of present-day Jews to the era of evolution, the hundred million years of Lord Kelvin's limit to the period of organic life upon earth. The "Evolution of Eras" in China, Egypt, and elsewhere, is treated as history and archaeology, perhaps without sufficient reference to those astronomical conditions to which human systems have sought to conform. The author of *Chronologies and Calendars* sticks to his last, and, indeed, he knows his own business uncommonly well, but might have referred his readers, say, to Whewell's chapter on "The Fixation of the Civil Year" in *The History of the Inductive Sciences*.
Of ancient cycles the Metonic nineteen-year period was so highly esteemed that it was cited in the Greek Fasti in letters of gold, hence our "Golden Number." Some further information would have been welcome as to the use of this number in the prediction of eclipses and in the Prayer-book "Table to find Easter." Modern astronomers reckon the day as beginning at noon, not at midnight; and in their calculations the year 0 (unknown in history) would precede A.D. 1. Recent efforts to extend the use of the Greenwich meridian might suitably have been noticed.
Mr. Macdonald whets our appetite when he tells of the conjunction of Venus and Jupiter in B.C. 6, supposed to be the Star of Bethlehem, and of battles long ago, which have been dated by calculating back to old eclipses. These astronomical checks are most useful when applied to unravel history written when men compiled freely and

forms a temperate presentment, from the point of view of a clever woman, of the marriage question. Moreover, the foreword, "Religio Fœminæ," may be recommended as an antidote to the nonsense which has been written concerning that mythical creature the "New Woman." But we have been chiefly interested in the essay which deals with the "Disparagement of Woman in Literature," and discloses a feminine grievance of which we had never suspected the existence. For the writer has discovered in the course of her reading that the makers of books have from time immemorial been in the habit of saying the nastiest things about women. Even when they have not abused women they have spoken of them in a "tone of affectionate patronage" which is even more annoying than abuse. And if you will cast a roving mental eye over the literature of the ages, from Homer to Anthony Hope, you will be bound to admit the existence of a habit of writing of women as, in a manner of speaking, different from men. Even the Homeric tag—*θηλυραὶ δὲ γυναικες*—seems to contain a covert sneer, if we translate it "womanly women." Then there was Euripides (who is certainly understood to have had experience to back his opinion), with all manner of horrid remarks, quite uncalled for, about the sex; he calls it *τὸ θῆλυ*, you remember, no doubt meaning the neuter to indicate contempt. The same may be said of that apophthegm which has passed through unnumbered adaptations, "varium et mutabile semper femina." But Miss Chapman does not bother herself about antiquity. She is willing to let bygones be bygones, so long as they have gone by for three centuries, and is content to base her case, which she pleads with much research and ingenuity, on the ways of writers who

flung their handful of mud or their sprinkling of chaff at the sex; and Miss Chapman thinks that it is quite time they gave up the amusement.

There may have been some reason in the past, Miss Chapman admits, for the disparagement of women. "Nor am I concerned to deny," she writes, "that, from one cause or another, considerable pretext has been afforded for this chronic depreciation, ridiculing and vilipending of woman." But in these days, we are given to understand, when women are doing their best to be serious and honest and brave, when they are taking degrees and sitting in serried rows on platforms, and, in short, making themselves generally useful, it is a serious discouragement that men will persist in regarding them as belonging to a different sex, and being either rude or ribald at their expense. It is enough to send them back in despair to the suckling of fools and the chronicle of small beer. Something, obviously, will have to be done. Miss Chapman suggests that it would be well to follow the example of those "who, in reading standard works or, for the matter of that, current literature aloud in the family circle are careful to omit all depreciatory references to the female sex, as a sex." We cannot think that this would meet the case. The proportion of literature that is read aloud in the family circle is extremely small, and you may trust the young folks to lay hands upon the books and investigate for themselves if they suspect deceit. A committee of expert ladies might be appointed to expurgate all books of anti-feminine matter, winnowing the chaff and leaving only the pure grain of approbation. The "Woman's Bible" would supply the precedent. But even then, who could guarantee that the expurgated edition would hold the market?

After all, we fear, the only thing is for woman to take it smiling. She is not alone in her punishment. Men have been exceedingly outspoken about their own sex, ever since a man exclaimed that "All men are liars." If "Frailty, thy name is woman" offends, let her reflect that "Men were deceivers ever" and cry quits. Moreover, now, if ever, women have the game in their own hands. The novelist with the largest circulation in the world is a woman. It only remains for our conquerors in the world of fiction to speak their minds. Miss Chapman's complaint comes too late to be of service. We have disparaged women for three thousand years or so, but the time of our "spanking" has come.

SOME OLD SCOTTISH PENS.

The "Blackwood" Group. ("Famous Scots" Series.) By Sir George Douglas. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS is not always a good critic, but he is a pleasing biographer. It would be hard, indeed, to be utterly dull on such a subject, for the men he writes of—Wilson, Galt, Moir, Michael Scot—were vigorous personalities in their way, tirelessly energetic, crude and faulty to the last degree, but at the worst living, bustling

human beings. As a relief from anæmic young gentlemen who worship the bones of art, it is worth while turning to those uncritical Scots who set down their gloriously faulty stuff with real gusto and delight. Wilson was the type of the school, Galt, perhaps, rather above it; while Moir, save for one masterpiece, was certainly below it. The school has been overpraised in later times by its perfervid fellow-countrymen, who fancy analogies between its spontaneity and the ease of production of the great author of *Waverley*; but it is easy for a generation which has been schooled to admire the exquisite and the chastened to fail in appreciating raw elemental power. Nowadays we seek, even in our realists, a certain reticence in passion, and mere violence in the sentimental is set down as rococo and futile. But the rococo has its charm; and these men were more than boisterous sentimentalists and windy rhetoricians.

The author has learned a trick or two from his subjects, and is betrayed more than once into a flamboyant phrase or an ill-considered judgment. "To-day the critic Johnson is remembered chiefly for his blindness." Indeed! we had not thought so. Or take such an inexact note as this:

"*The Inheritance* in its own degree unites the principal characteristics of the Greek and the Shakespearean drama, for the web of circumstance inexorably woven about the innocent and unconscious heroine is entirely in the manner of the first, while the indifferent, life-like alternation of tragic and ludicrous incident in the narrative is of a piece with Shakespearean irony."

Nor can we see the point of such a piece of patriotism as: "The success of *Marriage* had the right effect upon the sterling Scottish character of the authoress. It led her to try how much better still she could do." He calls a line of Moir's a fine line:

"The bliss that feeds upon the heart destroys"—in which we can see no more than a trite thought awkwardly expressed. Nor, in spite of our strong admiration for Galt, can we admit that his Covenanting story, *Ringan Gilhaize*, shows a more real sympathy with Scots feeling, more "literary style, intensity, and delicacy than *Old Mortality*." Two scenes alone in the book seem to us to have the quality of first-rate romance—the journey of Michael Gilhaize along the Fife coast to St. Andrews and the somewhat Rabelaisian meeting between the trooper and the goat.

In fact, Sir George Douglas suffers from having to group together a number of writers of very disparate gifts. The result is that he starts at a high level of praise, and, when he wishes to go further (as in Galt's case) he is driven into ill-timed comparisons with a very great writer. But the book is interesting and useful, if for no other thing than that it emphasises the excellence of the *Noctes* and the best work of Galt and Miss Ferrier. In the present woful state of Scots fiction, when the Scots village is a transcendental point round which are grouped religious myths, it is refreshing to turn to the real thing in *The Provost* and *The Annals of the Parish*.

HORT'S "CHRISTIAN ECCLESIA"

The Christian Ecclesia. By Fenton John Anthony Hort, D.D. (Macmillan & Co.)

THIS volume consists of a course of lectures delivered before the University of Cambridge in 1888-89 by the late Dr. Hort, and of four sermons preached on various occasions, but dealing more or less with the same fundamental topic. Having to speak about the origin and early history of the Christian community as an organised body, Hort chose for his title the word *Ecclesia*, as his editor, Mr. J. O. F. Murray, puts it, "expressly for its freedom from the distracting associations which have gathered round its more familiar synonyms"—especially, we may suppose, the word "Church." The same effect might perhaps have been still better attained by writing *Ecclesia* with two *E's* in the Greek character. In any case, to nearly every reader it will simply spell church. We live in a time when historical investigations of apparently the most innocent kind are at once captured for party purposes; and ecclesiastical studies are so peculiarly exposed to this fate that Hort might as well as have begun by boldly facing the risk. Nor do these lectures give the impression that he was himself actuated by a merely antiquarian curiosity. They read like a pamphlet against sacerdotalism, not only as represented in an extreme form by the claims of Rome, but also as represented in a more moderate form by the Anglican pretensions. In reference to the famous text on which Pius IX. relied so confidently as a proof to Protestants of papal infallibility, Hort observes (p. 16) that in his opinion

"the most obvious interpretation is the true one. St. Peter himself, yet not exclusively St. Peter but the other disciples of whom he was then the spokesman and interpreter, and should hereafter be the leader, was the rock which Christ had here in view. It was no question here of an authority given to St. Peter; some other image than that of the ground under a foundation must have been chosen if that had been meant. Still less was it a question of an authority which should be transmitted by St. Peter to others."

As to the bishops mentioned in Apostolic literature, Hort seems to look on them as officials corresponding to the elders of the Judaic congregation, from which he assumes the Christian ecclesia to have been developed; while the diaconate is characterised as "a strictly subordinate and external function" (p. 231). No system of church government was instituted by Christ, nor was any recognised as binding by the Apostles (p. 230). In short, the Gospel is not "a second Levitical Code" (p. 232). Protestant Nonconformists will welcome these conclusions as water to their mill, and Roman Catholics will, perhaps, appeal to other credentials than isolated New Testament texts; but one feels curious to know how Hort would have reconciled the privileges claimed by his own Church with this unsparing, though indirect, demolition of their alleged foundation in the earliest Christian tradition.

Hort might have made out an even stronger case had he accepted the results

of any but the least advanced New Testament criticism. On this point, however, he remains rigidly conservative. Every saying attributed to Christ by the Fourth Evangelist, and every word reported as having been uttered after the Resurrection, is accepted without hesitation; and this even when the genuineness of a command to preach the Gospel over the whole earth seems to be discredited by the strange quiescence of the disciples to whom it is said to have been delivered (p. 37). The Book of Acts receives more credence than most scholars would give to Thucydides. The Epistle to the Ephesians is quoted as Pauline even when the lecturer has to cite the passages which most distinctly betray its later origin. Objections to the authenticity of the Pastoral Epistles are indeed mentioned, but only in the briefest manner, and only to be peremptorily swept aside (p. 171).

The lectures are, of course, marked by refined scholarship and painstaking accuracy. But the treatment of the whole subject is highly technical, and the style austere to aridity. The sermons are a little, but only a little, more popular. The finely wrought abstractions of which they chiefly consist give the impression—very likely an erroneous one—of being designed to commit the preacher to the fewest possible definite statements, and the vaguest possible promises of reform.

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

Gleanings of Past Years: 1885-96. Vol. VIII. (Theological and Ecclesiastical.) By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. (Murray.)

MR. GLADSTONE speaks his thoughts with a subjective accompaniment of winning modulations and commanding gesture, the periods punctuated with the warning arm and the setting of the strong sensitive mouth; but the callous pen and dispassionate ink decline all part and lot with such matter, the phrases they inscribe are the pale ghosts of the author's full-blooded idea. But if Mr. Gladstone the essayist is less a master of style than Mr. Gladstone the orator he is at least a clear, intelligible writer—diligent, laborious, conscientious; and that which his wonderful industry puts forth is invariably a serious contribution to the consideration of the subject of which he treats. In the present volume he is seen at his best. Here he discourses of the matters in which he has most delight—discourses with an urbanity, with a restraint, with a dignity, which show him at his best. The papers cover ground familiar to such as concern themselves with controversies of the day. The methods of "Bob" Ingersoll are examined with a seriousness that must have surprised that light-hearted humorist; Huxley is bombarded on the subject of the Swine Miracle with historical evidences amid which stars and daggers dazzle the reader with their multitude of references; the voluble, versatile Mrs. Besant is treated with a lighter hand of courteous ridicule; Mrs. Humphry

Ward's philosophy is examined with more gravity than her Robert seems by this time altogether to deserve. Of the other essays three are devoted to a justification of the Reformation settlement of religion. The volume contains also Mr. Gladstone's hopeful forecast of the verdict to follow upon the Roman inquiry into the essence of the Anglican ministry, and, by way of postscript, his lament that the Commission did not contrive to return a verdict in favour of the validity of its orders. The acerb tone of this last document denotes the bitterness of the writer's disappointment.

This eighth volume, which completes the series, leaves the reader astonished at the industry which in the midst of the burdens of an exacting career has found time for so voluminous occasional work, full of admiration for the learning and of respect for the character that speaks in its every page.

* * *

Memories of the Months: Being Pages from the Notebook of a Field-Naturalist and Antiquary, to wit, Sir H. Maxwell, Bart., M.P. (Arnold.)

If Englishmen do not yet appreciate the beauty and many enjoyments to be found in the country it is not the fault of the numerous writers who of late years have treated them, each in his own style. A White of Selborne or a Richard Jefferies is not often reproduced by nature, in spite of the assertions of reviewers, and yet many of their excellencies may be found in Sir H. Maxwell's little book. He unfeignedly loves every aspect of country life, and devotes some ninety chapters to revealing a few of nature's secrets. He does so, too, in a scholarly manner, having much sympathy with ballads, art, and archæology. Being an authority on fishing, especially trout fishing, he judiciously flavours his pages with piscatorial anecdotes. Not contented with these pleasant subjects, scenery, flowers and flower lore, gardening, deer-stalking, black game and ptarmigan occupy his facile pen. The result is, that every lover of nature finds much to charm him in these *Memories*, and will be wise to add them to his shelf of favourite books. The essays are arranged under the four seasons. Snow, sunshine, foliage and autumnal tints thus form suggestive backgrounds for studies of birds and animals. Half-a-dozen characteristic etchings bestow additional grace on the volume. It upholds the highest traditions of fair sport and humanity to the lower creatures; and as the reader lays it down he cordially wishes that ere long Sir H. Maxwell may impart to the world some further chapters from his notebook.

Naturalists are sure to differ here and there from the author. That detestable fungus *phallus* cannot, for instance, fortunately, be termed "common." Shakespeare's "long purples" are more probably *lythrum salicaria* than the spotted orchis. It is a somewhat rash experiment also to introduce the jay into a district tolerably clear of it, whether eggs or garden produce are taken into account. Such diversities of opinion, however, add to the book's charm. The reader in his country rambles finds someone, as it were, to oppose his own

views. Sir H. Maxwell's vignettes of Scottish scenery are delightful and painted with the utmost felicity. From them he takes the reader to the mouth of an estuary and bids him notice the smell of violets and cucumbers which pervades a catch of smelts, and which, it may be added, is also apparent in the grayling on being first taken. An interesting chapter relates to the discovery of water by the divining rod; another to the lavish display of colour when the wild hyacinths are out; "those fairy banks, enamelled with acres of azure among the grey ash-stems, with bright green fern-fronds springing, and dog's mercury of more sober tone." Nothing else in nature's colouring has so fine an effect on English scenery; a bed of these hyacinths reminds one of the gentian on the Alps, like a blue cloud on the mountain side, as Mr. Ruskin describes it.

These remarks show something of the variety and interest which pervade Sir H. Maxwell's *Memories*. It is of the country and for the country. Everyone going North this summer cannot do better than put it in his pocket. It will assuredly lend a more vivid charm to the hills and wild-life of Scotland.

* * *

Forecasts of the Coming Century. By a Decade of Writers. (Manchester: The Labour Press, Limited).

THE papers which make up this book have been written by men to whom we may fairly look for well-informed utterances on the aims of Socialism and the methods by which it is proposed to realise them. Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace writes on "The Re-occupation of the Land"; Mr. Grant Allen on "Natural Inequality"; Mr. Tom Mann on "Trade Unionism and Co-operation"; Mr. Edward Carpenter on "Transitions to Freedom"; and there are seven other papers. All are affable and reasonable to a degree. Mr. Tom Mann has put off the Socialist Adam of ten years ago less, perhaps, than his fellows; but in writing on Trade Unionism he is dealing with his own calling, which it is natural he should magnify. His hopes may probably be classed among those illusions of Socialism on which Mr. Bernard Shaw discourses amusingly later in the volume, half apologising for them, half condemning them. As for Mr. Shaw's own opinions, they would, we think, be nothing but a help to pleasant intercourse between himself and, say, Lord Salisbury.

Mr. Henry Salt writes on "Socialism and Literature." He thinks that a Socialist régime would stamp out dilettante writing, incompetent writing, superfluous writing, the books of rich amateurs, the itch for authorship, and other literary evils. Very likely it would; but so would a Mohammedan invasion of Europe, or the Day of Judgment. These evils exist, but our explanation of them would be simpler than Mr. Salt's. We trace the itch to write to the itch to read, and this to the Compulsory Education Act, which has made millions read voraciously, but has not had time to make them read well. All that is wanted is time.

THE BOOK TRADE IN CANADA.

A TALK WITH A CANADIAN PUBLISHER.

I HAD met Mr. Thompson before in Toronto, and when I caught sight of him the other day in London I suggested the advisability of an interview on Canadian book-selling. Mr. H. L. Thompson is president of the firm of Copp, Clark & Co., of Toronto, probably the largest wholesale booksellers and publishers in the Dominion.

"No," said Mr. Thompson in answer to the inevitable question, "I cannot say that the Jubilee has affected our business to any large extent; it has certainly not had the disastrous effect which I hear it is having in this country. Canada was never more loyal and further from annexation to the United States, but it is curious that the innumerable Jubilee publications have not had a large sale."

"But I hear that the various schools are giving Jubilee medals instead of book prizes this year. Surely that will lessen the sales of 'juveniles'?"

"That is quite a mistake. In the Canadian public schools book prizes are seldom given. We carry a large stock of 'juveniles,' but most of them go to the Sunday-school libraries, which are a great institution in our country."

Mr. Thompson went on to explain that a very important branch of his firm's business is the sale of school text-books. "The text-books for all the lower classes are, as a rule, authorised by Government, and we publish quite a number of these. The Educational Department of Ontario insists that these shall be produced in the country and be, for the most part, the work of Canadian authors. The provinces of Quebec, Manitoba, and British Columbia generally follow Ontario in the choice of educational works, so we have a large public to supply; but in the maritime provinces, notably in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, Toronto publications are looked upon with something of suspicion and antagonism."

"You do a large business in Colonial editions of English works, I believe?"

"Yes, we make these a special feature, and have the exclusive agency for the Colonial editions of quite a number of books. Of course we have at present to contend with the numberless American reprints, and I think English publishers are coming to understand that it is useless to expect us to sell any number of the six-shilling edition of, say, Mr. Barrie's earlier books, when the market is simply flooded with the American 'ten cent pirate.'"

"I suppose the popular authors are much the same in Canada as in England?"

"Yes, that is so. We have no local literature of any moment, if you except the novels of Gilbert Parker, which have sold in large numbers. Ian Maclaren, Hall Caine, Crockett, Barrie, Weyman, Conan Doyle, all command a ready sale, and we also get rid of large numbers of David Douglas's neat editions of American novels."

"Have the free libraries reached Canada yet?"

"Yes! They are very popular, and on the increase everywhere. Mechanics'

institutes and school libraries are being formed in many towns; and now that books for such institutions are, for the most part, free of duty, they are likely to grow very rapidly. It is not very easy to understand the provisions of the new tariff" [here I nodded in token of fervent assent, for I can vouch for the difficulty of fathoming some of its vagaries], "but it seems that in the first case we shall have to pay the ordinary duty, but sell at the free price to the various libraries, and then look to the Government to refund such duty. I should have preferred to have had the duty collected upon all library books imported into Canada, and then have had the rebate allowed to the library direct; but either of these plans will be a great benefit to the local booksellers, who can now sell books from stock to the library and receive, either direct or through the library, a rebate of duty previously collected."

And then, of course, we plunged into a discussion of the new tariff, and especially of the clauses in it relating to books. Mr. Thompson is personally exceedingly sorry that the clause prohibiting the importation of American reprints or pirated editions into Canada has, upon consideration, been abolished. English publishers who, when arranging for the American "market" of a book, have "thrown in" Canada would be surprised to learn how strong the feeling against this arrangement is.

"We want to deal with England," said Mr. Thompson with great emphasis. "It is true that for the present the unauthorised reprints can come in from the States with impunity, but I think the whole question of British copyright will come up again before long, and I believe the Canadian Government will have been convinced that it is unjust to the British author and publisher, and pernicious for the Canadian bookseller and reading public, to allow the sale in the Dominion of American pirated editions. The proposed clause was probably too sweeping and drastic, but in a modified form it would receive the hearty support of all right-thinking people."

"And what is the latest information from Canada as to the duty on books?"

"It seems there are to be two distinct duties. All novels, whether in cloth or paper, and paper-covered books, of whatever nature, are subject to a 20 per cent. duty. This does not include Sunday-school books, which, with all other kinds of literature outside fiction and some educational books, are only subject to 10 per cent. duty. It is not definitely stated, but I suppose English books will have the one-eighth preference as was proposed in the earlier tariff, which would, of course, bring the duty on English books down to 17½ per cent. and 8½ per cent."

"This arrangement practically amounts to a premium on serious reading?"

"Yes; and so as further to encourage the sale of the best literature the Government in making grants to libraries and other institutions stipulates that fiction shall not constitute more than 20 per cent. of the books bought. Of course, the Government's definition of fiction is not very sweeping. I should not be surprised to hear, for instance,

that Mr. Henty's stories were classed as 'historical.'"

The vexed question of Canadian copyright right was bound to come up in such an interview. English publishers are quite unaware how seriously the matter is being debated in Canada.

"On this question," said Mr. Thompson, "I am distinctly a 'moderate.' I am in favour of Canadian copyright under certain conditions—first, that the law shall in no way be retroactive, and secondly, that English Colonial editions shall be prohibited as well as the American reprints. The proposal now before the Government is as follows: Supposing that a book is published in England and that no arrangements have been made with a Canadian publisher for a special Canadian edition, it will be open to anyone to apply to Ottawa for the right to reprint the book. The Government will then communicate with the author or publisher asking whether any such arrangements have been made, and giving a definite time for reply. Should the response be in the negative, or there be no reply at all, the applicant may receive Government authorisation to publish that book at whatever price he likes, and to pay to the Government a royalty of ten per cent. upon the retail price which will be handed by them to the English publisher or author. Now it stands the reason that it will be to the advantage of the English publisher or author to arrange beforehand with some firm in Canada to publish the book as his agent, for he can then make distinct stipulations as to price and royalty. If no such arrangement be made, he will receive, it is true, his ten per cent. royalty, but nothing prevents the Canadian applicant, of whose business standing the English author or publisher may know very little, from selling the book at twenty-five cents, or even lower."

"You speak of author or publisher. Is the idea to leave it optional as to whether you communicate with the English publisher or direct with the author?"

"I am, as I have said, one of the 'moderates.' Some of the Canadian publishers deny the right of the English publisher to interfere in the matter at all. As business men, who have had long and exceedingly pleasant relations with publishers of this country, we should certainly wish to deal with the publishers. And I must say most emphatically that as far as my firm is concerned we shall not apply to Ottawa for the enforced publication of any book, though we shall be glad to arrange with English publishers for the publication of Canadian editions, when such arrangements can be made to mutual advantage."

"One more question. Will a Canadian edition pay you?"

"Only in the case of some popular books. The cost of production would be cheaper in Canada than in England if we printed from English plates, as we shall hope to do when dealing with the publisher. The buying public is not large, but with an author of any popularity a Canadian edition should be a success, providing always that the cheap English and American editions are not allowed to come into the country."

J. E. H. W.

"Ah! Don't be hard on Thackeray," said Amyas, raising his pointed fingers; "he was of his age, of his age."

"So was Noah, dear chap."

"Even Noah was only partly antediluvian," said another.

"True," said Amyas; "he had his second period. What I value in a writer," he added, musing, "are the odd moments, the between periods, the neither this nor that!"

I am skirting Mr. Sturgis's plot persistently; but I do not think that there is injustice in so doing. The reader will come to it the more freshly. It interested me greatly, as I said; but Mr. Sturgis's satirical touches and clean-cut portraits interest me more. We need such observant wits as he to crystallise types for us from time to time.

* * * *

An Odd Experiment. By Hannah Lynch.
(Methuen & Co.)

In *An Odd Experiment* Miss Hannah Lynch has hit on a plot which is not absolutely new—Mr. Kipling has turned it into a short story—but she has worked it out in a manner which is novel and remarkably clever. It is simply the struggle of a woman—verging on middle age—for the affections of her husband. Mrs. Raymond finds her husband in sore trouble, and inquires the reason:

"If it were an ordinary squalid infidelity," he says, "I might make shift to be sorry in silence and mend. But that's the worst of it, Kate. There's more than you and me to consider in this matter."

"Naturally. There's—the other woman," said his wife, with her unruffled placidity."

That remark alone is enough to interest you in Mrs. Raymond. She is marvellously reasonable. She goes to see the "other woman," who is merely a passionate girl, and insists that she shall come to stay with her—and her husband—as a guest. This is how the other woman—her name was Blanche—contemplated the prospect:

"Blanche's thoughts, like unintelligent birds, flew in a circle to the running murmur of consciousness: 'To-morrow I shall be sitting between his wife and him, we three aware of what that means.' She blinked faint lids upon the awful picture, and the colour came in hot waves, and subsided under chalk patches, to the surprise of the servant, who removed the plates, and noted her silence and want of appetite."

When I had reached this point I became intensely interested; for a writer who tackles such a situation strikes deep indeed. I also saw, as you will see from the above-quoted sentence, that Miss Hannah Lynch has caught the Meredithyrambic spirit to her undoing. Take, for example, her description of Miss Baruna, a quite secondary character, who "carried with her the emphatic note of wealth that sets mercenary Cupid sighing like a bellows at the skirts of gilded maidenhood." Such grotesqueness, I must confess, worries me when I come across it in a book with a live story written by a live writer. It is for Mrs. Raymond, the reasonable wife, that I shall read this story again. This is how Mrs. Raymond feels when she intercepts "an imprudent flash of eyeball" passing between the husband and the other woman:

"Instantly she felt beggared of youth and its incandescent glow, since never again could life light such fire for her. Love and its beguiling rashness lay behind, buried in the grave of experience, and, with a thrill of memory, she felt a poignant yearning for the soft follies, the caresses, the tender, broken speech of young passion. But this was no moment to listen to the restless beats of a heart suddenly stripped of its conventional wrappings of philosophy. Duty was then simple, sure, defined. It ordered her to be satisfied with friendship, and not aggravate by her own futile regrets the troubles of a tortured heart. The rest, after all, is purchasable; only comradeship and the quiet affections can neither be sold nor paid for. She it was who was the man's friend; and what did it matter how much of the inferior feeling, never a permanent one, he gave the other?"

From this you may see something—it would be robbing you of an enjoyment to tell you more—of the result of Mrs. Raymond's experiment. The book is a curious study of the life of middle-aged married people whose passional life does not entirely synchronise. A book to read and remember.

Lazarus: a Tale of the Earth's Great Miracle. By Lucas Cleeve.
(Hutchinson & Co.)

Some provision of the copyright law should be contrived to cover the New Testament. Another lady has entered the field in which Miss Corelli has delighted her "public." *Barabbas* is followed by *Lazarus*; and now we expect with confidence the arrival of *Pontius Pilate* and *Judas Iscariot*. *Barabbas* one knows chiefly by disrepute; of *Lazarus* I have had some hours of wearisome experience. Lucas Cleeve's acquaintance with the Hebrew race is such as might be cursorily gleaned from the "Teacher's Bible"; her moralising—and there is an unconscionable deal of it—is of the most obvious and irritating quality. As for the extraordinary jargon which she deems appropriate to a story of Palestine, methinks it doth bear a semblance unto nought of language written or spoken since Babel's builders were by Jah confounded.

Her hero is introduced musing upon "a clashing dissonance he could not account for"—a judgment given in favour of a usurper. He falls in with Nicodemus, and together they go to his domicile, conversing gravely by the way. When they arrive—

"We heard a wondrous story to-day from Cana," Mary [the sister of Lazarus] said to the two men. "We cannot credit it, but our kinsman Nathaniel . . . doth write how that they were all at the wedding of a friend, and Mary was there with her amazing son, this strange Man of whom all speak; and, when they entered, Mary did say to the servants, 'Whatever He saith unto ye, do it.' And there were set there six water-pots of stone, containing water; and this Jesus said unto them, 'Fill the water-pots with water'; and they filled them to the brim. Then He said unto them again, 'Draw out now, and bear unto the governor of the feast.' And when they did so, behold it was all wine, and of such choice flavour as Nathaniel saith he never before did taste . . . and all were full of wonder at this thing, which they do term a miracle. What think ye, noble rulers, can this thing be true?"

Poor St. John! And Nicodemus being "a master in Israel"—the people whose war-cry was, "The Lord your God is One"—comments: "If 'tis true ['tis] Aramaic for 'it is'], 'tis surely a God who hath come among us!"

To our very serious Lazarus the two most beautiful women in Jerusalem, Mary Magdalene (Lucas Cleeve does not follow the tradition which identifies her with Mary the sister of Lazarus) and Rebekah, the daughter of Caiaphas, are devoted. This is how that young man replies to Rebekah's pleadings. She is very lovely; you are to understand, but not at all good:

"Noble lady," he said, "farewell; thou art not thyself to-night, and to listen to thee were wrong; for thou thyself would'st weep if thou did'st know the words which thou hast said. I thank thee for the love thou offerest, but 'twould [Hebrew for "it would"] be but sorry love I gave thee, for my heart and soul are given to the Nazarene; henceforth, in life and death, I belong to Him, and of naught else can I think; and if I cause thee pain, sweet lady, forgive me, for I would not; but if thou hast a sorrow for a while, turn thee to the Nazarene, who doth assuage all sorrow. So shall we be united, thee and I, in a common heavenly love that will wipe out all earthly yearning."

And even that cured not the infatuated young woman!

"That one short hour in the fragrant, silent garden had brought him closer than ever he would be again. On that sweet memory she must feed till ages should have rolled away, while swathed in grave-clothes of finest embroidered linen the High Priest's daughter would be lying in her granite sepulchre."

Admire that touch about the grave-clothes. The lady came to a bad end, one regrets to add. After "quick, hot words" with "the beauteous Magdalene," about to be married to the resuscitated Lazarus, with "madness-given strength" she "stabbed her in her jealousy." And Lazarus and Mary sailed away in a ship "to where they could preach the Gospel unmolested." It will be seen that the book has in it the elements of a wide popularity.

* * * *

Impossibilities: Fantasias. By Israfel Mondago.
(Henry & Co.)

This book is a little literary lark. But the jest is rather one-sided. No real human being, with passions, temper, and a will, can limit himself in all the emergencies of life to the vocabulary of the concert-platform. If his creator insists on so restricting him, he becomes automatic, incredible. The author will lay his finger upon

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the title and remark, "I told you so"; but the self-respecting critic cannot allow his ink-pot to be thus overturned. A series of tales in which no one character is for a moment alive, in which nothing particular happens, in which no person loves, suffers, or even dies, is not a good book of stories, though it contain, as Mr. Mondego's volume contains, some clever juggling with words, together with some startling effects in the juxtaposition of preciousness and slang, and though it manifest a surprising familiarity with the technical phraseology of the musical art and with the concert-room classics. One of the characters describes himself thus:

"Mine is the secret of personality. I am the Wagner of the piano. I do not merely play notes. I play on thought and emotion, on every complex chord of beauty and passion. I read the lurid sins of Liszt, the Magyar scroll of blood and death and fiery intolerable desire; I feel the clinging soft Slavonic, lazily affettuoso with a fierce double entente. . . . I am a genius, and my Leschetzky turn of the wrist is greatly admired. . . ."

Incidentally occurs some passable descriptive criticism. Take this from "Buggins at Bayreuth," a description of the famous low E flat of the Rheingold:

"How exquisite is running water on the orchestra!—the limpid amber trickle, sound liquified, flowing, flowing, interwoven with little sunlit cross currents kissed by a quivering ray of emerald light reflected from the trees far above that mirror their drooping branches in the stately river."

Which, allowing for the extravagant pose and an air of burlesque, may be accepted. Sometimes Mr. Mondego drops to the level of a more daily jocosity. A landlady goes away muttering: "It ain't the work as I objects to; it's the manool labour of running up and down these 'ere stairs": that is a pleasant little surprise. But, to conclude as I began, the author probably has amused himself more than the result of his freak is likely to amuse anybody else.

* * * * *

The Widow Woman. By Charles Lee.
(James Bowden.)

If you can master an unfamiliar dialect, you will find this little book as brisk and exhilarating as a draught of West-country cider. It is a simple tale of a Cornish fisherman, "as helpless on land as a fish out of water." John Trelill, torn from the side of his true love, and dragged by his termagant of a sister to the desirable kitchen of the widow whom he is expected to marry, does not cut an imposing figure. Mrs. Poljew, the sister, is the master of ceremonies.

"Casting aside all superfluous delicacy, she came to the point.

"Come," she exclaimed, suddenly jumping up, 'let's spake out free, an' have done wed'n. John, you're a widdier man, 'a b'lieve, an', simmen to me, you're a widdier woman, Mis' Pollard; you do both live too near a wood to be afraid of owls. Edn' no 'casion to be 'ave like fullish maid an' bachelor; out wed'n, now, an' be done!'

"They seemed to have turned to stone as they sat. Mrs. Poljew pitched a note of soft sentiment.

"When I be'old you two a-settin' together, an' chattin' happy and comfortable (John writhed in his chair), I say to myself, 'Here's a pair, sure 'nough!' Anybody to look upon 'ee 'ud say you wor made for aich other, like Pilchards an' Pendennack men. . . . Come, Mis' Pollard, John's got somefen to say to 'ee. Are 'ee exposed to hear 'en say et?'

"Ess, s'pose," murmured Mrs. Pollard faintly.

"Mrs. Poljew turned to her brother.

"Now, John, out wed'n!'

"Beads stood on John's forehead. He uttered an inarticulate gurgle.

"Mis' Pollard," he began desperately, and suddenly stopped short.

"That's very well; I do think a brae lot of 'ee," prompted his sister in a very audible whisper.

"I—I do think a brae lot of 'ee," he repeated mechanically.

"That's very well, too. Will 'ee have me?'

"Will 'ee——" he broke off. "Oh, I can't," he cried in despair. "Lis me alone, Mary; I can't!'

"The wrath on Mrs. Poljew's face was terrible to behold. But, unbeaten to the last, she instantly subdued it, and turned a knowing grin on Mrs. Pollard.

"There's bashfulness for 'ee!' she exclaimed."

The Countess de Saldar had not more presence of mind. But it avails nothing. The widow, who is a good soul in spite of her moustache, is not to be imposed on, and relinquishes her claims. So John comes to his true love once again, mainly by the counsel

of Mrs. Pezzack, whose "garrulity spoiled her for the ideal detective." But her reminiscences atone for her gossip:

"There were six of us maids at home, and all of us had our chaps—all but little Patience, the beauty. Ah, the times we had! Sat'dar night the kitchen was as crowded as if there was a berren on. An' what mother'd say. She'd pertend to be vexed when she come in, an' found all the chairs full, some of em' double, and two settin' 'pon table. "Hullo!" 'a'd say, "what's this? Got a berren on?" 'a'd say. But all the while 'a wor as pleased as could be to think her daughters were so much thought for. But 'a managed us proper, mother did. N' kissin' or huggin' in comp'ny, 'a believe. Ef 'a should see tw' hauldin' hands, "rap" 'ud come the stick 'pon their fingers. "Where's your manners?" 'a'd say. "Ef you caan't be 'ave proper, young man, out wi' 'ee." An' soon's ten o'clock did strike, 'a'd say to Betty—she wor the youngest, nex' to Patience—'a'd say to Betty to take her chap out, an'—"I'll gie 'ee five minutes to say good-bye in," says mother. An' then, after five minutes, 'twas "Time's up, Betty. Off wi' 'ee, young man!" An' then 'a wor Naomi's turn, she bein' next to Betty, an' she'd have her five minutes; an' then five for Jane an' five for Cath'rine. But I was the aldust, an' came last, so 'Shah an' me had ten minutes. The others used to be vexed, but mother'd tell 'em 'a wor my right, bein' the aldust."

It is a delightful book, full of quaint characters, and abounding in that quiet humour which ought to grow in every Kailyard.

* * *

The Philanderers. By A. W. Mason.
(Macmillan & Co.)

I am thankful for such a book as *The Philanderers*, not because of the story, which is, however, sufficiently good in itself, but for the manner of it. Mr. Mason, in a word, has style, and to this he adds a genuine, if at present a slightly superficial, knowledge of human nature. Man-nature he understands better than woman-nature. Drake and Mallinson and Fielding are true enough. Drake, indeed, is consistently good; but Clarice le Mesurier is hardly convincing, and certainly when she becomes Mrs. Mallinson I find her incredibly shifting and unrealisable. I cannot conceive that any woman of her upbringing would so readily consent to play at the old game of runaway wife with one man a few hours after she had almost lured another, whom she really appeared to love, into the same trap. But, as I said before, I am satisfied with Stephen Drake; he lied boldly and well to save a worthless woman at the cost of his own reputation, and when disillusion came, and he found himself at the crisis of his sacrifice to be making it for no better than a shallow wanton, he as boldly reversed his decision, and faced the world again to fight his slanderers down.

There is something curiously Meredithian in much of Mr. Mason's work; such sentences as these, for instance, "Her voice was pitched to convey thanks," "To a gentleman whose ambition it had been to combine the hermit's indifference to social obligations with an indulgence in social festivities," occur continually. But in a time of slipshod writing one is glad to find a man of Mr. Mason's calibre; he sees clearly, and teaches the lesson of *The Philanderers* with strength and grace.

Drake, after his election was won, came upon Clarice in a dark room in the hotel which faced his opponent's room on the other side of the street. It was there that he was assured that the wife of the clever, weak, and selfish Mallinson loved him. He struck a match to see her face.

"You mustn't fancy," he began, in a hesitating tone. "You mustn't misunderstand. I was thinking what men owe to women—that's all—that's all, indeed—and how vilely they repay it. That way, like Cranston—he nodded in the direction of the house across the street, "or worse—or worse," he clung to the word on a lift of his voice, as though he found some protection in it, as though he appealed to Clarice to agree with and second him, "or worse."

"The match burned down to his fingers, and he dropped it on the floor and set his foot on it. Once in the darkness he repeated "or worse," with a note almost of despair, and then he was silent. Clarice simply waited. She stood, feeling the darkness throb about her, listening to the sharp irregular breathing which told her where Drake stood. In a few moments he stirred, and she stretched out her hands towards him. But again she heard the click of a matchbox, and again the thin flame of light flared up in the room.

"Clarice!"

"Her name was shouted up a second time."

The Philanderers should add to Mr. Mason's reputation—a reputation which, I am convinced, will continue to grow.

SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1897.

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All business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., should be addressed to the PUBLISHER.

Offices: 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.

ON A DIAMOND JUBILEE.

BY SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

TWELVE centuries and more have passed and gone
 Since this dear Britain of our love and pride
 Her crownèd state and royal robes put on,
 And, her seven realms, grown gradually one,
 Waxed great and glorified.
 Year after year, Age after struggling Age,
 Broadened her wide imperial heritage,
 Until to-day, safe-throned beyond the foam,
 The greatest Realm beneath the wandering sun,
 From North to South, from East to West,
 On sea and land, a puissant Queen confest
 She rules, a mightier Rome.

Through all the long processions of the years
 This solemn pageant of our Island Crown,
 'Neath skies unclouded, or through mists of tears,

Sweeps still unbroken down,
 From Egbert to Victoria, the long line
 Of crownèd Sovereigns, never fails to shine
 From our dim dawn to this our noontide day

Always our Kings, our Queens bore temperate sway
 Through brief years some, some through a troublous reign

And fierce fights fought in vain,
 Some by mean vices marred and crost,
 And surging passions tempest-tost
 And grovelling sense, untimely slain,
 And some through long lives anxious, mixed with pain,
 To suffering Age at last, forlorn with clouded brain.

But now, but now, in these our latest days
 Of Britain's chequered story,
 A woman's blameless hand the sceptre sways
 And points the way to glory.

Already three score years, already more
 Than any of all that long array before,
 The sceptre rests in one beloved hand,
 A hundred peoples bow at her command,
 Safe-guarded by our crownèd Commonwealth
 From all the ills that mar a nation's health,
 The tyrant trampling Right and fostering Wrong,

Who finds the freeman where he leaves the slave;

And him the cunning glozing knave
 Who battens on the gross ignoble throng.

Oh, halcyon days of civil peace and rest!

Oh, happy, happy race, more than our fathers blest!

Within our memories, who live to-day,
 This glorious thing has been.

The girl who, with that fateful dawn in June,

Aroused from happy maiden dreams too soon,
 Woke to the cares of Empire, she to-day,
 Though three score years have fled away,
 Rules, our beloved Queen.

Scant change these busy chequered years have brought

Save haply slower limbs and riper thought,
 Few sorrows save that unforgotten loss
 Which is her Crown, and was long time her Cross.

The wider sympathy, the pitying heart,
 Which of the lowliest suffering bears a part,

And beats responsive to her people's pain.
 For us alone, after twelve centuries,
 Hath Fate reserved this greatest prize of all,
 The longest, justest, purest, happiest reign;
 "The spacious times of great Elizabeth"

Show narrower far than these.
 Fate cannot rob us now, nor Change, nor Death,

Who, whatsoever thing befall
 Through three score happy chequered years,
 Have lived with her and shared both smiles and tears,

Whose eyes have watched so long, and not in vain,

A reign without a blot, a life without a stain.

THE WEEK.

CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

[This article is a chronicle of books published during the week. Reviews will follow.]

PUBLISHING, like other businesses, is at a low ebb this week. Nor do the books that have come to hand reflect the hour. There is nothing festive about them. It would seem that publishers have put forth this week books that will be sought out by their special public, and that may as well be issued at one time as at another. We do not say that this applies to all the books in our list; but it may be held to apply to an unusually large batch of metaphysical and philosophical works which whisper that Jubilees are not everything, and that life holds more problems than pageants. True, M. Ribot's work, the latest edition to the "Contemporary Science Series," on *The Psychology of*

the Emotions, may be more seasonable than appears at first sight. There is plenty of emotion in London just now, and we hope to see it redoubled on Tuesday; but its psychology must be one of our after thoughts. Even M. Ribot, be it observed, is a Frenchman. English psychologists are booking seats for the procession. America sends us *The Genesis of The Social Conscience*, by Prof. H. S. Nash, and *The Fertility of the Land*, by Prof. Isaac Phillips Roberts, of Cornell University. Germany, where philosophers never cease from troubling, gives us, for Jubilee reading, Prof. Oswald Külpe's *Introduction to Philosophy*. Add to these works *The Rationalist's Manual*, by Aletheia, M.D., and *Ruskin Revised*, by R. J. Muir, M.A. What a time to revise Ruskin!

But there are other books. There is *Christ in Shakespeare* in a "Victorian" edition which appears to contain a good deal of new matter. We say "appears," for Mr. Charles Ellis, its author, has made a first examination of his book sufficiently difficult. Never have we opened a book so beset with fly-leaves, dedications, prefaces, preludes, and proems. Mr. Ellis has five proems, one of which is part of a sonnet by Wordsworth, and another an extract from the *Daily Telegraph*. Mr. Ellis's method is to print a passage from Shakespeare facing a page of texts from the Bible. The passion for representing Shakespeare in new lights and extracting new meanings from his writings has produced some interesting books and some wearisome ones. It may be laid down that the test of the value of any sectional treatment of Shakespeare's works lies in the degree in which it helps the reader to understand and delight in the whole body of his work and the whole quality of his genius.

A likely looking Colonial book is to hand. The stirring events of the Matabele rebellion of last year have already somewhat faded from the public memory, but there will doubtless be readers enough for a well-illustrated narrative of those stirring days. Mr. Frank W. Sykes served as a trooper in the M.R.F. throughout the operations, and he has told the story of his experiences with Col. Plumer's relief force. In introducing his book Mr. Sykes is careful to emphasise the standpoint from which he viewed the campaign. He says:

"It may be pointed out that military operations, as seen and experienced by a trooper, are not all *couleur de rose*, either at the time or afterwards, no matter what his preconceived notions may have been on the subject. Again, the trooper's scope of observation is limited, and opportunities of learning the 'whys' and 'wherefores' of this and that are not frequent. Hence, to pretend to describe technically the movements and operations of the column would be absurd."

The photographs, sketches, and maps in the book are specially good and interesting.

We began to annex Burma in 1826 and now we are beginning to write about it. Quite a literature about this ancient and interesting country is springing up. Following Mrs. Ernest Hart's *Picturesque Burma*, published two months ago, comes Mr. George W. Bird's *Wanderings in Burma*. Mrs.

Hart wrote as a traveller, Mr. Bird writes as a resident of twenty years. His book is well furnished with illustrations, maps and statistical tables, and he has drawn much material from official sources. This work runs to over four hundred quarto pages and is furnished with a large special map of Burma and the surrounding countries, this being inserted in a pocket in the binding.

Books inspired by current events depend largely for their success on their promptitude; and we fancy that writers of this class of book have fared rather badly of late. We do not say that Miss Catherine Janeway's *Glimpses at Greece* has arrived too late, but it is certain that Greece and her affairs are ceasing to interest the man in the street. The Jubilee devours all. Similarly, books about Crete began to arrive just when interest was transferred to Athens, and books about the Dongola Expedition just when Crete popped into notoriety. It takes some time to get a book out, but a war can be arranged in five minutes.

A book on a rather novel and decidedly attractive subject is *The Yew Trees of Great Britain and Ireland*, by Dr. John Lowe. Dr. Lowe introduces his book in these words:

"There is no English tree which has gathered round itself so much of historic, poetic and legendary lore as the yew; none is so closely associated, directly or indirectly, with events persons, and buildings which are famous in our national history. In early and mediæval times it was a source of our country's greatness and supremacy, by supplying the bows and arrows with which our great victories were won; but in spite of this it has never attained that love and veneration in the popular mind so lavishly bestowed on its rival, the oak, which has played such a conspicuous part in the successes of later days."

Dr. Lowe does not forget, however, that so modern a writer as Dr. A. Conan Doyle has paid a lyrical tribute to the English yew-tree, and the following verse, which he places in front of his book, strikes the right note:

"What of the bow?
The bow was made in England;
Of true wood, of yew wood,
The wood of English bows;
So men who are free
Love the old yew-tree
And the land where the yew-trees grow."

From Mr. Grant Richards comes the second part of the series of *English Portraits* by Mr. Will Rothestein. It contains the portraits of Sir F. Seymour Haden and of Mr. William Archer. The first is convincing as a portrait and pleasing as a picture. Mr. Archer's features are perhaps less austere than they should be.

Royal Academy Pictures, 1897, is now completed, and is issued as a quarto in a decorative binding, with a preface by Mr. M. H. Spielmann. Referring to the general belief that this is an "Outsiders' Academy," Mr. Spielmann writes:

"The general level of the Outsiders is seen to be higher than ever; and those of the front rank make sturdy effort to render themselves worthy of taking their rightful place when Time shall summon them to assume the main burden of sustaining the credit of British art. In portraiture and landscape, in figure- and subject-painting, and in animal painting too,

names little known to the public at large have started into prominence."

The most gorgeous of the Diamond Jubilee publications that have come under our notice is issued by the *Illustrated London News*, under the title of *Her Majesty's Glorious Jubilee, 1897*. Sir Walter Besant's explanatory text is set up in a Gothic type that, if not too readable, is in keeping with the imposing character of the whole. The weddings, christenings, and high State functions—events of Her Majesty's reign—are blazoned in almost as many colours as could have gone to the reality.

After the Jubilee, the exodus. It would be strange if the Guide Books were not beginning to arrive. This week brings us several, including new editions of Messrs. A. & C. Black's Guides to Hampshire and Dorsetshire. Each has been entirely recast.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

[In the following list prices are given where they have been supplied by Publishers.]

BIBLICAL AND THEOLOGICAL.

THE MYTHS OF ISRAEL: GENESIS. By Amos Kidder Fiske. The Macmillan Co. (New York). 6s.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE AGE OF MILTON. By Rev. J. Howard B. Masterman. George Bell & Sons.

LIFE IN EARLY BRITAIN. By Bertram C. A. Windle. David Nutt. 3s. 6d.

MEMOIR OF MRS. URQUHART. By M. C. Bishop. Kegan Paul. 6s.

A MAN OF PLAIN SPEECH: ALEXANDER JAFFRAY, MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS. By "M. E." Headley Brothers. 2s. 6d.

THE NATIONAL MOVEMENT IN THE REIGN OF HENRY III. By Oliver H. Richardson. The Macmillan Co. (New York).

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

THE RATIONALIST'S MANUAL. By Aletheia, M.D. Watts & Co. 2s. 6d.

GENESIS OF THE SOCIAL CONSCIENCE. By H. S. Nash. The Macmillan Co. (New York).

INTRODUCTION TO PHILOSOPHY: A HANDBOOK FOR STUDENTS. By Oswald Külpe. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 6s.

HUMAN EMBRYOLOGY. By Charles Sedgwick Minot. The Macmillan Co. (New York). 35s.

THE CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE SERIES: THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE EMOTIONS. By Th. Ribot. Walter Scott, Ltd. 6s.

FICTION.

THE ROMANCE OF GOLDEN STAR. By George Griffith. F. V. White & Co. 3s. 6d.

THE CHOIR INVISIBLE. By James Lane Allen. Macmillan & Co. 6s.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN: A TALE OF '37. By Allen Upward. Chatto & Windus.

THE GIRLS AT THE GRANGE. By Florence Warden. F. V. White & Co.

THE LIGHT OF THE EYE. By H. J. Chaytor. Digby, Long & Co.

MY BONNIE LADY. By Leslie Keith. Jarrold & Sons.

THE MYSTERY OF PHILIP BENNION'S DEATH. By Richard Marsh. Paper Covers. Ward, Lock & Co.

THE CRAFTSMAN. By Rowland Grey. Ward, Lock & Co.

MALLETTON. By A. B. Louis. Bliss, Sands & Co.

AN ELECTRIC SHOCK, AND OTHER STORIES. By E. Gerard. W. Blackwood & Sons.

ART, POETRY, BELLES LETTRES.

A VISION'S VOICE, AND OTHER POEMS. By Maria Greer. Digby, Long & Co.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE YEW TREES OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND. By John Lowe. Macmillan & Co. 6s. 6d.

TRAVEL AND GEOGRAPHY.

WITH PLUMER IN MATABELELAND. By Frank W. Sykes. Archibald Constable & Co. 15s.

BLACK'S GUIDES TO HAMPSHIRE AND DORSETSHIRE. Thirtieth and fourteenth editions. Edited by A. R. Hope Moncrieff. A. & C. Black.

WANDERINGS IN BURMA. By George W. Bird. Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

EDUCATIONAL.

SAMSON AGONISTES. Edited by Edmund K. Chatter. Blackie & Son. 1s. 6d.

THE RALPHIGH HISTORY READERS: THE REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA. By J. H. Rose, M.A. Blackie & Son. 1s. 9d.

ANCIENT CLASSICS FOR ENGLISH READERS: XENOPHON. New edition. By Sir Alexander Grant, M.A. ESCHYLUS. By Reginald S. Copleston, D.D. 5s. editions. Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 1s. each.

MISCELLANEOUS.

RUSKIN REVISED, AND OTHER PAPERS OF EDUCATION. By R. J. Muir, M.A. Oliver & Boyd (Edinburgh).

THE FERTILITY OF THE LAND. By Isaac Phillips Roberts. The Macmillan Co. (New York). 5s.

THE CHRIST IN SHAKESPEARE. By Charles Elba. Hoken & Sons. 3s. 6d.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S HIGHLAND HOME AND VICINITY. By Alex. Inkson M'Connachie. Walter Scott, Ltd. 6s.

PROGRESS IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA. By the Very Rev. F. W. Farrar, D.D. Bliss, Sands & Co. 1s.

BILLY AND HANS: A TRUE HISTORY. By W. J. Sullivan. Bliss, Sands & Co.

PASTORAL WORK IN THE COLONIES AND THE NEW FIELD. By the Right Rev. J. R. Selwyn, D.D. S.P.C.K.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MARK TWAIN, it is well known, was interested in the American publishing firm of Webster, which after the issue of General Grant's Memoirs had heavy losses, and at length succumbed altogether. Mark Twain, whose writings had made him a rich man, was impoverished by this crisis. Holding himself, though, we believe, with no more reason than Sir Walter Scott did, personally responsible for some of the firm's debts, he started immediately on the lecturing tour round the world which concluded last year, and upon the history of which he is now working in lodgings in Chelsea, hoping thereby for some rapid means of producing money. In how far he was successful, cannot be said, but it is certain that his own finances are in a poor condition: so much so that a Jubilee subscription has been set on foot in America by the *New York Herald*, which heads the list with a thousand dollars. It is satisfactory to learn that this appeal has called forth co-operation from all parts of America. Mark Twain has caused so many persons honest and hearty laughter and good entertainment that common gratitude ought to see to it that he is relieved from monetary care.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *St. James's Budget* sends home a drawing of the memorial fountain to the late R. L. Stevenson which has been erected at San Francisco. A ship surmounts a plain square column on which is the inscription:

To
Robert Louis
Stevenson.

To earn a little
To spend a little less
To be honest
To be kind
To help a few friends
And these without
Capitulation.

In the drawing of the fountain Stevenson's name is spelt "Stephenson." It is to be hoped that the artist who made the repro-

... of the ...
 ... has been entirely recast.

W BOOKS RECEIVED.

[... prices are given where they
 ... by Publishers.]

SERIAL AND THEOLOGICAL.
 ... By Anna Kilder Paine.
 ... New York, N. Y.

SPORT AND BIOGRAPHY.
 ... By Rev. J. Howard B. Mansergh.
 ...

... By Bertram C. A. Windle.

... By M. C. Babop. Kegan

... By Alexander Jaffray, Messrs

... By "M. R." Bentley

... IN THE REIGN OF HENRY III.
 ... The Macmillan Co. (New

... AND PHILOSOPHY.
 ... By Alchem, M.D. Wain &

... CONDUCTOR. By H. S. Nash.
 ... New York.

... A HANDBOOK FOR STUDENTS.
 ... Swan Sonnenschein & Co. &

... By Charles Sedgwick Minot. The

... By Th. R. Scott. Walter Scott, Ltd.

... FICTION.
 ... By George Griffith.
 ...

... By James Lane Allen. Macmillan

... By Allen Upward.

... By Florence Warden. F.V.

"Bell." How Frank Fairleigh and Lewis Arundel and Harry Coverdale's Courtship would read now one cannot say, but twenty to thirty years ago schoolboys swore by them. The favourite of the three was always Frank Fairleigh and Lawless was the noblest figure of the book.

The same correspondent goes on to mention that "in 1816 Messrs. Hine & Co. (the senior partner of which firm was a very popular and skilful coachman) put on the Brighton road a new light coach," which ran between the "Bell" and the seaside town. He might have gone on to say further that this Mr. Hine was the father of the late Henry Hine, P.R.I., the painter of the Sussex Downs, whose pictures are so prized by their owners, and that the story of the old driver is set down very charmingly in a book by Mrs. Egerton King, his granddaughter, called *Round About a Brighton Coach Office*, which Mr. Lane published a year or so since.

THE case for the wheel against literature is put in a nutshell by an advertiser in the *Queen*. This lady asks plaintively if she has any chance of exchanging her set of Knight's Shakespeare for a bicycle.

In the facsimile reproduction of the Coronation number of the *Globe*, dated Thursday evening, June 28, 1838, price fivepence, which the *Globe* of Monday next will contain as a supplement, there are only three publishers' advertisements. One is of a new edition of Smith's *Wealth of Nations*; another, *The Zoology of South Africa*; and the third, a quack medical work. It is interesting to note that the proprietor of Cocker's pills was in the habit

An' laughin' fit to bust.
 Sez Jimmy, 'Can you pull 'er up?'
 Sez Ginger, 'W'y, of course.
 We're troopers now—but I don't know
 'ow—
 In the Naval Mounted 'Orse.'

"They said we was the winners,
 Which made us cock a chest.
 They said we done it splendid;
 We said they done it best.
 But w'en the drinks was ordered,
 We 'auled 'em all inside,
 An' asked 'em werry nicely
 If they'd teach us 'ow to ride."

When it is added that "G. F. S. B." is a midshipman not yet out of his teens Mr. Kipling will perhaps realise, if he sees these lines, that a rival has arisen to sing. There is room for Lower-Deck Ballads, as well as for ballads of the Barrack-Room.

THE Lounger who writes agreeable notes for the *New York Critic* has a vigilant eye for the literary developments of this country. He has just discovered an advertisement in an English paper asking for someone to write "a history of California, from information to be gathered from the Reading-room of the British Museum." The length of the publication, the advertiser continues, is to be 40,000 words, and the remuneration £10, or sixpence per 1,000 words! The wretched thing about such an offer is that there probably are a score of hacks so poor as to jump at it!

THE literary paraphrast of a society paper with some claims to culture has recently committed a rather pleasing howler. He made the following announcement: "Messrs. Hacon & Ricketts have just issued a dramatic poem by that ripe scholar and

painted, that hangs down to her shoes; and one of her hands, raised to rest as she turns, against the old faded, figured tapestry of her seat, holds the hand of one of her two children, boy and girl, who, with their dark heads together, show, over the back of the sofa, shy olive faces, Jewish to a quaint orientalism, faces quite to peep out of the lattice or the curtains of closed seraglio or palanquin. Of these elements Mr. Sargent has made a picture of a knock-down insolence of talent and truth of characterisation, a wonderful rendering of life, of manners, of aspects, of types, of textures, of everything. It is the old story; he expresses himself as no one else scarce begins to do in the language of the art he practises. The complete acquisition of this language seems to so few, as it happens, a needful precaution! Beside him, at any rate, his competitors appear to stammer; and his accent is not to be caught, his process, thank heaven, not to be analysed."

THE word Philistine, as a term of abuse, is becoming a little tiresome. So few persons have wit enough to use it with meaning. Matthew Arnold made it do admirable work. Since then it has passed into the indiscriminating hands of discontented young men, and we find it now upon the cover of a new sixpenny magazine. The *Anti-Philistine* proceeds from the office of Messrs. John and Horace Cowley; it calls itself a periodical of protest; its mottoes are: "Would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is" (from "Henry IV.") and "Castigare ridendo"; and among the editor's intentions are to insert no contributions that are not written pleasantly, in a gentle spirit; to hate log-rolling and scandal; and to make extraordinary efforts to make as many discoveries of new talent as Mr. W. E. Henley has done. A good programme.

THE magazine does not begin too

It deals mainly with the naval history of England.

On the evenings of Thursday, June 24, and the two following days, the Independent Theatre Company will invite their friends to a performance of Ibsen's play of "Ghosts," at Queen's Gate Hall, South Kensington, which will be given under the stage-direction of Mr. Charles Charrington.

MR. STUART J. REID, at the request of the Duke of Marlborough, has been trying for some time past to identify the flags captured by John Duke of Marlborough at the Battles of Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet in the years 1704-9. Mr. Reid's report on these military trophies is based on researches in England and France, and it has been just submitted to the Commander-in-Chief, who is himself busy with the closing volumes of his Life of the great Duke of Marlborough. Lord Wolseley states that Mr. Reid has studied the question thoroughly and compiled a most interesting and valuable report that practically exhausts the subject. His Grace intends to have some of the most typical of the flags, which Mr. Reid has identified, reproduced in silk embroidery, and hung in the Hall at Blenheim Palace.

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THE Diamond Jubilee has brought to light a new humorist, and it is difficult to decide whether he deserves more praise for his courage or his fancy. The name of this gentleman is T. Mullett Ellis, and his quality is to be studied in a little book whose title, *The Fairies' Favourite; or, the Story of Queen Victoria told for Children*, gives an idea of its scope. Authors who are loyal to order must be in such straits for novelty of form that any new device, however fantastic, must commend itself to them. Mr. T. Mullett Ellis's peculiar method is to give to the fairies credit for those protective measures for which Her Majesty will thank God on Tuesday next. After that it is impossible to withhold from him the style of humorist.

YET in those families where it is thought desirable that Her Majesty should be venerated and loved, Mr. Mullett Ellis's extraordinary work had, perhaps, best be avoided. He may be on the side of laughter, but dignity and he are at enmity. It is thus that he makes the Duke of Kent speak over the cradle of the royal child: "What a lucky thing she was born in England," he said pensively. "If I hadn't driven her mother here myself all the way from Bavaria, perhaps the fairies wouldn't have taken to her. They don't like articles made in Germany." The rest of the book is of a piece with this.

THE ONLOOKER.

ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

XXXII.—WILLIAM BLAKE.

THERE have been men who loved the future like a mistress, and the future mixed her breath into their breath and shook her hair about them, and hid them from the understanding of their times. William Blake was one of these men, and if he spoke confusedly and obscurely it was because he spoke things for whose speaking he could find no models in the world about him. He announced the religion of art, of which no man dreamed in the world about him; and he understood it more perfectly than the thousands of subtle spirits who have received its baptism in the world about us, because, in the beginning of important things—in the beginning of love, in the beginning of the day, in the beginning of any work, there is a moment when we understand more perfectly than we understand again until all is finished. In his time educated people believed that they amused themselves with books of imagination, but that they "made their souls" by listening to sermons and by doing or by not doing certain things. When they had to explain why serious people like themselves honoured the great poets greatly they were hard put to it for lack of good reasons. In our time we are agreed that we "make our souls" out of some one of the great poets of ancient times, or out of Shelley or Wordsworth, or Goethe or Balzac, or Flaubert, or Count Tolstoy, in the books he wrote before he became a prophet and fell into a lesser order, or out of Mr. Whistler's pictures, while we amuse ourselves, or, at best, make a poorer sort of soul, by listening to sermons or by doing or by not doing certain things. We write of great writers, even of writers whose beauty would once have seemed an unholy beauty, with wrapped sentences like those our fathers kept for the beatitudes and mysteries of the Church; and no matter what we believe with our lips, we believe with our hearts that beautiful things, as Browning said in his one prose essay that was not in verse, have "lain burning on the Divine hand," and that when time has begun to wither, the Divine hand will fall heavily on bad taste and vulgarity. When no man believed these things William Blake believed them, and began that preaching against the Philistine, which is as the preaching of the Middle Ages against the Saracen. He wrote:

"I know of no other Christianity, and of no other gospel, than the liberty both of body and mind to exercise the divine arts of imagination—the real and eternal world, of which this vegetable universe is but a faint shadow, and in which we shall live in our eternal or imaginative bodies when these vegetable mortal bodies are no more. The Apostles knew of no other gospel. What are all their spiritual gifts? What is the Divine Spirit? Is the Holy Ghost other than an intellectual fountain? . . . What is the life of man but art and science? . . . Answer this for yourselves, and expel from among you those who pretend to despise the labours of art and science, which alone are the labours of the gospel."

And he wrote:

"I care not whether a man is good or bad,

all that I care is, whether a man is a wise man or a fool. Go, put off holiness and put on intellect."

He had learned from Jacob Boehme, as from old alchemist writers that imagination was the first emanation of divinity, "the body of God," "the Divine members," and drew the deduction, which they did not draw, that the imaginative arts were therefore the greatest of Divine revelations, and that the sympathy with all living things, sinful and righteous alike, which the imaginative are awoken, is that forgiveness of sins commanded by Christ. The reason, and by the reason he meant deductions from the observations of the senses, binds us to mortality because it binds us to the senses, and divides us from each other by showing us our clashing interests; but imagination divides us from mortality by the immortality of beauty, and binds us to each other by opening the secret doors of all hearts. He cried again and again that every thing that lives is holy, and that nothing is unholy except things that do not live—lethargies, and cruelties, and timidities, and that denial of imagination which is the root they grew from in old times. Passions, because most living, are most holy—and this was a scandalous paradox in his time—and man shall enter eternity borne upon their wings.

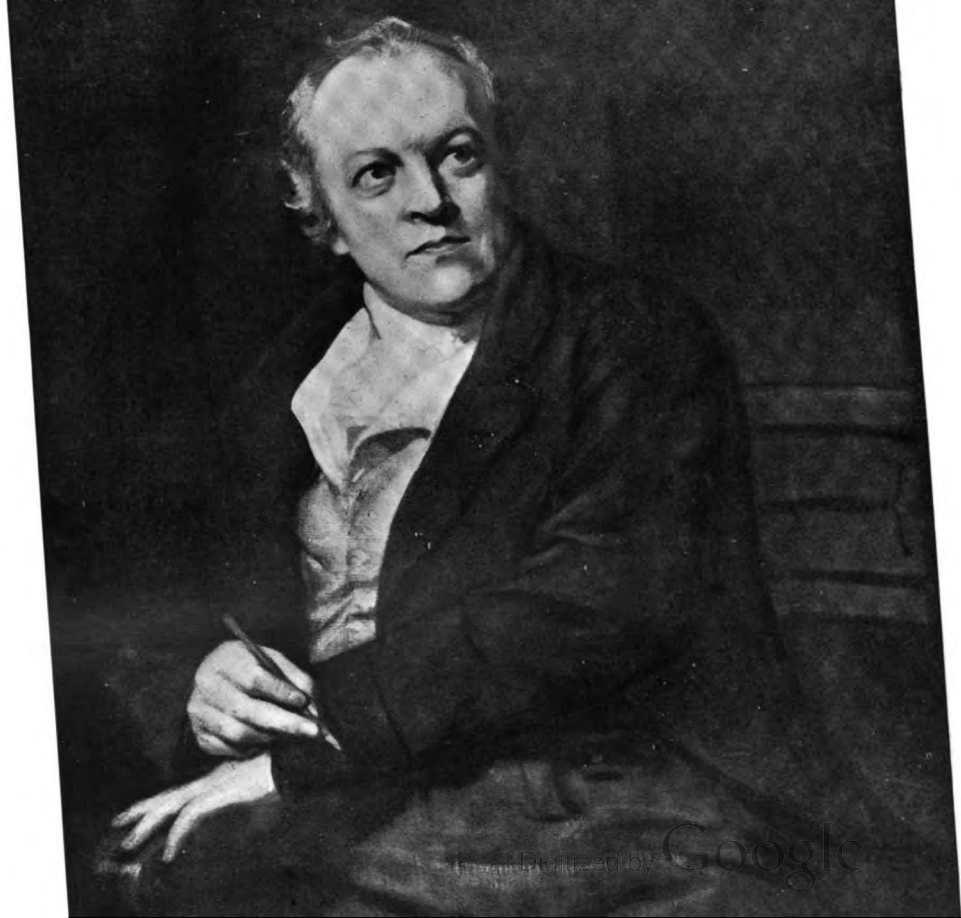
"Men are admitted into heaven not because they have curbed or governed their passions or have no passions, but because they have cultivated their understandings. The treasures of heaven are not negations of passion but realities of intellect from which the passions emanate uncurbed in their eternal glory."

And he understood this so literally that certain drawings to "Vala," had he carried them beyond the first faint pencillings, the first faint washes of colour, would have been a pretty scandal to his time and to our time. The sensations of this "foolish body," this "phantom of the earth and water," were in themselves but half living things, "vegetative" things, but that "eternal glory" made them a part of the body of God.

This philosophy kept him more simply a poet than any poet of his time, for it made him content to express every beautiful feeling that came into his head without troubling about its utility or chaining it to any utility. Sometimes one feels, even when one is reading poets of a better time—Tennyson or Wordsworth, let us say—that they have troubled the energy and simplicity of their imaginative passions by asking whether they were for the helping or for the hindrance of the world, instead of believing that all beautiful things have "lain burning on the Divine hand." But when one reads Blake, it is as though the spray of an inexhaustible fountain of beauty was blown into our faces, and not merely when one reads "The Songs of Innocence," or the lyrics he wished to call "The Ideas of Good and Evil"; but when one reads those "Prophetic Works" in which he spoke confusedly and obscurely because he spoke of things for whose speaking he could find no models in the world about him. He was a symbolist who had to invent his symbols; and his counties of England, with

of the baptism in the world
 in the beginning of in-
 the beginning of in-
 the day, in the beg-
 work, there is a moment when
 more perfectly than we
 until all is finished. In
 people believed that they
 with books of imagina-
 they "made their souls" by
 and by doing or by not
 things. When they had to
 people like themselves
 greatly they were
 of good reasons. In
 that we "make our
 one of the great poets of
 out of Shelley or Words-
 or Balzac, or Flaubert,
 in the books he wrote
 a prophet and fell into
 or out of Mr. Whistler's
 we amuse ourselves, or
 a poorer sort of soul, by
 or by doing or by not
 things. "We write of
 of writers whose beauty
 an unholy beauty,
 sentences like those our
 the beauties and mysteries
 and no matter what we
 our life, we believe with our
 things, as Browning said
 that was not in verse.
 on the Divine hand,"
 has begun to wither, the
 fall heavily on bad taste
 When no man believed these
 and loved them, and

Men are certain
 they have created a ge-
 or have no power to
 cultivated their minds
 of heaven or as up-
 realities of matter in
 estimate mortal a lot
 And he understood
 certain drawings of
 them beyond the first
 faint values of
 a pretty scandalous
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MESSRS. HENRY SOTHERAN & Co. will publish this month a new work by Mr. J. G. Millais, the author of *Game Birds and Shooting Sketches* and *A Breath from the Veldt*, entitled *British Deer and their Horns*, which will treat the subject in a more thorough way than has ever been attempted yet, and will be fully illustrated with numerous plates from drawings by the author.

THE Diamond Jubilee has brought to light a new humorist, and it is difficult to decide whether he deserves more praise for his courage or his fancy. The name of this gentleman is T. Mullett Ellis, and his quality is to be studied in a little book whose title, *The Fairies' Favourite; or, the Story of Queen Victoria told for Children*, gives an idea of its scope. Authors who are loyal to order must be in such straits for novelty of form that any new device, however fantastic, must commend itself to them. Mr. T. Mullett Ellis's peculiar method is to give to the fairies credit for those protective measures for which Her Majesty will thank God on Tuesday next. After that it is impossible to withhold from him the style of humorist.

YET in those families where it is thought desirable that Her Majesty should be venerated and loved, Mr. Mullett Ellis's extraordinary work had, perhaps, best be avoided. He may be on the side of laughter, but dignity and he are at enmity. It is thus that he makes the Duke of Kent speak over the cradle of the royal child: "'What a lucky thing she was born in England,' he said pensively. 'If I hadn't driven her mother here myself all the way from Bavaria, perhaps the fairies wouldn't have taken to her. They don't like articles made in Germany.'" The rest of the book is of a piece with this.

THE ONLOOKER.

ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

XXXII.—WILLIAM BLAKE.

THERE have been men who loved the future like a mistress, and the future mixed her breath into their breath and shook her hair about them, and hid them from the understanding of their times. William Blake was one of these men, and if he spoke confusedly and obscurely it was because he spoke things for whose speaking he could find no models in the world about him. He announced the religion of art, of which no man dreamed in the world about him; and he understood it more perfectly than the thousands of subtle spirits who have received its baptism in the world about us, because, in the beginning of important things—in the beginning of love, in the beginning of the day, in the beginning of any work, there is a moment when we understand more perfectly than we understand again until all is finished. In his time educated people believed that they amused themselves with books of imagination, but that they "made their souls" by listening to sermons and by doing or by not doing certain things. When they had to explain why serious people like themselves honoured the great poets greatly they were hard put to it for lack of good reasons. In our time we are agreed that we "make our souls" out of some one of the great poets of ancient times, or out of Shelley or Wordsworth, or Goethe or Balzac, or Flaubert, or Count Tolstoy, in the books he wrote before he became a prophet and fell into a lesser order, or out of Mr. Whistler's pictures, while we amuse ourselves, or, at best, make a poorer sort of soul, by listening to sermons or by doing or by not doing certain things. We write of great writers, even of writers whose beauty would once have seemed an unholy beauty, with wrapped sentences like those our fathers kept for the beatitudes and mysteries of the Church; and no matter what we believe with our lips, we believe with our hearts that beautiful things, as Browning said in his one prose essay that was not in verse, have "lain burningly on the Divine hand," and that when time has begun to wither, the Divine hand will fall heavily on bad taste and vulgarity. When no man believed these things William Blake believed them, and began that preaching against the Philistine, which is as the preaching of the Middle Ages against the Saracen. He wrote:

"I know of no other Christianity, and of no other gospel, than the liberty both of body and mind to exercise the divine arts of imagination—imagination, the real and eternal world, of which this vegetable universe is but a faint shadow, and in which we shall live in our eternal or imaginative bodies when these vegetable mortal bodies are no more. The Apostles knew of no other gospel. What are all their spiritual gifts? What is the Divine Spirit? Is the Holy Ghost other than an intellectual fountain? . . . What is the life of man but art and science? . . . Answer this for yourselves, and expel from among you those who pretend to despise the labours of art and science, which alone are the labours of the gospel."

And he wrote:

"I care not whether a man is good or bad,

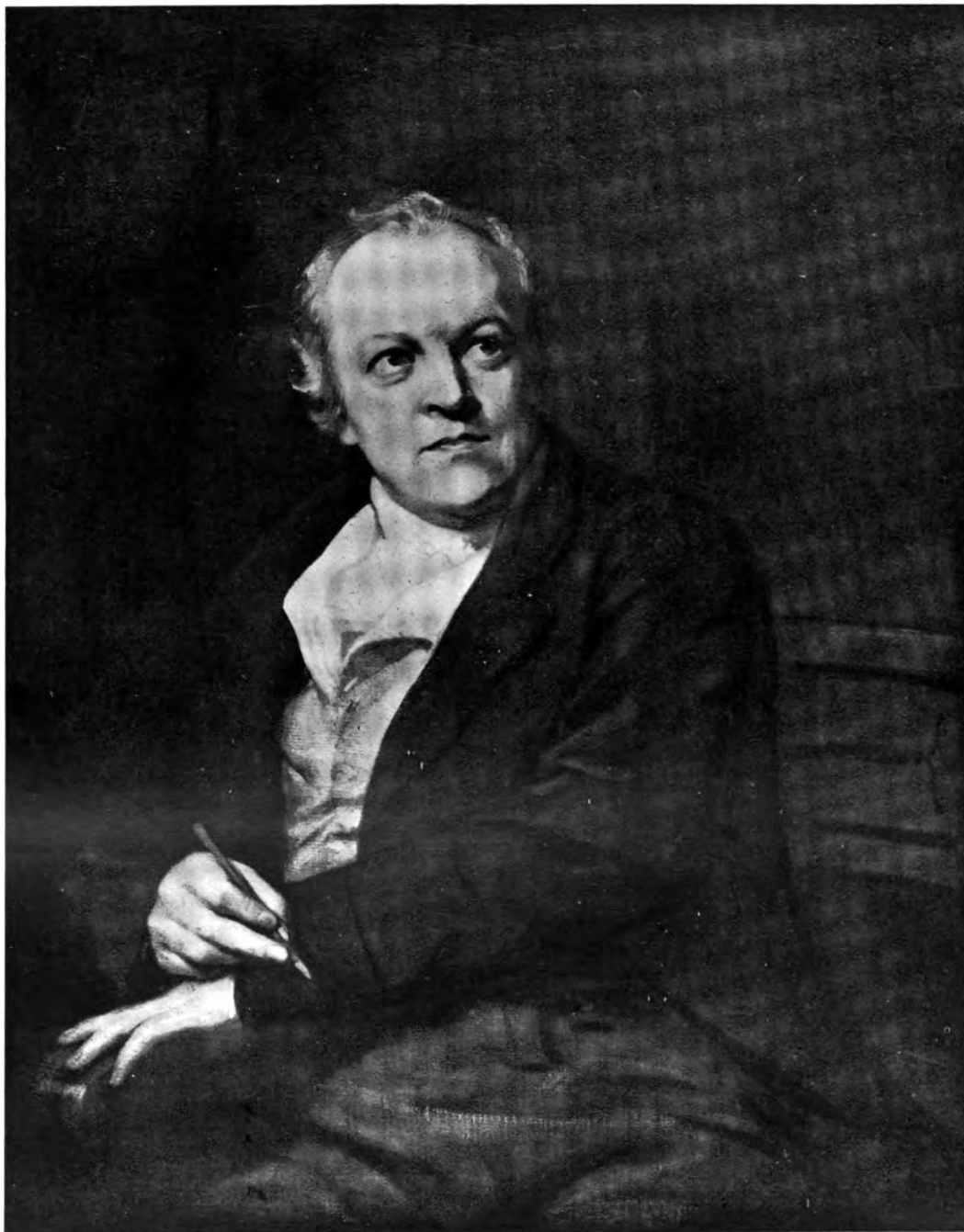
all that I care is, whether a man is a wise man or a fool. Go, put off holiness and put on intellect."

He had learned from Jacob Boehme and from old alchemist writers that imagination was the first emanation of divinity, "the body of God," "the Divine members," and he drew the deduction, which they did not draw, that the imaginative arts were therefore the greatest of Divine revelations, and that the sympathy with all living things, sinful and righteous alike, which the imaginative arts awaken, is that forgiveness of sins commanded by Christ. The reason, and by the reason he meant deductions from the observations of the senses, binds us to mortality because it binds us to the senses, and divides us from each other by showing us our clashing interests; but imagination divides us from mortality by the immortality of beauty, and binds us to each other by opening the secret doors of all hearts. He cried again and again that every thing that lives is holy, and that nothing is unholy except things that do not live—lethargies, and cruelties, and timidities, and that denial of imagination which is the root they grew from in old times. Passions, because most living, are most holy—and this was a scandalous paradox in his time—and man shall enter eternity borne upon their wings.

"Men are admitted into heaven not because they have curbed or governed their passions, or have no passions, but because they have cultivated their understandings. The treasures of heaven are not negations of passion but realities of intellect from which the passions emanate uncurbed in their eternal glory."

And he understood this so literally that certain drawings to "Vala," had he carried them beyond the first faint pencillings, the first faint washes of colour, would have been a pretty scandal to his time and to our time. The sensations of this "foolish body," this "phantom of the earth and water," were in themselves but half living things, "vegetative" things, but that "eternal glory" made them a part of the body of God.

This philosophy kept him more simply a poet than any poet of his time, for it made him content to express every beautiful feeling that came into his head without troubling about its utility or chaining it to any utility. Sometimes one feels, even when one is reading poets of a better time—Tennyson or Wordsworth, let us say—that they have troubled the energy and simplicity of their imaginative passions by asking whether they were for the helping or for the hindrance of the world, instead of believing that all beautiful things have "lain burningly on the Divine hand." But when one reads Blake, it is as though the spray of an inexhaustible fountain of beauty was blown into our faces, and not merely when one reads "The Songs of Innocence," or the lyrics he wished to call "The Ideas of Good and Evil"; but when one reads those "Prophetic Works" in which he spoke confusedly and obscurely because he spoke of things for whose speaking he could find no models in the world about him. He was a symbolist who had to invent his symbols; and his counties of England, with



WILLIAM BLAKE

From the Picture by T. Phillips, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery

their correspondence to tribes of Israel, and his mountains and rivers, with their correspondence to parts of a man's body, are arbitrary as some of the symbolism in the "Axël" of the symbolist Villiers d'Isle Adam is arbitrary, while they have an incongruity that "Axël" has not. He was a man crying out for a mythology, and trying to make one because he could not find one to his hand. Had he been a Catholic of Dante's time he would have been well content with Mary and the angels; or had he been a scholar of our time he would have taken his symbols where Wagner took his, from Norse mythology; or have followed, with the help of Prof. Rhys, that pathway into Welsh mythology which he found in "Jerusalem"; or have gone to Ireland—and he was probably an Irishman—and chosen for his symbols the sacred mountains, along whose sides the peasant still sees enchanted fires, and the divinities which have not faded from the belief, if they have faded from the prayers of simple hearts; and have spoken without incongruity because he spoke of things that had been steeped in emotion from the old times; and have been less obscure because a traditional mythology stood on the threshold of his meaning and on the margin of his sacred darkness. If "Enitharmon" had been named Fylgga, or Gwydeon, or Danu, and made live in Ancient Norway, or Ancient Wales, or Ancient Ireland, we would have forgotten that her maker was a mystic; and the hymn of her harping, that is in "Vala," would but have reminded us of many ancient hymns.

"The joy of woman is the death of her beloved,
Who dies for love of her,
In torments of fierce jealousy and pangs of
adoration.

The lover's night bears on my song,
And the nine spheres rejoice beneath my
powerful control.

"They sing unwearied to the notes of my
immortal hand.
The solemn, silent moon
Reverberates the long harmony sounding
upon my limbs.
The birds and beasts rejoice and play.
And every one seeks for his mate to prove his
inmost joy.

"Furious and terrible they rend the nether
deep,
The deep lifts up his rugged head,
And lost in infinite hovering wings vanishes
with a cry.
The fading cry is ever dying,
The living voice is ever living in its inmost
joy."

W. B. YEATS.

THE ACADEMIE DES GONCOURT.

In the declining years of his life, Edmond de Goncourt was undoubtedly one of the most pathetic figures in modern French literature. The death of his brother Jules cast a spell of sadness over him, which was never removed up to the very day of his death, and with old age had come not only an increased difficulty of doing work, but the polite indifference of critics to his

literary output, and the desertion of those whom he regarded as his staunchest friends. Still, though others were worshippers at strange altars, Edmund de Goncourt never for a moment lost sight of his early ideals, and these served as his solace to the end.

The idea which most occupied his mind during his last years of life was the formation of an academy, to be called the Académie des Goncourt, for the support and encouragement of independent art among young writers of talent. The two brothers had talked over its details a thousand times. It was to consist of ten members only; politicians, noble seigniors, poets and officials were to be debarred from membership. Many were the names which Edmond de Goncourt, at one time or another, added to his list of prospective members and then removed. MM. Zola, Cladel, Pierre Loti and Henri Céard figured upon it. Sometimes one of these would seek admission to the rival Académie Française, whereupon Edmond de Goncourt's sadness would grow deeper; and at one time he even began to suspect that his dearest friend, M. Alphonse Daudet, also intended to abandon him.

Upon De Goncourt's death, now nearly a year ago, his will was found to contain full particulars in regard to the suggested academy. The names of eight out of ten members were given—Alphonse Daudet, Léon Hennique, Joris Karl Huysmans, Octave Mirbeau, Rosny aîné, Rosny jeune, Paul Margueritte, and G. Geffroy. The proceeds of the sale of his collections, and the house at Auteuil would be found amply sufficient, the testator estimated, to provide an annual income of 6,000 francs for each of the ten academicians, and an annual prize of 5,000 francs to the author of the best novel, the best historical work, or even for the best collection of short stories.

A little time after the death of the author of *Germinie Lacerteux*, I remember having a conversation with one of the eight selected members, in which a doubt was expressed as to whether the Académie des Goncourt would ever be founded:

"Somebody will probably be found to purchase Edmond's collections," said my friend, "but it will be many, many years before the person willing to pay the price comes forward. I do not think we shall ever receive a penny of the income of 6,000 francs."

The master, however, was right, after all, in his estimates. The collections of books, *japonaiseries*, pictures, drawings, engravings, and art furniture, to which their owner was ever adding some new treasure to increase the *dot* of the proposed institution, have realised at the Hôtel Drouot about 1,368,000 francs. When to this sum is added 500,000 francs, which is the total of the private income of Edmond de Goncourt, and the estimated value of the house at Auteuil, still to be sold, it will be seen that, all expenses having been paid, the amount will practically be sufficient for the formation of the Académie des Goncourt.

In a recent conversation M. Alphonse Daudet, who with M. Léon Hennique is an executor under the will, the author of *Sappho* spoke at some length on this subject. It must be remembered that M. Daudet in no

way agrees with academies, and he would not have undertaken the formation of the Académie des Goncourt had it not been the wish of his friend that he should carry out all the necessary arrangements. He considers that Edmond de Goncourt named his idea badly.

"He should not have called it the 'Académie des Goncourt,'" said M. Daudet, "but, what would have been much better, the 'Dîner des Goncourt,' for that it will really only be, the members meeting once a month to dine together at the rate of twenty francs a head. Many times did I try to persuade him to give up the idea of making the Académie des Goncourt a rival of the Académie Française; but he only answered, 'I wish this academy to be what my brother and I dreamed it would be, and such it shall be.' At one time he did seriously think of changing the name, but a scruple held him back. Had his brother been living, it might have been otherwise. Edmond used to say that the Académie Française did not know how to find out men of talent, and that his prize of five thousand francs would render famous services."

M. Daudet went on to explain that, according to the ideas of Edmond de Goncourt, if the sum realised by the collections and the house at Auteuil, added to his personal fortune and the proceeds from his books and plays, was not found sufficient for the carrying out of all his ideas the academy was nevertheless to be founded.

"We shall, first of all," said M. Daudet, "have to appoint two members to make up the number to ten. Then we shall probably start by offering a prize of 5,000 francs for the best work of fiction, afterwards extending it to works in other branches of literature. Do not let us forget, however, that we are threatened with a law suit. Certain of the cousins of the late Edmond de Goncourt, who was ignorant of their very existence, have announced their intention through an *agent d'affaires* of starting an action for the annulling of the will. Of course, the whole thing is preposterous, because everybody, years before Edmond's death, knew his wishes in regard to the academy, and it cannot, therefore, be said that we in any way influenced him. The plea, however, will probably be not that undue influence was brought to bear upon the testator, but that the will contains some *vice de forme*—some error in its construction."

M. Léon Hennique and M. Huysmans re-echo M. Daudet's words.

In conclusion may be given the opinion on this question of one who, although not a member of the new academy, was nevertheless a constant visitor to the "Grenier" at Auteuil. M. Paul Alexis writes to me:

"It is possible that the will of Edmond de Goncourt may be found to contain certain imperfections of form, but should it be annulled—a very improbable thing to happen—is it not probable that the preceding will, and even several others, will be found to contain the expression of the same desire—the foundation of the Académie des Goncourt—a desire which was not only that of Edmond, but also that of Jules, who died a quarter of a century before? And everything, in their *Journal*, in their entire work, in their habits of life, loudly and very nobly proclaims the constant and unique wish of the two brothers, the intention of realising the great literary ideal of their whole existence."

F. L.

THE BOOK MARKET.

MR. C. ARTHUR PEARSON AS A PUBLISHER.

"I HAVE dropped in, Mr. Pearson, to learn your theory of publishing."

"My theory of publishing!" Mr. Pearson turned toward me in his swivel armchair so quickly that I thought it was Henrietta-street, not he, that was revolving.

"Yes. I'm sudden, I know; but then, Mr. Pearson, your intention to publish books is fairly sudden, and, if I may say so, very interesting. Hitherto, I think, you have published only periodicals; but now you are going to publish real books in covers, and you have even issued a list of them for publication in the autumn."

"And you want me to give up my secrets!"

"Please; and, first, will you tell me this? It was in print a little while ago that you intended to issue first-class novels of the usual six-shilling length at the price of two shillings the volume. I now find that three-and-sixpence is your price. Have you changed, or has rumour lied?"

"I have not changed, and rumour has not lied. I want to publish novels by first-class writers, six-shilling length, at the price of two shillings; and I believe the day is coming when I shall do it. At present I am content to issue a six-shilling novel at three-and-sixpence."

"Then, do you think that the public is beginning to jib at six shillings?"

"I do. I assert it. It is a matter of observation. Just as the thirty-one-and-sixpenny novel, in three volumes, has gone and left not a wrack behind, so the six-shilling novel, which has succeeded it, will have to yield in its turn to a cheaper book. The fact is, the appetite for good reading is spreading like fire. The average reader not only wants to read good books, but more of them. He wants to read book after book. Now, how can he go on paying six shillings? Of course, he really pays only four-and-sixpence, but as my three-and-sixpenny books will be really two-and-eightpence, we will ignore discount for the purposes of argument. Well, I say (mind, I say it because I know the public is thinking it), that six shillings is, after all, a lot of money to pay for a story. Only consider. My monthly magazine contains more matter than many a six-shilling novel; then is it not absurd that a novel should cost twelve times as much?"

"It does seem so, looking at paper and print only. But how about authors and circulation?"

"Ah, those, of course, are the difficulties—authors and circulation. The reason I cannot bring out first-class fiction at two shillings yet is that authors' terms are too high and strict. I don't complain of this, as I shall explain to you. But what are the conditions? I take a clever, likely story from a first-rate man. He wants a big royalty—a royalty possible only to be paid on a six-shilling book—but that is not all. He wants a large sum in 'royalties on account'; in other words, a heavy cash

payment on delivery of MS. I must recover that cash payment, and pay the remaining royalties; and thus my operations are confined to the old groove from the first."

"I understand that. Then at bottom the revolution in prices which you foresee means a revolution in the terms now usual between author and publisher."

"Yes. I believe the time must come when authors will be paid by actual results, that is to say, on the actual completed sales of their books, not on their 'name,' or on a guess at the sales. This may seem a little Quixotic at first sight, but I believe that authors will have the most reason to welcome such a system. When books are cheap enough to command a score of readers for every one reader which they can command now, the author will be only too glad to find in the public a more direct paymaster. The hunger for books is a fact; the expensiveness of books is a superstition. Books can be made cheap to the public, sound business to the publisher, and a fine thing for the author."

"You certainly have a policy, Mr. Pearson. Have you made any practical beginning of it?"

"Oh, yes. I have induced several authors of acknowledged standing to allow me to bring out their books at three-and-sixpence."

"And do they accept from you the terms appropriate to that price?"

"They do; and they won't regret it."

"Mr. Pearson, I don't know whether it is a fair question, but shall you prefer to treat directly with authors or through the literary agents?"

Mr. Pearson smiled. "I only wish," he said, "I could meet the author face to face, but it becomes less and less possible. And yet," Mr. Pearson continued thoughtfully, "I have a high opinion of the good literary agent. He certainly raises prices, but he is square. He doesn't change the price of an MS. in crossing the street from one publisher to another. Now, authors——"

"Authors?"

"Well, authors have moods, you know."

"Another point interests me, Mr. Pearson. Do you consider that your numerous magazines and papers will be an aid to your book publishing?"

"Oh, decidedly. They link me to a large public. They give me a medium for advertising; and they are a conduit through which the serial story can run into cloth covers."

"Well, now, Mr. Pearson, may we come to your books?—what are you going to give us to read?"

Here is our little preliminary list. It is headed, you see, by a new story called "The Invisible Man," by Mr. H. G. Wells. This began to run last week in our "Weekly." It is funny. A man finds the secret of making himself invisible, but it doesn't work as regards his clothes. They are seen as usual wherever he goes—you catch the possibilities. Then I have secured the first long story which Mr. W. W. Jacobs, the author of *Many Cargoes*, has written. It is now taking its trial trip in the *Windsor Magazine*. I predict a great success for it. Mr. G. B. Burgin has written for me a

story of dramatic life laid in Enfield and in London. It has a good plot and plenty of humorous relief. By the way, Mr. Burgin is my reader and right-hand man in the book-publishing department, and very satisfied I am to have secured the services of such a good workman and critic of fiction.

"Of course you have a 'series' or two in preparation?"

"Yes, several. I am going to run an 'Explorers' Series,' edited, I hope, by Mr. Stanley; it will be a new thing. Also a series of national histories, new in treatment, which will probably be edited by Prof. York Powell. These will take their complexion rather from Green's *History of the English People*. Then—and this is rather a big thing—I have in hand a sort of everybody's reference library, consisting of, say, fifty or sixty books at two shillings. They will be concerned with all kinds of social, scientific, and art subjects, and they will enable the man who puts them on his shelves to prime himself in almost any branch of modern knowledge."

"Well now, Mr. Pearson, is there anything you would like to say apart from my questions?"

"Just this. Don't judge me only by this list. It has, perhaps, not occurred to you how difficult, nay, how impossible it is for a new publisher to make much of a show at first, whatever his resources and capital. In other businesses you can, if you have the means, leap into the public eye like Minerva, armed and glorious. That isn't possible to a publisher. Authors can no longer be got by whistling from a third-story window. They are at home, writing for dear life. They are like wards in Chancery, and are as jealously guarded. They talk glibly about the book they will have ready in the year two thousand and one, and they tell you, after much persuasion, that they can just squeeze you out a story in two thousand and two."

"And so you are taking your place in the queue?"

"Yes."

W. W.

THE SALE OF THE ASHBURNHAM LIBRARY.

THIS sale, so long looked forward to by collectors and booksellers, will begin at Messrs. Sotheby's on Friday the 25th. One cannot but admire the astuteness shown in holding a sale that will be historic at a time when London will contain more wealthy and cultured people than it has done for many years. Messrs. Sotheby have already issued their Catalogue of the first portion of the sale, which will occupy, altogether, eight days. The excellent reproductions which the Catalogue contains of rich bindings in the Library are such as to whet the appetites of bookbuyers. In an interesting preface to the Catalogue Messrs. Sotheby relate in detail the story of the formation of the collection by the late Bertram, fourth Earl of Ashburnham. From this it appears that this nobleman was by no means an omnivorous collector of books. He bought the books he liked, but bought their rarest and finest editions.

MUSIC.

THE Handel Festival comes once every three years to remind us of the greatness of the composer. Apart from that Festival, one might almost forget that he ever existed. Since Handel flourished great changes have been effected in the art of music. In his days form, and of a very severe kind, reigned supreme; a composer had to express his thoughts and feelings in the stereotyped aria or stiff fugal chorus. Under these rigorous conditions, it is not surprising that so little of the music of the early part of the eighteenth century has survived. Handel, however, was a genius, and, in spite of all restrictions, prevailed. It was perhaps unfortunate that circumstances compelled him to write much, and frequently at a very rapid rate, for he could not thus always give of his best. Then, too, he always had to keep public taste and intelligence well in mind, and this naturally led him to curb rather than give free rein to his imagination. The "Messiah" is a great work; but if Handel, like Bach, had thought solely of his art, he would doubtless have left us a still more wonderful creation. It is absurd to sit down with piously folded hands and accept the oratorio from first note to last as if it had been sent, a perfect gift, direct from heaven. There is contrapuntal clay mixed with the gold, and one ought to distinguish the one from the other, if Handel is to be intelligently admired. The "Messiah" was written in twenty-four days. The rapidity of the composer's pen was of course astonishing; but the slow rate at which another master, Beethoven, produced his works was, on the whole, more satisfactory. The programme-book speaks of the "firm and lasting hold of the minds of generation after generation" which the "Messiah" has taken. But this is not entirely by reason of its musical merit. The sacred subject appeals strongly not only to sincerely religious minds, but also to the general public, with many of whom religion is more or less of a habit or fashion. Then, again, the oratorio has been connected since the days of the composer with charitable institutions, and this offers another and a strong explanation of its "firm and lasting hold."

With regard to the performance on Monday at the Palace little need be said. With such an immense body of singers it is impossible always to secure perfect precision, especially where the music is at all complicated. In matters of detail, too, with regard to phrasing and expression, there were points which might be criticised. The rendering of the music must, however, be judged in a broader, more generous spirit. Taking all the practical difficulties into consideration, Mr. A. Manns may be honestly and heartily congratulated on the result. Some of the choruses, such as the "For unto us" and the "Hallelujah," were really given with great power. The soloists—Mme. Albani, Miss Marian McKenzie, and Messrs. Lloyd and Santley—were all in good voice and sang their best. In the choir the bass voices are splendid; the

quality of the sopranos is excellent, although in the high notes the tone sounds thin. The altos and tenors are also good. The body of singers may most certainly be described as fine and impressive. The orchestra was not strong enough against the music; the balance between voices and instruments was, indeed, altogether un-Handelian.

"TRISTAN UND ISOLDE" was produced at Covent Garden on Monday evening, and thus the past and the present were brought into close juxtaposition. Had an opera of Handel's been given in place of the oratorio, the contrast would have been perfect. "Tristan," curiously enough, was written by Wagner with, for him, wonderful haste, but he was impelled thereto by the heat of inspiration, not by the force of circumstances; and that heat is maintained throughout. Handel's inspiration—in its way, perhaps, equally great—is intermittent; so he had to fill out his music by help of scientific devices or divisions more or less tedious. The performance of "Tristan" was in many ways remarkable. The Isolde was Mlle. Sedlmair from the Vienna Opera. She entered thoroughly into the spirit of the part, but what ought to have been specially strong in the first act was weakened by gesture, at times melodramatic, and by the evident strain caused by the exacting music. She was really at her best in the second act. Miss Marie Brema was a fine Brangäne, though at moments she seemed a little too prominent. M. Jean de Reszke, as Tristan, fulfilled the highest expectations. His singing in the duet in the second act was splendid, and here Mlle. Sedlmair materially helped towards the great success. In the third act he achieved still higher results, for his powers, both as an actor and singer, here put to the severest test, were displayed at their fullest. Mr. D. Bispham was effective as Kurwenal, though there were certain moments, one especially towards the close of the work, in which over-anxiousness spoilt good intentions. M. E. de Reszke proved a dignified King Marke. The orchestra, under the direction of M. A. Seidl, played admirably. "Tristan" came on the same day as the "Messiah," and so the one led straight on to the other. I ought really to have first noticed an interesting performance of "Die Walküre" at Covent Garden on the previous Saturday, and regret that I cannot give it the space which it deserves. Miss Marie Brema was a magnificent Brünnhilde, magnificent in voice, acting, and general appearance. Miss Susan Strong impersonated the unhappy Sieglinde. She sang well, but there was at times a want of freedom in her acting. M. Van Dyck took the part of Siegmund, in which he achieved great success. And so, too, did Mr. D. Bispham in the difficult part of Wotan. Mme. Schumann-Heink, by her fine declamation, imparted special interest to the scene between hesitating Wotan and his stern spouse. M. Seidl was, of course, satisfactory as conductor, yet the orchestra would have been the better for more rehearsal; there were some doubtful moments. No pianist since Rubinstein has enjoyed such popular success as Paderewski. The

latter, like his predecessor, exerts a magnetic influence over his audience; it matters little how he plays, he is sure to be applauded. Rubinstein sometimes indulged in tricks unworthy of a great artist, and Paderewski is inclined to follow his example. The performance, for instance, which he gave of the Polonaise in A flat of Chopin, at his recital at Queen's Hall on Tuesday afternoon, was more remarkable for sensational effects than for poetry, but—to use a common expression—it brought down the house. Great pianists must not, however, be judged as ordinary players; they often rise to exceptional heights, and it is perhaps inevitable that they should occasionally fall as far in the opposite direction. The programme opened with the Brahms Variations on a Handel theme, and the fugue at the end was given with power; the reading of some of the variations, however, was anything but Brahms-like. The pianist played—and also I think at his last visit—Beethoven's Sonata in D minor (Op. 31, No. 2). His interpretation of the work shows many strong and a few weak points. The first movement demands more dignified passion. The slow movement was given with wonderful charm, and no living pianist could play the Finale with greater tenderness and poetry. After the Sonata came Schumann's "Carnaval." Paderewski's rendering of this music with its often exaggerated sentiment does not please me; and yet in its way it is a really striking performance. Then followed Chopin's lovely Nocturne in B, played in so admirable a manner that one regretted not to find the rest of the programme devoted to the Polish master. Besides three of his *Etudes* finely rendered, there were only transcriptions of two of his *Chants Polonais*, weak Chopin served up with tawdry Liszt trimmings. Queen's Hall was filled from floor to ceiling, and the audience were evidently well satisfied with the quality and the liberal quantity of the music.

MANY concerts which well deserve notice have to be passed by. I should, however, just like to name the one given by Mme. Melba at Queen's Hall on June 9. The *prima donna* was in splendid voice, and her singing of the Mad Scene from "Lucia" and of various songs proved artistic triumphs. The "Lucia" music, well rendered, is effective in a concert-room; on the stage most of it is out of keeping with the situation. On the following day, at St. James's Hall, Mlle. Chaminade, the talented French pianist-composer, gave a concert. The programme was devoted to her music, and though all of it is clever and refined, and some of it very attractive, it is possible to have too much at a time even of "Chaminade" music. On the Friday afternoon the young violinist, Maud McCarthy, played with Miss Fanny Davies, at the same hall, Brahms' Sonata in G for piano and violin with rare intelligence and feeling, also pieces by Wieniawski and Sarasate with astonishing skill and dash. In the evening M. Johann Kruse gave his second orchestral concert, with Dr. Stanford as conductor. His interpretation of Bach's A minor Concerto, showed marked intelligence. J. S. S.

SCIENCE.

AMONG the Diamond Jubilee retrospects there are few more deserving of notice than that which the venerable Dr. Huggins contributes, under the title "The New Astronomy," to the pages of the *Nineteenth Century*. The advances made during the last fifty years in this, the oldest science of which we have any knowledge, are almost too great to be realised; and it is satisfactory to feel that they are largely due to a typical studious Englishman working out of his own resources without regard to notoriety or remuneration. A few notes culled from Dr. Huggins's modest narrative will not be out of place.

We start with a period which extended well beyond the Queen's accession, when it was firmly believed that no direct knowledge could ever be acquired of the composition of the stellar bodies. The nebular theory of Laplace had, indeed, made it probable that, at all events, the sun and the nearer planets had been formed in the same way, and out of the same cosmic materials as the earth. But probability could not be made proof. Then came the momentous discovery by Kirchhoff, in 1859, that the dark lines of the solar spectrum, which had been mapped in the early part of the century by Fraunhofer, were due to the absence of certain rays which had been absorbed in the sun's atmosphere, and that these dark rays corresponded to many substances actually found upon the earth. To jot down a list of substances thus shown to exist in the sun was a matter of short time; the enormously greater task which Huggins set himself was to apply the same principle to the faint spectra given by the stars, and so to discover their chemical composition. Stellar spectroscopy is a very different thing now from what it was then, when no instruments existed for the purpose, but everything had to be invented and manufactured specially. Yet in spite of such drawbacks, the first nights of the new experiments yielded results of most surprising richness, and by 1862 the spectra of many of the principal fixed stars had been mapped. For purposes of comparison it was, of course, necessary to have perfect spectra of the leading elements, and these, too, the early investigators had to make. The experiments, however, proved that it could no longer be doubted that many of the commonest terrestrial elements, such as hydrogen, sodium, magnesium, and calcium were also present in the composition of the stars.

In 1864 Dr. Huggins began some observations in a region hitherto unexplored, observations which, he says, "remain to this day associated in my memory with the profound awe I felt on looking for the first time at that which no eye of man had seen." These were his researches on the nebulae, till then an unread riddle. As telescopes continued to improve, many supposed nebulae resolved themselves into innumerable stars, and the opinion gained ground that this might be

the explanation of all nebulae, despite the theoretical grounds for belief that some should be stars in the earlier stages of evolution. The spectroscope proved this at once to be actually the case: a single bright line thrown through the prism showed that they were not aggregations of stars, but masses of luminous gas. The element helium, which, together with hydrogen, plays so large a part in these nebulous spectra, has only lately been identified with the gas included in certain rare terrestrial minerals.

This does not exhaust the account of Dr. Huggins's triumphs with the extremely delicate instruments which he had called to his aid. Astronomers had never had any means of detecting or measuring the motion of bodies in a direct line with the earth. Two stars whirling round each other in a small orbit, or receding from one another in this line, would appear either as one star or as two stationary ones. The minute displacement of lines in the spectrum, caused by the shortening or drawing out of the waves of light as a body moves towards or away from the earth, gave the required means of not only detecting but even of measuring this motion. The mere fact speaks for the delicacy of the observations, and the success which has attended this use of the spectroscope does so even more. It only remains to mention one other development—the application of photography to the record of astronomical observations, and in this, too, Dr. Huggins has played a by no means small part. Photographic records have become so much a matter of course that we have ceased to wonder at the beautiful mechanism which enables a camera to move slowly across the heavens so as to keep the exact positions of the stars on which it is focussed. Still less can we now appreciate the revolution which this permanent record has effected. Yet its beginning and its perfection are all written in the history of the last fifty years.

H. C. M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Exmouth: June 7.

I cannot refrain from expressing the pleasure given me in reading the able and interesting article in your issue of June 5 on Gabriele d'Annunzio's *Trionfo della Morte*. Readers of modern Italian literature so seldom find any sympathetic notice of their favourite authors in English reviews that it was quite an unexpected treat to peruse your reviewer's criticisms. The writer of the article has apparently read no other work of Annunzio. I would recommend to his attention *L'Innocente* and *Le Vergini delle Rocce*, by the same author. The last-named work seems to me the work of a man bordering on insanity, but nevertheless, from the beauty of the style, has a fascination of its own. Your reviewer does not allude to the charges of plagiarism brought against Annunzio by his literary fellow-countrymen, charges which I fear have a solid foundation of fact. I am sure your readers would be gratified if some day you would favour us with a review of some one of the romances of another Italian writer—Giovanni Verga—a novelist who has few superiors at the present day in any country.

F. H. PICTON.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"The Secret
Rose."
By W. B. Yeats.
(Lawrence &
Bullen.)

MR. GEORGE MOORE in the columns of the *Chronicle* professes to have learnt from the book three things: "The Stevenson is not the only man who ever lived who wrote English prose"; "that romance comes from within and not from without"; and "that it matters not at all whether our symbols be a 'bus conductor or a knight-errant, the important thing is that they stand for eternal truths." The writer concludes: "We may take for motto: Look after the words and the ideas will look after themselves; or our motto may be: Look after the ideas and the words will look after themselves. The latter is the truer, I think. I would ask if the melody of the quoted pages is not richer and deeper than anything in Stevenson? It seems to me to be beautiful as wine, as flowers; it seems to me to float like some dim evening, and to hang like a rainbow, calm and exalted. Out of the colours of the sunset and the moonrise, vague blue and vanishing silver, the whole book is made, and through this dream atmosphere the wizard, the Shee, the knights and gleemen softly pass, cadencing their tales of old truths." The *Saturday Reviewer* criticises at length the story named "Rosa Alchemica": "The tale does not tell us much of the strange science, the figure of the student is not very interesting, and . . . our attention is somewhat lightly held. . . . No doubt the lore is interesting in itself; but Mr. Yeats . . . is an artist using mysticism for its own sake, and then, frankly, it is . . . less interesting than most things. . . . Others, however, 'are fairy stories or echoes of sagas with a meaning. And we would only make this general suggestion about such tales written for our present edification, they are attempts to . . . remodel for our certain comprehension what would be better left as raw material. . . . The great charm of such things is to discover for ourselves a . . . moral or . . . a symbol in some ancient tale that was simply told with less conscious meaning. But there are fancies in the book which would move even the most cantankerous. The *Speaker* praises this 'riper book' for its wealth of detail, lavishness of colour, and tireless invention—with special reference to 'Rosa Alchemica.' There is 'wanton untruth' in 'The Crucifixion of the Outcast,' for 'the lives of the early Irish saints were Franciscan in their tenderness for all weak things'; but "in things of frank Paganism Mr. Yeats is excellent." "Of his poetry he gives us too little, and that, with one exception [his rendering of 'Kathaleen-ny-Hoolihan'], not of a high quality. . . . Of course, genius must be left to find its own method and its own ways . . . yet it were well that he should strive a little to make himself intelligible to plain people." The *Pall Mall's* "Irresponsible Reader" writes: "Mystic, visionary, often blurred as these word paintings may sometimes be, the dignity of the language and the picturesqueness of the style invests them with undeniable charm."

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"No force could urge him to diligence, no importunity could conquer his resolution of standing still. 'What good are we doing with all this ado (would he say)? dearest Lady, let's hear no more of it!' I have, however, more than once in my life forced him on such services, but with extreme difficulty."

Yet in another place she writes: "Innumerable are the prefaces, sermons, lectures, and dedications which he used to make for people who begged of him." It may be quite true that he said "he hated to give away literary performances," and that "the next generation shall not accuse me of beating down the price of literature." This was like Johnson, who had no fine sentiments about the literary calling. "The man who writes except for money," he said, "is a blockhead." In the mass, then, these miscellaneous descriptions of Johnson, these innumerable anecdotes, are of the greatest value. The student who reads them all will hardly be deceived by one.

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some such speech." She extols his fearlessness. In their French tour

"he gave himself no concern about accidents, which, he said, never happened: nor did the running away of the horses on the edge of a precipice between Vernon and St. Denys, in France, convince him to the contrary; 'for nothing came of it (he said), except that Mr. Thrale leaped out of the carriage into a chalk-pit, and then came up again looking as white'"

She has sympathy with his hard, common sense. "Let the people learn necessary knowledge," she heard him say once; "let them learn to count their fingers, and to count their money, before they are caring for the classics," and she tells how, when a certain lady was ridiculed for her ignorance, Johnson said: "She is not ignorant, I believe, of anything she has been taught, or of anything she is desirous to know; and, I suppose, if one wanted a little *run tea* she might be a proper person enough to apply to." Nor does Mrs. Piozzi fail when reporting Johnson's repartees and his jokes. It is she who relates his reply to a Scotchman, who was boasting of Glasgow, "that he probably had never yet seen Brentford"—which is one of the few pieces of Johnson's wit that one can imagine on the lips of Charles Lamb. A rather similar reply was that which he gave to a youth who was lamenting that he had lost all his Greek: "I believe it happened at the same time, sir (said Johnson), 'that I lost my large estate in Yorkshire.'"

"All desire of distinction," says Mrs. Piozzi, "had a sure enemy in Mr. Johnson. We met a friend driving six very small ponies, and stopped to admire them. 'Why does nobody (said our doctor) begin the fashion of driving six spavined horses, all spavined in the same leg? It would have a mighty pretty effect, and produce the distinction of doing something worse than in the common way.'"

Mrs. Piozzi does pleasing justice to Johnson's sturdy contentment with the plain truth: "he never embellished a story." A good instance of Johnson's scrupulosity in this respect is afforded by the account which he gave to Mrs. Piozzi of his encounter with Tom Osborne. The town had magnified the tale for years, and it would have been easy for Johnson, who was proud of his strength, to have concurred in its version of the affair, but Mrs. Thrale tells us:

"I made one day very minute inquiries about the tale of his knocking down the famous Tom Osborne with his own dictionary in the man's own house. 'And how was that affair in earnest? do tell me, Mr. Johnson.' 'There is nothing to tell, dearest lady, but that he was insolent and I beat him, and that he was a blockhead and told of it, which I should never have done; so the blows have been multiplying, and the wonder thickening for all these years, as Thomas was never a favourite with the Public. I have beat many a fellow, but the rest had the wit to hold their tongues.'"

One of the most respectable chroniclers of small Johnsonian beer was the Rev. Dr. Thomas Campbell, whose anecdotes Dr. Hill extracts from his *Diary of a Visit to England in 1775*. Campbell heard Johnson get off one or two of his jibes at Scotland. Boswell said he wished there was a good map of Scotland. "There never can be a good map

of Scotland," said the Doctor, and when Boswell excitedly asked why, the reply came: "Why, sir, to measure land, a man must go over it; but who could think of going over Scotland!" Two evenings later, at General Oglethorpe's, the talk fell on America, and it was observed by some one that the Doctor's works would not be popular there. "No," said Boswell, "we shall soon hear of his being hung in effigy," and he added that he wondered this had not been done already in Scotland, from the Hebrides to England. "I shall suffer them to do it corporeally," said Johnson, "if they can find me a tree to do it upon." Dr. Hill defends the Doctor's exaggerated notion of the treelessness of Scotland by inserting in his "Addenda" a note to the effect that in Burton's *History of Scotland* it is stated that "after a certain raid on the Border by the Earl of Murray, to put down disturbances there, eighteen outlaws were drowned 'for lack of trees and halters.'" Mrs. Piozzi has a curious echo of Johnson's repartee. She credits him with loving trees, and says he detested the Downs about Brighton 'because it was country so truly desolate that if one had a mind to hang one's self for desperation at being obliged to live there, it would be difficult to find a tree on which to fasten the rope.' Yet Johnson must have associated Brighton Downs with one of the most pleasing compliments that he ever received. Mrs. Piozzi herself tells how Mr. Hamilton called out one day upon Brighthelmstone Downs, "Why, Johnson rides as well, for aught I see, as the most illiterate fellow in England."

Besides Mrs. Piozzi, several women wrote their recollections of Dr. Johnson, notably Lady Knight, Hannah More, and Miss Reynolds; and their papers go to swell these *Miscellanies*. Lady Knight, of whom Johnson said that "her acquisitions were many and her curiosity universal," has written some sprightly stuff about old Mrs. Williams. This venerable friend and house-mate of Johnson's was by way of being a poet, and for long she hoped in vain to see her effusions in print. "The half-crowns she got towards the publication," says Lady Knight, "she confessed to me, went for necessities, and that the greatest pain she ever felt was from the appearance of defrauding her subscribers: 'But what can I do? The Doctor always puts me off with, "Well, we'll think about it"; and Goldsmith says, "Leave it to me."'"

Hannah More's well-known *Recollections* are very bright and young-ladyish. In 1783 she says of Johnson: "He is more mild and complacent than he used to be. His sickness seems to have softened his mind, without having at all weakened it. I was struck with the mild radiance of this setting sun." It is only fair to remember that Johnson was always particularly mild and radiant to Hannah. But Miss Reynolds confirms her report of Johnson's growing suavity, and thinks that in his latter days he was "asperous" only in the defence of morality and religion.

Space forbids us to travel through the whole of these attractive volumes. We have not mentioned Johnson's *Prayers and Meditations*, which, by the way, we think ought hardly to have been placed among

Miscellanies; for the gulf between Johnson's outpourings toward his Maker and the tattle of his fellow-men about himself is too wide. Nor have we touched on Sir John Hawkins's *Life*, or on Hoole's narrative of Johnson's last days, or on Sir Joshua's skit on the Doctor's conversation, or on Thomas Tyers's interesting biographical sketch. Sir Joshua's effort is not specially happy; his imitation of Johnson's whale talk is rather exact than humorous. Such imitations should be both. A really delicious parody of Johnson's talk has apparently been overlooked by Dr. Hill. We refer to a contribution to *The Onlooker* by James Beresford, the witty author of *The Miseries of Human Life*, a humorous book very popular in the early years of the century. The piece is so little known that it may be permissible to describe it. The conversation is supposed to take place at Sir Joshua Reynolds's house, and to turn on rope-dancing. Johnson is provoked into asserting, and then demonstrating, that "a rope-dancer concentrates in himself all the cardinal virtues," and he is made to conclude his harangue in these words:

"He that is content to vacillate on a cord, while his fellow-mortals tread securely on the broad basis of *terra firma*; who performs the jocund evolutions of the dance on a superficies, compared to which the verge of a precipice is a stable station, may rightfully snatch the wreath from the conqueror and the martyr; may boast that he exposes himself to hazards from which he might fly to the cannon's mouth as to a refuge or a relaxation! Sir, let us now be told no more of the infamy of the rope-dancer."

One reflection we must make in conclusion, however obvious it may seem. These volumes complete a life-long literary devotion to the works and memory of Dr. Johnson; and it is an extraordinary thing that after Johnson had found such a biographer as James Boswell, Boswell should find such an editor as Birkbeck Hill. It is as though we had seen at Boswell's side the Johnsonian sun go down in glory, and had descended into the valley and been reconciled to the dusk, and now, on another hill, we meet another guide, who bids us still look back; and lo! the sunset lingers triumphant, and moves again "our special wonder."

SCIENTIFIC BOOKMAKING.

The Chances of Death, and other Studies in Evolution. By Karl Pearson, M.A., F.R.S. (Edward Arnold.)

HERE are twelve essays written, and for the most part published, at considerable intervals of time, on very different subjects and without any explicit relation to each other, as may be gathered from such titles as "Politics and Science," "Women and Labour," "Kindred Group - Marriage," the "German Passion Play," &c. Sir Isaac Newton could keep the materials of his *Principia* in hand for thirty years before giving them to the world. Your modern man of science has no sooner written a thousand words on any subject than he publishes them here or there, in this

magazine or that, at the market rate of remuneration. This may be good business, but it is bad science, and it leads Prof. Pearson into a strange sort of apology or piece of special pleading, not well calculated to inspire confidence in his general trustworthiness as an observer. Feeling, as well indeed he may, that there is an apparent want of unity in this collection, he offers a few words of explanation:

"There must always be a unity," he remarks, "interesting at least to the psychologist, if not to the general reader, when a mind, with its opinions and methods of investigation reasonably matured, approaches even very diverse problems. . . . The sympathetic reader will find in one and all the essays the fundamental note of the author's thought—namely, the endeavour to see all phenomena, physical and social, as a connected growth, and describe them as such in the briefest formula possible."

This, to say the least of it, is a convenient hypothesis for the scientific bookmaker.

Prof. Pearson treats of evolution from two points of view—the statistical and the historical, and regard being had to the small amount of time which human experience or history covers, it would be hard to say which is the more untrustworthy. The number of statistics available is often extremely limited, as in the essay on "Variation in Man and Woman," where the writer cheerfully draws a conclusion as to the skull capacity of the modern English from the skulls of twenty-six men and thirty-two women dug up in Whitechapel. "We conclude," says Prof. Pearson, after settling on this basis his "standard of deviation" and his "co-efficient of variation," "that English women are more variable as to skull capacity than English men" (vol. i., p. 330). Occasionally the author apologises for the meagreness of his material. But at best the mathematical results arrived at in this way must be extremely uncertain from the narrowness of the basis of comparison obtained with regard to entire races and civilisations, ancient and modern. As Prof. Pearson confesses, "skulls are to be procured not by the hundred, but too often by the ten, or even only by units." Happily the result of this laborious arithmetic is not very startling:

"So far as the data we have considered extend, the conclusion we must draw from them is that there is no marked preponderating variability in either sex. The variability of men and women is not very different now from what it was 5,000 years ago, and the difference in male and female variability are apparently far less than racial differences in variability and even less than differences in the same race living under diverse conditions or indeed at opposite ends of the town."

The statistical method is pushed to its greatest length, perhaps, in the essay on "The Chances of Death," which for that reason is the least valuable of the series. It is nothing more than an attempt to reduce to a mathematical formula the familiar returns of the Registrar-General as to the mortality of infancy, youth, manhood, and old age; and most people will be disposed to confess that they understand the Registrar-General's percentages better than the Professor's "curves" and "frequencies," complicated as these are by a certain "skew-

ness" of result which we suspect to be mathematical jargon for that considerable margin which the author finds it necessary to allow in order to bring his speculations into harmony with the ascertained facts. The better to illustrate his statistical method, Prof. Pearson (inspired by the "vision of Mirza") supposes the human race to be crossing "a Bridge of Life," with Death as a marksman aiming at them as they traverse the various arches that extend from infancy to old age. A picture of this bridge forms the frontispiece to the first volume:

"Suppose," says the author, "a thousand babes to start together 'along the bridge or causeway of life.' The length of that bridge shall represent the maximum duration of life, and our cohort shall march slowly across it, completing the journey in something perhaps over the hundred years. No—not the cohort completing the journey, the veriest remnant of the thousand who started together! At each step Death (as a marksman with a certain skewness of aim and a certain precision of weapon) takes his aim, and one by one individuals fall out of the ranks—terribly many in infancy, many in childhood, fewer in youth, more again in middle age, but many more still in old age."

It appears, however, that a single figure of Death does not suffice. In the frontispiece there are three skeletons representing Death, each engaged in "potting" the human race as it passes over the bridge, personified in a child, a young woman, a man in his prime, and a grey-bearded patriarch. One skeleton uses a bow and arrow, the second a blunderbuss, while the third is engaged in loading what appears to be a breach-loading rifle. On the whole, one prefers Addison's conception of the Bridge of Life as full of traps or pitfalls through which the unwary passengers drop into the dark flowing river of Eternity underneath. Prof. Pearson's plan is faulty if only because it makes no provision for getting rid of the bodies of the slain. The "curve of mortality," it appears, has caused the author some little trouble. Starting very high in infancy, falling to its least value at the age of thirteen or fourteen years, slowly increasing until it reaches a maximum in the seventy-second year of life, and again falling more rapidly than it rose, till scarcely two isolated stragglers of the 1,000 reach ninety-one, and hardly one in 10,000 remains for Death to aim at in the hundredth year of life, this mortality curve is unlike any of the "frequency curves" involved in what is termed a normal chance distribution. At all hazards, however, the theory must be made to fit the facts, and accordingly we have the author's conception of "skewness" in the shooting, otherwise faultiness of aim and of three Deaths shooting at different ranges instead of one. In his own words:

"We can only complete our picture by supposing several marksmen aiming with different degrees of precision and with different skewnesses of aims at different portions of the column of life—that is, at different ages. At each step in life we may be bit by more than one marksman, for although they aim at one portion of the Bridge of Life they may hit another, their shots being scattered like those of a rifleman on a target."

Surely this is the very insanity of statistics. Yet we are judging the essay from no isolated passage; for elsewhere Prof. Pearson remarks: "Death, aiming at the old, sometimes shoots wide of the mark and hits the young"—a strange example of the lengths to which a piece of false imagery may carry its author. All this statistical jugglery, be it observed, adds not one iota to the information conveyed to us in the mortality returns of the Registrar-General, who is not hampered by a conception of three Deaths instead of one, using weapons of different periods and patterns. Nevertheless your statistician can be amazingly precise on occasion. Prof. Pearson finds that his infancy curve, in order to fit a certain order of facts, has to be "started very approximately *nine months before birth*."

On reflection he must, like Olive, be astounded at his own moderation. Why take in nine months before birth merely? Why not all the ages during which the germ-plasm must have existed?

As an unpretentious collection of essays these volumes would be entirely acceptable. It is the "scientific unity" with which the author seeks to endow his casual researches that provokes criticism. The essay on "The Scientific Aspect of Monte Carlo Roulette," for instance, is extremely interesting, but what has it to do with Evolution, elastic as that much-abused term may be? Here, again, the author's besetting sin of generalising from insufficient data asserts itself. The results of actual play, as far as he has been able to collect them, do not accord with what he calls the scientific theory of chance. Accordingly, he jauntily concludes that "the random spinning of a roulette, manufactured and daily re-adjusted with extraordinary care, is not obedient to the laws of chance, but is chaotic in its manifestations." Before such a conclusion can safely be promulgated, it would surely be well to take a much wider basis of calculation than Prof. Pearson has been able to do. After all, there has been a prodigious amount of roulette spinning done during the past fifty years, and there is but a very microscopic sample of it given in the figures here dealt with. Let the spinning be chaotic in its results or not, the fact remains that a very small mechanical interference with the theory of even chances (viz., an interference to the extent of 1 in 37) suffices to yield a princely income per annum in favour of the bank. There is nothing chaotic in the dividends of the Monte Carlo administration.

GEORGE WASHINGTON AT HOME.

The True George Washington. By Paul Leicester Ford. (Lippincott.)

THE memory of the Father of his Country has been so wrapt round with a tissue of patriotic legends that to discover the true man beneath is now something of the hardest. The present volume is an attempt to set before us, in a quiet, sober way, the man just as he seemed to those who knew him best, amid the familiar intercourse of daily life and the intimacies of home. Happily,

Mr. Ford writes without anything of the iconoclastic bias which the words "the true George Washington" might suggest, and has done his work in a spirit of anxious sincerity. The hair of the American schoolboy may, indeed, rise on end when he reads that if Washington, at the age of six, was incapable of telling a lie, he "partially outgrew the disability in his more mature years"; but the instances cited savour rather of the necessary *fineness* of the politician than of anything to which the taint of personal duplicity could attach.

The theory that every great man had a gifted mother finds no support in this instance. Washington's mother seems to have been an untidy and illiterate woman, who on more than one occasion in his later life was a grievous trial to her son. After the death of his father, George Washington lived chiefly in the homes of his two elder brothers and so came little under his mother's influence. On one occasion her complaints of poverty caused a proposal for a pension to be made in the Virginia Assembly, a proposal which was instantly put an end to by an indignant letter from Washington. "Confident I am that she has not a child that would not divide the last sixpence to relieve her from real distress . . . but, in fact, she has an ample income of her own." At one time Washington, to spare his mother trouble, rented her plantation from her and paid her an annual sum far in excess of what it was worth. Afterwards, in consequence of her appeals for money to strangers, he ended the arrangement, not because "I mean to withhold any aid or support I can give from you, for whilst I have a shilling left you shall have part," but because "what I shall then give I shall have credit for, and not be viewed as a delinquent and considered perhaps by the world as an unjust and undutiful son."

Of special interest is the chapter dealing with Washington's personal connexion with the problem of slavery. At one time he had as many as 300 slaves at work, but he very soon learned that servile labour, on all but the richest soils, is economically a mistake. At one time at Mount Vernon he had more slaves than he could profitably employ; but the difficulty was to know how to reduce their number.

"To sell the overplus I cannot, because I am principled against this kind of traffic in the human species. To hire them out is almost as bad, because they could not be disposed of in families to any advantage, and to disperse the families I have an aversion."

It is interesting to learn that on one occasion Washington received £69 from the State as compensation for a slave wanted for the gallows.

We find constant traces in these letters of the perplexities in which a humane man was inevitably placed by the working of this hateful system. Nothing could exceed the strictness of the injunctions which Washington gives to his agents to care in every way for the sick slaves, and to see that all have abundant food. But what was the poor man to do when his slaves alleged sickness just to avoid work? What can he do but ask, "Is there anything particular in

the cases of Ruth, Hannah, and Pegg, that they have been returned sick for several weeks together?" His suspicions are the more natural because he knows "Ruth is extremely deceitful." On occasions, too, Washington could overcome his aversion to selling slaves; thus in 1766 he shipped an unruly negro to the West Indies, and wrote thus to the captain of the vessel:

"With this letter comes a negro (Tom), who I beg the favor of you to sell in any of the islands you may go to, for whatever he will fetch, and bring me in return for him—

"One hhd. of best molasses.

"One ditto best rum.

"One barrel of lymes, if good and cheap.

"One pot of tamarinds, containing about 10 lbs.

"Two small ditto of mixed sweetmeats, about 5 lbs. each.

"And the residue, much or little, in good old spirits.

"That this fellow is both a rogue and a runaway (tho' he was by no means remarkable for the former, and never practised the latter till of late) I shall not pretend to deny. But that he is exceeding healthy, strong, and good at the hoe the whole neighbourhood can testify, and particularly Mr. Johnson and his son, who have both had him under them as foreman of the gang; which gives me reason to hope he may, with yr good management, sell well, if kept clean and trim'd up a little when offered for sale."

Another "misbehaving fellow" in 1791 was sold for "one pipe and quarter cask of wine from the West Indies." It is remarkable that there is not a single order to whip, and only on two occasions is there any reference to punishment of any sort, while in several instances we find injunctions to agents to try the effects of "admonition and advice" rather than correction. Altogether, Washington seems to have acted just as a high-minded English gentleman placed in such circumstances might have been expected to act. He was eager to prohibit the further importation of slaves from Africa, and, though acquiescing in slavery as an institution, looked forward to the time when its abolition should become possible, and, finally, by his will, arranged for the gradual liberation of his own slaves.

The formality of manner which always distinguished Washington stiffened into something like solemnity in later life. Contemporary letters give some funny glimpses of the sort of awe he inspired among his guests. Senator Maclay writes of one of the President's weekly dinners:

"It was the most solemn dinner I ever was at. Not a health drunk; scarce a word was said until the cloth was taken away. Then the President, filling a glass of wine, with great formality drank to the health of every individual by name round the table. . . . The ladies sat a good while, and the bottles passed about; but there was a dead silence almost. Mrs. Washington at last withdrew with the ladies. I expected the men would now begin, but the same silence remained."

But the poor senator had had a disappointment during the dinner. He tells us that, "after his second plate had been taken away," the President offered to help him from a dish which was at the end of the table. As the senator observes, "Could anything have been more unlucky?"—he

had just before, in view of his fellow-guests, declined another dish, "with some expression that denoted my having made up my dinner." So the poor man was obliged to forego the honour of being helped by the President! It is pleasant to think that later in the evening, when Washington "was distributing a pudding," the senator got another chance. All his contemporaries are agreed that among strangers Washington was extremely silent, while among intimate friends he was merry and lively. As evidence of his kindness of heart, Mr. Ford points to the fact that at different times he adopted or assumed the expenses and charge of no less than nine of the children of his kinsmen. That he was childless himself was probably a great grief, but it was one to which he was reconciled. Writing some years after his marriage with the widow of Mr. Curtis he dismisses the possibility of his having issue, on the ground that even if he survived his wife "while I retain the faculty of reasoning I shall never marry a girl," and a second wife of suitable age would not be likely to bear him children. Altogether we can welcome Mr. Ford's book as adding appreciably to our knowledge of the character and manners of the great President.

OPEN-AIR ESSAYS.

In Garden, Orchard, and Spinney. By Phil Robinson. (Isbister & Co.)

MR. PHIL ROBINSON has long been known as a charming essayist of the open air. Several years ago he gave us tiny volumes describing the garden life of India; then came examinations of the Poets' knowledge of birds and beasts; and now he seems to have settled down again to the study of the more domestic natural history of England. He does not go deep; he is wary of Latin names; he takes the line of least resistance; but he has a pleasant humour and an engaging and fluent fancy. This fancy is, indeed, so fluent that Mr. Robinson must be careful or it will flow away with him altogether. As it is, we could put our finger on a number of places in his latest book, *In Garden, Orchard, and Spinney*, where it is obvious that fancy was left to do alone work in which it should have had the immediate assistance of Mr. Robinson's eyes. Things remembered at a distance have not the value of things just seen. Mr. Robinson's fancy is, however, his strength; he has not patience, like Thomas Edwards; he has not application, like Gilbert White; he has not mystery and literary genius, like Richard Jefferies; but he has a glib fancy, and a nimble wit, and a well-ordered memory. Here is a passage concerning rooks—that fascinating subject—which illustrates our point:

"It is one of the compliments that Nature pays the dwellers among tall trees that rooks shall come and tenant them. Chief among the honours in her gift is to send herons to your groves; but then there must be a lake or mere hard by, or long reaches of water; and the estate must be so large that no public ways can

intersect the solitude with noisy lines of traffic. With the heron a certain etiquette must be observed; its taste for peace must be studied, and the place of its sojourn fenced round with sacred quiet.

"Not so the rooks. Having honoured one of your trees by selecting it for their abode and built their nests in it, they take everything else as it comes. They do not haggle with you as to observances, or split straws over the ethics of reciprocity. They have made their bed and intend to lie on it. The bargain is struck, 'and there's an end on't.' They did not come in a hurry or by mistake, and now that they have come they are going to stay. It is a robust philosophy this of the rook. He does not expect more than he gets, but, content with very little, he protests against any nibbling at what he has. Though your tenant, at your pleasure, he is also your neighbour, and never allows you to forget that in the country there are neighbourly obligations on the one side as well as on the other, on yours as on his. He is perpetually reminding you—whenever he sees you, in fact—that you are to let him and his household alone; that you and yours may make any disturbance you like anywhere else, but that his tree is his tree, and you will please to let it alone, and respect such privacy as a tree-top affords. When he catches sight of you afar off he passes the remark to his wife, 'There he is!' and she replies, off-hand, 'So he is!' And there the matter drops. But should you come under their tree the conversation assumes quite another tone, and if we could only understand what birds say, we should know what rooks think of the vulgar manners and lack of taste of those who go poking about the ground-floor of a place that is already inhabited up above by a decent couple."

It is agreeable and pleasant and superficial. Mr. Sowerby's recent little monograph on the same bird has a thousand times more "stuff" in it, but Mr. Robinson's play carries him into the hands of readers who would never touch more serious writers. Had he also the passion for truth Mr. Robinson would be the most delightful natural historian in the world. Here is a pretty passage contrasting the wasp and the bee:

"No one likes bees better than I do. I have kept hives. But, after all, are they not the cattle and poultry of the insects? They are the sheep, while the wasps are the wild deer. The one represents Routine, the other a protest against Routine. What poetry is there in the hives of bees as compared with that of wasps—in the tame citizenship of the artificial hive, the machine-made honeycomb, as compared with the romance of the woodland comb-maker? Both bee and wasp need honey; but the latter, when it has not the leisure (or the will) to gather it for itself, goes after the former. 'What ho, there!' it cries, 'You bumbling fellow, in your jerkin of woolly brown, stand and deliver!'—and the bee does."

Adventures, we know, are to the adventurous, and evidently open-air phenomena are to the natural historian. These chroniclers of woodland life have such magnificent luck! Noah, pacing an Ark gangway, saw hardly fewer strange animals than they do! Other men try for years to see a fox. Mr. Robinson has but to open his front door and there are a pair of them doing all the correct things—stealing geese, or sucking eggs, or whatever it is that foxes do! This is a little exaggeration, but Mr. Robinson's pages so convince you that he is nature's darling. For example, one night he sleeps

in the orchard, and on awaking sees in a few minutes the following things: a pheasant, six feet from his head, crowing; a rabbit washing its face; a squirrel, which came to pay his respects; a turtle dove feeding two young ones; a score of tits; a wren and seven young ones sitting on a bar below it. The fact is, we suspect, that the fauna and flora of a dozen walks are packed into one when the pen touches the paper.

Finally, let us quote a plea for the more timid birds that dwell in the garden :

"So, reader, you who love the birds, do not bring them all down to an equal necessity of accepting too publicly your out-door relief. Do not insist upon their coming to the doorstep and the window-sill for food. Some of them are very nervous and sensitive—made of tender stuff. They shrink from the common feast and, until the pain of real starvation beats down their shyness, will, from the shelter of your shrubs, piteously watch the robust ones dividing your alms among them, but will not, these small gentlefolk in feathers, intrude any claim upon your kindness. So pretend that you know nothing of their necessities. Affect an innocence even of their haunts, and, out of your own good taste, as it were, do not urge them to the ordeal of joining the mob before your windows. So will your bounty not be a misery to these little people. Take your benevolences out into the shrubberies and the orchard, and, as you pass, scatter the saving morsels wherever they may most quickly catch the eye—under the bushes where the earth is brown, round the foot of the trees where there is still grass green—and the birds that you love best will eat in peace, gratefully sharing in your charity, now sweetened to them by seclusion. They eat now not as paupers, but as the little neighbours of a great lord, each of them in its own home, as it were, and twice thankful for the snow-tide help, and for their own escape from the sharp discipline of public relief."

Mr. Robinson dogmatizes with great freedom. There are well-defended opinions—for example, that the "sea-blue bird of March" might be meant both for the kingfisher and the wheatear, as well as for the swallow which he so confidently states it to be. Again, other experimentalists with wild creatures might, with much reason, deny that "few animals are so fearless of man as the squirrel." Another fault with which we charge Mr. Robinson is repetition. In two separate books we expect repetitions from a man who gossips about nature; but in one there should be none. Careful proof-reading would have prevented this blemish. But Mr. Robinson's new volume is a very pleasant companion.

THE ROMANCE OF ISABEL.

The Romance of Isabel, Lady Burton: the Story of her Life. Told in part by Herself, and in part by W. H. Wilkins. In 2 vols. (Hutchinson & Co.)

MR. WILKINS did well to bring the word "romance" into his title. Some readers, indeed, will give it a meaning more inclusive than Mr. Wilkins ever meant; but that is no fault of his. His loyalty to Lady Burton's accuracy is intact; and if the credulity of readers at times suffers a strain, there is no real snapping of charity between

them and her, certainly never between them and Mr. Wilkins. No one will grudge the volumes their "over sixty columns of favourable reviews," still less their triumphant entry into the second thousand of their circulation. We do not desire to strike any harsh note in the concord of praises. All the same, there are certain thoughts and afterthoughts which do arise in the mind, and to which we allow ourselves to give what is no hasty expression.

Lady Burton was an enthusiast, and no enthusiast is without the capacity for self-sacrifice. Lady Burton's immolation of herself at the shrine of her husband is notorious. It was a supplementary religion; and as to that, a pious Roman Catholic, brought up on counsels of detachment, perhaps felt some scruple that needed to be set at rest. The seal of the Unseen must in some way be set upon it. In the foretellings of gipsies she found that desired sanction. Near her father's home in Essex, in her girlhood, she had met Hagar Burton, who cast her horoscope :

"You will cross the sea, and be in the same town as your Destiny. You will bear the name of our tribe, and be right proud of it. You will be as we are, but far greater than we. Your life is all wandering, change, adventure. One soul in two bodies in life and death, never long apart. Show this to the man you take for your husband."

The sequel is well known. Isabel Arundell did cross the sea; she went with her family to Boulogne. On the ramparts she met a man "who looked at her as though he read her through and through." She "felt completely magnetised," though she was alert enough to note that he "started a little," and to turn to her sister and whisper, "That man will marry me." Next day he was there again, and chalked up: "May I speak to you?" In spite of magnetism, "No, mother will be angry," was the maidenly reply. A few days, however, brought about a formal introduction—"Destiny is stronger than custom," she says, not quite appropriately, seeing that she had first declined to swerve from custom, and was now in its traces. And when she heard his name it was her turn to "start." "Like a flash came back to me the prophecy of Hagar Burton, and I thrilled through and through." This is romance in any case; but it may be romancing too. It is a case for original documents, if ever there was one. If all the written testimony to marvels of this sort is subsequent to the date of the accomplished facts, that is a material consideration in our estimate of them. Hagar Burton's prophecy was written in Romany. Who translated it, and when? Or was it all written out from memory by Lady Burton years and years after the usual course of events had unrolled for her the scroll of her married career? Admittedly, the romance, communicative as it is on most points, would be immensely more interesting if it were more communicative on details such as these. "Blessed be they who invented pen, ink, and paper!" Lady Burton once wrote to her sister. Yet these would not have been so great a boon after all had the invention stopped with them. It was the further invention that these were the

means of giving to the world—the romances and the rest—that really called forth the benediction of Lady Burton. And who shall say that she did not desire that some benefit of that benediction should not fall upon herself?

There are a number of figures whom one might wish to pursue from the pages of Lady Burton into the Palace of Historic Truth—the American widower with 300,000 dollars (to a penny), for instance, and the Russian general with nine [might it not turn out to be ten?] chateaux, who each made offers for her hand. These, however, are mere accessories, though their introduction is characteristic of a style of memoir-writing which is open to the constant objection that it either tells too much or tells too little. Nor can we quite be ridded of a certain air of unreality in the statement, for instance, of the terms on which Sir Richard Burton stood with the successive Governments of his country, or of the actual circumstances connected with the destruction, by "Herself," of the MS. of *The Scented Rose*. Great traveller as he was, Burton was admittedly not a man whom any Government in its senses could have transferred from the Consular to the Diplomatic service, and sent to Paris or Vienna as ambassador. The very idea is ridiculous. In his own service he had promotion in due course, with payment and pension to match. He had a knighthood as well; and Lady Burton, in her widowhood, a place on the Civil List. If he had abilities quite above the requirements of the Consular service, the reward for them was to be found outside of it. Surely he found it in fame, and, if money is to be brought into account, in the immense cheque he received for his translation of the *Arabian Nights*. This work was done with literalness in its indelicacy, all in the interests of History and Science, which do not commonly cast to their pale votaries drafts for £10,000. This payment was a romance of science—the romance, at any rate, is genuine, but what about the science?

AN AUTHOR'S CHILD.

The Invisible Playmate and W.V. her Book. By William Canton. (Isbister & Co.)

THE literary instinct has to be fully understood by the critic of this reprint of Mr. Canton's two little books. To the ordinary man who loved his children nothing would seem much more unsuitable than that he should sit down at his desk and write an account of their playfulness and little whims of affection, ending with a version of the prayer which he offered to his Maker for his and their good governance, and then ask the public to pay three-and-sixpence for the privilege of reading it. More than one reason would deter him, not the least being the thought that some day such a record was likely to be rather a trial to the children themselves. But between the ordinary man and the man with the literary instinct a great gulf is fixed, and we have no hesitation in saying that it is as right for the latter to publish the

secrets of his nursery as it is for the other to keep them to himself—provided, that is, that he does it in a seemly manner. The end justifies the course. In the case of W. V. the course is abundantly justified.

Mr. William Canton has won us with this book as surely as Mr. Barrie did with *Margaret Ogilvy*. We laid that volume aside at the end with a sense of deep gratitude to the author for permitting us to come upon such terms with so sweet and wholesome and beautiful a character. Similarly we have closed Mr. Canton's account of his daughter with a feeling of satisfaction that we, too, are of W. V.'s court. The odd thing is that both Mr. Barrie and Mr. Canton are Scotchmen: that is to say, they belong to a nation which is notoriously reserved and undemonstrative of affection. And Dr. John Brown, who wrote of Marjorie Fleming, the direct intellectual ancestress of W. V., was Scotch too. We shall have to revise some of the proverbs relating to the dour race.

The Invisible Playmate, when it appeared some three or four years ago, struck us as being a very fresh and remarkable little work of individualism. It has mystery and tenderness rare in English literature. It pairs off with nothing that we know. The second half of the volume before us, *W. V., her Book*, which appeared independently a year or so later, is less imaginative and remarkable. It is often beautiful, always winning, and here and there it contributes something of value to that science of which Prof. Sully and Mrs. Meynell are the principal exponents. Mr. Canton's chapters remind us, as we have said, of Dr. John Brown's perfect sketch of Marjorie Fleming, love being the basic principle of both writers.

So much of the book consists of reprinted matter that we confine our quotations to the new chapter, "Her Violets." The following passage illustrates our remarks as to the scientific bearing of the little work:

"Early in the spring it occurred to me to ascertain the range of her vocabulary. I did not succeed, but I came to the conclusion that a child of six, of average intelligence, may be safely credited with a knowledge of at least 2,000 words. A clear, practical knowledge, too; for in making up my lists I tried to test how far she had mastered the sense as well as the sound. *Punctual*, she told me, meant 'just the time'; *dead*, 'when you have left off breathing—and your heart stops beating too,' she added as an afterthought; *messenger*, 'anybody who goes and fetches things'; then, as a bee flew past, 'a bee is a messenger; he leaves parcels of flower-dust on the sticky things that stand up in a flower.' 'The pistils?' 'Oh yes, pistils and stamens; I remember those old words.' *Flame*, she explained, is 'the power of the match.' What did she mean by 'power?' 'Oh, well, we have a power of talking.' So that flame, I gather, is a match's way of expressing itself. What was a *hero*? 'Perseus was one; a very brave man who could kill a Gorgon.' 'Brain is what you think with in your head; and'—physiological afterthought—'the more you think the more crinkles there are.' And *sensible*? 'The opposite to silly.' And *opposite*? 'One at the top' (pointing to the table) 'and one at the bottom; they would be opposite.' Lady? 'A woman.' But a woman is not always a lady. 'If she was *kind* I should know she was a lady.' Noble? 'Statelily, a great person. You are the noble of the office, you know, father.' 'Domino,' as an equivalent

for 'That's done with,' has a ring of achievement about it; but 'jumbos,' in the sense of 'lots,' 'heaps,' cannot commend itself even to the worshippers of the immortal elephant. While I linger over these fond trivialities, let me set down one or two of her phrases. 'You would laugh me out of my death-bed, mother,' she said the other day, when her mother made a remark that tickled her fancy. As the thread twanged while a button was being sewn on her boot: 'Auntie, you are making the boot laugh!' 'I shall clench my teeth at you if you won't let me.' 'Mother, I haven't said my prayers; let me say them on your blessed lap of heaven.'"

We take leave of Mr. Canton's exquisite pages with the prediction that *The Invisible Playmate and W. V., her Book*, is likely for many years to come to be with all who own it a volume very near to the hand and heart.

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

Prehistoric Problems. By Robert Munro. (Blackwood & Sons.)

THIS is an interesting work which treats, with tolerable completeness, certain points as to the condition of man in the stone and bronze periods of his existence. It is stated in the preface to be composed of papers which have been previously published, but are here republished in a modified form, with the exception of that which forms the second chapter of the work, and is an unaltered reproduction of the address delivered by the author as president of the anthropological section at the meeting of the British Association at Nottingham in 1893.

We are strongly of opinion that when papers are republished the dates and modes of their first publication should always be given. The work is illustrated by 150 wood-cuts and eight plates, but twenty-five cuts and two plates have been lent by various societies and academies as is duly acknowledged by the author at the end of his preface. He begins by a sketch of the rise and progress of the science of anthropology. He appears sceptical as to the existence of any great "hiatus" between palæolithic and neolithic times. As to man of the earlier of those periods, it seems evident that he had extended his range over the greater part of the old world. As to his extent and range in the American continent the author declines to hazard a judgment, although, for our part, the opinion of so eminent a palæontologist as M. Gaudry suffices to convince us that palæolithic man did inhabit the banks of the Delaware.

In his republished presidential address Dr. Munro considers the advantage to man of the erect posture, and gives some interesting quotations (pp. 94 and 95) from a letter received by him from Prof. Huxley, as well as one from a paper by Prof. Cleland, showing how the skull of man has been developed by the bending down of its base to its utmost possible limit (p. 98). With respect to the nature of the remains found in Java, which have been named *Pithecanthropus erectus*, he quotes the judgments of others, but gives no decided one himself. The book contains

an interesting chapter on prehistoric trepanning and cranial amulets, and other chapters on otter and beaver traps, bone skates, and prehistoric saws and sickles.

We can cordially recommend the work as interesting and instructive, but we cannot regard it as forming any distinct advance in anthropological science. But such an advance is hardly to be looked for in a volume consisting of a republication of an author's antecedent papers or addresses, however much modified.

* * *
An Old Soldier's Memories. By S. H. Jones-Parry, J.P. (Hurst & Blackett.)

CAPTAIN JONES-PARRY'S *Memories* are essentially military, and begin with his getting his commission in 1849. He went out to India, and he describes very pleasantly and minutely the incidents of his voyage and arrival, his early difficulties and scrapes. On the way out, at Aden, half a dozen youngsters, including himself, went ashore in defiance of orders, and sat down to play *vingt-et-un* in a hotel coffee room. Our author lost all his money, and his luck was just turning when:

"I heard a voice behind me saying, 'You young blackguards, what are you doing?—You're gambling!' Some one ventured a 'No, sir.' 'Yes, you are; look at those paper I.O.U.'s in the saucer.' It was Colonel Outram. He was very angry, but eventually said, 'I will not report you, on one condition—that you burn all those papers, and promise me never to gamble again.' The papers were burnt, the promise made. 'Now, then, boys, come and have supper with me.' He gave us as good a supper as the hotel afforded, and then sent us on board. I think I may say we all worshipped him."

Capt. Jones-Parry continues to worship Outram. In his account of the Alumbagh fighting in the Mutiny he writes:

"I can see Outram now, riding along the lines when an attack was going on, smoking as usual a huge cheroot, stopping now and again to speak a cheery word to some officer or sergeant, or offer a cheroot to some private who looked as if a smoke would be a treat to him. Others may say what they like: Outram was my man, and knitting-needles will not make me alter my opinion."

In his Indian chapters Capt. Jones-Parry gives us, so to speak, scraps from Mr. Kipling's commonplace book. Not that the Captain's time and Mr. Kipling's coincided. But here is the cantonment life of Mr. Kipling's stories, and the dāk travelling, and the priests, and the pagodas, and the cholera, and the blessed propinquity of brave women. Capt. Jones-Parry even found a piece of Mulvaney.

"We had a most wonderful drill-sergeant in Murphy. [This was at Bellary, with the 52nd.] He lived solely to study the drill-book. In those days light white trousers were the fashion, and report had it that Murphy used to put his on damp, and let them dry upon him. He could manage recruits better than any man living."

More than once we have a description of such a storm of rain as that on which John Holden looked with stony indifference, because, though the rain took the cholera away, the cholera had taken Ameers. And the "little orf'cer boy" in "With the

Main Guard," who cried to be allowed to go and be killed, meets us at Alumbagh

"I remember hearing that one fledgling, on being told he was too young to go on the most dangerous of all our outposts, cried and said he was quite old enough to be killed the same as any other officer."

Capt. Jones-Parry is to be thanked for a budget of stories (his book is essentially that) told with soldierly frankness, humour, and kindness.

* * *

Diary of a Tour through Great Britain in 1795. By the Rev. William MacRitchie. Edited by David MacRitchie. (Elliot Stock.)

THIS is the diary of a Scottish clergyman who toured through England 102 years ago, and jotted down his impressions. It has only lately been published, partly in the *Scottish Antiquary* and partly in the *Antiquary*. Now it is issued, by no means superfluously, in book form, and with notes by a great-nephew of the writer. To be sure this diary is a very simple record. The reverend author met few celebrities; and his diary is concerned with the everyday world as he saw it in one place after another. From his native Perthshire Mr. MacRitchie travelled through Edinburgh, Kendal, Manchester and Liverpool, Buxton, and Sheffield, to London, and returned northward by another route.

Here is an entry which shows us what a traveller who has just emerged from his London hotel to look around him might see in 1795:

"Pass Blackfriars' Bridge and set out along the south side of the river to Westminster Bridge. Arrive there happily in time to witness a grand anniversary sailing-match on the river. The prize a silver bowl, run for by six barges with four men in each; the distance from Blackfriars' Bridge to Putney Bridge, about eight miles up the river, and back again to opposite Vauxhall. The vast concourse of people on the Bridge and on each side of the river, the vast number of boats and barges with splendid company on board, the rowers keeping time in the most regular harmony, &c., was to me a scene of perfect astonishment."

MacRitchie's luck did not end here, for on the bridge he met Mr. David Ritchie, "my old school- and college-fellow," and together—after taking tea at Ritchie's house in Barton-street, Westminster, with a French priest—they took boat by moonlight to Vauxhall, where MacRitchie was "much struck" with everything, and heard Mrs. Mountain sing. The morals of the place very properly shocked him, but we note that he stayed till 2 a.m.

A comparison at once suggests itself as fit to be made between this Scottish minister's account of his travels in England in 1795, and the similar itinerary left us by Moritz, the Prussian clergyman who journeyed through England in 1782. It must be confessed that the Prussian's book is much the more succulent, and discovers keener and wider sympathies and a higher literary faculty. But this newly-found Diary of his Scottish brother is acceptable. It has antiquarian, and not a little human, interest.

PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

M. VICTOR BÉRARD's masterly study of the Sultan's politics led us to expect in his book on Macedonia an important addition to the political literature on the fatal, eternal, and unsolvable problem of the East. If *La Macédoine* is a less vivid and powerful book than its predecessor, *La Politique du Sultan*, it remains in itself a graphic and interesting account of remote and complicated affairs that seem to have puzzled Europe for ages, with small hope of amelioration or general satisfaction. It is sad reading at the best, this interminable tale of brigandage, massacre, violation, outrage of every kind, and petty dissensions and rivalry. On laying down M. Bérard's book, the bewildered reader, conceiving the lower Mediterranean shores as exclusively the nest of every infamy, political, social, and private, with nothing to choose between the villainy of Turk and Christian, wishes that civilisation had the force of will and the power to sweep off the face of the world all these atrocious, if picturesque, races. Among Armenians, Servians, Bulgarians, Turks, Albanians, Greeks, there is apparently not a pin's-worth of honour or honesty, not a vestige of intelligence or capacity. Plunder and outrage seem to be the aim of each race's existence. Lamenting France's loss of her old reputation for uprightness and generosity, M. Bérard exclaims:

"This policy of immediate interest would be at least excusable if we had the first rank among Abd-ul-Hamid's servitors and the exploiters of his empire. But whatever she may do, France in her new rôle is ever impeded by her old engagements and oaths. She cannot always openly take the Master's part, and when he massacres with excessive show she is obliged to say to him softly: 'You are making a little too much noise; you are even heard over here. You will arouse my people, who will cry out, and I could not send them to sleep again.' Germany is not obliged to take such precautions. When the Master kills she can shout: 'Strike!' She can even send him in aid her officers and sailors. France is not cut out for this struggle in servility. She loses her honour and makes no money. For three or four hundred kilometres of railway and the satisfaction of a few financiers she loses the profit of three or four centuries of honesty and the patronage of ten or fifteen millions of Christians. Now these will remain, and their sympathy of olden times, turned to rancour, will also remain when the Master and his fantasies will have passed away."

M. Bérard's explanation of the failure of the Greeks in Macedonia is amply confirmed by the mournful errors of the recent war.

"The Greeks," he says, "would not be now on the verge of ruin if they brought into their commercial affairs the amount of intelligence and activity they waste on their political squabbles, or if they spent on the expansion of Hellenism the money their rivalries and their law proceedings cost them."

But painful as the impression of this lucid and remarkable volume is, with its abundant proof of the cruelty, corruption, and worthlessness of the Oriental along the southern shores of the most romantic sea of the world, whatever shrine he may worship at, whatever language he may speak,

whether Mahomet or the Virgin be the object of his brutal worship, the Patriarch or the Sultan his spiritual guide, M. Bérard lightens it now and then with a pleasing anecdote. All Turks are happily not Turks, or can be Turks with a delightful mediæval notion of justice: swift, elemental, crude, but refreshing. As late as 1886 a pasha, one Begli Mehemed, crossing the snowy plain between Prizrend and Pritchina in a driving sleet, saw a group of famished little donkeys outside a miserable inn. Side by side they shivered under the pelting rain and snow, heavily burdened, while inside their Albanian masters were warming themselves round a fire over which simmered a big pot of hot wine. In a twinkling the pasha collared the Albanians, dragged them outside, ordered his followers to unload the donkeys and attach their burdens to the men's shoulders, whom he tied together out in the snow. He then led the animals into the inn, installed them round the fire, and ladled them out big bowls of hot wine. Happy donkeys! Splendid pasha! Again, when a Christian priest refused to baptize a poor woman's child because she had no money to pay for the ceremony, Begli Mehemed ordered him to be stripped and flung into the sea to teach him to baptize gratis. If the Turk must rule, let him rule thus, and we shall sing the praises of the good pasha.

M. de Meaux's study of Montalembert's public life displays a sober enthusiasm which, after all, is the obligatory attitude of the biographer, who is at the same time a disciple. His presentments of the austere, elevated and chivalrous orator of the Catholic party is, if not vivid or convincing—scarcely even interesting—a sincere and able piece of work. We would fain have learnt more about the celebrated fraternity and estrangement of the two illustrious Frenchmen with Irish blood in their veins—Lammenais and Montalembert—and something less of Montalembert's obnoxious conviction of the scoundrelism of free thinkers and the complete iniquity of all parties in opposition to Rome. But the book is dry—lacks charm and a personal touch. Of Montalembert's tastes and tendencies M. de Meaux writes:

"After religious questions, foreign politics won his preference. From childhood he was accustomed to travel; after his elevation to the peerage and his marriage he continued to travel. More than any public man in France at that time was he familiar with the various languages and races of Europe. Declared admirer of English institutions, he frequently rose up against the foreign policy of England. Determined partisan of the English alliance, more than once did he revolt against British arrogance and the complaisance of the French ministry."

When M. Molé accused Montalembert of being too old to be permitted to make mistakes, Montalembert wisely retorted:

"It might be so if my ambition were to become what is called a practical man—a possible man. But such is not my ambition or my destiny. I should not be, I do not wish to be, other than a pioneer, a precursor. Not to make mistakes, that would mean in politics to do nothing."

It is consoling to remark the small and

innocuous vice of vanity in these great and lofty natures. After one of his oratorical triumphs, Montalembert writes in his notebook :

"From the first I felt master of my audience, and for an hour tasted the ineffable happiness of dealing justice to miscreants who had never personally injured me. Leaving the tribune I was literally crushed with congratulations. The poor Chancellor embraced me weeping. Others kissed my hands. Enthusiasm was at white-heat. I have touched the pinnacle. There is nothing now to do but descend."

But Sainte-Beuve's study of Montalembert remains the only one.

H. L.

NEW BOOKS.

Brigandes. André Godard.
Boisfleury. André Theuriet.
Portraits et Souvenirs. Gabriel Monod.
Stanislas Poniatowski. Eugène Mottaz.
Responsable. Princesse Olga Cantacuzène-Altieri.

THE JUNE LITERATURE OF 1837.

WHAT was doing in the literary world this month sixty years ago? The question seems worth asking and answering; and a forage among the literary publications of the time has yielded some interesting results. Let us take the Magazines first. Here is *Blackwood* of June, 1837, to our hand. *Blackwood*—which is already in its twenty-first year—is regaling its earliest batch of Victorian readers with a series of articles on "Modern French Classics;" the June instalment being a study of Mme. de Staël and Chateaubriand. This may not seem exciting; but it is curious to find the editor introducing these studies to the not very book-ridden public of his day as an antidote to "the deluge of new and ephemeral publications under which the press both in France and England is groaning." The *Gentleman's Magazine* of the same month has no great literary interest. It reviews, as we do this week, a collection of Johnsoniana. *Bentley's Miscellany* ought to contain the ninth and tenth chapters of "Oliver Twist" which has run through its papers since February. But instead, we have a suspension of the story and the following notice:

"Since the appearance of the last number of this work, the editor has had to mourn the sudden death of a very dear young relative to whom he was most affectionately attached, and whose society had been, for a long time, the chief solace of his labours. He has been compelled to seek a short interval of rest and quiet."

The grief into which Charles Dickens had been plunged was caused by the death of his sister-in-law, Mary Hogarth, a bright, lovable girl of seventeen, in whom he saw his ideal of girlhood. The issue of the June instalment of *Pickwick*, which was also in hand, is delayed for the same reason. The fifteenth part of *Pickwick* is to appear on June 30, a month late. The June newspapers contain the following business notice:

"PICKWICK PAPERS.—Advertisements intended for insertion in No. 15 of the *Pickwick*

Papers (which will be published on the 30th instant) are required to be sent not later than the 23rd; Prospectuses, &c., by the 26th. Chapman & Hall, 186, Strand."

This is not the only bit of *Pickwick* lore that a hasty glance through the periodicals of June, 1837, has discovered. The following short article explains itself. It appears in *The Idler and Breakfast Table Companion*, a rather pleasant little paper, published weekly at the price of twopence, and describing itself as a "Fashionable Journal of Literature, Fine Art," &c.:

"*The Penny Pickwick.* Edited by Bos. Illustrated by Phis. (Lloyd.)

"We notice this contemptible publication with a view to call the attention of Mr. Dickens and his worthy publishers, Messrs. Chapman & Hall, to the fact of its existence; and also to caution the unwary against being made the dupes of so base an artifice. The plan of the work is precisely similar to the genuine publication, and the names of the characters introduced are only literally altered. For instance, Mr. Tupman is re-christened Tupnall; Mr. Snodgrass, Mr. Snodgreen; Mr. Winkle, Mr. Winkle-top, &c., &c. This vile act of plagiarism requires summary punishment; and however low-bred and base-born the person who practises it may be, still he should be made to feel the power of the strong arm of the law. The publication being infamously printed, and therefore unlikely to sell among persons of discernment, will be no fitting excuse for Mr. Lloyd; nor can he readily get over the substitution of the word Bos, for Boz; or Phis for Phiz."

Deprived of its chief attraction the June "Bentley" owes its lustre to the fact that it contains the Ingoldsby Legend of Lord Tomnoddy's visit to a hanging at Newgate in the company of Captain M'Fuze and Lieutenant Tregooze, and Sir Carnaby Jenks of the Blues. *Fraser's Magazine* is dull, and nothing need be said of it but that it has a long review of Mr. Disraeli's *Venetia*, with a proportion of quoted matter that no modern publisher would stand. The *London and Westminster Review* has an article on Carlyle's *French Revolution*, which, be it noted, is newly published. Referring to its style the writer says:

"A most original book; original not least in its complete sincerity, its disregard of the merely conventional: every idea and sentiment is given out exactly as it is thought and felt, fresh from the soul of the writer, and in such language (conformable to precedent or not) as is most capable of representing in the form in which it exists there. And hence the critics have begun to call the style 'affected'; a term which conventional people, whether in literature or society, invariably bestow upon the unreservedly natural."

This is kind and enlightened, but the writer has even more of our gratitude for the following footnote, the interest of which lies not so much in its defence of the author of *Henrietta Temple* from the same charge, as in its reflection of the views then held as to how conversation in fiction should be written. Referring to the misuse of the term "affected" as applied to style, the writer says:

"Mr. D'Israeli, a writer of considerable literary daring, tried in his novel, *Henrietta Temple*, one of the boldest experiments he had yet ventured upon—that of making his lovers and his other characters speak naturally the language of real talk, not dressed-up talk;

such language as all persons talk who are not in the presence of an audience. A questionable experiment—allowable as an experiment, but scarcely otherwise; for the reader does not want pure nature, but nature idealised; nobody wants the verbiage, the repetitions and slovenlinesses of real conversation, but only the substance of what is interesting in such conversation, divested of these. There was much which might have been said by critics against Mr. D'Israeli's experiment; but what did they say? 'Affectation!'—that was their cry. Natural conversation in print looked so unnatural to men of artificiality; it was so unlike all their experience—of books!"

Thackeray's name does not crop up; but it must be remembered that his first book, *The Paris Sketch Book*, did not appear until 1840. In June, 1837, Thackeray is living with his young wife in Great Coram-street, and contributing to the newspapers, particularly to the ill-fated *Constitutional*, which died a month later. It is interesting to note also that he writes the review of Carlyle's *French Revolution* in the *Times*.

Mr. Murray, Mr. Bentley, Mr. Colburn, and Messrs. Longman & Co. are the most active publishers of books in this month sixty years ago. Mr. John Murray, the first, is advertising Hallam's *Literary History of Europe*, vol. i.; Lord Mahon's *History of England*, vols. i. and ii.; and the whole of Byron's works in one volume at twenty shillings. Mr. Bentley is very busy, and is advertising Theodore Hook's *Jack Brag* and Samuel Lover's *Rory o' More* as new novels. He is also issuing Fenimore Cooper's *England; With Sketches of Society in the Metropolis*. The book consists of letters which Cooper had written to his friends during his residence in England. The following paragraph, which we have noted in a random inspection of it, reads quaintly:

"I was passing through Pall Mall, shortly after the town became so crowded, when I saw a mermaid combing her hair before a small mirror, as the crest on a chariot that stood at a door, and I at once thought I recognised the arms of Sir Walter Scott. On examining nearer, I found the bloody hand, which left no doubt that the literary baronet was in town."

This experience, of course, dates back some years earlier than 1837, probably to 1826, when Scott was lodging in Pall Mall. In June, 1837, Mr. Cadell and Mr. Murray have already issued three volumes of Lockhart's *Life*, and are announcing the fourth, and last, to be ready on the first day of July.

Mr. Henry Colburn, of Great Marlborough-street, is bringing out Captain Marryat's *Snarleyyow*, a new illustrated edition of which was issued a week or two ago by Messrs. Macmillan. *Snarleyyow* has been running in the *Metropolitan Magazine*. Mr. Colburn is also pushing *Venetia*.

Messrs. Longman & Co. have a good list, and are issuing the fourth volume of Southey's curious and erudite work, *The Doctor*. One paper, reviewing it, thinks that the author "if he be not positively mad, is certainly one of the most pedantic, egotistical, and vain non-descripts of the age." This is not a representative criticism, any more than this survey of literary doings and opinions in June, 1837, is representative of the whole literary field at that period. But a cross-section is always interesting.

THE ACADEMY FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1897.

NEW NOVELS.

Dream Tales and Prose Poems. By Ivan Turgenev. Translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett. (Heinemann.)

The dream tales comprised in this, the tenth volume of Turgenev's novels, are four. Let me take one, "Phantoms." The story is of a man who became the object of amiable attentions on the part of a lady-phantom called Alice. Two nights in succession, "with motionless eyes in a motionless face and a gaze full of sadness," she visited him and besought him to meet her. Upon the third night he fearfully betook himself to the spot she had named.

"As I approached her, the moon shone out again. She seemed all as it were spun out of half-transparent, milky mist—through her face I could see a branch faintly stirred in the wind. . . .

"I love you," I heard her whisper. . . . "Only say two words: Take me." . . .

"I had hardly uttered the words when the mysterious figure, with a sort of inward laugh which set her face quivering for an instant, bent forward and stretched out her arms wide apart. . . . She seized me; my body rose a foot from the ground, and we both floated smoothly, and not too swiftly, over the wet, still grass."

The pace increases and the height. This night excursion is followed by others: "Alice" cannot fly by day. Wherever there is night he is carried swiftly, according to his choice, in her embrace. She shows him seas and cities; she teaches him to call up the great dead, too; and she gives him a glimpse of the ancient gods. And daily he grows weaker, while Alice ceases to be transparent, and he saw in her eyes something astir, "with the slow, continuous, malignant movement of the benumbed snake, twisting and turning as the sun begins to thaw it." At last one night, as they were nearing home after a long flight, he saw Alice's face distorted with terror.

"I turned my head in the direction in which her trembling hand was pointing, and discerned something. . . .

" . . . Something bulky, dark, yellowish-black, spotted like a lizard's belly . . . was crawling with a snake-like motion over the earth. A wide, rhythmic, undulating movement from above downwards and from below upwards—an undulation recalling the malignant sweep of the wings of a vulture . . . ; at times an indescribable, revolting grovelling on the earth, as of a spider stooping over its captured fly. . . . A putrefying, pestilential chill came from it. . . . It was a power moving, that power which there is no resisting, to which all is subject, which, sightless, shapeless, senseless, sees all, knows all. . . .

" . . . And meanwhile, in pursuit of us, parting from the indescribable mass of horror, rushed [a] sort of long undulating tentacles, like outstretched arms, like talons."

To quote mere fragments of a whole so highly wrought is to do an inevitable injustice. You read with horror and uplifted hair. You are in the dream atmosphere; incongruities and discrepancies trouble you not; you have ceased to demand coherence and co-ordination. If, when the mood has passed, you seek between the lines for some ethical significance, it is not easy to verify any hypothesis. It is a riot of the imagination; at that you must be content to take it; and, indeed, what else is a dream? In the other stories the human factor is stronger; and the first presents a strong and wonderful picture of a woman, quite alive.

But the most striking portion of the volume is, to my mind, that section devoted to the prose poems. Here is one of them, almost entire; one must not split diamonds:

"Over the mountain a pale-green, clear, dumb sky. Bitter, cruel frost; hard, sparkling snow; sticking out of the snow the sullen peaks

of the ice-covered, wind-swept mountains, . . . the Jungfrau and the Finsteraarhorn. And the Jungfrau speaks to its neighbour: 'What canst thou tell that is new? . . .'

"A few thousand years go by: one minute; and the Finsteraarhorn roars back in answer, 'Thick clouds cover the earth. Wait a little.'

"Thousands more years go by: one minute.

"Well, and now?" asks the Jungfrau.

"Now I see: there below all is the same. There are blue waters, black forests, grey heaps of piled-up stone. Among them are still fussing to and fro the insects, thou knowest, the bipeds that have never yet once defiled thee nor me." . . .

"Thousands of years go by: one minute.

"Well, and now?" asks the Jungfrau.

" . . . It is clearer down below; the waters have shrunk, the forests are thinner.' Again thousands of years go by: one minute.

"What seest thou?" says the Jungfrau.

"Close about us it seems purer," answers the Finsteraarhorn, 'but there in the distance in the valleys are still spots, and something is moving.'

"And now?" asks the Jungfrau, after more thousands of years: one minute.

"Now it is well; . . . it is clean everywhere, quite white wherever you look. Everywhere is our snow, unbroken snow and ice. Everything is frozen. It is well now, it is quiet." . . .

"The huge mountains sleep; the green, clear sky sleeps over the region of eternal silence."

It is a contemptuous hopelessness: has passed beyond sorrow. Other sketches are animated by a kind of helpless pity, as the tale of the "Cabbage Soup"; but satire fierce and bitter is the dominant note. How competently Mrs. Garnett has done the work of translation the passages I have quoted from this creepy volume will suffice to show. In descriptive passages her rendering sometimes approaches distinction. But do Russian officers habitually wear epaulettes upon their breast?

* * * *

A Nineteenth Century Miracle. By Z. Z. (Louis Zangwill). (Chatto & Windus.)

This is a mystery indeed. Robert Ashfield, a City tea merchant, is washed overboard in mid-Channel, at half-past twelve one Wednesday night. About one o'clock he is precipitated through the top light of the studio of Mr. John Clinton in St. John's Wood. At first Mr. Clinton, who is roused from sleep by the crash, takes him for a burglar who has met with death in the exercise of his calling; but the corpse is presently identified by a tailor as the respectable and wealthy Ashfield, who had left Dover on the previous night for Ostend. The wife and many more add their recognitions. At the inquest the doctors declare with one voice that though Ashfield was found dead among the wreckage of Mr. Clinton's roof, the symptoms were those of death by drowning, and the stomach was full of sea-water. The evidence is given at length, but there is only one clue—in the statement of the porter on duty at the pier gate at Dover on the eventful night. He had sworn that Mr. Ashfield had not returned after passing to the boat.

"The Coroner: You are perfectly sure you noticed everybody who passed out?"

"The Witness: Certainly, sir.

"The Coroner: You were not talking to anybody?"

"The Witness: Only to — No, sir; nobody in particular.

"The Coroner: Oh, then you were talking to somebody?"

"The Witness (uneasily): Yes, sir.

"The Coroner: How, then, were you able to observe people so carefully?"

"The Witness: I was only talking just for a moment, sir.

"The Coroner: To whom were you talking?"

"The Witness (hesitating): To Mr. Barham, sir.

"The Coroner: Who is Mr. Barham?"

"The Witness (very uneasily): He's a—a—he's a hairynawrt.
 "The Coroner (puzzled): A hairy what?
 "The Witness (loudly): A hairynawr-r-r-t!
 "The Coroner (his face lighting up): An aéronaut, you mean?
 "The Witness: Yes, sir.
 "The Coroner: What was he doing on the quay?
 "The Witness (hesitating): He only came on for a chat."

Here, thinks the observant reader, is the explanation. I need only say that the observant reader is mistaken. So is the great detective who is brought on the scene to unravel the mystery, and who, with a deference to precedent which is perhaps hardly called for, bears the name of Warlock Jones. He fulfils the double part of a caricature and a means of keeping the interest alive. He has, of course, a "method."

"My acquired mental faculty went immediately to work the moment my brain had mastered all the details of the case. This faculty works with extraordinary rapidity; reasons exactly—without giving me the consciousness of mental effort; and furnishes me with the results at which it has arrived. So that what in another man would be suspicion and nothing more, in me becomes a conclusion based on the most rigorous and logical processes of thought."

Unfortunately, his logical processes lead him very far astray indeed—so far astray, that I fancy the great Sherlock would not have employed him as office boy. But his introduction into the book is quite consistent with Mr. Zangwill's plan. That seems very analogous to the system which the inventors of toy mazes must pursue. They first of all arrange their way in. Then they go on to devise as many blind alleys and lay down as many false scents as their space permits. So, Mr. Zangwill knows his secret; but, if I may mix the metaphors, he has determined that the reader shall have a good run for his six shillings. The "aeronaut" clue is one of the cunning by-paths up which the reader is invited; and there are plenty of others. It seems to me that Mr. Zangwill has sacrificed everything, or nearly everything, to this one feature of his book. The love, the humour, the pathos of it are all used as one might use the cubes in the Fifteen Puzzle. Hence it comes about that though *A Nineteenth Century Miracle* is not a great novel, it is as tantalising a problem as was ever bound in cloth. I prefer the enunciation to the solution of it; but no doubt there is bound to be a sense of disappointment when you expect an author to prove that two and two make five and he really shows that they are only four.

* * * * *

A Tale of Two Tunnels. By Clark Russell.
 (Chapman & Hall.)

Mr. Clark Russell is fertility itself. This is his second story within a fortnight, and I understand that yet a third is in the offing. I do not think that *A Tale of Two Tunnels* is at all upon Mr. Russell's best level. There is a minimum of the breezy, wholesome description of ships and sea-life, and a maximum of grotesque romance and inconceivable character. The hero is an insane sea-captain who robs his employers and spends the proceeds in fitting up a brig and a Cornish cave for piracy on the high seas. Meanwhile he elopes with an absurd young woman. This is Mr. Russell's way of describing Miss Conway:

"At this instant she entered. She leapt in a graceful bound from the bottom step of the short flight into the room, giving her body as many swings, though always of a stately sort, as you would expect to see in some lively princess on her entrance."

Conundrum: how many swings would you expect to see? Miss Conway accepts the ethics of piracy in the same unhesitating style. Her sea-captain has unfolded his daring scheme.

"It is bold, possible, and dishonourable," she said, with a subtle note of triumph in her voice, and the same high, encouraging colour of sympathy in her face.

"It is not dishonourable," said he calmly, "for an Englishman to rob a foreigner upon the seas where the Englishman has himself been most atrociously looted by most of the nations you can name. I must live by a dishonourable income or die by my own hand."

"He made a step to her, and taking her cheeks, gently lifted her face to his and said:

"My life is now in your hands, I have confessed all to the woman I love, have ever loved, shall ever love. Knowing my scheme, Ada, will you be my wife?"

"There was no hesitation in her answer, 'Yes.'"

"How could she resist his pleading presence, his manly candour with her, the love that lighted his eyes, the love that was now the single impulse of her life? Worthier women for more worthless men have consented to go to the devil."

It is a pity that Mr. Clark Russell, with all his undeniable merits in other directions, cannot escape from so unreal and childish a parody of human nature. But he has done much better work than *A Tale of Two Tunnels*.

* * * * *

Salted with Fire. By George Macdonald.
 (Hurst & Blackett.)

It is refreshing to come back—it seems a long way back—to Dr. Macdonald's grave and simple style of fiction. Nor do I regret to find it applied once more to grave and simple themes; to the aptitudes for sin and repentance in the average human heart. This is a story of the hiding of a sin. James Blatherwick, a superior, self-righteous youth, with an unlovely blindness to the sterling qualities of his less cultured parents, is studying for the Church. He is studying in his Edinburgh lodgings, and growing fond of his landlady's daughter, when we make his acquaintance. Isy is a nice creature, and her heart has gone out to her aunt's lodger. Young Blatherwick's only course was to quench in Isy's innocent breast the hope he did not mean to fulfil. But when he undeceived her, it was to deceive her finally. Isy's tears, her clinging, and the sorrow into which his rough words threw her, carried him away in a whirlwind of returning, but reckless, tenderness, and "at the very moment when a genuine love would have hastened to surround the woman with bulwarks of safety he ceased to regard himself as his sister's keeper." On the eve of his first sermon before his class young Blatherwick makes an addition to the shame and misery of a world to which he is destined to preach restraint and purity.

The next stage of the story is concerned with Isy's long disappearance, and young Blatherwick's cowardly satisfaction therein. While the girl resolves not to cross his path again, lest she should be a hindrance to his career, Blatherwick entrenches himself in a false repentance, and adds to a sin of passion the worse sin of neglect. But the rôle of hypocrite proves a terrible one to play, and especially in his own village, where his parents keenly perceive that he is a divided man. Here also is a shoemaker saint who reads hearts with almost more than human vision. To this man the unhappy Blatherwick, now the unfruitful minister of the village, comes again and again like a moth to the flame. One day he orders a pair of half-Wellington's which he does not want, and plunges into an argument on the duty of confession. The scene is a very strong one. Nearer and nearer he steers the talk to his guilty secret. "Suppose," he says at last—and old MacLear has already grown strangely attentive—

"suppose the thing not known, however, or likely to be known, and that the man's confession, instead of serving any good end, would only destroy his reputation and usefulness, bring bitter grief upon those who loved him, and nothing but shame to the one he had wronged—what would you say then? You will please remember, Mr. MacLear, that I am putting an entirely imaginary case, for the sake of argument only!"

After some probing observations the shoemaker replies:

"It seems to me the offender wud hae to cast aboot him for ane fit to be trustit, and to him reveal the haill affair, that he may get his help to see and do what's richt: it maks an unco differ to luik at a thing throw anither man's een i' the supposed licht o' anither man's conscience! The wrang dune may hae caused mair evil, that is, mair injustice, nor the man himsel kens! And what's the reputation ye speak o', or what's the eesefu'ness o' sic a man? Can it be worth onything? Isna his hoose a lee? isna it biggit upo' the san'? What kin' o' a usefulness can that be that has hypocrisy for its foundation? Awa' wi't! Lat him cry oot to a' the warl', 'I'm a heepocrit! I'm a worm, and no man!' Lat him cry oot to his Makker, 'I'm a beast afore Thee! Mak' a man o' me!'"

"As the soutar spoke, overcome by sympathy with the sinner, whom he could not help feeling in bodily presence before him, the minister, who, risen when he began to talk about the English clergy and confession, stood hearing with a face pale as death."

How the unendurable life on which Blatherwick had entered is finally straightened out and himself made humble and strong, and Isy a happy woman, I shall not tell. I must, however, express the opinion that whatever is gained to the story by Isy's subsequent

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illness in the home of her weak lover's parents would have been gained without the sensational device of suspending her in a death-like trance for a fortnight, and without the grotesque circumstances attending the introduction of a coffin which she never needs.

* * * *

The Mistress of the Ranch. By Frederick Thickstone Clark.
(Sampson Low, Marston & Co.)

Mr. Clark has chosen for his background the Rocky Mountains of Colorado, and his people reflect the roughness and strength of their environment. Their speech is the picturesque dialect of the Far West; the characters are few in number, but they all have individuality. From the first sentence to the last the attention is held and fascinated. To describe the plot would be to spoil the reader's pleasure in its gradual unfolding. It is enough to say that the sudden growth of a temptation in the heart of a selfish woman is portrayed with considerable power. Phoebe Ellen and Anny Thompson are sisters widely different in disposition. Through what tragic happenings Phoebe is enabled to usurp her sister's position does not lie within the scope of this notice to describe. The Boston doctor, dying of consumption, bracing himself with brandy to perform a critical operation involving life and death, sustained in his physical weakness by a passion of professional ambition to do something that shall make his life worthy to have been lived, and dying before he knows whether he has succeeded or failed, is strongly drawn. Sam Tinker, the cowboy, with his giant strength and his patient love, is a worthy hero. The following description of his mad midnight ride against time, by which he is enabled to rescue Anny, is an example of the author's vigorous style:

"The outward fling of the fore-feet comes regular and strong, and the answering crash as they strike the ground sends no uncertain quiver through the slim, firm back. Sam sits with his knees screwed into the animal's ribs, his hand on the bridle—not for guidance, but encouragement; he feels the beast's sympathy along the leathern thong, as if it were an electric wire; his lips are drawn, his nostrils wide, his teeth set, his eyes fixed. From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot he is the embodiment of a terrible purpose. . . ."

The book is not all tragedy; it abounds in humorous scenes and studies of character that have been well observed.

* * * *

The Earth Children. By Mrs. Stephen Batson.
(Hutchinson & Co.)

MRS. BATSON'S new story reminds me of Mrs. Margaret Woods's memorable "Village Tragedy," and the comparison is one which does her honour. There is real literary art in her picture of this rustic love-making and betrayal, and its tragic end. I am inclined to say that it is inspired by Mrs. Woods's fine original, modified by the influence of Mr. Hardy. The portrait of Lil Goodeve is a notable one, and Dick Jennings is a real country lad—a beautiful character and a fine study. The sweethearting of these two, from childhood up, is described by Mrs. Batson with much tenderness and insight. Lil's hair, according to Fanny Brown and other malevolent girls, was red—it was a perpetual cause of offence:

"'Em be golden,' murmured Dick, as he kissed her curly locks again. 'Em be carrots,' said his sweetheart mischievously. 'Em be golden,' protested Dick stoutly. 'No; they bain't. They be carrots.' 'Well, if you say so, Lil—p'raps 'em be,' said Dick waveringly. It was only by force of love that he had been persuaded on the point. 'Em be what?' demanded Lil. 'Carrots,' answered Dick—'if you says so, Lil.' 'Carrots!' cried Lil, jumping to her feet in a fury, her eyes flashing fire. 'Do you say, Dick Jennin's, as my hair be carrots?' 'Twas you said so,' said Dick pertly. He never was prepared for Lil's sudden rages. 'Didn't you say 'twas carrots?' 'Well, I did, Lil; but—' 'I don't want your buts. Did you tell me my hair was carrots?' 'I said carrots when you axed me—' Dick smiled uncertainly as he spoke, and tried to pass his arm round her waist again; but she broke from him and faced him like the spitfire that she was. 'Narn of your blarney, Dick Jennin's; did you say 'em was carrots, or didn't you?' 'Yes, I did,' said Dick miserably. 'An' you purfess to love me! Go to Fanny Brown; go on off to she. Don't stop here, I pray of 'ee; I ain't got no call for a sweetheart as ain't a real sweetheart.' 'But I be a real sweetheart, my dear,' said Dick pleadingly. 'No you ain't! To call a girl's hair carrots!' 'But, Lil, I didn't—' 'An' you said just now as you did!' 'Taint no good a talkin',' said Dick sullenly. 'I shall go whoam.' 'I knowed it!' cried Lil, bursting into tears. 'I knowed you didn't love me, an'

I loved you so, dear!' 'But I do loff 'ee.' 'Tis a lie.' 'Gimme a kiss, Lil.' 'Sha—an't.' 'Do 'ee kiss me.' 'Sha—an't.' Dick stole his arm round her waist. 'Gi'e out!' sobbed Lil, as she yielded to his caress."

This is simple and good, and it is typical of the simple, straightforward telling of the story. Clement Drury, the commercial traveller, who marries, or pretends to marry, Lil, while Dick is in prison for poaching, is cleverly drawn too. And the tragic conclusion is inevitable, and quite fine. This is a little book which I advise everyone to read who likes good writing and a dramatic human story.

JOAQUIN MILLER,

THE POET OF THE SIERRAS.

California has produced four great men of letters, says *The Anti-Philistine*—namely, Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Ambrose Bierce, and Joaquin Miller. Nearly five-and-twenty years ago a great wave of enthusiasm swept from London to the Golden Gate of San Francisco, proclaiming that a new poet had been born. Joaquin Miller had just published in London his immortal *Song of the Sierras* with the oft-quoted keynote—

"So I have said, and I say it over,
And can prove it over and over again,
That the four-footed beasts on the red-crowned clover,
The fierce and horned beasts of the plain,
That lie down, rise up, and repose again,
And do never take care, or toil, or spin,
Nor buy, nor build, nor gather in gold,
Though the days go out, and the tides come in,
Are better than we by a thousand fold,
For what is it all, in the words of fire,
But a vexing of soul, and a vain desire?"

Of the incomparable four he is the only one who has permanently returned to California, to buy his land and make him a home on the hill-side of the land he loves best. It is an odd, beautiful spot on the Oakland hills facing San Francisco, away from the paths of men, and the fogs that clasp the lower world in their embrace. Each room of the place he calls home is built under a separate roof, no two people sojourning in the same spot. One of these quaint dovecots has been set apart for his mother for her own as long as she lives. In the valley below is his crematory, a stone pile, where he is to be burnt at his death, at the cost of only enough wood to reduce him to ashes. Within his tent-like home of one room are his treasures, but not one book, not even his own. He prefers to dwell with nature and not with man. In the following sketch of "Robert Browning" Joaquin Miller relates some of his experiences when engaged in storming literary London:

"How I came to know Robert Browning and his kind, or why Fate, so terribly cruel to me as a rule, should have so favoured me, will to the end be to me a miracle. . . . And so I must ascribe it all to the great good English heart; for nothing in the world is nearly so warm as the inside of the English house and heart, and few things are so cold on the outside. I had left Oregon almost without money and, of course, without letters. Bret Harte, in San Francisco, had helped me get permission to try to write letters for a San Francisco paper from the Franco-Prussian war, then raging, and with this and my rhymes I set out. . . . But finding no remittances forthcoming for my work I accepted the conviction that my battle-field letters had been tumbled into the basket unread (as, indeed, was the case), and so set about the impossible task of finding a publisher for my poems; finally pawned my watch, and so got out one hundred copies, called 'Pacific Poems,' published without a publisher. . . . When the notices of my one hundred poems came out I had my pick of London publishers. Two bright and thoroughbred Oxford gentlemen named the new book *Songs of the Sierras*, and revised it for me, for my eyes had failed from an old attack of snow-blindness in Idaho, aggravated by a winter of London smoke, anxiety, hunger, and hard work. . . . Mind you, no one knew I was poor. My poverty was my own business, and I kept it to myself. There is but one thing more vulgar than a display of wealth, and that is a display of poverty. But I reckon that I was thought to be rich, like all Americans there, as a rule, and none but those two young friends knew, nor did they half know, my sufferings from my blinding eyes. Soon after launching my new book these two young friends came out to see me, where I sat in darkness and pain, and read my letters to me. 'Your fortune is made,' cried one. 'Here is a letter from Trench, Archbishop of Dublin, to meet Browning at breakfast.' And this is the long-short story of how I first came to meet Robert Browning."

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THE WEEK.

CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

[This article is a chronicle of books published during the week. Reviews will follow.]

THIS week we chronicle the fact that we have nothing to chronicle. Wordsworth thought the world is too much with us, but it is not very easy to think so in a week of national pride and rejoicing. Rather let us substitute "books" for "world," and we shall still have a truth. For the cessation of books may enable us to see that books also are too much with us. How uncommonly well people have been able to dispense with them this week! More than that, how small a place literature takes in the history of the Victorian era when it comes to celebrating and trumpet-blowing! We think of railways, telegraphs, the penny post, and ironclads, and twenty other things before we think of books. And literature itself, so far as it contributes to the Jubilee rejoicings, points, in its odes and songs, to these practical achievements. The white light of the Jubilee, searching our lives and collective history, only proves once more that the welfare of the human race depends as much as ever on men of action. There was architecture, and agriculture, and hydraulics, and generalship, and sovereignty in the world long before there was a single book on these subjects, and the men who have most successfully shaped human destinies through these channels have been, as a rule, small readers. What, indeed, has the man who is set on practical or desperate ventures to gain from books? Brutus reading in his tent on the eve of Philippi may make a noble impression on the mind, but when, next day, he is lying dead on the field and Mark Antony is victor, it

occurs to one that probably Antony carried no library. But literature knows its place in the order of things. Its highest forms, the epic and the drama, are precisely those which celebrate or describe the actions and struggles of men. Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare—what were their themes? Did they write books about books? They may be almost said to have written books about bookless men. The great writer is, we may be sure, great only in proportion as he remains a normal man in his sympathies. At bottom he would rather dig than write. It is at a time like this that the mists rise from minds beset with books, and the few grand forms of the great writers stand out, eloquent of the beauty of life, its struggles, and its jubilees.

We do not suggest that we have no books around us. On the contrary, our European friends, anxious, perhaps, to moderate the English Jubilee delirium, have deposited a quite unusual mass of publications on our table. France seeks to divert our gaze from our own glorious history with a ponderous work, entitled *Histoire Politique de l'Europe Contemporaine, 1814-1896*, by Charles Seignobos. M. Seignobos does us the compliment of discussing "L'Ancien Régime Anglais" first in order. From the house of Calmann Lévy comes *Trois Années de la Question d'Orient: 1856-1859*. We shall, no doubt, return to *la question d'Orient* at our early convenience, though we fancy that English interest in it will be dated differently. *Histoire de la Littérature latine*, by René Picton, is a book of 986 pages, and we shall examine it again when the Jubilee and the heat are past. A present from Berlin is *Die chromatische Alteration im liturgischen Gerang der abendländischen Kirche*. St. Petersburg sends us two books, with unprintable titles, the publisher marking each with the words—"Specimen for recension." The word recension may be strange to most of our readers, but our St. Petersburg correspondent uses it correctly. From Ghent comes an historical study of the Inquisition in the Netherlands; from Rome the current *Nuova Antologia Rivista di Scienze, Lettere ed Arti*. For all these favours we are grateful; but our thoughts remain at home, and we are more interested in our foreign visitors than in foreign books.

P.S.—Three Jubilee odes come to us as we are going to press. Messrs. Macmillan have sent *Victoria, June 20, 1837—June 20, 1897*, by Mr. Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate; the Clarendon Press send Prof. W. J. Courthope's *Ode in Commemoration of the Sixtieth Year of the Reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria*, and from Mr. John Lane comes *Jubilee Greeting at Spithead to the Men of Greater Britain*, by Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton. The taste for courtiers' odes is an acquired one, and we yet only stumble towards acquisition. Loyalty paralyses criticism. There is but one opinion of this kind of composition that is of any consequence, whatever, and that is Her Majesty's. The ode which Her Majesty likes best is the best ode. It may, however, be stated here that the Laureate has in his official poem returned to his rural manner. He begins:

The lark went up.

After a considerable number of natural phenomena have been mentioned, the Queen is introduced as "a summer maid," and invested with sovereignty. She then says:

With the dread Summons, since 'tis Heaven's decree,

I would not palter, even if I could;

But, being a woman only, I can be

Not great, but good.

The Diamond Jubilee bore so much upon Victoria's greatness that we feel that Mr. Austin has been unfortunate in his stanza. The poem is in the main smooth and lucid.

Prof. Courthope's ode represents the feeling of Oxford. It has dignity and sound scholarly virtues. This is the close:

Crowned with the joys and sorrows of Old Age,
Throned in the centre of Thy Kingdom's cares,

Take this last tribute from Thy Heritage:

The gift Thine England sends, Thine Isis bears—
Love, Homage, Reverence, Benediction, Prayers

That, through the grace of Heaven's Almighty Power,

Thy Realms, Thy Joys, Thy Days, may yet increase;

Then wait with quiet mind the coming hour,

When Cares, and Sorrows, and Old Age shall cease,

And the long reign of Time close in eternal peace.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

[In the following list prices are given where they have been supplied by Publishers.]

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

THE MOHAMMEDAN CONTROVERSY: BIOGRAPHIES OF MOHAMMED, SPRENGER OF TRADITION, THE INDIAN LITURGY, AND THE PSALTER. By Sir William Muir, K.C.S.I. T. & T. Clark (Edinburgh).

POETRY.

ESTABLISH, AND OTHER VERSE. By John Stuart Thomson. William Briggs (Toronto).

HOPE AND BROTHERHOOD. By William Platt. Clarion Office. 6d.

FICTION.

AN ELECTRIC SHOCK, AND OTHER STORIES. By E. Gerard. William Blackwood & Sons.

EDUCATIONAL.

MACAULAY'S LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME. Edited by R. L. A. Du Pontet, B.A. Edward Arnold.

TRAVEL AND GEOGRAPHY.

HANDY GUIDE-BOOK TO ENGLAND AND WALES. By Edward Smith. George Allen.

MEDICINE.

LECTURES ON THE ACTION OF MEDICINES. By T. Lander Brunton. Macmillan & Co. 10s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE TEACHING OF MORALITY IN THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL. By Sophie Bryant, D.Sc. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

NAVAL ADMINISTRATIONS: 1827 to 1893. By the late Sir John Henry Briggs. Sampson Low.

TALES OF THE SUN-LAND. By Verner Z. Reed. Continental Publishing Co.

THE ABOLITION OF PRIVATERRING, AND THE DECLARATION OF PARIS. By Francis R. Stark. Columbia University (New York).

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL INDEX OF SWEDENBORG'S WRITINGS. The Swedenborg Society.

GRAMMAR EXPLAINED ACCORDING TO THE ORDER OF IDEAS. By Rev. J. A. Dewe. Elliot Stock.

THE ROYAL NAVY. By a Lieutenant, R.N. With a Preface by Sir J. E. Commerell, V.C. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1s.

THE AERONAUTICAL 'ANNUAL: 1897. Edited by James Means. W. B. Clarke & Co. (Boston, Mass.).

MARIA CANDELARIA: AN HISTORIC DRAMA. By Daniel G. Brinton, M.D. David McKay (Philadelphia).

SONGS AND TALES OF ST. COLUMBA AND HIS AGE. Patrick Geddes & Colleagues (Edinburgh).

NOTES AND NEWS.

THERE is still so much uncertainty concerning the actual condition of Mark Twain (a eulogy of whom will be found on another page) that it may be as well to recapitulate the facts. A few weeks ago the rumour was circulated in America that Mark Twain was dying in London; some papers even said that he was dead. The *New York Herald*, therefore, caused inquiries to be made, and one of their representatives called on Mark Twain in London. He found him in his Chelsea lodgings in good health, and discovered that the mistake concerning his illness had arisen through the confusion of the humorist with another, Mr. Clemens, his cousin, who had been ill.

IN the course of his visit, and also from private sources, it was, however, made clear to the interviewer that Mark Twain is in distress. The task which, after his bankruptcy proceedings in 1895, he set himself of beginning the laborious task of building up a fortune sufficient to enable him to pay off the debts of the publishing firm in which he was partner has been too great. Mark Twain is in his sixth decade, and much of his old robustness has vanished. Moreover, a few months ago his daughter died and he has never recovered from the shock.

THESE being the facts the *New York Herald* promptly decided to call on Mark Twain's countrymen to show in a practical manner their sympathy for the writer who has done so much for their entertainment. The appeal was issued on Sunday, June 13, the *Herald* heading the list of subscriptions with a thousand dollars. Since then the sum has steadily grown, and support has been received from all parts of the United States. One fellow-author, Mr. H. S. Edwards, wrote: "One relief expedition to London to rescue Mark Twain from his cheap English boarding-house is worth a hundred sent in search of the North Pole."

IF the fund is as successful as it promises to be, the motto which Mark Twain wrote beneath what he considers the best photograph of himself will have to be modified. "Be good and you will be lonesome," he wrote.

MARK TWAIN'S forthcoming book, due about Christmas, is to be called *The Surviving Innocent Abroad*. It is true, he says, that other members of the party who left America in the *Quaker City* some twenty-eight years ago are still living, but he is the only one who has remained innocent.

MESSRS. OSGOOD, McILVAINE & Co. inform us that they have amalgamated their business with that of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York, and that such business will henceforth be carried on by, and under the style of, Harper & Brothers. Mr. Clarence W. McIlvaine, as a Vice-President

of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, will in that capacity have charge of the London house.

AMONG the articles contained in the July number of the *Genealogical Magazine* will be one by Rev. A. W. C. Hallen, on "Circumstantial Evidence in Heraldry"; and one by Mr. H. Murray Lane on "Lane of Bentley Manor," whose family saved King Charles after the battle of Worcester.

AN American friend of Mr. R. D. Blackmore sends to the *Boston Literary World* some passages from a recent letter of the novelist. Mr. Blackmore's is among the sturdiest of English intellects, strong and wholesome and dogmatic, and anything that he says has blood in it and is interesting. Concerning rumours of a recent illness he writes:

"Who set those reports agoing about my (supposed) ill-health I know not, and have not taken the trouble to contradict them; though many good friends have been put to the trouble of inquiring where no cause was. Except that I cannot walk much, through some sciatic affection or muscular degeneration, there has been nothing for a querulous mortal to groan about all the winter."

We are glad to have this testimony from his own hand.

MR. BLACKMORE goes on to give some facts about his new romance "Dariel," which is now running in *Blackwood*:

"Dariel—the name of perhaps the finest pass on earth, through the centre of Caucasus—is pronounced, I believe, as a tribrach—i.e., with all three syllables short. . . . I am sorry that D. M. & Co. intend to illustrate it, for never yet saw I any illustrations that helped to tell my stories. The last number of the tale is to be in the October *Blackwood's*; when the book is to appear I do not know. Although it has all been typewritten long ago, I am so dissatisfied with the last few chapters that I have rewritten them more than once, and they are not fairly settled now. But I am convinced more and more that there is a lot of luck, as well as skill, in the handling of every line, no less than in the plan and formation of the whole."

The opinion of most authors concerning the illustration of stories must be similar to Mr. Blackmore's.

FINALLY, he has a nice little outburst on, the dignity of fiction.

"Nine people out of ten speak, with happy contempt, of a novel as a trumpery concoction. Some man, the other day—a leading reviewer—said to me, 'Oh, I never care to review a novel! A work of history has some interest. Facts, facts are the things to deal with.' I asked him if there was any occurrence, or any character in so called history, about which opinions diametrically opposite were not held by inquirers of equal intelligence; and I told him that I had been an eye-witness of two incidents, reported the very next day in the papers, and that I could hardly recognise either as meant for an account of what I had seen. What then of narratives centuries after the events, and generally from pens made to fit into some pocket? But for generations yet to come fiction will be looked upon as a dolly for an infant."

Mr. Blackmore, by the way, is just seventy-two.

MR. QUILLER-ROUCH's competition in the *Pall Mall Magazine* has closed. He offered a guinea to the person who should state correctly the name of "the man (or woman) who is (or has been during the past ten years) master (or mistress) of the best style in English prose"; and at the same time he wrote his own selection on a piece of paper and enclosed it in an envelope. In the result 31 votes were given to Mr. Pater, 13 to Mr. Hardy, 12 to Mr. Stevenson, 11 to Mr. Ruskin, 9 to Mr. Lang, 7 each to Mr. Froude and Mr. Barrie, 6 each to Mr. Meredith and Mr. Kipling, 4 to Mr. Henry James, and 3 each to Matthew Arnold, Sir Walter Besant, Mr. Conan Doyle, and Miss Marie Corelli. A great number of writers received 2 and 1.

THE correct answer was Mr. Andrew Lang, and one-ninth of a guinea has gone to the nine persons who named him. Mr. Couch, in his justification of this choice, holds that Mr. Lang has more of the Attic quality than any living writer of English. Xenophon, he adds, will do to compare with Mr. Lang.

"If," said Prof. Gilbert, the other day, in his little book on *Ancient Greek Literature*. 'Xenophon became in Roman times a model of Atticism, it is due to his ancient simplicity and ease, his *inaffectata jucunditas*. He is Attic in the sense that he has no bombast, and that he can speak interestingly on many subjects without raising his voice.' Add a touch of lace to the coat, qualify the simplicity with scholarship, and the *jucunditas* with the sophisticated modishness of modern humour, and you have a description that will serve for Mr. Lang."

This parallel is passable, as parallels go. But when are we to have Mr. Lang's *Anabasis*?

LAST Tuesday's *Chronicle* contained a letter which in the press of Jubilee matter escaped the notice it merits. This neglect shall be part of our justification for quoting from it. The other part is the light it sheds upon the open-air prowess of certain literary men who are better known as wielders of the pen than the bat. There is so much tendency abroad to consider an author capable only of desk work and talk that any testimony to the contrary is valuable. And when Dr. Grace, Prince Ranjitsinhji, Mr. W. W. Read, and Robert Abel can all produce books it is time to insist upon the skill of writers at cricket.

THIS letter endeavours to preserve certain incidents in the recent historic match between the Allahibaris eleven and the Broadway eleven. Allahibaris is the title chosen by a band of literary cricketers. It is Persian, and means "The Lord help us." Mr. Barrie, who is captain, prefers to spell it Allahibarries. The Broadway team, which is represented chiefly by Mr. Alfred Parsons and Mr. F. D. Millet, consists of artists. The match was played at Broadway, among the Cotswolds, on Monday.

PARTICULARS of the match, contributed by a member of the Allahibaris, follow:

"The innings of my own side, I may say, was most brilliant. The captain scored 1

rapidly, and seemed set for a lengthy innings, when on the next delivery he was bowled. A large number of wickets were down for 3 runs, when Mr. Conan Doyle became associated with the editor of your esteemed journal [Mr. Massingham]. The ensuing partnership was of the most remarkable character. Mr. Doyle despatched the ball among the surrounding heights for 4's, while the editor obstructed his wicket with a successful maladroitness unparalleled in the history of modern cricket. The innings closed for 74, of which 46 were off Mr. Doyle's bat."

BROADWAY went in, and Mr. Conan Doyle's bowling "carried all before it, until, at the fall of the seventh wicket, Mr. Plunket Greene played a forcing game. The ninth wicket fell on a tie—74. Mr. Herkomer and Mr. Millet were the batsmen, and the latter had already offered a stubborn defence to two succeeding balls of Mr. Doyle's." Mr. Barrie then attempted to put Mr. Doyle on at both ends, but was frustrated. "There was a stillness as of death, followed by a full pitch. It was driven by Mr. Herkomer for two. The game was won, and a shout went up from the pavilion that made the Cotswolds shiver. The next ball Mr. Herkomer was bowled! Mr. Millet carried out his bat for a finely played 0." "I may add," says the writer, "that the following morning at breakfast Mr. Barrie stated that by mental arithmetic he had arrived at the conclusion that the score of the Allahibaris was 78 and not 74, and that consequently they were the victorious team. The motion, however, was not seconded, and fell to the ground."

In this country the publisher allows him to be embarrassed and financially injured by the cycling craze. In America he is wiser. Messrs. Lippincott have just added bicycles to the stock-in-trade of their wholesale business.

THE July number of *Macmillan's Magazine* will contain an article on "Slavery in West Central Africa," by Major Mockler-Ferryman, who in 1889-90 acted as private secretary to Major (now Sir Claude) MacDonald on his special mission to West Africa to inquire into the working of the Royal Niger Company. It will also include a description of the Zoological Gardens at Amsterdam, by Mr. C. J. Cornish; and a mystical tale of the Eastern Seas, by Mr. Hugh Clifford, British Resident at the Malay State of Pahang.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC facsimile of the MS. of Omar Khayyam's Rubaiyat in the Bodleian Library, from which Edward Fitzgerald made his earliest studies of the subject, will shortly be published by Mr. H. S. Nichols. The photographs will be accompanied by a transcript of the MS. into modern Persian type, and by a literal translation and copious notes by Mr. Edward Heron-Allen.

The *Antiquary* for July will contain, among other articles, "The Hermitage Museum at St. Petersburg," "The Demolished Churches of York," and "The Instrument of the Pax."

LITERARY GLORY.

UGHT great writers to be decorated? If they ought, then Literature has been used despitely by the dispensers of Jubilee honours. The names of our authors, great or little, are not there. Mr. Lecky, to be sure, is a Privy Councillor, but the honour is done not to the writer alone, but to the writer prevailed upon to turn politician. Literature, therefore, is utterly abolished from the Honours List particularly designed to mark the glory of the sixty years of Victorian rule.

And yet the literary glory is a large part of the glory of any reign. "The spacious times of great Elizabeth" would never have been so described but for Elizabethan writers. "A book is a greater event than a battle," declares Disraeli, who ought to know, having produced both; and already Victorian wars are interesting chiefly for the place they have taken in our literary history. Would the survivors of the Charge of Balaclava itself have been given a view of Tuesday's window, even by advertising newspapers, if Tennyson had not written his verses? The life of "horse and hero" in popular memory will depend on Tennyson's place as a poet, and on this particular poem's place in his poetry. Similarly, Tennyson's dedication to the Queen may cause her to be remembered for centuries after the episodes of her career most noised abroad to-day have gone into oblivion. And then there is our friend the ballad-maker, whose precedence over even the law-makers is assigned in a popular proverb. This very pre-eminence of Men of Letters makes the absence of their names on the Honours List an odd thing in one way, but a very natural thing in another. They have their reward; and it is more than queens can give them.

No one supposes that Tennyson, whom a baronetcy did not tempt, added to his reputation by accepting a peerage. To saddle your descendants, who are not likely to be geniuses, with a title that has its origin in genius is to add another to the invidious hereditary burdens of mankind. Imagine the pity or the indignation with which a poor little Lord Shakespeare of to-day would be regarded at his club? If Tennyson gains nothing by a title, Wordsworth loses nothing by not having one; Keats loses nothing, nor Shelley either, neither would George Meredith gain anything, nor John Ruskin. The world will tolerate no prefix for such as these. If they were Lords or Sirs the title would be forgotten; assuredly they are Misterys no more.

"Mr." Shelley—Leigh Hunt calls him so for the last time in his preface to the *Masque of Anarchy*, after Shelley's death. There is no Mr. Wordsworth or Mr. Coleridge now. Let there be Lord Byron by all means; and if Scott's literary fame suffers declension, you shall know it by this sign—he will be spoken of more and more as "Sir Walter."

Still, if titles are a symbol of the nation's respect, people have the feeling that honour should go to those to whom it is most due. Titles, say some, should at least be offered to great authors if only to be by them refused. That is a hard doctrine, and how

shall dispensers of titles bear it? You cannot ask them to cheapen their own wares. They must not see that going a-begging for which they desire that others shall beg. When Mr. Watts refused a baronetcy every baronet felt a little ruffled. We must not expect self-sacrifice from mammon; the discarded coronet lying in the dust at the foot of Box Hill, or sinking into the clear depths of the lake at Conistoun.

There is, of course, the other, some might say the patriotic view, that these men should take titles so that titles may be adorned by their wearing of them. But would the State live up to this concession of the Men of Letters? Would it see that no title was unworthily bestowed? How can you trust it when you know into what mud has the knighthood of Van Dyck and of Rubens been allowed to sink? We realise what kings and queens and prime ministers are capable of when they figure as patrons of the Arts. We know what they have done, or what Lord Salisbury has done, last of all with the Laureateship. Yet has not even he his ready apology? He can say that if you left to literary men as a body the selection you would not necessarily get a poet. The answering example of the Academy presidentship before him gives him confidence in his plea. With a gravity that grows upon us, we who love books and pictures, and live by admiration of them, protest against the denial of the Ideal, the separation between the craft and the office, which these appointments proclaim. Until the Laureateship is a poetical appointment, not a political one, the Presidentship of the Academy an artistic and not a social one, we have no hope that other and unofficial honours for Art and Letters shall be awarded with conscience and discretion; and, until they are so awarded, we are better without them, and need hardly discuss whether, when the millennium comes, the acceptance or rejection of them is higher wisdom on the part of those who are already knights of the pen in popular speech, and are in truth the kings that have the hearts of the people in their keeping, and that really dominate their lives.

MARK TWAIN, BENEFACTOR.

A FEW years ago Mr. Kipling called on Mark Twain at Hartford. Afterwards, in an account of his visit, he described the temptation which had beset him to steal the great man's corn-cob pipe as a relic. It was a nice touch of homage, coming from the man who has done more than any other to carry on the traditions established by the American writers, and in so doing in a large measure to supersede him. These traditions may be briefly described as the wish to set down as bluntly and forcibly as possible whatever one has to say, and the refusal to allow any intermediary between oneself and one's subject. Before Mr. Kipling rose glowing in the East, Mark Twain held the field. He was the ideal of masculine writers. There were no half ways with his readers—either they swore by him through thick and

thin or unconditionally they cast him aside. Probably no author has been so little read by women, although, on the other hand, there was hardly a boy in the English-speaking world who would not have bartered his soul for Mark Twain's corn-cob pipe as a relic. He did just what boys and elemental men like: he came straight to the point; he feared no one; and he esteemed laughter above all the gifts of God.

Thus it was from twenty-five to a dozen years ago. But then, in the early eighties, Mark Twain's old manner became changed. He abandoned his zest in lawless life and the records of his personal impressions in the serious places of the earth, and he turned to satire and romance. His sorrowing readers had only just perceived the melancholy truth when *Soldiers Three* appeared, in its quiet blue-grey covers, to mark the beginnings of a new sledge-hammer pen and divert their grief. British India won; and to-day Mr. Rudyard Kipling is the ideal masculine writer, and his is the pipe that is coveted by boys and elemental men. He is a finer artist than Mark Twain, his sympathies are wider, his genius is more comprehensive, and yet, when all be said, the fact remains that Mark Twain is his literary progenitor.

On his own ground, despite a huge and generally tiresome band of imitators, American and English, Mark Twain has never been equalled, hardly approached. Mr. Kipling is his son only in manner: in matter the two are wide asunder. Mark Twain is the most objective of writers: Mr. Kipling would penetrate to the innermost man. Mark Twain stands by with alert eye and twitching mouth, setting down in nervous, sinewy sentences whatever strikes him as picturesque, interesting, or humorous. He is catholic: for a good swearer, for a grotesque horse, or for the Sphinx itself he has the same apprehensive glance, the glance of the reporter of genius. It is there that he and Mr. Kipling take hands—they are both superb journalists at bottom, but whereas one adds to his journalistic equipment an extravagant sense of fun, the other is enriched by dramatic power and knowledge of hearts.

Mark Twain at his best is the most bracing companion in the world—he is so amusing and amused, and withal so sane. He is so unburdened by sentiment or reverence—and most of us have too much of both. It was the absence of these qualities which made *The Innocents Abroad* the refreshing book it was. A generation bred up on Mr. Ruskin was left gasping by the impudence of this American, who declined to put on fine phrases and tread delicately just because he had exchanged his own country for an older. It was the first Transatlantic democratic utterance which found its way into the hearing of the mass of English people. Mr. Bret Harte's idylls of the Californian mines had paved the way; but he only described the rough Western diamond—this was the diamond itself, articulate. People who were tired of formal diction and machine-made periods, turned to Mark Twain as thirsty travellers turn to a spring. He gave them a new language, a freer air. He brought the Far West vociferous to our doors. He

acquainted us with America's national humour—its extravagance, its carelessness, its unscrupulousness, its daring. He was the first man who had ever laughed in catacombs, the first to connect Michael Angelo with fun.

But Mark Twain did more than this. Not only did he offer broad comic effects and sagacious criticism of life, he passed on to add notable contributions to that mass of data concerning human nature which novelists and dramatists have been accumulating these many centuries. Tom Sawyer has been called the completest boy in fiction, and it would be hard to prove this praise at fault; and Huck Finn is surely immortal. It was said that in some of his poems Nature took the pen from Wordsworth and wrote for him. In *Huckleberry Finn* it may be said that natural man took the pen from Mark Twain and wrote for him. That great book, which is likely to remain the standard picaresque novel of America, is the least trammelled piece of literature in the language. It is worthy to rank with *Gil Blas*.

To neglect Mark Twain's later books is easy, and, one fears, inevitable; but it should be done only with compensating references to those that came before in the great period that culminated with *Huckleberry Finn*. In condemning *The £1,000,000 Bank Note*, and its companion stories, let us recall the perfection of "yarning" in some of the first collections. Let us especially recall "Higgins":

"Yes, I remember that anecdote," the Sunday-school superintendent said, with the old pathos in his voice, and the old sad look in his eyes. "It was about a simple creature named Higgins, that used to haul rock for old Maltby. When the lamented Judge Bagley tripped and fell down the court-house stairs and broke his neck, it was a great question how to break the news to poor Mrs. Bagley. But finally the body was put in Higgins' waggon, and he was instructed to take it to Mrs. B., but to be very guarded and discreet in his language, and not break the news to her at once, but do it gradually and gently. When Higgins got there with his sad freight he shouted till Mrs. Bagley came to the door."

"Then he said, 'Does the Widder Bagley live here?'"

"The Widow Bagley? No, sir."

"I'll bet she does. But have it your own way. Well, does Judge Bagley live here?"

"Yes, Judge Bagley lives here."

"I'll bet he don't. But never mind, it ain't for me to contradict. Is the Judge in?"

"No, not at present."

"I jest expected as much. Because, you know—take hold o' suthin', mum, for I'm a-going to make a little communication, and I reckon maybe it'll jar you some. There's been an accident, mum. I've got the old Judge curled up out here in the waggon, and when you see him you'll acknowledge yourself that an inquest is about the only thing that could be a comfort to him!"

In turning without too much regret from the unrealities of *Joan the Maid*, let us remember that its author could once write of the chivalry of the mining camps:

"It was a wild, free, disorderly, grotesque society! Men—only swarming hosts of stalwart men—nothing juvenile, nothing feminine, visible anywhere!"

"In those days miners would flock in crowds to catch a glimpse of that rare and blessed

spectacle, a woman! Old inhabitants tell how, in a certain camp, the news went abroad early in the morning that a woman was come. They had seen a calico dress hanging out of a waggon down at the camping-ground—sign of emigrants from over the great plains. Everybody went down there, and a shout went up when an actual, *bona fide* dress was discovered fluttering in the wind. The male emigrant was visible. The miners said:

"Fetch her out!"

"He said: 'It is my wife, gentlemen. She is sick; we have been robbed of money, provisions, everything, by the Indians; we want to rest.'"

"Fetch her out! We've got to see her!"

"But, gentlemen, the poor thing, she——"

"Fetch her out!"

"He 'fetched her out,' and they swung their hats and sent up three rousing cheers and a tiger; and they crowded around and gazed at her, and touched her dress, and listened to her voice with the look of men who listened to a memory rather than a present reality—and then they collected twenty-five hundred dollars in gold and gave it to the man, and swung their hats again, and gave three more cheers, and went home satisfied. . . .

And voting *A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur* tedious and in bad taste, let us remember the wonderful bombast which Mark Twain puts into the mouths of the two braggarts on board the Mississippi raft, in that chapter of *Huckleberry Finn* which strayed into *Life on the Mississippi*.

"Then the man that had started the row tilted his old slouch hat over his right eye; then he bent, stooping forward, with his bag sagged and his south end sticking out far, and his fists a-shoving out and drawing in in front of his, and so went around in a little circle about three times, swelling himself up and breathing hard. Then he straightened, and jumped up and cracked his heels together three times, before he lit again (that made them cheer), and he began to shout like this—

"'Whoo-oop! bow your neck and spread, for the kingdom or sorrow's a-coming! Whoo-oop! I'm a child of sin, don't let me get a start! Smoked glass here for all! Don't attempt to look at me with the naked eye, gentlemen! When I'm playful I use the meridians of longitude and parallels of latitude for a seine, and drag the Atlantic Ocean for whales! I scratch my head with the lightning, and purr myself to sleep with the thunder! When I'm cold, I bite the Gulf of Mexico and bathe in it; when I'm hot I fan myself with an equinoctial storm; when I'm thirsty I reach up and suck a cloud dry like a sponge; when I range the earth hungry, famine follows in my tracks! Whoo-oop! Bow your neck and spread! I put my hand on the sun's face and make it night in the earth; I bite a piece out of the moon and hurry the seasons; I shake myself and crumble the mountains! Contemplate me through leather—don't use the naked eye! I'm the man with the petrified heart and bileron bowels! The massacre of isolated communities is the pastime of my idle moments, the destruction of nationalities the serious business of my life! The boundless vastness of the great American desert is my enclosed property, and I bury my dead on my own premises!' He jumped up and cracked his heels together three times before he lit (they cheered him again), and as he came down he shouted out: 'Whoo-oop!' bow your neck and spread, for the pet child of calamity's a-coming!"

Let us judge of a man by his best. Let us remember Scotty Briggs' interview with



SIR RICHARD STEELE

From the Picture by Jonathan Richardson in the National Portrait Gallery

the minister concerning Buck Fanshawe's funeral, and the story of Jim Blaine's grandfather's old ram, and the great Horace Greeley correspondence, and the jumping frog of Calaveras County, and Tom Sawyer and the whitewashed fence, and the great Grangerford-Shepherdson feud, and the death of Boggs, and the performance of the King's Cameleopard or Royal Nonsuch, and the contest between the Child of Calamity and the Corpse-maker of Arkansas, and the great duel between Gambetta and Fourtou, and Jim Baker's story of the blue jays, and the taming of a genuine Mexican plug—these are the incomparable passages to associate with the name of Mark Twain.

ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

XXXIII.—SIR RICHARD STEELE.

THERE is one story of Steele which gives us the keynote to his character and life. It is told in a letter of Dr. Hoadley, who heard it from his father, the Bishop of Bangor. The bishop was one night at a Whig meeting held at the "Trumpet" in Shire-lane, Addison and Steele being both present, and Steele, who was then Sir Richard, sitting next his Lordship. During the proceedings the immortal memory of King William was given as a toast, and what does John Sly, hatter and wag, do but enter the room on his hands and knees, bearing a full tankard, and then leave it in the same way. It was a poor enough joke, so poor that among the graver guests merriment was difficult; but Steele felt for the humorist, and turning to the stolid bishop, said earnestly, "Do laugh: it is humanity to laugh." Humanity. There we get Steele's keynote. He was before everything human and humane. All his faults were faults of unchecked humanity; all his virtues—and he was rich in them—were elemental.

In some ways Steele never grew up at all. He remained a boy, a child, to the end. Look at this letter, one of scores and scores, written to his second wife:

"Sep^r. 19th. 1708, five in the Evening.

"DEAR PRUE,—I send you seven pen'orth of Wall nuts at five a penny, which is the greatest proof I can give you at present of my being with my whole Heart y^e."

"RICH^d. STEELE."

But before the package could be dismissed he had diminished the "greatest proof" of his affection by six, for outside he added, "There are but 29 walnuts." Another of his notes, written at "se'en at night," contains the frank statement, "I am, Dear Prue, a little in Drink but at all times Y^r. Faithful Husband." Probably no man found it more difficult to tell a lie than Richard Steele.

Although often careless and ill-considered, his work abounds in felicities of thought and language; but where he and Addison come into direct comparison, Addison's writing is finer, more delicate, enriched with a more durable humour. To Steele belongs the credit of creating Roger de Coverley, but it was Addison who made him immortal. It was Addison who showed us Sir Roger at

church, and Will Wimble, and Sir Roger in the Abbey, and Sir Roger at the play, and it was Addison who brought the old man to his end. Steele had not his friend's classic touch; but in no man's work is there more genial humanity and easy fluency. Steele is the father of all light essayists.

THE BOOK MARKET.

THE JUBILEE AND THE BOOK TRADE.

IT occurred to me yesterday afternoon that it would be interesting to see what the Diamond Jubilee has spelled to the booksellers. I called at Mr. Denny's shop in the Strand.

"Will you tell me, Mr. Denny, what the effect of the Jubilee on bookselling has been during, say, the last month?"

Mr. Denny looked solemn, and replied:

"It has been, I need hardly tell you, very harmful. And, what is more, its effects go much farther back than a month. I have distinctly noted them from the early spring. People have had the Jubilee in their blood, and the reading mood has been at a low ebb."

"And has this affected the most saleable kinds of literature?"

"Oh, yes, decidedly. I could name several authors of the first class whose recent books have fallen quite flat; it must be a serious thing for them."

"Well, but has not the sale of Jubilee literature compensated you a good deal?"

"No, I cannot say that. I have not been greatly struck by many of its items. The new Prayer-book, with the Jubilee Service in it, has gone well, very well. But even there we have not had the free hand we usually get. Prayer-books, you know, have ordinarily no published price; and the bookseller may put a full, fair profit upon them. But these Jubilee Prayer-books have been published at a price; still, we have done well with them."

"And what else has gone well?"

"We have sold a great many Hospital Fund Stamps—a hundred pounds' worth in this shop alone. And the Programme of the Jubilee, issued from the *Graphic* office, the proceeds of which are to go to the Prince of Wales's Fund, has sold excellently. In Parliament-street we were selling five hundred a day. The Clubs took them in large quantities."

"But you wish me to understand that general literature has suffered a big slump?"

"Oh, dear, yes."

"And after the Jubilee?"

"There will be no recovery worth talking about till September. I expect an early autumn season, and a desperately busy one. You see we shall have to push neglected stock alongside of new stock, and that is always uphill work."

"Thank you."

I now looked up Mr. Bumpus, in Holborn. He confirmed Mr. Denny's account of the stagnation in ordinary literature, but to my

question as to whether the sale of Jubilee literature had compensated him, Mr. Bumpus replied cheerfully:

"Yes, I think we are about level: the Jubilee Bibles and Prayer-books have sold so splendidly."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, they have been bought to give to choir-boys. You see, in a great many villages the people have been at their wits' end for a suitable means of celebrating the Jubilee, and they have in many cases decided to present each choir-boy with a copy of the Jubilee Bible and Prayer-book. Nor have they done it by halves. We have sold a large number of the more expensive bindings for this purpose. The Jubilee Hymn and Form of Service was in huge demand. How many copies do you think I have sold here?"

"Ten thousand."

"I sold sixty-five thousand leaflet copies."

"That is remarkable. What else has been good business?"

"The *Graphic* guide to the Procession went splendidly; it was so well done. The awkward thing was, that no more than thirteen copies could be supplied to one order. We had to keep men constantly on the march between here and the *Graphic* office in order to meet the demand. Some of the Jubilee books have sold quite well, notably Mr. P. Anderson Graham's *The Victorian Era*. It is odd, but it is true, that there has been small demand for personal biographies of Her Majesty; but books treating of the Victorian age, as a whole, have been much in request."

"And what about Mr. Holmes's *Life of the Queen*?"

"Well, you are, of course, aware that its publication has been postponed for two months. Even then only the large-paper copies will be seen. I doubt if the ordinary edition will be out till the late autumn. However, I look upon this book as a safe thing; for though it misses the Jubilee season, it will be supreme as an autumn and a Christmas book."

"Do you expect a revival in the book-trade now?"

"I hope to see it. I expect to sell bound sets of standard authors to our Colonial friends, and I am ready for them. As for general publishing, I shall look for some revival. For the last month the publishers have been simply bottled up, and I think they must publish something or burst. There is every sign of a tremendous autumn season."

ART.

THE DECORATION OF STREETS.

WHILE the reds and blues upon which everything turns are generally bad colours, harsh and violent, it is impossible that London, dressed for a national festival, should be well decorated. Those two colours are almost everything; and in the London Jubilee just passed the blue was almost always, and the red was always, a bad colour of its kind. The intention had obviously been to get the "brightest" colour

possible, and the mistake had been to think that the sharpest and most violent was the brightest. This is not so, for a colour may be intense, hard, and high in tone and yet not bright, for brightness, rightly so called, is the happiness of the eyes conferred by a suggestion of the luminous quality in colour. To call it gold would be to give the hint too strongly, but the quality is golden and luminous, though it may be profoundly latent in atmospheric blues and greys. Now the popular blue and red generally chosen by Londoners to represent the national colours are precisely the blue and red from which this allusion to gold and light has been completely banished, and inasmuch as it can be more completely expelled from blue than from any other colour or combination of colours, a bad blue is the worst colour in the world. London, then, has been largely decorated with the worst colour in the world.

The right and original blue of the Union Jack was indigo, a soft, grave, and noble blue, which has the suggestion of warmth in very subtle degree. If all the national blue of the Jubilee had been indigo there would have been great beauty in the streets. The relative depth of tone, too, would have made the higher colours look well, for equality of tone—especially between red and blue—is far from charming. As for the red it has been more universally bad than the blue, but yet it has not been so great an offence—a bad red being less distressing than a bad blue. But it was the work of St. James's-street on the 22nd to prove how all beauty could be discharged from red and blue—high, sharp, intense, and equal in tone, one being no deeper than the other. In this place, very conspicuously, and more or less everywhere else, these two colours were arranged, with white, in narrowish stripes—the best way to repeat and insist upon the offence of the contrast. The red brought to town by the Orientals might have given a lesson in red. Theirs was no soft, dull colour, such as might please none but educated eyes. It was red in its fulness and strength, gorgeous and splendid, very much the red of Mr. Abbey. Nothing could be more popular, nor anything more salient and superb for a show. It was a good red, and in every sense "bright"; whereas the red which was the outcome of our Occidental dyes, the result of all our preparation and science, displayed on almost every house in town, was an almost primary red, untouched by the quality of gold, very high in tone, but indescribably harsh and thin.

Take the white next, to complete the national colours. It was well, perhaps, that in some cases the white should be as absolute as possible; for not only is the popular eye not sufficiently educated to enjoy the secondary white of wool, but pure white has its own charm, especially in sunshine. Nevertheless, a great beauty would have been brought about by the occasional use of wool-white and ivory-white; this, however, was not to be seen, and all the white was bleached, not as the sun and water bleaches flaxen cloth in the north of Italy, but as bleaching-powder bleaches cotton in the north of England.

As for the other colours, yellow was the only one much in use. It made a very ill effect as a trimming to the coarse red with which whole streets and districts were hung, especially about Pall Mall West and the north of Trafalgar-square to Charing Cross. The best use of yellow is with white, for yellow and white have a magical kind of effect in increasing each other's value and brilliance; a fine yellow with a rather soft and deep blue looks well; so does orange with indigo, or with atmospheric or grey blue. But it had occurred to no citizens (or to so few that a careful survey could not find them) to mingle their yellow with either white or blue. The yellow was, by common consent, combined with red. In quality, too, it was not the best. There is no absolutely bad yellow to be achieved even by manufacture, but this best of colours is capable—in its less happy moments—of a certain coarseness. This is to be found even in a few flowers. Of the yellow fringes of the Jubilee it must be said that they were not of the best yellow. Of orange there was extremely little. One house near the Marble Arch made a kind of peace amid the struggle of blatant red and blue by showing orange softly mingled with brown. Otherwise, for this colour, so happy and so decorative, one had to look among the shabbier streets. It was to be had there, in perfection, on barrows.

The summing-up, then, as regards colours should be: let any future popular dressing-up of London turn upon indigo, a richer, more splendid, and more golden red, and wool-white—for the national colours; and upon yellow mingled with pure white, and orange with soft blues, for the colours of choice. Green does not seem at all popular in London, except for artificial leaves, and may be left out of this general counsel. In giving it I make no great demands upon the general education. To ask for anything more subtle, or to require the colours of research or the sweeter tints of delicate combination would be out of place in the west of Europe.

If popular taste were better educated, however, an easy way of giving to any western town a beauty of temporary decoration, fine enough to satisfy even fastidious eyes, would be, needless to say, the use of Oriental ornament ready made. Something was done this week by the hanging of houses and windows with strings of Japanese and Chinese lanterns, and always with charming effect. These were beautiful by day and lovely by night. They made one wish that for every house so decorated there had been a hundred. The popular love of strong colour need not have been baffled thereby, for the red of some lanterns is as intense as it is fine. Generally, however, they were delicate. Although my chief subject is colour, I may add that their movement added much to the gaiety of the street; they floated to the breeze, not streaming one way, but all at odds, for they hung from short lines, and these swung in as those swung out, with the happiest effect of animation. Really good colour might have been displayed to the London sun by hanging out Oriental rugs; but London is not used to that manner of decorating, and

would not like it, probably. It has long been the Italian way, and goes better with the blank and simple surfaces of Italian cities than with our busy and detailed bricks and many windows. But London is so rich in Persian rugs that the idea is still rather tempting.

Nothing could well be worse than the Venetian masts in Piccadilly, tawdry and feeble at once with their silly muslin shields and fans. Venetian masts, to have any beauty, should be close together, multitudinous, and seen clear against the sky. Placed close, and with an added beauty of whiteness, were the masts in St. James's-street before the decorations were finished, and before the absurd columns with nothing to support were so adorned as conspicuously to spoil everything in the same picture. The masts made a pretty perspective. Further east some other masts stood up well, with the infinite advantage of a sky background. There is nothing more charming than such delicate lines as these make at a distance. Velasquez knew the happy effect well when he painted "The Surrender of the City of Breda," known as "The Lances," in the Museum at Madrid. His thirty lofty lances stand up close together, with cloud and sky beyond. Precisely the same decoration is made by hop-poles and, even better, by the sticks upon which they train peas and beans in kitchen gardens. These have delicate twigs added in. All slender things against sky are delightful, whether leaves or lines, but nothing is much better than the etchings of rows of peas. And it is in a country vegetable garden that the fancy rests, led thither by the prettiest thing in a London made strangely hideous for the Jubilee.

A. M.

D R A M A.

HOW greatly, to be sure, actors and playwrights are the creatures of circumstance! A good play makes the one, a bad interpretation mars the other, neither set of conditions having anything to do, properly speaking, with the genius of the parties concerned. If Mme. Sarah Bernhardt were making her *début* in "Lorenzaccio" she would be dismissed as a bore, and would find it hard to obtain a second hearing. The play is Alfred de Musset's, touched up by a modern adapter. Alfred de Musset, despite one or two small pieces figuring to his credit in the repertory of the Comédie Française, was no playwright; but I doubt whether he is fairly to be reproached with giving to the stage such a hopelessly inert piece of work as "Lorenzaccio." It is a tentative effort in tragedy, a mere sketch of a drama which he probably put aside as unworkable. He appears to have had some conception of a youthful Hamlet actuated by political interests, for such Lorenzaccio is; but no great dramatic insight was needed to perceive, after drafting the story, that such a motive was inadmissible. The stage works upon the grand cardinal passions of human nature. Politics are too trivial an adjunct to be worth

considering. Even money—a greater interest than politics nowadays—has little or no capacity for moving the public apart from love. A few years ago a play adapted from the Scandinavian was produced at the Haymarket by a popular actress, having for its motive the struggles of the heroine to attain pecuniary success in business, and for its climax in the third act not the union of two divided hearts, but bankruptcy with a composition of so much in the pound. It failed. In real life the financial interest is strong, no doubt. On the stage it is still nothing, or less than nothing, as the example of that ill-starred Haymarket play attests; and as much may be said of politics, which, although powerful enough from time to time to plunge the whole community into a turmoil, are powerless, in a dramatic sense, to evoke the smallest emotion. This fact probably the poet realised after he had written out at length the episode of sixteenth century Florentine politics in which Lorenzaccio figures. He never adapted the work to the stage, and it would have been doing him a service to have allowed it to remain on that upper shelf where the dust is never disturbed.

WHAT can have possessed Mme. Sarah Bernhardt to unearth this dreary fragment for the purpose of playing therein a part wholly unsuited to her genius it is hard to say. Lorenzaccio is a moony Florentine youth who has conceived the idea of ridding his native city of the tyranny of the Duke Alexander de Médici. He is himself a Médici, cousin to the Duke, and of this relationship he avails himself in order to worm himself into the Duke's confidence and to become his boon companion. To what end? Apparently to be able to seize a favourable opportunity of stabbing his patron in the fourth act, though for this certainly there is no need to wait. The opportunity is just as good in the first act as in the fourth. The interval is spent by Lorenzaccio in moody soliloquies and much searching of heart, after the manner of the Prince of Denmark. But while the development of this portion of the play seems excessively elaborate, in other and equally important respects it is extremely meagre. Before we can sympathise with the Duke's assassination we must see something of his tyrannies, of his oppressions and injustices, his debaucheries. But so far as we are permitted to know him in the Adelphi version of the play, and in the stalwart person of M. Darmont, the Duke is rather a good sort; a patron of the Arts and popular with the masses. One had rather it were Lorenzaccio, with his tiresome musing and speechifying, who was assassinated. For the playing of this character Mme. Sarah Bernhardt dons doublet and hose for the first time in my experience. And how killing this sombre mannish garb is to all her feminine graces as an actress only those who have seen it can realise. In the first place, it dwarfs the actress's height, making her look a mannikin; and, secondly, by some curious effect of shading or of the association of ideas, it hardens her features, or casts them in a disagreeable mould. For

the rest, in Lorenzaccio there is not a pang of love or jealousy, not a tear, not a sigh! Nothing but some rash political resolve, the necessity for which is not apparent. What a part! One has no patience with this nightmare creation. Frankly, if *that* were Sarah I should never want to see her again.

"LORENZACCIO" was put on for a run, but the management of Mme. Sarah's French play season have wisely recognised its insufficiency, and the great actress will accordingly be seen once more in those familiar rôles of the Dumas and Sardou drama which have spread her reputation over both hemispheres. More than any other worker living upon the breath of popular applause, the actor is apt to deceive himself with regard to the merits of his impersonation; and I dare say Mme. Sarah labours under a sense of injustice at the reception of her Lorenzaccio. She has declared that the part is an infinitely complex one. If so, its complexity is not felt across the footlights; it condemns the actress, so to speak, to burn her own smoke. After its brief return to the light, this unfortunate work of de Musset's will now, I apprehend, be relegated to darkness for evermore. We can ill spare Mme. Sarah from the round of characters in which, Duse and Réjane notwithstanding, she is still unique. The *voix d'or* may not be all it used to be—it would have been a miracle had her throat been able to defy the wear and tear of touring in all climes under haphazard conditions; and the actress's figure is certainly less alert and less lissome than formerly, when it was jokingly said on the boulevard that the effect of her getting into a balloon was the same as that of throwing out ballast. But in that aptitude which consists in expressing, by whatsoever means, the appropriate emotion of a scene of passion, Mme. Sarah remains unmatched.

THE spray of honours shed by the Diamond Jubilee has not missed the theatrical profession, which now boasts two knights within its ranks. Sir Henry Irving no longer occupies a pinnacle of distinction in gloomy isolation from his colleagues; he has been joined by Mr. Bancroft. Sir Squire Bancroft Bancroft, as he will henceforth be known, is the second actor who has won his Sovereign's favour in this realm, for it need hardly be explained that the late Sir Augustus Harris owed his knighthood to his City connection exclusively. In view of the extravagant hopes indulged by successful theatre managers and their friends, this result may be esteemed meagre and disappointing especially as Mr. Bancroft has long ceased to be a working member of the profession. But unbiassed opinion will certainly declare that a better selection of a new theatrical knight on public grounds could not have been made. Sir S. B. Bancroft has done more than any living actor, save Irving, to raise the social status of the theatre, although the younger generation are forgetting the triumphs of Robertsonian comedy; he has, moreover, personal distinction, and he has means. The

last condition is not the least important. The theatre is notoriously a hazardous business, and it would be awkward if some of the young leviathans of management now disporting themselves in the sun of popular favour were compelled after receiving their titles to sink into deep water, as not a few of their leviathan predecessors have done. As regards Robertsonian comedy, by the way, Mr. Hare is proving at the Court Theatre, by his remarkable assumption of Old Eccles, that the dramatic fibre of "Caste" is that of which classics are made. The part makes the actor, not, as in the case of so many modern pieces, the actor the part. It seemed for a time as if the support, the influence, or tradition of the Bancroft management was essential to the popularity of "Caste." Mr. Hare has changed all that. His Old Eccles is a completely New Eccles, and most of the impersonations by his company are in the same category, and yet applause waits upon all. Decidedly "Caste" is destined to survive—perhaps the only sample of the teacup and saucer drama which will.

J. F. N.

MUSIC.

THE "Selection" programme at the Handel Festival included no novelties. There are many, no doubt, who would like to have heard something new, for Handel is a rich mine far from exhausted, but to the general public the music which they know best proves the most attractive. It is for this reason that, in spite of strong hints from admirers of Handel who would like to hear one or other of the many little known oratorios of which the names are inscribed in the Central Transept, the directors cling to "The Messiah" for the opening day; that work, the words and music of which are so familiar, is sure to draw. The fine Coronation Anthem, "Zadok the Priest," in connexion with the Jubilee festivities, was, of course, most appropriate, and the performance on Wednesday was worthy of the occasion. The principal solo vocalists of the afternoon were Mme. Albani, Miss Clara Butt, and Messrs. Lloyd and Santley, who were all well received.

"Israel in Egypt," on the Friday, was the great success of the Festival. Mr. Manns, at rehearsal, took special pains with this work, of which the immense greatness is only revealed by such a chorus as is assembled for the Festival. And the singing on this last day was superb; all the members seemed on their mettle to do honour to the great master. How much Handel borrowed from other composers is a matter of special interest to all who seek to fathom the ways of genius; but of whatever fragments the oratorio may be compounded, they were certainly welded by him into one mighty whole.

The principal soloists were Miss Ella Russell, Miss Marian McKenzie, and Messrs. Lloyd and Santley. The duet, "The Lord is a Man of War," was given in its proper form, and not, as on previous occasions, by

a number of singers; this return to the intentions of the composer deserves note and commendation. One little point by way of criticism. It may be necessary to give the chorus some cue before the unaccompanied piano passages in "He rebuked the Red Sea," but the two chords played on the organ might surely have been softer; even the very softest that can be struck spoils to some extent the effect of the pause, and also of the wonderful contrast between the opposed clauses. While speaking of the organ, the valuable services of Mr. Walter W. Hedgecock, during the whole of the Festival, deserve honourable mention.

"SIEGFRIED" was given at Covent Garden on Monday evening, and although the eve of the Jubilee, the house was well filled; to-night, when it will be performed for the second time, there will probably not be a vacant seat. The "Siegfried" was M. Jean de Reszke, who achieved another triumph. Lohengrin, Walthar, Tristan, Siegfried: these are the steps by which he has won high place among the best interpreters of Wagner. In face and figure he thoroughly realised one's conception of Siegfried, and he was in very fine voice. There were certainly moments in which earnestness and enthusiasm were not at their highest point, yet there was nothing of sufficient importance to interfere with the general effect. M. de Reszke must, of course, be judged by a very high standard—a standard, indeed, which he himself, has set up. Criticism is comparison, but this artist can only be compared with himself. In voice he eclipses all rivals; it is only as an interpreter of Siegfried that discussion becomes possible. After the second performance I hope to speak again about him. Herr Lieban's "Mime" is a wonderful creation; the picture he presents of the cunning, wretched dwarf is perfect in all its details, and yet it bears no trace of exaggeration. Praise, however, is superfluous, and the function of the critic is reduced to mere admiration. M. E. de Reszke, by reason of his commanding presence and rich voice, rendered the visit of "The Wanderer" to the cave of Mime more welcome than is usually the case. Miss Susan Strong (Brünnhilde), Mme. Schumann-Heinck (Erda), and M. David Bispham (Alberich) all rendered efficient service. The scene with the dragon serves, by the way, to remind us that great men are not infallible. If only Wagner had kept the monster out of sight, how much better it would have been for the music-drama! One hears so much about the terrible monster which is to teach Siegfried what fear is, and when at length it appears the most rigid Wagnerian can surely scarcely refrain from a smile. Thus Wagner, through excess of realism, has weakened a strong drama. The bear in the first act is also a mistake, but, like good children, the animal is only seen for a short time and not heard. M. Anton Seidl conducted with his usual earnestness and watchfulness.

M. PADEREWSKI was the star at Mr. Wood's concert on Saturday afternoon at the Queen's Hall. As an interpreter of Chopin he stands alone. He may not

always reveal the full grandeur of Beethoven, and his readings of Schumann, however clever and characteristic, do not always satisfy those who can remember Mme. Schumann in her best days. The music of the Polish composer, on the other hand, with its florid, delicate writing, its fanciful moods, and its emotional rather than intellectual character, thoroughly suits M. Paderewski. The Concerto in F minor is not a great work, in the sense that Beethoven's in E flat, or Schumann's in A, are great, but it contains some beautiful themes, and the technical display is of the purest. The pianist's reading was admirable, especially of the romantic slow movement—a vision, as it were, of some happy past never to return. M. Paderewski also played a Scherzo from Henri Litolf's Concerto in D minor. The music is clever and light, and showed off to the best advantage the pianist's nimble fingers and feathery touch. The audience clamoured for an encore, and so at last M. Paderewski repeated the Scherzo; what they really wanted was a piano solo, and this he, wisely, would not grant. The orchestral accompaniments to both pieces were excellently rendered under the direction of Mr. Wood. Miss Clara Butt sang well in "Divinités du Styx," the music for its full effect demands, however, greater dramatic power and intensity.

M. SARASATE gave his second and last recital at St. James's Hall on Saturday afternoon. There was a large audience, and the performances gave as usual satisfaction. The programme was an interesting one, but contained no novelty, and thus I was tempted away to the Queen's Hall to hear the Litolf Scherzo. At his two concerts the great violinist was assisted by Dr. Otto Nertzel, an intelligent pianist and excellent accompanist.

J. S. S.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

In the columns of the *Daily Telegraph* Mr. Courtney writes: "Rarely has there been a more singular instance . . . of a story which is no story at all, but an extended footnote—a study of certain well-defined characteristics of Napoleon—a thing which one might have done in an essay . . . but which, it may be, stands out all the better because it is a part, and an overpowering part, of an imaginary narrative [the signification of this sentence is more evident than its construction]. . . . The figure of Napoleon is a singularly vivid piece of portraiture; a little cynical, it may be even a little malicious, but delineated with a mastery of dramatic effect which makes it unforgettable." The author has "a perfect genius for psychology." "Mr. Conan Doyle," says the *Speaker*, "has succeeded in realising Napoleon, and he makes him known to us as he really was. . . . It is not a small thing that we should have found among ourselves a writer who can thus interpret history . . . in the spirit and with something of the genius of Scott himself." The *Spectator* writes: "The

sketches of the Emperor are so well done, and so happily are the curious mental and physical traits of Napoleon worked in, that we quite regret that Mr. Doyle did not boldly take Buonaparte for his central figure throughout." So also the *Athenaeum* describes the work as "a powerful sketch of Napoleon, written with the author's accustomed vivacity." The *Daily News* thinks that "middle-aged readers will probably be reminded of scenes in Charles Lever's now little read novels, wherein the Emperor plays an important part; but the author of *Uncle Bernac* has the advantage of a more direct and picturesque style." The *Saturday Review* thinks Mr. Doyle "might at least have taken a leaf out of Sibylle's book and printed a prefatory note, 'Don't read the first eight chapters . . .'" As to the real business of this "Memory of the Empire," perhaps we knew something of this before; at any rate, it will do no one any permanent harm to see a bird's-eye view of it again."

"THIS book," writes the *Saturday*, "is the most exacting volume we have read for a long time; and that because . . . it so nearly reaches its mark and yet so decisively misses it. . . . The failure . . . lies in the fact that we get no clear, definite picture of St. Paul. . . . Mr. Baring Gould has spent all his strength upon the environments. . . . The place of Paul in Christian history has been very variously determined. Some, like Comte, have regarded him as the true founder of Christianity. Others, again, have presented him as the corrupter and formaliser of the simple religion of Jesus. . . . Mr. Baring Gould has brought out with great point and wealth of illustration the elements of truth in both positions." The *British Review* institutes a comparison with Dean Farrar's book on the Bible. "What the Dean has done for the Bible, its writers and prophets as a whole, Mr. Baring Gould has done for the Apostle Paul. He has stripped him of every rag . . . of the supernatural. . . . A large portion of Mr. Gould's volume might well be taken, if studied by itself, to be the work of a satirist of Christianity"; but "the contempt which Mr. Gould pours on the Apostle of the Gentiles and his writings is intended by him to bring into greater prominence the truth of the Gospel which the Apostle of the Gentiles preached. . . . Mr. Gould is a much cleverer man than Dean Farrar; but his intellectual position is, if possible, even weaker."

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